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# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY 1910

Puritanism . . . . . GUGLIELMO FERRERO 1
Medical Experimentation on Animals . . FREDERICK L. WACHENHEIM 7
The Plethora of Doctors . . . . . ABRAHAM FLEXNER 20
A Problem in Civilization . . . . . BROOKS ADAMS 26
William's Wedding. *A Story* . . . . . SARAH ORNE JEWETT 33
The Personal Equation in Journalism . . . . . HENRY WATTERSON 40
The Colors at Cambridge. *A Poem* . . . . . LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY 48
The Minister and the Men . . . . . FRANCIS E. LEUPP 50
An Educational Emergency . . . . . EDWARD O. SISSON 54
Gold Production and Investments . . . . . F. S. MEAD 64
Poor Old Todie. *A Story* . . . . . HARRY JAMES SMITH 69
A Diary of the Reconstruction Period
VI. The Usurpations of Congress . . . . . GIDEON WELLES 78
Shakespeare's Fools . . . . . ELEANOR PRESCOTT HAMMOND 90
Ships in the Air. *A Story* . . . . . ANNA FULLER 100
The Story of the Salt Lake Trail . . . . . CHARLES M. HARVEY 112
To Daisies. *A Poem* . . . . . FRANCIS THOMPSON 123
Learning . . . . . JOHN JAY CHAPMAN 125
Tympano . . . . . ROBERT M. GAY 136
The Contributors' Club . . . . . 139
Putting Things in Books. — An Overworked Particle. — Our Conception of Authors.



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# CONTENTS

## Index by Titles

*Prose*


PAGE

American Characteristics, *Guglielmo Ferrero* . . . . . 223
American Merchant Marine, One Way to an, *Francis T. Bowles* . . . . . 740
American Schoolgirl in Germany, An, *Mary D. Hopkins* . . . . . 359
Animal Mind, The, *John Burroughs* . . . 622
Animals, Medical Experimentation on, *Frederick L. Wachenheim* . . . . . 7
Arash-ho'o'e, *Arthur Colton* . . . . . 828
Art Prattle, *Elihu Vedder* . . . . . 403
Aviation in Dreams, *Havelock Ellis* . . . 468

Beneficent Valley, The, *Grace Herlihy* . . 517
Brown, John, Fifty Years After, *John T. Morse, Jr.* . . . . . 662
Burroughs, John, Fifty Years of, *Dallas Lore Sharp* . . . . . 631

Canada, Reciprocity with, *Henry M. Whitney* . . . . . 461
Carlyles, Miss Martineau and the, *Francis Brown* . . . . . 381
Catholicism and the Future, *Robert Hugh Benson* . . . . . 166
Cheapening of Religion, The, *James O. Fagan* . . . . . 451
Civilization, A Problem in, *Brooks Adams* . 26
Coal-Mine, A Year in a, *Joseph Husband* . . . . . 577
Commuter, the, and the 'Modern Conveniences,' *Dallas Lore Sharp* . . . . . 554
Contemporary Opinions of Thackeray, *Sarah N. Cleghorn* . . . . . 215

De Morgan, Mr. William, A Letter to, *Charlotte Prentiss Hardin* . . . . . 249
Defense of Whistling, A, *Robert Haven Schauffler* . . . . . 415

PAGE

Detachment and the Writing of History, *Carl Becker* . . . . . 524
Diary of the Reconstruction Period, A, *Gideon Welles*. 78, 238, 388, 537, 680, 818
Doctors, The Plethora of, *Abraham Flexner* . . . . . 20

Economics of Waste and Conservation, The, *John Bates Clark* . . . . . 325
Educational Emergency, An, *Edward O. Sisson* . . . . . 54

Fifty Years of John Burroughs, *Dallas Lore Sharp* . . . . . 631
Fire in the Mine, *Joseph Husband* . . . 754
Football at Harvard and at Yale, *Lorin F. Deland* . . . . . 700

Gold Production and Investments, *F. S. Mead* . . . . . 64

Hero's Conscience, A, *Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.* . . . . . 730
History, Detachment and the Writing of, *Carl Becker* . . . . . 524

Illusion, *Sophia Kirk* . . . . . 341
In Praise of Politicians, *Samuel McChord Crothers* . . . . . 175
In the Rainy Season, *William Davenport Hulbert* . . . . . 400
Intellectual Life in Japan, *Paul S. Reinsch*. 508
Investments, Gold Production and, *F. S. Mead* . . . . . 64

James, William, *James Jackson Putnam* . 835
Japan, Intellectual Life in, *Paul S. Reinsch* 508
John Brown Fifty Years After, *John T. Morse, Jr.* . . . . . 662

Journalism, The Personal Equation in, *Henry Watterson* . . . . . 40

Ladies' Battle, The, *Molly Elliot Seawell* . 289
Lady Abbess, The, *Emily James Putnam* . 202
Lady of the Castle, The, *Emily James Putnam* . . . . . 347
Lady of the Slave States, The, *Emily James Putnam* . . . . . 491
Law and the Indian, The, *Elliott Flower* . 483
Learning, *John Jay Chapman* . . . . 125
Lee, Robert E. *See* A Hero's Conscience.
Letter to Mr. William De Morgan, A, *Charlotte Prentiss Hardin* . . . . . 249
London, My Social Life in, *Goldwin Smith* . 691
Lying like Truth, *Margaret Sherwood* . . 806

'Man on the Bridge, The,' Again, *Charles Terry Delaney* . . . . . 283
Marble Child, The, *E. Nesbit* . . . . . 641
Martineau, Miss, and the Carlyles, *Francis Brown* . . . . . 381
Matter with us, The, *William S. Rossiter* . 787
Medical Experimentation on Animals, *Frederick L. Wachenheim* . . . . . 7
Minister and the Men, The, *Francis E. Leupp* . . . . . 50
My Little Town, *Winifred Kirkland* . . 565
My Missionary Life in Persia, *Samuel McChord Crothers* . . . . . 332
My Social Life in London, *Goldwin Smith* . 691

Nathan in the Well, *Atkinson Kimball* . . 848
Negro Suffrage in a Democracy, *Ray Stannard Baker* . . . . . 612
Nervous Strain, The, *Agnes Repplier* . . 198
Neutralization, The United States and, *Cyrus French Wicker* . . . . . 304
New Reservation of Time, The, *William Jewett Tucker* . . . . . 190

On Foot in the Yosemite, *Bradford Torrey* . 228
One Way to an American Merchant Marine, *Francis T. Bowles* . . . . . 740
Opposition, The Philosophy of, *John Grier Hibben* . . . . . 475

Pan and the Crusader, *Margaret Sherwood* . 145
Patent of Nobility, A, *Ada Cambridge* . . 503
Patricians, The, *John Galsworthy* 433, 592, 793
Persia, My Missionary Life in, *Samuel McChord Crothers* . . . . . 332
Personal Equation in Journalism, The, *Henry Watterson* . . . . . 40
Philosophy of Opposition, The, *John Grier Hibben* . . . . . 475
Plethora of Doctors, The, *Abraham Flexner* 20
Plume-Hunter, The Trail of the, *William L. Finley* . . . . . 373
Poet's Toll, A, *Anne C. E. Allinson* . . . 774
Politicians, In Praise of, *Samuel McChord Crothers* . . . . . 175
Poor Old Todie, *Harry James Smith* . . . 69
Preliminaries, The, *Cornelia A. P. Comer* . 669
Privilege, The, *Harry James Smith* . . . 549
Problem in Civilization, A, *Brooks Adams* . 26
Prophets or Engineers, *Malcolm Taylor* . 769
Puritanism, *Guglielmo Ferrero* . . . . 1

Quarter, The, *Elizabeth Robins Pennell* . . 253

Rainy Season, In the, *William Davenport Hulbert* . . . . . 400
Reciprocity with Canada, *Henry M. Whitney* . . . . . 461
Reconstruction Period, A Diary of the, *Gideon Welles* . 78, 238, 388, 537, 680, 818
Roosevelt, Taft and: a Composite Study, *Francis E. Leupp* . . . . . 648

Salt Lake Trail, The Story of the, *Charles M. Harvey* . . . . . 112
Sea Change, A, *Atkinson Kimball* . . . 264
Seven Worst Sermons, The, *William Austin Smith* . . . . . 653
Shakespeare's Fools, *Eleanor P. Hammond* 90
Silence, The, *John Galsworthy* . . . . 311
Soul of Play, The, *Richard C. Cabot* . . . 607
Squire, The, *Elsie Singmaster* . . . . 368

Taft and Roosevelt: a Composite Study, *Francis E. Leupp* . . . . . 648
Tariff, The, and the Tariff Commission, *F. W. Taussig* . . . . . 721
Thackeray, An Unpublished Poem by, *Anne Thackeray Ritchie* . . . . . 220
Thackeray, Contemporary Opinions of, *Sarah N. Cleghorn* . . . . . 215
Tide-Marsh, The, *Kathleen Norris* . . . 745
Trail of the Plume-Hunter, The, *William L. Finley* . . . . . 373
Tympano, *Robert M. Gay* . . . . . 136

United States and Neutralization, The, *Cyrus French Wicker* . . . . . 304
Unpublished Poem by Thackeray, An, *Anne Thackeray Ritchie* . . . . . 220

Vegetation, *Robert M. Gay* . . . . . 271

Waste and Conservation, The Economics of, *John Bates Clark* . . . . . 325
What Happened to Alanna, *Kathleen Norris* . . . . . 418
Whistling, A Defense of, *Robert Haven Schauffler* . . . . . 415
William's Wedding, *Sarah Orne Jewett* . . 33

Year in a Coal-Mine, A, *Joseph Husband* . 577
Yosemite, On Foot in the, *Bradford Torrey* . 228

*Poetry*

Colors at Cambridge, The, *Louise I. Guiney* 48
Comrade, The, *Edith Wharton* . . . . 785

Delight, *Alice Brown* . . . . . 340

Emilia, *Ellen Angus French* . . . . . 188

Fixed Idea, A, *Amy Lowell* . . . . . 227

Hill o' Dreams, The, *Helen Lanyon* . . . 380

Japanese Water-Song, *Harcourt Mountain* . 668

Our Country, *Julia Ward Howe* . . . 852

Psalm for October, A, *Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer* . . . . . 481

To Daisies, *Francis Thompson* . . . . 123
Trumpet-Call, The, *Alfred Noyes* . . . 620

Valley of Vain Verses, The, *Henry van Dyke* . . . . . 436

Whistler, *Margaret Steele Anderson* . . . 263

INDEX BY AUTHORS

*Adams, Brooks,* A Problem in Civilization . . . . . 26
*Allinson, Anne C. E.,* A Poet's Toll . . . 774
*Anderson, Margaret Steele,* Whistler . . . 263

*Baker, Ray Stannard,* Negro Suffrage in a Democracy . . . . . 612
*Becker, Carl,* Detachment and the Writing of History . . . . . 524
*Benson, Robert Hugh,* Catholicism and the Future . . . . . 166
*Bowles, Francis T.,* One Way to an American Merchant Marine . . . . . 740
*Bradford, Gamaliel, Jr.,* A Hero's Conscience . . . . . 730
*Brown, Alice,* Delight. . . . . 340
*Brown, Francis,* Miss Martineau and the Carlyles . . . . . 381
*Burroughs, John,* The Animal Mind . . . 622

*Cabot, Richard C.,* The Soul of Play . . . 607
*Cambridge, Ada,* A Patent of Nobility . . 503
*Chapman, John Jay,* Learning . . . . 125
*Clark, John Bates,* The Economics of Waste and Conservation . . . . . 325
*Cleghorn, Sarah N.,* Contemporary Opinions of Thackeray . . . . . 215
*Colton, Arthur,* Arash-ho'o'e . . . . . 828
*Comer, Cornelia A. P.,* The Preliminaries . 669
*Crothers, Samuel McChord*
In Praise of Politicians . . . . . 175
My Missionary Life in Persia . . . 332

*Deland, Lorin F.,* Football at Harvard and at Yale . . . . . 700
*Delaney, Charles Terry,* 'The Man on the Bridge' Again . . . . . 283

*Ellis, Havelock,* Aviation in Dreams . . 468

*Fagan, James O.,* The Cheapening of Religion . . . . . 451
*Ferrero, Guglielmo*
Puritanism . . . . . 1
American Characteristics . . . . . 223
*Finley, William L.,* The Trail of the Plume-Hunter . . . . . 373
*Flexner, Abraham,* The Plethora of Doctors 20
*Flower, Elliott,* The Law and the Indian . . 483
*French, Ellen Angus,* Emilia . . . . . 188
*Fuller, Anna,* Ships in the Air . . . . 100

*Galsworthy, John*
The Silence . . . . . 311
The Patricians . . . . . 433, 592, 793
*Gay, Robert M.,*
Tympano . . . . . 136
Vegetation . . . . . 271
*Guiney, Louise I.,* The Colors at Cambridge 48

*Hammond, Eleanor P.,* Shakespeare's Fools 90
*Hardin, Charlotte Prentiss,* A Letter to Mr. William De Morgan . . . . . 249
*Harvey, Charles M.,* The Story of the Salt Lake Trail . . . . . 112
*Herlihy, Grace,* The Beneficent Valley . . 517
*Hibben, John Grier,* The Philosophy of Opposition . . . . . 475
*Hopkins, Mary D.,* An American Schoolgirl in Germany . . . . . 359
*Howe, Julia Ward,* Our Country . . . . 852
*Hulbert, William Davenport,* In the Rainy Season . . . . . 400
*Husband, Joseph*
A Year in a Coal-Mine . . . . . 577
Fire in the Mine . . . . . 754

*Jewett, Sarah Orne,* William's Wedding . . 33

*Kimball, Atkinson*
A Sea Change . . . . . 264
Nathan in the Well . . . . . 848
*Kirk, Sophia,* Illusion . . . . . 341
*Kirkland, Winifred,* My Little Town . . 565

*Lanyon, Helen,* The Hill o' Dreams . . . 380
*Leupp, Francis E.*
The Minister and the Men . . . . 50
Taft and Roosevelt: a Composite Study . 648
*Lowell, Amy,* A Fixed Idea . . . . . 227

*Mead, F. S.,* Gold Production and Investments . . . . . 64
*Morse, John T., Jr.,* John Brown Fifty Years After . . . . . 662
*Mountain, Harcourt,* Japanese Water-Song 668

*Nesbit, E.,* The Marble Child . . . . 641
*Norris, Kathleen*
What Happened to Alanna . . . . 418
The Tide-Marsh . . . . . 745
*Noyes, Alfred,* The Trumpet-Call . . . 620

*Pennell, Elizabeth Robins,* The Quarter . . 253
*Putnam, Emily James*
The Lady Abbess . . . . . 202
The Lady of the Castle . . . . . 347
The Lady of the Slave States . . . 491
*Putnam, James Jackson,* William James . 835

*Reinsch, Paul S.,* Intellectual Life in Japan 508
*Repplier, Agnes,* The Nervous Strain . . 198
*Ritchie, Anne Thackeray,* An Unpublished Poem by Thackeray . . . . . 220
*Rossiter, William S.,* The Matter with Us . 787

*Schauffler, Robert Haven,* A Defense of Whistling . . . . . 415
*Seawell, Molly Elliot,* The Ladies' Battle . 289
*Sharp, Dallas Lore*
The Commuter and the 'Modern Conveniences' . . . . . 554
Fifty Years of John Burroughs . . . 631
*Sherwood, Margaret*
Pan and the Crusader . . . . . 145
Lying like Truth . . . . . 806
*Singmaster, Elsie,* The Squire . . . . 368
*Sisson, Edward O.,* An Educational Emergency . . . . . 54
*Smith, Goldwin,* My Social Life in London 691
*Smith, Harry James*
Poor Old Todie . . . . . 69
The Privilege . . . . . 549
*Smith, William Austin,* The Seven Worst Sermons . . . . . 653

*Taussig, F. W.,* The Tariff and the Tariff Commission . . . . . 721
*Taylor, Malcolm,* Prophets or Engineers . 769
*Thompson, Francis,* To Daisies . . . . 123
*Torrey, Bradford,* On Foot in the Yosemite 228
*Tucker, William Jewett,* The New Reservation of Time . . . . . 190

*Van Dyke, Henry,* The Valley of Vain Verses . . . . . 536
*Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler,* A Psalm for October . . . . . 481
*Vedder, Elihu,* Art Prattle . . . . . 403

*Wachenheim, Frederick L.,* Medical Experimentation on Animals . . . . . 7
*Watterson, Henry,* The Personal Equation in Journalism . . . . . 40
*Welles, Gideon,* A Diary of the Reconstruction Period . . 78, 238, 388, 537, 680, 818
*Wharton, Edith,* The Comrade . . . . 785
*Whitney, Henry M.,* Reciprocity with Canada . . . . . 461
*Wicker, Cyrus French,* The United States and Neutralization . . . . . 304

## The Contributors' Club

Boulders . . . . . 717

Clubs among the Cubs . . . . . 280
Crime of Talking Shop, The . . . . . 426

Demon Candy, The . . . . . 431

Exit a Gardener . . . . . 719

Immorality of Shop-Windows, The . . . 853

My Armory . . . . . 276

Objectionable Objective, An . . . . . 715
Of Walking, with Some Thoughts about Sitting on Fences . . . . . 856
Old Man of the Sea, The . . . . . 278
On Names . . . . . 571
On saying Thank You to Editors . . . 281
Our Conception of Authors . . . . . 143
Overworked Particle, An . . . . . 141

Putting Things in Books . . . . . 139

Refreshments . . . . . 714

Shuangh Chi'-U-Er . . . . . 429
Swashbuckling Days in Vermont . . . 572

Them Yellow-Backs . . . . . 574

Ultimate Convictions . . . . . 854

Vanishing Village, The . . . . . 857

Wood-Smoke . . . . . 427

DELIVERY D

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

*JULY, 1910*

## PURITANISM

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

General surprise was expressed when, at the close of 1906, on my return from Paris, where I had been giving a course of lectures on Roman history at the Collège de France, I announced that I had accepted the invitation tendered me by Emilio Mitre to undertake a long journey to South America. What should I, a historian of the ancient world, be doing in that newest of worlds, in that ultra modern continent, in those eminently practical lands, without a past, interested only in the future, where manufactures and agriculture occupy that place in society which in the ancient world was given to war? Were there no other countries which could interest me more? Why, if I were willing to leave my books and my studies, to travel, did I not go to Egypt or to the East, where so much of the history which I had narrated originated; where the Romans had left so many traces of their occupation; where so many important excavations were being made; and thus enrich historiography with new documents?

Whereupon, I made answer that I was no book-worm, interested only in books and archæological remains; that I was interested in life under all its aspects, and therefore, after having studied the peoples of the ancient world, I was interested in studying somewhat these most modern of people, the last to make their appearance in the history of our civilization. Because I happened to have written a history of Rome, was I to undertake never again to cast a glance at the modern world?

Yet, even while thus explaining the reason for my journey, I was as firmly persuaded as any of the friends who raised such objections, that my going to America would simply be a parenthesis in my intellectual life; that there could not be the slightest connection between such a journey and my studies of ancient history; that, in a word, I was going to America to seek diversion and intellectual relief, to distract my mind, which for ten years had been over-full of things ancient, by turning it into an entirely different channel. That this diversion would be of use to me I was sure, not because America was to aid me to a better understanding of ancient Rome, but because I have always thought it most helpful, especially for a historian, — who has need of knowing many things, — to change, from time to time, the subject-matter of his studies, and to enrich his mind with new ideas. After visiting, however, not only the two largest and most flourishing countries of South America,

but the United States as well, — which, better than the other countries of the New World, represents to the eyes of contemporary Europe the most modern element of our civilization, the kingdom of the machine, the empire of business, the realm of money, — I am no longer of this opinion. Now I think that a journey to the New World is, above all, intellectually useful to a historian of the ancient world, and that in order to understand the life and the history of Greek or Roman society, it is quite as useful, if not more so, to visit the countries of America as to visit Asia Minor or North Africa.

On one of the last days of my stay in the United States I said this to a congenial professor of ancient history at Cornell, with whom I was talking over our common work and discussing the most famous schools of the day and the methods used in them.

'Many of you,' I said, 'go to German universities to study ancient history. I think you might better invite some of these German professors to take an advanced course in America: studying, not so much in the libraries as in real life, observing what is going on in American society. No one is in a better position than you to understand ancient society.'

This statement may at first sight seem paradoxical, but nothing during my journeys in the two Americas has impressed me, as a historian of ancient Rome, more profoundly than the discovery in the New World of many of those phenomena of the Old World which, after the lapse of so many centuries of civilization, have disappeared from Europe. What we, at the beginning of the twentieth century, call ancient civilization, was in reality a new and young civilization, flourishing, but with few centuries of historical background, similar to the American civilization of to-day; and for that reason, we find in it, although in a lesser degree, all those phenomena which seem to characterize American as compared with European society. I shall try, therefore, to throw some light on the most important of those points in which the ancient and the very new world resemble each other.

Those who have read my *Greatness and Decline of Rome* know that I have tried to show how one of the essential phenomena of Roman history was the struggle between traditional Roman puritanism and the refined, corrupt, artistic civilization of the Hellenized East. For centuries the old Roman aristocracy sought, through legislation and example and especially through religion, to impose upon all classes simple and pure customs, to check the increase of luxury, to keep the family united and strong, to curb dissolute and perverse instincts, to give a character of decency and propriety to all forms of amusement, even at the cost of imposing upon all aspects of Roman life an unadorned simplicity, and of rendering difficult the development of the arts. In ancient Rome the effort to preserve the morality of the past, the old simplicity and the religious spirit of former generations, was so great, and occupied so important a share in social activity, that from it resulted burning political struggles, law-suits, and tragedies, laws severe and terrible. The family of Augustus, for example, was almost wholly destroyed in the struggle between old puritanism and Asiatic civilization.

To understand the motives and fury of this struggle is not impossible in Europe, but it is difficult. For even in its protestant countries, Europe has been too long and too thoroughly under oriental influence to be able easily to imagine a state so strongly dominated by the force of the puritanical ideal. In

Europe, luxury has been regarded as a species of solemn, social function proper to the monarchy, the state, and the church, for too many centuries to admit of its not being regarded by the masses as a pleasing spectacle, a sign of greatness, a cause of national pride and a source of profit, rather than in the light of a moral and social danger. Besides, after centuries of license, literature and art have assumed the right to beautify even vice, and having beautified it, have cast it loose; and so, however much religious teachers, moralists, and even governments may try to rouse some power of resistance, the resisting force is no longer strong enough, even in protestant states, to produce a social struggle against existing conditions. Every one in Europe has come to accept this liberty as an evil inherent in modern civilization, and though many try to minimize its effects, no one, or hardly any one, thinks any longer that the evil can be eradicated.

In North America, on the other hand, it is much easier to understand this aspect of Roman history, because there the same fight is again being fought, with much greater earnestness than in Europe.

Precisely as in the age of fable, which eludes our historical knowledge, Rome was founded by a puritanical religion, so it was with New England, that vital nucleus around which the United States was formed by a process of aggregation. This puritanic religion stamped American society with a seriousness, austerity, and simplicity which in America, as in Rome, was preserved without effort. It was preserved just so long as the times were hard and difficult, just so long as men were satisfied with a modest, hard-earned competency. But when, thanks to the favorable conditions in which America, not unlike Rome, came into her own, her territory extended by conquest, her industries developed, her population multiplied, her wealth heaped swiftly up by economic progress, and when increase of wealth and more frequent contact with the old world, together with greater European immigration, increased in America the tendency to borrow from Europe those aspects of its civilization which were the most ancient and most artistic, even if less pure morally, — then, I say, there occurred in America what occurred in Rome when increased wealth and nearer intimacy with the East caused the civilization of Asia to be better known and appreciated: the old puritan ideal in America came to a hand-to-hand struggle against corruption, against the breaking-up of the family, against those vices which are bred in the slums of great cities.

This theory explains a curious fact, and that is, that there has happened to North America in relation to Europe, within the memory of men, exactly what has happened in past history to many great Roman personages, and especially to the emperors of the Julio-Claudian line. To some readers this comparison must seem rather strange, but I hope that with a little explanation it will become more intelligible. It is well known that there is in Roman history a period which, from the reputation that it bears, may well be called infamous. This extends from the death of Sulla to the death of Nero, including the end of the Republic and the early years of the Empire. This period has a very bad reputation: not only was it full of disorder, civil war, scandalous law-suits, but nearly all of its most illustrious personages were notoriously vicious, beginning with the most illustrious of them all, Julius Cæsar. All were deep in debt, drunkards, gluttons, spendthrifts; they were reputed dissolute, when not accused outright of giving themselves up to the most degrading pollution. There is no infamy that

has not been attributed to them. Only a very few have escaped this universal censure; and, with the exception of Pompey and Agrippa, those who did escape were of minor importance. The others were either odious in the extreme, or else depraved like Lucullus, Crassus, Antony, Augustus, Mæcenas, Tiberius, Nero, — to say nothing of the women of the Claudian line, who, when they were not poisoners outright, were women of evil life, about whom historians tell every kind of horror.

Therefore this period of history has furnished much material for novelists and dramatists who needed picturesque and striking plots. But a philosopher with a little knowledge of human nature asks himself at once why, in the course of that century and a half, men should be born with such propensities. The critic who examines these tales with a little care soon perceives impossibilities, contradictions, and details which are palpable inventions. Many of these romances would have had less popularity if historians had all asked themselves on reading Suetonius: How came Suetonius to know all these facts? Who could have told them? Thus, following the course of events, it is quite possible to gain a more precise and a simpler idea of these personages, putting them back into their place among common humanity with the usual vices and the usual virtues, and then reduce to the absurd those stories which are quite impossible of verification.

How then are we to explain that terrible reputation for vice, debt, prodigality, and extravagance? In that period the struggle between the old Roman puritanism and corrupt Asiatic civilization raged fiercest, and in the course of the struggle, exaggerated as all moral struggles are, a legend developed which is simply the exaggeration of a reality. To the old Roman conscience that first bold appearance of alien ways in the full light of day, that first open attempt at a life more freed from the conventions, was nothing short of an awful calamity. The puritan conscience reacted quickly because it still had life. It described in terrible and lurid colors the corruption of its time, while a later period, like that of the Antonines, in which corruption was much deeper and more universal, has passed in history as relatively moral, simply because at that time the puritan conscience was no longer living. These later periods considered as natural and inevitable vices and disorders much more serious than those which, in Cæsar's time, when the moral conscience was still keen, seemed to be abominable depravity. Men no longer protested as in former times, and posterity, finding that no contemporary spoke of the vice of his time, imagined that those periods were models of virtue. Thus it is that in those periods of the world's history in which corruption is most talked about, it is a sign that there is still a moral consciousness strong enough to protest against evil.

Something similar to this chapter in the history of Rome has happened and is happening in North America. Among the many extravagant opinions which are being formed in Europe about America there is one which looks upon the United States much as certain puritans in Cæsar's time looked upon Rome: as the most colossal sink of every vice which wealth can produce; as the country where luxury has taken on the wildest and most extravagant forms; corruption, the most incredible audacity; pleasure, unbridled license. The newspapers, especially the yellow journals, are the organs which are creating this opinion. They describe from time to time the Neronian feasts of some multimillionaire, the sultana-like caprices of some over-rich American lady, and publish, with careless comments, statistics

of divorce or of the consumption of alcohol. Again they detail, as if it were a Roman orgy, the wild excesses of some popular celebration: for example, the suppers with which the New Year is ushered in. They scatter broadcast the most scandalous details of trials sufficiently scandalous to aspire to the honor of being cabled across the ocean.

In all sincerity I must confess that when I started for New York I had many of these ideas and prejudices myself, and I expected to set foot in a modern Babylon. If we read newspapers carelessly, without submitting their statements to a careful investigation, we end by warping our opinions, even if we are reasonable and educated persons. Once landed in America, it was easy for me to see that in the legend there was great exaggeration. For example, there is such a thing as American luxury, but it is very different from what the European imagines it to be. It is the extravagance of the middle rather than the upper classes. I have often had occasion to note, while in the company of men who live on a salary, professional men, business men, and manufacturers of moderate means, that persons of the same status in Europe would live much more simply, or at least would spend less freely than in America. But as for the extravagance of the rich, or very rich, it is indisputably greater in Europe. The legend of the wild, unheard-of extravagance of the rich in America could only have been created and circulated throughout Europe by persons, whether American or European, who had no idea of the extravagance of the rich classes in Europe, especially in those two great centres of European wealth, London and Paris. The European acquainted with the extravagance of Europe receives the impression on arriving in America that he is passing from a world in which extravagance is fostered and encouraged by the traditions of ages, to one where, on the contrary, it is limited and held in check by a thousand moral obstacles, puritan traditions, democratic principles, the reluctance of society at large to admire the rich who spend selfishly, — a conspiracy, as it were, of social forces which obliges the rich to spend for others.

It is much the same, I should say, with the vices common nowadays to city life. All that I have seen and heard concerning the vice of great American cities, alcoholism, gambling, immorality, seems to me to be neither more nor less than I have seen in all the great cities of Europe. I have noticed these sad features of modern civilization, but they are no more hideous in America than elsewhere. I shall never forget the evening which I spent with an agreeable and clever journalist who took me to see the horrors of New York. For several hours we went about to restaurants, bars, and places of amusement. I saw and noted with great attention what was pointed out to me, but I could not help, at last, coming to the conclusion that some day, if I were to take my guide on a similar tour around one of the great capitals of Europe, I could show him much more! Taking the Catholic countries of Europe as the basis of comparison, the only difference that I could perceive was that in America the family tie is weaker. Divorce is too easy by far; the women are too emancipated; the children too independent of parental control. In this respect it has seemed to me that America has reached a limit beyond which really dangerous social disorder lies.

What then is the explanation of the fact that in the European world every one is talking of American extravagance, American vice, American corruption, and of disorders of every kind which afflict the American family, city, state, and affairs? Why are noisy New Year's

Eve suppers described in Europe as if they were the orgies of Heliogabalus? This may all be explained exactly as was the evil reputation of the last century of the Republic and the first century of the Empire, as compared with the second century: because in America the Puritan origin of the state is still not far behind us, and the reaction of the moral consciousness is greater than it is in Europe against the progress of that extravagance, corruption, and vice which accompany a rich, urban, mercantile civilization. In Europe, on the other hand, the moral consciousness has for a long time been accustomed to consider all this as inevitable and, for the present at least, impossible to reform, and therefore makes no protest; exactly as the men of the second century no longer cried out against those many evils which were intolerable to the men of the first century. In America, there is still protest; in Europe, there is silence; therefore superficial observers conclude that in the one place there is vice, in the other none, while in reality evil exists on both sides of the ocean, but on the American side there is still faith that it may be extirpated, and there is a will to attempt the work of purification. On our side the present conditions are accepted without a word, just as they are, the good with the bad. Who is right? Who is wrong? I may only say such is the present situation.

Under this very important aspect, the condition of the United States is much nearer to that of ancient Rome than is the condition of the present-day Europe. And this explains to me why this side of my history has been more quickly and profoundly understood in America than it has in Europe. The chief reason which attracted Theodore Roosevelt to my book — he told me this more than once in Washington — was the struggle between two principles which I had described, and which had seemed to him to shed so much light on the confusion and excitement of men and things which stir the United States at the present day. How often have I heard this same observation made in private conversation and public speech, in New York as well as in Boston, in Philadelphia as well as in Chicago! Indeed in Chicago the similarity between American and Roman puritanism was the subject of an interesting after-dinner speech delivered by my host, a banker, a young and brilliant man, in the presence of leading business men at a dinner given in my honor at the Chicago Club. I shall never forget that speech, so enthusiastic was the speaker, and so delighted at having been shown his America in the long-ago life of Rome. In answering him I had to say that, as everything in Chicago is the greatest in the world, it was in Chicago that I had found my greatest admirer in the world!

However, it is North America alone that resembles ancient Rome. South America, or at least the South America which I know, — Brazil and the Argentine Republic, — does not. Those states represent, rather, the continuation and the development of the old European civilization, which is something quite different and opposed to it. In those states, extravagance occupies the high social rank that it does in Europe. The rich make a show of it, the people admire it, religion does not seek to restrain it, art and manufactures thrive upon it, the traditions of the past, as well as the tendencies of the present, favor it in every way according to the means that each has at its disposal. This difference of origin and development between the two Americas is more important than is generally supposed, and an understanding of its importance may be greatly helped forward by a study of Roman history.

# MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION ON ANIMALS

BY FREDERICK L. WACHENHEIM

I

MODERN medicine depends so largely upon animal experimentation, that, without it, the healing art would still remain a mere mixture of empiricism and superstition, as is the case in China to-day. Both the moral and legal codes forbid experimentation on human beings without their own consent; and as the results obtained from cold-blooded animals are commonly inapplicable to ourselves we are obliged to conduct our researches on the bodies of our nearest relatives, — the warm-blooded lower animals. The ancients derived much of their medical knowledge from this source: we find the great Galen conducting extensive and profitable researches on apes and dogs. In the Middle Ages, however, the deadening influence of scholasticism discouraged animal experimentation; we are therefore not surprised to learn that for over a thousand years medicine stood still.

With the great intellectual awakening that characterized the so-called Renaissance, the teachings of the ancients were felt to be insufficient. Vesalius and others studied the structure of the human body as thoroughly as the prejudices of the time permitted; progress in the science of physiology began; surgery threw off its old association with the barber's trade. In the seventeenth century, the invention of the microscope led to the assiduous study of our more minute structure. Nevertheless, if investigators had limited themselves exclusively to the consideration of the human body, alive and dead, healthy and diseased, the science and practice of medicine could not have continued to advance. This limitation restricts us too closely to actual conditions; it excludes all such as are hypothetical or artificial. The voluntary submission of a human subject for medical experimentation is rarely obtainable, though a number of physicians, from grand old John Hunter to our own brave Lazear, have offered their persons and risked their lives in the interests of medical science. Such instances of noble self-devotion are infrequent, and should remain so; they are justified only by the direst necessity. It is indefensible to experiment upon men, when information equally, or almost equally, worthy of confidence can be derived from the lower animals.

The appreciation of this rather elementary moral principle has led to the marvelous progress in medicine that is one of the triumphs of our age. I would not pretend that the science and practice of medicine — two very different things, by the way — are anywhere near perfection; but it is true that the greater part of the physical ills of humanity are to-day under the physician's control, while only a very few remain altogether beyond our reach. Indeed, Metchnikoff, one of the ablest investigators on animals, thinks that there is a prospect of a fairly successful fight to defer the approach of man's greatest enemy, old age.

Cruelty to animals is abhorrent to modern civilization; it lowers man to

the level of the brute, and, in the case of warm-blooded animals, it is punishable at law. This characterization applies, however, solely to wanton cruelty, for even an act of true kindness may involve cruelty. In this connection it is my duty to do what should be unnecessary, and is certainly highly distasteful to me as a physician, but which seems to be demanded by some of our critics, namely, to remove the widely prevalent impression that familiarity with suffering breeds callousness. The best evidence against this impression is the conduct of the medical profession itself.

Our critics must remember that the only notice we take of suffering is to try to assuage it, that our most distressing experience is to witness suffering which cannot be relieved, and that we take as much satisfaction in banishing pain as in saving life. As for our supposed indifference to animal suffering, merely to state that the infliction of pain actually interferes with the usefulness of most animal experiments, will convince well-meaning but uninformed persons that, whenever possible, operations on animals are conducted under the same methods of anæsthesia that are applied to human beings.

We destroy lions and wolves, not to speak of mice and rats, merely because they attack our lives or property whenever they can. Their interests are opposed to ours, and that seals their fate. The investigations upon animals which tend to subserve our interests, at the expense of theirs, should be considered from the same point of view. It may seem harsh, but it is only logical to characterize the man who subordinates the health and happiness of his fellow men to the comfort of some rabbits and dogs, as an enemy to mankind. The old Roman law justly regarded this as the basest of all crimes.

II

Many well-intentioned persons, who earnestly desire the limitation of vivisection to what is actually necessary, believe that a restriction to practical ends would fulfill the ideal of both minimizing cruelty and fostering medical progress. These people are unaware of the fact that there are two sides to medicine, namely, medical science, or rather the medical sciences, and the medical art, commonly called the practice of medicine and surgery.

It is a philosophic principle that a pure science cannot be practical, but deals solely with observed facts, theories, and hypotheses. The application of a science to practical ends is more properly called a useful art. In the medical sciences we study the structure of the human body, its composition, its functions in health, the impairment it suffers from disease, and the remedies for disease. In the practice of medicine we do not treat diseases but patients. The practicing physician is confronted with a sick man, not with an abstract question. He endeavors to apply his scientific knowledge to the aid of his patient, but he does not regard him as a scientific problem. This point is misunderstood by many people, and has led to the unwarranted and scandalous assertion that hospital patients are frequently the objects of experiments. The exact contrary is true: with a few unavoidable exceptions, no procedure is tried upon a human being that has not been proved harmless to the lower animals. The misdirected energies of the 'anti-vivisectionists' merely tend to increase the number of exceptions to this rule.

Physiology, which deals with the functions of the healthy body, is, like anatomy, fundamental to the medical sciences. Many of the deficiencies of modern medicine are due to gaps in our

physiological knowledge, while much of our progress in treatment is the result of recent advance in this science. As examples, I may mention the modern methods of dieting, exercise, change of climate, and regulation of regimen in its broadest sense. I must not, however, ignore the vast improvement in medication with drugs, which is a consequence of our advance in what physicians call pathological physiology, meaning thereby the perverted physiology of the diseased body. We are learning to appreciate the various compensations, whereby a diseased organ is more or less replaced by one that is still sound; and also that great compensatory scheme, which enables a generally diseased body to remain not only alive, but even fairly efficient. One can see how this knowledge may be utilized to the advantage of what the insurance companies call impaired risks; it is safe to say that the lease of life of sufferers from diabetes, heart disease, and Bright's disease, has been doubled within recent years.

The ancient physicians believed that the arteries contained air; that, indeed, is the meaning of the word artery. Galen proved that they contained blood, by cutting them in living animals; there was no other way of settling this fundamental fact, for, in the dead body, the arteries are quite empty. The circulation of the blood was demonstrated by Harvey through experiments on dogs. The capillaries, connecting the arteries and veins, were first seen by Malpighi in the lung of a living frog. It is evident that these observations could not have been made in any other way. The nineteenth century has greatly advanced our knowledge of the wonderful pumping and pipe-line system within our bodies. We now know the speed of the blood-current, its volume and its force, and have a fair idea of the nervous mechanism which controls it. To study these problems, it has been necessary to attach the most varied physical apparatus to the heart and blood-vessels of living animals; it will, however, reassure the reader to learn that to be of real value these experiments must be conducted under anæsthesia. Without them, we should not have the faintest clue to the successful treatment of patients suffering from heart disease.

In the study of the physiology of respiration, little can be learned from the observation of living and healthy men, that does not need corroboration through experiments on animals. As instances, I may mention the demonstration that the aeration of the blood takes place in the capillaries of the lungs; the apparently simple facts that we cannot live without oxygen, and that air which has been once breathed is poisonous; the action of the muscles of respiration, and the nerve-supply which directs them. Not one of these points could have been investigated save by the sacrifice of a number of animals. The whole subject of artificial respiration, so important in the resuscitation of asphyxiated human beings, has been and still is in process of discovery from experimentation on the lower animals. I need only call attention to the newly proposed methods of resuscitation from electric shocks, which would deserve no attention whatever if they did not appear successful when applied to animals.

Proceeding to the study of digestion, let us begin by noting that only its earlier and less important stages are accessible in the intact bodies of men or animals; even so we must employ the extremely uncomfortable stomach-tube, which cannot be used very frequently without starving the subject under investigation, and yields at best but very fragmentary scientific results. The first really valuable investigations were made by Beaumont, about 1830, on a

Canadian, one Alexis Saint-Martin, who suffered from a gunshot wound of the stomach, which had failed to close. Since then one or two other victims of this so-called gastric fistula have been studied, but such cases as these are far too rare to suffice for rapid scientific progress. It has therefore become necessary to perform similar experiments and investigations on dogs, whose stomach-digestion is very much like ours. These dogs, fitted with an artificial external opening in the stomach, through which food may be poured in and withdrawn, feel no more pain than did Beaumont's Canadian, who enjoyed excellent health through years of observation.

These experiments have shown how the gastric juice begins to flow at the very sight of food; how the food is changed in the course of its sojourn in the stomach; how some substances favor digestion, and others interfere with it; how the stomach moves, and how it is finally emptied. Without actual observation we should have to guess at these and nearly all the other phenomena of stomach-digestion.

The digestion which goes on in the intestine is far more important than that in the stomach itself, and it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that we should know absolutely nothing about it unless we had studied it in animals. The same is true of the functions of the great digestive glands, the liver and the pancreas; likewise of the great solar plexus of nerves which controls the whole apparatus. In this vast department of physiology new facts are continually coming to light, as operations on animals become more and more specialized.

In passing, I should refer again to one fact which is often disregarded. Digestive experiments on animals which are suffering pain are quite unsatisfactory; it is needless to add that pain had to be inflicted to prove this point, which otherwise would merely be suspected.

Closely connected with the above experiments are those which instruct us in the subjects of nutrition and of tissue-change. We have learned how to grow fat and how to reduce weight, what it means to be hungry or to be satiated. Some of these studies can be carried out on the human subject, but those suspected of being dangerous to health must be made on the lower animals. It is natural, therefore, that some of the dogs in the laboratories will be overfed and others half-starved; this is inevitable.

It is highly significant of the dense ignorance of our grandfathers, that so fantastic and absurd a system as Gall's phrenology was accepted even by some physicians as a likely explanation of brain physiology; I am afraid that many intelligent persons still believe in phrenology. Through experiments on the brains of living animals we have learned which portions of the brain control the muscles, which experience the sensation of pain, which regulate the body's temperature, the act of breathing, the senses of sight and hearing, and which govern the other bodily functions. Most of these investigations necessarily consisted in irritating or removing portions of the brain, and some very few forms of research had inevitably to be conducted without anæsthesia. To understand what pain is, we unfortunately must cause it. It is a most instructive fact, that those portions of the brain about which we know least are the very ones that are poorly developed in the lower animals; progress has been arrested chiefly because animal investigation is no longer available. We must recall, too, that the previous experiments on cold-blooded animals, whose brain-functions are of an altogether lower type than ours, had yielded little that could be applied

practically, though extremely important and interesting. It was only when dogs and, more especially, our still nearer relatives, the apes, were drawn into the experimental field, that we really began to find out what was going on in our own brains. I may add that the observation of the diseased human brain, both at the bedside and post mortem, has always been extremely fragmentary and unsatisfactory.

As with the brain, so with the nerves: most of our knowledge is derived from experiments on the lower animals. It has been the fashion among the anti-vivisectionists to reserve especially vehement abuse for the great Magendie, who laid the very foundations of our present, still somewhat incomplete, knowledge of nerve-functions, nerve-tracts, and nerve-regeneration. It is true that Magendie's work involved the infliction of a great deal of pain, but we should, in simple justice, remember that anæsthesia was unknown in Magendie's day, and one of the many results obtained in this field of work is the demonstration that the sensations of man are far keener than those of the lower animals. As sensation, including that of pain, is purely a brain-function, which may be entirely abolished by stupefying the cells of the gray matter with an anæsthetic, it is evident that acuteness of sensation is apt to increase with the complexity of the brain-structure. This is unquestionably highest in man, and higher in the upper than in the lower races; thus the inferior races plainly show that they feel pain less than do the pampered products of civilization. On the average, the endurance of pain will vary in inverse proportion to its severity; if we eliminate the influence of self-control, that deference to convention and public opinion called stoicism, the demeanor of the victim of a pain is a fair guide as to its intensity.

III

It is scarcely necessary for me to remind the reader of the indebtedness of modern medicine to the science of bacteriology, that branch of natural history which treats of the minute germs known as bacteria. The difficulties encountered in studying bacteria will be appreciated, when we consider that millions of the larger germs can live and flourish in a single drop of milk, whereas the smallest, under the most powerful microscope, appear like grains of fine dust.

Some of the ancient writers had suspected that certain infectious diseases might be caused by minute living organisms, but not until 1683, when Leeuwenhook had invented the microscope, could the bacteria even be seen. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century, when Pasteur found ways of cultivating these germs, that the science of bacteriology may be said to have originated; it was only after 1880, when Koch showed how to cultivate them on solid media, that the science began to make rapid progress, and to revolutionize medicine. The reason for this lies in the fact that, to study bacteria, it is necessary to isolate them; they always occur mixed in their natural state, and of course remain mixed, if they grow in a fluid; it is easy to understand how the different species may be separated, if we cultivate them, like ordinary plants, on a solid surface.

Presently, the supposed germs of numerous infectious diseases were announced, and, as it had become comparatively easy to cultivate bacteria, isolate them, and study their peculiarities, it only remained to prove their responsibility for the diseases attributed to them. Let us remember that, in sick as well as in healthy persons, the harmless bacteria far outnumber those that are dangerous; of thousands

of species, only a few dozen belong to the class called pathogenic, or disease-producing. At this stage of the science, Koch, most opportunely, laid down the three clauses of the following law: —

1. All cases of the disease must furnish the germ held responsible for it.

2. The germ must be cultivated so as to free it from mixture with other germs; that is to say, it must be obtained in pure culture.

3. Inoculation of germs, from the pure culture, must reproduce the identical disease.

Koch's law has stood the test of thirty years. Whenever one of the three links in the chain is missing, we admit at once that the responsibility of the germ under investigation is uncertain, unless corroborated by strong circumstantial evidence; if two links are missing, the germ has only a questionable scientific standing, in any event. When all three clauses are satisfied, the case is complete, as has been proven repeatedly in other ways into which I cannot enter here; I mention the production of artificial immunity as one of them.

Koch's third requirement presents the greatest difficulties to the bacteriologist. For example, when the tubercle bacillus had satisfied the first two, it was still manifestly undesirable to inoculate a human being with the pure culture, to see what would happen. Even the most scornful skeptic of Koch and his methods would have declined more or less politely to offer himself for this test.

Nothing therefore remained but to inoculate animals, many of which were known to suffer at times from tuberculosis. These experiments were completely successful: the animals became affected with unquestionable tuberculosis, and the germs, taken from them and cultivated, again reproduced the same disease in another series of animals. No one who has taken the trouble to inform himself on the subject now has the faintest doubt that this germ, and no other, is the cause of tuberculosis. Moreover, since the earlier experiments, further proofs have been supplied, also through investigations conducted on the lower animals.

If the laws of Germany had forbidden the inoculation of animals with germs that would make them sicken and die, Koch would have been compelled to pursue his ever-memorable researches in some other country, and that country would have received all the credit. If the whole world had been controlled by the anti-vivisectionists, consumptives to-day would not know how they became ill, nor how to guard the members of their families from becoming likewise infected; furthermore, the doctors, in many cases, would not even be able to make the diagnosis.

It may reassure tender-hearted readers to know that the injection of tuberculous material is no more painful than the familiar hypodermic, and that an animal sick from tuberculosis suffers less physical pain than the thousands of hapless human sufferers from this lingering disease, while of course it is free from the still more acute agony of the mind.

Tuberculosis also furnishes one of the most convincing arguments against one of the favorite stands of the anti-vivisectionists, namely, that it should be made unlawful to repeat experiments intended merely to corroborate an already established fact. Fifteen years ago most of us took for granted that the tuberculosis of man was identical with that of cattle; this view prevailed only because the investigators had not made a sufficient number of experiments on animals. More frequent inoculations of human tuberculosis on cattle, and a more careful investigation of bovine tuberculosis, would long before have

revealed what Theobald Smith showed in 1895, namely, that cattle tuberculosis is caused by a slightly different and far less dangerous germ. This leaves open the question whether the one form of germ may, under certain conditions, be transformed into the other; and, what is most important for us to know, whether the chief danger to man lies in the milk of infected cows or in the expectoration of infected persons. If Theobald Smith's contention is established, we shall have to restrict the careless habits of consumptives with more firmness than ever, and relegate the supervision of cattle to a secondary, though still important position. In any case, all the work of studying the relation between human and bovine tuberculosis will have to be gone over again, and this research will have to be made, almost entirely, on animals.

It is curious, but true, that there is more confusion on this subject in England than anywhere else, and that England is the country where animal experimentation is most seriously hampered by law. Most unbiased observers feel that if the English physicians had depended less exclusively on the study of their patients and had given more attention to tuberculosis in animals, they would not have arrived at their present state of uncertainty.

Even more remarkable are the results of animal experimentation in diphtheria. The diphtheria bacillus was discovered by Loeffler in 1879, but its status was doubtful for some years: first, because of the number of other germs found in inflamed throats; secondly, because some harmless germs resemble it closely. But for Koch's third law the whole matter would have remained doubtful. The guinea-pig, however, is remarkably susceptible to diphtheria, so much so that it is employed as a test for doubtful cases. Pure cultures from guinea-pigs that have died of diphtheria will in turn infect other guinea-pigs, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It was soon found that the diphtheria germ itself was not the most dangerous element in diphtheritic infection; it does not grow indefinitely, and usually remains exclusively at the site of infection, say the throat, rarely wandering through the body. It acts chiefly through the intense poison that it produces as a part of its tissue-change. The treatment of diphtheria at first made little progress because the only method that could be considered was disinfection of the throat. Unfortunately the throat is one of the most difficult parts of the body to disinfect; indeed, it is practically impossible to disinfect it thoroughly.

A new chapter in medicine was opened when a Spanish physician, Ferrán, in 1890, announced that he had succeeded in immunizing animals against diphtheria. His results were soon corroborated by other investigators. It has been learned that, in the case of certain infectious diseases, probably in the majority, an animal that survives the attack has formed the antidote to the poison of the disease within its own body; this is indeed the reason why it recovers. It has also been learned that if we infect a guinea-pig with diphtheria germs, we can combat the infection by injecting into the same animal the blood-serum of a guinea-pig that has recently recovered. The poison is called the toxin, the antidote the antitoxin, and it has been shown that the latter, in proper dosage, exactly neutralizes the former.

The younger members of the present generation cannot realize what a thrill of horror went through a household when the family physician made the diagnosis of diphtheria. Formerly, we stood almost helpless at the bedside of our diphtheria patients, and expected

a fatal result in about half of the severe cases. To-day the death-rate of cases that are treated promptly is about one per cent. The only reason why there are still many deaths from diphtheria is that some persons — alas, some doctors also — have a prejudice against antitoxin, because they do not know what it is.

I doubt if there are enough guinea-pigs in the world to supply all our sick children with antitoxin. Fortunately, it has been found that horses give an ample supply, if we infect them with diphtheria germs. As a horse can give us about a thousand times as much blood as a guinea-pig, this wonderful remedy is not even very expensive. Nor does the horse suffer much from the occasional withdrawal of a moderate amount of blood; as a matter of fact, he is handled and fed very carefully, and has a decidedly easy life of it between tappings. It is a question whether he would object if he knew what was being done, and how many lives he was saving; his fellows in front of coal-wagons surely find it harder to earn a living.

The story of the conquest of lockjaw is similar to that of diphtheria, the chief difference being that the antitoxin must be injected in advance, whenever we see a wound that looks as if it might contain the lockjaw bacillus. The treatment is therefore not quite so uniformly successful, and seems less effective than it really is, because we never know when we have saved a patient from death from this fearful disease: he simply remains as well as he was before, and no one can tell what might have happened if treatment had been omitted.

It is highly important to remember that the bacilli of diphtheria and tetanus are not at all injured by the antitoxin, but remain as malignant as they ever were; the antitoxin merely protects the infected person against their poison. Physicians have been very successful in protecting the nurses and relatives of diphtheria patients against this disease. A small protective injection of antitoxin absolutely guarantees them against this illness, even if their throats, as is apt to happen, become thoroughly infected with diphtheria germs.

As soon as animal experiments are no longer available, we go on from one defeat to another; the most that we can do is to employ prevention. A conspicuous instance is afforded by that blot on American civilization, typhoid fever. No doubt our fearfully long death-list from that filthy disease would diminish if we could infect some animal and obtain an antitoxin; the recently announced susceptibility of monkeys gives us careless Americans a ray of hope. Otherwise, our only recourse is the right kind of sanitation, which consists entirely in keeping human excrements out of our food and water.

IV

There are still many persons, including, I regret to say, some justices on the bench, who define the practice of medicine as the giving of drugs. Most of our patients still think that the most important thing they can get from us is a prescription, and they pay much more attention to the directions on a medicine bottle than to the verbal advice imparted in the doctor's office. A large part of the community thinks that it might as well obtain its drugs at first hand from the druggist, without consulting a physician at all. This delusion has already slain its thousands, and will continue to fill early graves until the public learns better.

The truth is, that the administration of drugs is often the least important part of the aid we give our patients;

we accomplish more through other means of treatment than with medicines. The progress in physiology, of which I have given a few feeble hints, is already so great that we know the human body far better than many of the things we put into it. Some of our best drugs are employed only as auxiliaries to other treatment, such as diet, exercise, baths, and massage, not to mention surgical operations. Only a few drugs are used for combating disease directly, and these are chiefly of the class called internal antiseptics; for instance, quinine.

The testing of drugs on animals is not always trustworthy, for even the highest, dogs and apes, often respond somewhat differently from man; this does not, however, argue for omitting the animal experiment when we wish to learn the properties and action of a new and unknown drug. Any one can imagine that it would be highly reprehensible to give a little-known, perhaps highly poisonous, substance to a man before trying it on the dog. Sometimes a dog will die from an overdose, because the action of a drug is still uncertain; it were better to lose a thousand dogs in this way than one patient.

Such delicate matters as the effect of a new preparation on the blood-pressure, the kidneys, the digestion, and the nervous system, have to be investigated in living animals. Be it remembered that we aim to have our experiments succeed, and are disappointed when they turn out badly. In the latter case, however, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the untoward result has not injured a human being.

There is a group of four related diseases, measles, scarlet fever, chicken-pox, and small-pox, which agree in one not very flattering circumstance, namely, that we doctors do not know what causes them; we merely believe that they are caused by germs too small to be seen with our best microscopes. One fact, however, is worth noting: formerly, all four diseases were common; now, small-pox, the most dreaded of all, has become rare. The reason for this is as follows: —

In 1798, Jenner observed that persons who had come in contact with cattle suffering from a disease called cow-pox were thereafter immune to small-pox; we, of to-day, cannot adequately realize the vast significance of Jenner's discovery. In the eighteenth century small-pox was, like measles, chiefly a disease of children; it killed about one tenth of the population, and permanently disfigured most of those who recovered, very few escaping altogether. We may declare with truth that the slow increase of the population of Europe, before the nineteenth century, was chiefly due to the ravages of the infectious diseases, of which small-pox was the worst. We may thus judge what a boon it was to humanity when the inoculation of cow-pox matter was found to protect human beings against small-pox for at least some years, whereas repeated inoculation, at moderate intervals, gave absolute and permanent protection. This form of inoculation is called vaccination; its compulsory introduction into everyday use has resulted in the almost total disappearance of small-pox from the more enlightened countries. In Germany, where vaccination and re-vaccination are strictly enforced, small-pox is almost unknown among the native population; in our southern and western states, where people are careless about vaccination, the disease is still quite common. We can truly measure a nation's civilization to-day by the relative frequency of small-pox.

To supply vaccine lymph, we must keep a continuous series of calves affected with cow-pox. I am willing to admit that these animals would be more

comfortable without this disease, but cannot persuade myself to weigh their trivial discomforts against the possible sufferings of thousands of human beings. The employment of calf-vaccine has been found necessary because vaccination from man to man involves the fearful risk of syphilitic infection. The only real dangers from calf-vaccine, namely, wound-infection and tetanus, can be guarded against by using very simple precautions; the imagined danger of contracting tuberculosis has been shown not to exist, for there is no such case on record.

One result of the practice of vaccination is, that small-pox is now much rarer in children than in adults, because most children have been vaccinated at least once. It is also much milder in adults than formerly, because one vaccination, in infancy, affords a partial protection ever after. It is, of course, wisest to repeat the operation on admission to school, and at long intervals later in life.

If only some animal could be found that is susceptible to measles and scarlet-fever, how much suffering would be spared our children!

The germ of cerebro-spinal meningitis was discovered by Weichselbaum in 1887, but was not generally accepted until about ten years later; its rôle had to be established on circumstantial evidence, for it did not conform to Koch's third law: there was no animal known that would take the disease. We were therefore quite helpless when confronted with this terrible affliction, which killed at least three fourths of its victims and permanently maimed most of the remainder.

Little progress was made until it was discovered that monkeys could be infected with Weichselbaum's germ. In the hands of Flexner, this discovery soon yielded wonderful results; a few years of study and experimentation on these animals have led to the production of a serum, similar to that employed in diphtheria, which cures nine-tenths of the mild cases and many of the severest ones, if used early. Flexner's serum is only waiting for our next great epidemic, to show how wonderful it is.

The conquest of acute infantile paralysis promises to be similar. To be sure, this disease is not often fatal; it regularly, however, results in the life-long paralysis of one or more limbs, thereby disabling the poor victim permanently. We all know a number of persons who limp about uncomfortably because they have had this disease in childhood. Flexner, and his assistants, have found that monkeys are also susceptible to the poison of this disease. These investigators are now seeking to prepare a curative serum, similar to that which is giving such excellent results in meningitis. Success will reduce the total number of our cripples by at least one half. Most remarkable of all, these experiments in infantile paralysis are succeeding regardless of the fact that the germ of this affection is still entirely unknown.

Let me add a few remarks on the terrible disease called hydrophobia, — the very existence of which is persistently denied by the dog-worshipers, notwithstanding that a number of persons die every year of this frightful malady. It is indeed fortunate that these deaths are not sufficiently common to convince the anti-vivisectionists; the reason for the low death-rate from hydrophobia is to be sought in a wonderfully successful method of treatment, somewhat similar to that used in tetanus, and based entirely on animal investigation. The person bitten by a mad dog is treated with injections consisting of preparations from the spinal cord of rabbits infected with hydrophobia. Owing to the slowness

with which this disease develops, there is ample time for repeated injections of increasing strength. Thus the outbreak of the disease is entirely prevented, if there has been no great loss of time before treatment is begun; the only reason why people still die of hydrophobia is because misguided persons persuade them that it does not exist.

We owe the treatment of hydrophobia to Pasteur's experiments on dogs and rabbits. The germ of this affection is still unknown. Better than treatment, of course, would be prevention, by muzzling all privately-owned dogs, and killing the mongrels that infest our streets. Owing to the loud-voiced protests of the dogs' ostensible friends, nothing of the sort has been done; human beings still run the risk of a dreadful death, and hundreds of really valuable animals are lost through being bitten by rabid curs.

The most mysterious and dreaded disease known to mankind is cancer, and it is becoming more frequent as other diseases diminish. Some of the increase of cancer is undoubtedly due to the falling-off in deaths from the diseases of childhood and youth: cancer, being a disease of later life, obtains more material for its ravages as more children are cured of diphtheria and more young persons are saved from death by tuberculosis. This explanation, however, does not seem to cover the entire ground; most physicians believe that there has been a real relative increase in the frequency of malignant growths.

A cure for cancer is urgently called for to replace the somewhat uncertain knife of the surgeon, which is curative only when applied early, and then only in about one fourth of all cases. The main trouble has been that we have not understood the true nature of cancer; we did not even know if it were infectious, let alone the infecting germ, all heralded discoveries in that direction having proved illusory. Finally, investigators bethought themselves to study animals having tumors that resemble human cancer in structure and malignancy; in this respect, mice have furnished valuable investigating material, and, even in these few years, have demonstrated certain valuable facts, especially that cancer is transplantable, but not infectious in the ordinary sense, like tuberculosis. There has also been achieved an immunization of mice against the recurrence of cancer after operation.

This brings us to the wonderful studies made by Metchnikoff and Ehrlich on the means furnished within the body for the destruction of harmful germs or the neutralization of the poisons they produce. These researches on immunity have led to interesting results: for example, we have found that the blood of one species of animal acts like a toxin to the blood of another; through this knowledge we can tell to what kind of animal a specimen of blood belongs. This has proved of incalculable advantage in a matter not strictly medical: in trials for homicide, it is now quite easy to decide whether a stain consists of human blood or of that of a lower animal. Human blood and dog blood look exactly alike under the microscope, but the laboratory test shows them to be antagonistic to each other. Several murderers have been convicted through these means.

I must mention a few more affections in which these investigations play a leading part. The best treatment of snake-bites may be said to depend entirely upon having the antitoxin at hand; snake-poison is the most typical and powerful toxin that we know. Still more curious is the modern treatment of that rare and serious affection called Graves's disease. This complaint

is due to an antitoxin in the system, produced by excessive action of the organ known as the thyroid gland. The curative serum is obtained by entirely depriving goats of that gland; these goats then become saturated with the body toxin which the gland normally neutralizes. The injection of blood-serum from these goats therefore supplies sufficient toxin to neutralize the excess of antitoxin in the blood of the patient suffering from Graves's disease. This goat-serum treatment must be continued as long as the thyroid gland continues to be overactive, usually many months.

It may appear to the reader that toxins and antitoxins are very much alike in structure; this is indeed the case, and we label them as we do merely because the toxin is very poisonous, and the antitoxin is relatively harmless. Graves's disease is due to an antitoxin that becomes injurious only when accumulated in the system through months and years.

## V

Every intelligent person appreciates the marvelous advance in surgery, which is justly regarded as one of the greatest achievements of our time. The surgical art has indeed, until quite recently, kept well ahead of internal medicine; the tide is only now beginning to turn, partly because of the discoveries narrated in the preceding chapter, partly because surgery itself is already so near perfection. Let us, however, not forget that its phenomenal success, whether regarded from its highly developed mechanical side, or with respect to the benefits derived from physiological and bacteriological research, rests almost entirely upon the results obtained through animal experimentation.

The corner-stones of modern surgery are anæsthesia and antisepsis. Anæsthesia, by freeing the patient from the perception of pain, allows the surgeon to perform his work leisurely and thoroughly; antisepsis guards the surgeon's efforts from eventual failure, by preventing infection of the patient's wound.

Anæsthesia was tried on the human subject only after considerable hesitation, and after extensive preliminary experiments on animals. Morton and Jackson, the pioneers in anæsthesia, would not have dared to subject their patients to this procedure if investigations on living animals had not demonstrated its safety. The very proposal to administer a narcotic gas implies a fairly thorough knowledge of the act of respiration, and of the laws governing the diffusion of gases through the body. I have already shown how the former has been acquired; the latter has been gained similarly. To be sure, the final test of any anæsthetic will always have to be made on man himself; an operation that appears quite painless in an animal may, nevertheless, cause intense discomfort to a human being, whose nervous system is more delicately organized; furthermore, the anæsthetic may not act in exactly the same way on a man as on a dog.

As the various forms of gas-anæsthesia involve some risk in persons whose vitality is impaired, or who suffer from certain organic diseases, it was a great boon to the surgeons when Koller discovered that the eyes of animals could be rendered insensible by the instillation of cocaine. Koller was so favorably impressed by this observation that he had no hesitation in trying this drug on his own eyes, as well as on those of his patients. Our surgeons now perform a great many delicate and difficult operations with the aid of cocaine, without depriving their patients of general consciousness, or exposing them even to the slight risk of a total anæsthesia.

For the methods employed in avoiding the infection of wounds, antisepsis, and its still greater successor, asepsis, we are profoundly indebted to Pasteur, who first suggested that wound-infection was caused by germs, and to Lister, who followed his suggestion and was rewarded with immediate success. Every detail of this progress has been checked off by experiments on animals.

Some of the most difficult operations concern the intestines, the great problem being to close wounds in them so tightly that they cannot leak; innumerable operations on dogs were required to determine the best method of sewing up an intestinal wound. When the question arose of linking together the two ends of a severed intestine, a simple suture was found to be imperfect; it took too much time, and was sometimes followed by intestinal obstruction. A new series of experiments on dogs became necessary, to perfect some plan of fastening the ends together with easily adjusted clasps. This was successful, and we have thus obtained that remarkable mechanical device, the Murphy button.

We are now pretty well accustomed to the idea of abdominal surgery, but operations on the brain will, no doubt, appear somewhat venturesome to the uninitiated. Indeed, were it not for the physiological study of the brain-functions, to which I have referred in a previous paragraph, we should not have advanced very far. Our knowledge of brain localization has enabled us to tell, from the patient's symptoms, what portion of that organ is affected by a clot, tumor, or injury, and the striking of the exact spot is no longer regarded as marvelous. For example, paralysis of one limb points to trouble in a very definite area in the brain, impaired vision to another, loss of speech to a third, all as precisely mapped out as the various countries in an atlas. It is hardly necessary to repeat that we should be unable to do any of this work, had not animal experimentation shown us the way.

As to the nerves, the various resections, transplantations, and other operations, that are now accomplished by the surgeons, remind one of the activities of the telephone line-men; moreover, they are generally quite as successful. Animal experimentation has given us the clue to the various connections, and has indicated the limits to which we may go in overhauling that delicate and complicated apparatus of living batteries and wires, known as the nervous system.

Success in nerve-surgery has led to a desire to accomplish similar results with the blood-vessels. Until recently no one attempted to do more than cut diseased or injured blood-vessels out of the general circulation; even this required a vast amount of preliminary work on animals, especially with regard to the testing of ligature material, such as catgut and silk, for strength, absorbability, and capacity for being rendered absolutely sterile, the last being exceedingly difficult of determination. The effect of these operations on the local blood-supply also required investigation, for the cutting-out of a very large blood-vessel might involve the death of an entire limb. Very recent work on dogs seems to promise that the cutting-out of blood-vessels may be largely replaced by splicing and grafting; it is evident that, with the aid of such new methods, the last-mentioned risk may be avoided, and many a limb saved from gangrene and amputation. Most marvelous of all, our surgeons are now venturing to attack the heart itself; wounds of that most important of all organs have been sutured, hitherto, to be sure, with only partial success; however, we may justly expect to perfect this operation, by

giving it a thorough trial on the lower animals.

This brings me to the present centre of interest in surgery, the operations on the chest and lungs. Until now, any wide opening of the chest-wall has been attended with the danger of collapse of the lungs, and instant death. It is the present aim of this branch of surgery to devise an effective method of preventing collapse of the lungs, by increasing the air-pressure within those organs. Whole series of dogs are now being subjected to procedures that aim at accomplishing this purpose, but the operation will not be tried on human beings until practice on dogs has rendered it practically perfect.

Finally, I must again insist on the fact that these operations on the lower animals are conducted under anæsthesia, in the same way as are those performed on human beings. Under the influence of ether, dogs do sometimes give forth cries, as men do under the same conditions; these noises are made quite unconsciously, as may be proved by the accounts of numberless persons who have groaned on the operating-table but did not know it until told by the surgeon afterwards. Of course, dogs suffer some pain after an operation; the same is true of us also; it is certainly no more, probably less, severe in the dog than in man. Finally, it is a rule in all laboratories, to kill maimed animals painlessly; as a proof, I shall ask my critics if they have ever seen at large an animal mutilated by surgical experimentation.

# THE PLETHORA OF DOCTORS

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

In a paper in the *Atlantic* for June, I discussed at some length the development in America of the ideal training of the physician. In the present article it is my purpose to deal with the actual conditions in the medical profession of the country, with especial reference to the number of doctors we are now endeavoring to support. The problem involved in reaching a satisfactory physical adjustment is practical, not academic; and taking economic and social conditions as they are, its solution will depend upon the widest possible distribution of the best possible type of physician. For an intelligent consideration of the question, it is fundamental that we understand the statistical aspects of medical education in America so far as they are immediately pertinent to the question of reform.

Professor Paulsen, describing in his book on the *German Universities* the increased importance of the medical profession, reports with some astonishment that 'the number of physicians has increased with great rapidity, so that now there is, in Germany, one doctor for every 2000 souls, and in the large cities one for every 1000.' What would the amazed philosopher have said had he known that in the entire United States there is already on the average one doctor for every 568 souls,

that in our large cities there is frequently one doctor for every 400 persons[1] or less, that many small towns of less than 200 inhabitants have two or three physicians each!

Overproduction is stamped on the face of these facts; and if, in its despite, there are localities without a physician, it is clear that not even long-continued overproduction of cheaply-made doctors can force distribution beyond a well-marked point. In our towns health is as good, and physicians are probably as alert, as in Prussia; there is then no reason to fear an unheeded call or a too tardy response if urban communities support one doctor for every 2000 inhabitants. On that showing, the towns have now four or more doctors for every one that they actually require,—something worse than waste, for the superfluous doctor is usually a poor doctor. So enormous an overcrowding with low-grade material decreases both relatively and absolutely the number of well-trained men who can count on the profession for a livelihood. According to Gresham's Law, which, as has been shrewdly remarked, is as valid in education as in finance, the inferior medium tends to displace the superior. If then, by having in cities one doctor for every 2000 persons, we got four times as good a doctor as now when we provide one doctor for every 500 or less, the apothecaries would find time hanging somewhat more heavily on their hands. Clearly, low standards and poor training are not now needed in order to supply physicians to the towns.

In the country the situation follows one of two types. Assuming that a thousand people in an accessible area will support a competent physician, one of two things will happen if the district contains many less than a thousand. In a growing country, like Canada or our own Middle West, the young graduate will not hesitate to pitch his tent in a sparsely settled neighborhood, if it promises a future. A high-grade and comparatively expensive education will not alter his inclination to do this. The more exacting Canadian laws rouse no objection on this score. The graduates of McGill and Toronto have passed through a scientific and clinical discipline of high quality; but one finds them every year draining off into the freshly opened Northwest Territory.

In truth, it is an old story. McDowell left the Kentucky backwoods to spend two years under Bell in Edinburgh; and when they were over, returned contentedly to the wilderness, where he originated the operation for ovarian tumor in the course of a surgical practice that carried him back and forth through Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee. Benjamin Dudley, son of a poor Baptist preacher, dissatisfied with the results, first of his apprenticeship, and then of his Philadelphia training, hoarded his first fees, and with them subsequently embarked temporarily in trade: he loaded a flat-boat with sundries which he disposed of to good advantage at New Orleans, there investing in a cargo of flour which he sold to the hungry soldiers of Wellington in the Spanish peninsula. The profits kept Dudley in the hospitals of Paris for four years, after which he came back to Lexington and for a generation was the great surgeon and teacher of surgery in the rough country across the Alleghanies. The pioneer is not yet dead within us. The self-supporting students of Ann Arbor and Toronto prove this. For a region which holds

[1] New York, 1: 460; Chicago, 1: 580; Washington, 1: 270; San Francisco, 1: 370. These ratios are calculated on the basis of figures obtained from the U. S. Census Bureau, Polk's *Medical Register*, and the *American Medical Directory*. Figures used throughout this article were obtained from these sources.

out hope, there is no need to make poor doctors; still less to make too many of them.

In the case of stranded small groups in an unpromising environment, the thing works out differently. A century of reckless overproduction of cheap doctors has resulted in general overcrowding; but it has not forced doctors into these hopeless spots. It has simply huddled them thickly at points on the extreme margin. Certain rural communities of New England may, for example, have no physician in their midst, though they are in most instances not inaccessible to one. But let never so many low-grade doctors be turned out, whether in Boston or in smaller places like Burlington or Brunswick, that are supposed not to spoil the young man for a country practice, these unpromising places, destined perhaps to disappear from the map, will not attract them. They prefer competition in some already over-occupied field. Thus, in Vermont, Burlington, the seat of the medical department of the University of Vermont, with a population of less than 21,000, has 60 physicians, one for every 333 inhabitants; nor can these figures be explained away on the ground that the largest city in the state is a vortex which absorbs more than its proper share; for the state abounds in small towns in which several doctors compete in the service of much less than a thousand persons. Other New England states are in the same case.

It would appear, then, that overproduction on a low basis does not effectually overcome the social or economic obstacles to spontaneous dispersion. Perhaps the salvation of these districts might, under existing circumstances, be better worked out by a different method. A large area would support one good man, where its separate fragments are each unable to support even one poor man. A physician's range, actual and virtual, increases with his competency. A well-qualified doctor may perhaps at a central point set up a small hospital, where the seriously ill of the entire district may receive good care. The region is thus better served by one well-trained man than it could possibly be, even if overproduction on a low basis ultimately succeeded in forcing an incompetent into every hamlet of five-and-twenty souls. This, however, overproduction cannot compel. It cannot keep even the cheap man in a place without a 'chance'; it can only demoralize the smaller places which are capable of supporting a better trained man whose energies may also reach out into the more thinly settled surrounding country. As a last resort, it might conceivedly become the duty of the several states to salary district physicians in thinly settled or remote regions — surely a sounder policy than the demoralization of the entire profession for the purpose of enticing ill-trained men where they will not go. These officials would combine the duties of county health officer with those now assigned in large towns to the city physician.

We may safely conclude that our methods of carrying on medical education have resulted in enormous overproduction at a low level, and that, whatever the justification in the past, the present situation in town and country alike can be more effectively met by a reduced output of well-trained men than by further inflation with an inferior product.

The improvement of medical education cannot therefore be resisted on the ground that it will destroy schools and restrict output; that is precisely what is needed. The illustrations already given in support of this position may be reinforced by further examples from every section of the Union: from Pennsylvania, with one doctor for every 636

inhabitants, Maryland with one for every 658, Nebraska with one for every 602, Colorado with one for every 328, Oregon with one for every 646.

It is frequently urged that, however applicable to other sections, this argument does not for the present touch the South, where continued tolerance of commercial methods is required by local conditions. Let us briefly consider the point. The section as a whole contains one doctor for every 760 persons. In the year 1908, twelve states showed a gain in population of 358,837. If, now, we allow in cities one additional physician for every increase of 2000, and outside of cities an additional one for every increase of 1000 in population, — an ample allowance in any event, — we may in general figure on one more physician for every gain of 1500 in total population. I am not now arguing that one physician to 1500 persons is the normal or correct ratio; that is a point that need not even be raised. What I contend is that, as such a ratio has proved more than satisfactory elsewhere, it will at least serve for further increase of our population.

A country, in other words, which now has one physician for every 568, will be amply supplied for a generation at least if it produces one additional physician for every 1500 additional persons. On that basis in 1908 the South needed 240 more doctors. In the course of the same year, it is estimated that 500 vacancies in the profession were due to death. If every vacancy thus arising must be filled, conditions will never greatly improve. Let us agree to work toward a more normal adjustment by filling two vacancies due to death with one new physician, — once more a decidedly liberal provision. This will prove sufficiently deliberate; it would have called for 250 more doctors by the close of the year. In all, 490 new men would have amply cared for the increase in population and the vacancies due to death. As a matter of fact, the Southern medical schools turned out in that year 1144 doctors; 78 more Southerners were graduated from the schools of Baltimore and Philadelphia. The grand total would probably reach 1300, — 1300 Southern doctors to compete in a field in which one third of the number would find the making of a decent living already difficult! Clearly the South has no cause to be apprehensive in consequence of a reduced output of higher quality. Its requirements in the matter of a fresh supply are not such as to make it necessary to pitch their training low.

The rest of the country may be rapidly surveyed from the same point of view. The total gain in population, outside of the Southern states already considered, was 975,008, — requiring, on the basis of one more doctor for every 1500 more people, 650 doctors. By death, in the course of the year there were in the same area 1730 vacancies. Replacing two vacancies by one doctor, 865 men would have been required; in most sections public interest would be better cared for if the vacancies all remained unfilled for a decade to come. On the most liberal calculation, 1500 graduates would be called for, and 1000 would be better still. There were actually produced in that year, outside the South, 3497, that is, three times as many as the country could possibly assimilate; and this goes on, and has been going on, every year.

It appears then that the country needs fewer and better doctors; and that the way to get them better is to produce fewer. To support all or most present schools at the higher level would be wasteful, even if it were not impracticable; for they cannot be manned. Some day, doubtless, posterity may reëstablish a school in some place where we now recommend the

demise of a struggling enterprise. Toward that remote contingency nothing will, however, be gained by prolonging the life of the existent institution.

The statistics just given have never been compiled or studied by the average medical educator. His stout asseveration that 'the country needs more doctors' is based on 'the letters on file in the dean's office,' or on some hazy notion respecting conditions in neighboring states. As to the begging letters: selecting a thinly settled region, I obtained from the dean of the medical department of the University of Minnesota a list of the localities whence requests for a physician have recently come. With few exceptions they represent five states, and judging from these states, the general distribution shows that overproduction prevails in new communities as well as in old ones.

Fifty-nine towns in Minnesota want a doctor, but investigation shows that these 59 towns have already 149 doctors between them! Ten of the 59 are without registered physicians; but of these ten, two are not to be found on the map, while two more are not even mentioned in the *Postal Guide;* of the other six, four are within easy reach of doctors, and two only, with a combined population of 150 souls, are out of reach of medical assistance. Forty-one places in North Dakota apply; they have already 121 doctors. Twenty-one applications come from South Dakota, from towns already having 49 doctors. Seven come from Wisconsin, from places that had 21 physicians before their prayer for more was made. Six come from Iowa, from towns which had 17 doctors at the time of application.

It is manifest that the files of the deans will not invalidate the conclusion which a study of the figures suggests. They are more apt to sustain it, for the requests in question are less likely to mean 'no doctors' than 'poor doctors,' — a distemper which continued overproduction on the same basis can only aggravate, and which a change to another basis of the same type will not cure.

As to general conditions, no case has been found in which a single medical educator contended that his own vicinity or state is in need of more doctors; it is always the 'next neighbor.' Thus the District of Columbia, with one doctor for every 262 souls, maintains two medical schools of low grade. 'Do you need more doctors in the District?' I asked one of the deans. — 'Oh, no, we are making doctors for Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania,' — for Maryland, with seven medical schools of its own, and one doctor for every 658 inhabitants; for Virginia, with three medical schools of its own, and one doctor for every 918; for Pennsylvania, with its eight schools, and one doctor for every 636 persons.

With the overproduction thus demonstrated, the commercial treatment of medical education is intimately connected. Low standards give the medical schools access to a large clientèle open to successful exploitation by commercial methods. The crude boy or the jaded clerk who goes into medicine at this level has not been moved by a significant prompting from within; nor has he, as a rule, shown any foresight in the matter of making himself ready. He is more likely to have been caught drifting at a vacant moment by an alluring advertisement or announcement, quite commonly an exaggeration, not infrequently an outright misrepresentation. Indeed, the advertising methods of the commercially successful schools are amazing. One school, for example, offers the bonus of a European trip to any graduate who shall have been in attendance for three years. Not infrequently, advertising

costs more than laboratories. The school catalogues abound in exaggeration, misstatement, and half-truths. A few instances may be cited at random.

The catalogue of the medical department of the University of Buffalo states that 'the dispensary is conducted in a manner unlike that usually seen. . . . Each one will secure unusually thorough training in taking and recording of histories.' There are no dispensary records worthy the name.

The catalogue of Halifax Medical College assures us that 'first-class laboratory accommodation is provided for histology, bacteriology, and practical pathology.' One utterly wretched room is provided for all three.

The catalogue of the medical department of the University of Illinois claims that 'the University Hospital . . . contains 100 beds, and its clinical advantages are used exclusively for the students of this college.' Over half of these beds are private, and the rest are of but limited use.

In the catalogue of the Western University of London, Ontario, we find under the heading Clinical Instruction: 'The Victoria Hospital . . . now contains 250 beds, and is the official hospital of the City of London.' On the average, less than 30 of these beds are available for teaching.

The deans of these institutions occasionally know more about modern advertising than about modern medical teaching. They may be uncertain about the relation of the clinical laboratory to bedside instruction, but they have calculated to a nicety which 'medium' brings the largest 'return.' Their dispensary records may be in hopeless disorder, but the card-system by which they keep track of possible students is admirable. Such exploitation of medical education, confined to schools that admit students below the level of actual high-school graduation, is strangely inconsistent with the social aspects of medical practice.

The overwhelming predominance of preventive medicine, sanitation, and public health indicates that in modern life the medical profession is an organ differentiated by society for its own highest purposes, not a business to be exploited by individuals according to their own fancy. There would be no vigorous campaigns led by enlightened practitioners against tuberculosis, malaria, and diphtheria, if the commercial point of view were tolerable in practice. And if not in practice, then not in education. The theory of state regulation covers that point. In the act of granting the right to confer degrees, the state vouches for them; through protective boards it seeks still further to safeguard the people. The public interest is then paramount, and when public interest, professional ideals, and sound educational procedure concur in the recommendation of the same policy, the time is surely ripe for decisive action.

# A PROBLEM IN CIVILIZATION

BY BROOKS ADAMS

ALTHOUGH, probably, from the beginning of time men have pondered upon the nature of thought and the mechanism of the mind, such speculations, while they have remained abstractions, have roused in some of us only a languid interest. Within the last decade, however, step by step and very reluctantly, I have been led to suspect that not only the tranquillity of life, but the coherence of society itself, may hinge upon our ability to modify, more or less radically, our methods of thinking; and, as I tend toward this conclusion, I look at these questions more seriously.

For my purpose I think I may define civilization as being tantamount to centralization, for, however much idealists may dispute that centralization and true civilization have anything in common, they will hardly deny that the massing of population is the salient feature of our age. Furthermore it is an economic axiom that, other things being equal, the cost of administration increases faster than the increase of the human mass to be administered; but if this proposition should be questioned it is easy to prove. Centralized life is relatively costly because of its complexity, and in proportion to its complexity. In 1800, in the United States, a population of 5,308,000 spent $11,308,000, or about $2.14 each, for national purposes. In 1900, according to the Statistical Abstract, the rate per capita had risen to $7.75. That is, a growing density had increased the load which the Union imposed on each individual three and a half times. At points of high concentration, as in large cities, the increase is greater. When Boston became a city, in 1822, she had a population of 44,000 and a tax-levy of $140,000, or at the rate of about $3.20 per head. Now, with a population of 600,000, the rate approximates $30.

Evidently, to meet this rising expenditure the earning power of the community must be proportionately increased, just as the earning power of any industrial consolidation must be increased, either by larger output or by suppression of waste, to meet the cost of maintaining a complex plant in proportion to its complexity. It follows from this economic law, that, as civilization advances, unless the scientific or inventive qualities which enable men to create wealth, or to suppress waste, gain in at least an equal ratio to the progress of centralization, a centralizing community must perish from inanition if it cannot live by plunder. This I take to have been the fate of Rome. The Romans paid the cost of centralization by robbing others until conquest ceased; then, not being scientific, they could not turn to industry, and, being unable to meet their taxes by agriculture alone, they starved.

To me the evidence is conclusive that a similar catastrophe impended over Europe toward the end of the Middle Ages. At the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, society appeared to

be sinking under a crushing load; and if the mediæval mind had been as rigid as the Roman mind, I conclude that the subsequent history of the West would have somewhat resembled Roman history. Being more elastic, it responded to the pressure of its environment; and I never tire of contemplating the amazing phenomenon of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when men, consciously and deliberately, addressed themselves to the task of artificially creating an intelligence which should be able to despoil nature on a gigantic scale.

After the Liberals had been at work upon their intellectual problem for nearly a generation, Bacon, in his *Novum Organum*, undertook to present a formula by which the new mind could be produced in bulk. Stated in its simplest terms, he proposed scientific specialization, and the proposition was received as a great and original discovery, although it had been advanced quite as lucidly four hundred years before by the Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon. Apart, however, from Francis Bacon's originality, the fact remains that, during the lifetime of Francis Bacon, society did undertake to set in motion a new energy in the shape of specialized mind, and the correlation of the dates which mark the incubation and the liberation of this energy, and the social revolution which followed upon its liberation, are to me wonderfully suggestive.

Born in 1561, Lord Bacon published his *Novum Organum* in 1620. Galileo, three years younger, fell into the hands of the Inquisition for maintaining the heresy that the earth moved, and died in 1642 within a year of the birth of Newton. Newton and Leibnitz, who might have been the grandsons of Bacon and Galileo, born in 1642 and 1646, died respectively in 1727 and 1716, and with them the period of incubation closed. None of these four men had advanced to the point of specialization at which they applied science very readily to the arts. The age of the inventors was to come.

Matthew Boulton, Watt's partner, was born in 1728, Watt himself in 1736, Wedgwood in 1730, and the list might be extended indefinitely. The 'industrial revolution' began when these men reached maturity. It is generally dated from 1760, when the flying shuttle was perfected and coal was successfully applied to smelting. Adam Smith, who expounded the philosophy of the 'industrial revolution' itself, as Bacon had expounded the philosophy of the inductive thought which wrought the revolution, was born in 1723.

Assuming that the year 1760 approximately marks the point when the specialized scientific mind began decisively to predominate in the movement of civilization, there can be no question that, decade by decade, since that epoch, the impulsion given society by the forces set in action by applied science has gathered volume, until now it sweeps before it our laws and institutions, and we seem to be unable to adjust these to the new conditions. Ours is the converse of the Roman predicament. The Romans could conquer and administer, but they could not create wealth fast enough to pay the cost of centralization. We are abundantly inventive and can create wealth, but we cannot control the energy which we liberate. Why we fail is the problem which perplexes me.

I am doubtful whether our apparent lack of intellectual power is due to some inherent and insuperable infirmity of the mind, — in other

words, whether the limit of administrative thought has been reached, — or whether it is due to defective education. Meanwhile, the difficulty is palpable. Our laws and institutions are a series of generalizations resting on premises which were true a century ago in the early stages of the 'industrial revolution,' but which have ceased to be true since scientific thought began to pass into its more advanced phases after the year 1870. The curve which has been described by civilization since the 'industrial revolution' began has been very clearly marked. The first effect of applied science was to accelerate consolidation, to increase correspondingly the cost of administration, and, therefore, to enforce a social unification which should diminish waste. I suppose that no one now, looking back calmly, can doubt that by 1775 the consolidation of the thirteen English colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast of this continent had become a necessity; the only question at issue was whether the consolidating mass should centre at a point in Europe or America.

The same pressure wrought on France. The cost of a centralizing civilization could no longer be defrayed under the diversity of local institutions inherited from the Middle Ages, and a simplified system had to be introduced which should reduce waste. The inertia being considerable, the first step was to remove the reactionary classes who created friction. The second was to unify the heterogeneous provinces under a comprehensive code of law. This work was done by a very remarkable generation of men led by Napoleon.

The revolution in America, having encountered less resistance than the revolution in France, was less violent and consequently less drastic, but it served its purpose in producing an administrative mechanism which has answered the needs of the population for above a century; and I apprehend that the peaceful organization of the national government in 1789 must always rank as one of the capital achievements of our race. In this point of view what immediately concerns us is to examine the cast of mind which carried through this readjustment, in order to ascertain whether modern education favors or discourages the type; for this type must be the incarnation of the administrative energy which makes society cohere.

Prior to the French Revolution, intellectual specialization had not gone so far that a scientific man might not be also a soldier, or a lawyer, or a man of business, and sometimes all three. Carnot was such a man; so was Franklin; and so was Washington. It would be easy to name scores of others; but in America, at least, they all seem to have been educated before the beginning of the nineteenth century. I will take Washington as my illustration, because I assume that it will hardly be disputed that without Washington it would have been impossible to have adopted the Constitution, and to have afterward set the administrative mechanism in motion peacefully.

There is no mystery touching the source of Washington's strength. It lay in the balance of his mind. He measured to perfection the relation which facts bore to one another, and he could do so because he was not a specialist. The weakness of the specialist is a certain distortion of judgment caused by an education which unduly accentuates a single series of phenomena. Washington had great breadth of vision because of great experience. From his boyhood he was thrown into close relations with the iron industry of Maryland and Vir-

ginia; as a youth he taught himself to be a land surveyor and a practical geographer, afterward fitting himself to be an engineer. By service in the field he learned to be a soldier, rising regularly to the highest commands; fortune made him a farmer, a man of business, and even a manufacturer, while events plunged him into politics.

As an engineer and geographer, in fine as a scientist, Washington inferred that the United States could cohere as a unit only provided the passes between the Atlantic and the Mississippi Valley were made easier than the waterway from the interior to the Gulf. Years before the revolutionary war he had matured his plans for a canal across the Alleghanies to connect the Ohio with the Potomac; and though he laid aside his project when he assumed command of the army, he took it up again with the peace, and organized a canal company. To build his canal he needed concessions from four states, and he projected a convention to consider his proposals. The failure of this convention led to the calling of another which framed the Constitution. Over this assembly Washington presided, and he thus came logically to the presidency of the United States.

If we try now to imagine ourselves attempting to reorganize our society somewhat as it was organized in 1789, we shall probably admit to ourselves that we should look in vain for a General Washington, and yet I strongly suspect that the emergency is pressing. I give my reasons for so thinking.

Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* was published in 1776, and the social readjustment which occupied the next half-century was the effect of the advance in applied science which produced Adam Smith. Speaking generally, that effect was to reduce the obstructions offered to movement by time and space, and to fuse society into compact masses. What is interesting to us is to perceive that our ancestors mistook that which was evidently an ephemeral phase for a condition of stable equilibrium. The Middle Age was a period of regulated monopoly; the century from 1770 to 1870 was, practically, a period of free competition; and Adam Smith assumed that this competition was normal and would be permanent, and that its effect would be to produce what he called a 'natural price'; that is, a price at which the average man could sell at a reasonable profit.

The difficulty is that, in our universe, so far as we know, there is no such thing as a stable equilibrium. There is only change; and competition, by the process of elimination of the weak, led inexorably to monopoly. Taking human history altogether, I apprehend that monopoly is rather the natural condition of mankind than competition, for, to go no further than the beginning, an organized social system can exist on no other foundation than monopoly. Justice must be a monopoly. There can be no competition in justice. That the state, and not the citizen, shall punish wrong, is the first principle of civilization.

Yet although, as we can now see, the evolution of monopoly from competition was inevitable, it had not been foreseen, much less provided for, and it paralyzed the nineteenth-century intelligence; for in less than a single generation, the whole vital movement of the age passed beyond the domain of law. How this happened is simple enough, but the effects are infinitely complex, and go to the root of our social and political system.

Modern society, as reorganized after the French Revolution, posited, as its fundamental principle, that if

buyer and seller were left free, they would come together, substantially on what Adam Smith called the 'natural price'; if one man asked more than a normal profit for his goods, another would be content with less for the same article. The supposition being, that there would always be more than one seller, or, as we say, an open market.

Since 1870 these conditions have vanished as utterly as have the conditions of the Stone Age. Competition has exterminated the weak until monopoly is left as the survivor; and with the advent of monopoly, buying and selling passes out of the region of contract into the domain of grant, which involves legal conceptions foreign to our notions. Men contract who stand upon an equality and whose minds are free. That is to say, men contract when they have a choice. Grant precludes choice, except the choice of abstinence, which is often impossible. For example, if a person wishes to buy a ton of coal he may ask a price, but if he does not like the price named by the dealer he has no redress, for the price of coal is fixed by monopoly. He must pay what is asked, or go without. So with transportation, there is no choice among carriers. When this occurs, in legal phrase, the individual has fallen under a servitude, and is in a position akin to serfdom unless there is some tribunal open to him which has jurisdiction over the prices charged by monopolists, as the railway commissions have jurisdiction over rates.

Speaking generally, no such tribunals exist among us, and the result is turmoil, as we see daily in strikes, and in the demand that monopolies be suppressed by law, and monopolists punished as criminals. But the monopoly is a natural phenomenon, as inexorable as the steam, the electricity, and the explosives which have created it under the guidance of the scientific mind. To attack monopoly is to attack the vital principle of our civilization. We may destroy monopoly, but with it we shall destroy civilization itself. The alternatives are, to bring monopoly under the jurisdiction of the courts, or else for the monopolist to enroll an armed police which shall enforce his will upon the majority without their consent. Setting aside the armed government as being only supposable after a period of confusion which lies beyond the province of the lawyer or the teacher, we have remaining the possibility that the courts shall fix prices as a means of keeping the peace; for without such tribunals discontent must, probably, increase, although increase in discontent need not imply that monopoly is inherently extortionate. Discontent must increase because disputes will arise, and where one party to a dispute must accept without appeal the decision of his adversary he will be discontented. Impartial tribunals are a prerequisite to consent by the governed. Without impartial tribunals there can only be force or chaos.

I have in mind another illustration of the manifold directions in which the advance of scientific thought works to dissolve the ancient social system. From the dawn of civilization until now, the family has been the social unit, and the foundation upon which the social structure has rested. The family has been the incarnation of the principle of order. The members of the family have been responsible to the head of the family, who has maintained discipline; and the head of the family has been responsible to the state. When Napoleon evolved the empire out of the chaos of the French Revolution, this was the

fundamental legal conception which he insisted upon having embodied in his code.

The same conditions that have produced the monopoly have dissolved the family. Through divorce modern women assert, and practically exercise, the right of living with what men they please, as long as they please, and changing when they please, repudiating all obligation to any one but themselves. The result has been the dissolution of the family in the sense that parental authority has nearly ceased as a constraining force in society. But parental authority has always been the source of all authority, and the foundation upon which has rested the sanction of all coercive law. As the instinct of obedience is weakened by the decay of parental authority, so must the administration of the criminal law decay, and it has decayed until the President of the United States has told us that it is a disgrace to our civilization. And Mr. Taft spoke the truth. Perhaps there has never been a civilized society in the world which has manifested, save during some acute spasm, such lawlessness, when measured by contempt for the police and the magistrate, as American society to-day. And as the punishment for crime grows slow and uncertain, so does private vengeance increase. It is said that now lynchings are more numerous than executions for homicide.

I wish to make my meaning plain. I do not say that an orderly and cohesive society cannot be organized under the scientific conditions which have created trusts, and which have dissolved the family; but I do say that such a society cannot be administered under an effete code of law. Law is the frame which contains society, as its banks contain a river; and if the flow of a river be increased a thousandfold, the banks must be altered to correspond, or there will be flood overwhelming in proportion to the uncontrolled energy generated.

These are the premises from which I start to consider the problem of modern education. That problem I take to be the production of an administrative mind, bearing the same relation to the present administrative mind that the present scientific mind bears to the scientific mind of the seventeenth century.

Taking our institutions as they are, constructed with a view to minimize the action of society in its corporate capacity, and considering the scope of the readjustment which would be needed to develop a central intelligence which could satisfactorily regulate prices in food, fuel, clothing, metals, building-materials, transportation, labor, and a thousand other commodities, we perceive the magnitude of the task. And yet this fixing of prices is as naught compared with the gigantic effort of welding society into a mass which shall exercise upon each individual an authority equivalent to that exercised by the father in the family, when order was maintained by the parent under the old civilization, which is dead.

If we approach the modern system of education from this standpoint, a little observation of the young suffices to raise doubts as to its efficacy. Touching the regulation of prices alone: if we are to breed a generation of men capable of adjusting our institutions to this strain, they must be men with a much greater power of dealing with relations than we possess, for the question of prices is a question of relation. To do such work, men must be trained to deal with vast masses of detail very rapidly, by eliminating the immaterial, and by generalizing from widely extended premises. My observation leads me to

surmise that modern education discourages the power of generalization; or, in other words, impairs intellectual energy. It seems to be becoming steadily a greater effort to think. I have pondered much upon this phenomenon, which to me is marked, and I am inclined to believe that it is a logical effect of our methods of training.

I take it that it will be admitted that the capacity of the mind is finite; that the mind can contain only so much thought. We can, for example, remember and use a certain number of words; beyond that number if we learn a new word we must forget an old one. Of course, the capacity of the individual is very variable, but all individuals have some limit. No mind is infinite.

Suppose now we conceive of the mind as a mechanism, part motor and part receptacle: it follows that the larger you make the receptacle, the feebler, because the smaller, must be the motor. That is, I apprehend, what modern education does. We use the mind rather as a warehouse than as a seat of combustion, ignoring its highest function as a machine. We have attempted to reduce the learner to passivity, while he is crammed to repletion with facts.

No one can read the biographies of men like Webster and Franklin, and not note their inordinate thirst for knowledge and their greed for books. No one can have had much acquaintance with a modern institution of learning and not have remarked the satiety of the modern mind. In practice I know that I begin with my law-students by trying to induce them to forget. To empty the mind, as it were, in order that the machinery may act. The modern mind always affects me as a mechanism so choked with rubbish that friction arrests movement. The waste seems to me prodigious and growing. Hence the peculiar intellectual inertia of our age. I am far from being dogmatic either as to my premises or my conclusions, but I am inclined to suspect that, unless we can nearly reverse our present methods in order to suppress waste and thereby gain in elasticity, within another generation grave results will supervene. To handle our society so that its enormous mass shall be cohesive, and not disintegrate like a handful of grains of sand, men must learn to deal with relations, and not with isolated, unconnected facts. Science would be paralyzed with no better tool than arithmetic. Comparatively speaking, our administrative thought is arithmetical, and yet we are dealing hourly with infinite energy applied by scientists through the higher mathematics. That energy, to be controlled by law, must be regulated by men whose minds work upon an equivalent plane, and this can be done, in my judgment, only when we have learned to suppress details, and work through sequences of relations, or on a standard equivalent to algebra. I see no other means by which the waste of intellectual powers can be reduced to a point which will make the administration of modern society possible.

# WILLIAM'S WEDDING

## BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

[After the publication of 'A Dunnet Shepherdess' in the *Atlantic* for December, 1899, and its subsequent appearance in a volume of collected stories, Miss Jewett received many appeals to bring William Blackett's lifelong love of Esther Hight, 'the shepherdess,' who had given the better part of her days to the care of her stricken mother, to a happy termination. The story of 'William's Wedding' was written, but the manuscript was mislaid, and has only just been found. Miss Jewett had hoped to give to it an hour or two of final revision to make it conform more perfectly to her fastidious taste, but few lovers of her work will find any flaw.

The two chief characters are thus described in earlier stories: —

'I turned, startled in the silence of the wide field, and saw an elderly man, bent in the shoulders as fishermen often are, gray-headed and clean-shaven, and with a timid air. It was William. . . . He was about sixty, and not young-looking for his years. Yet so undying is the spirit of youth, and bashfulness has such a power of survival, that I felt all the time as if one must try to make the occasion easy for some one who was young and new to the affairs of the social world.' (*The Country of the Pointed Firs.*) 'As for Esther, she might have been Jeanne d'Arc returned to her sheep, touched with age, and gray with the ashes of a great remembrance. She wore the simple look of sainthood and unfeigned devotion. My heart was moved by the sight of her plain sweet face, weather-worn and gentle in its looks, her thin figure in its close dress, and the strong hand that clasped a shepherd's staff. . . . She had lived in sunshine and rain among her silly sheep, and been refined instead of coarsened, while her touching patience with a ramping old mother, stung by the sense of defeat, and mourning her lost activities, had given back a lovely self-possession and habit of sweet temper. . . . I love to remember her worn face and her young blue eyes.' ('A Dunnet Shepherdess,' in *The Queen's Twin*) — THE EDITORS.]

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### I

THE hurry of life in a large town, the constant putting aside of preference to yield to a most unsatisfactory activity, began to vex me, and one day I took the train, and only left it for the eastward-bound boat. Carlyle says somewhere that the only happiness a man ought to ask for is happiness enough to get his work done; and against this the complexity and futile ingenuity of social life seems a conspiracy. But the first salt wind from the east, the first sight of a lighthouse set boldly on its outer rock, the flash of a gull, the waiting procession of seaward-bound firs on an island, made me feel solid and definite again, instead of a poor, incoherent being. Life was resumed, and anxious living blew away as if it had not been. I could not breathe deep enough or long enough. It was a return to happiness.

The coast had still a wintry look; it was far on in May, but all the shore looked cold and sterile. One was conscious of going north as well as east, and as the day went on the sea grew colder, and all the warmer air and bracing strength and stimulus of the autumn weather, and storage of the heat of summer, were quite gone. I was very cold and very tired when I came at evening up the lower bay, and saw the white houses of Dunnet Landing climbing the hill. They had a friendly look, these little houses, not as if they were

climbing up the shore, but as if they were rather all coming down to meet a fond and weary traveler, and I could hardly wait with patience to step off the boat. It was not the usual eager company on the wharf. The coming-in of the mail-boat was the one large public event of a summer day, and I was disappointed at seeing none of my intimate friends but Johnny Bowden, who had evidently done nothing all winter but grow, so that his short sea-smitten clothes gave him a look of poverty.

Johnny's expression did not change as we greeted each other, but I suddenly felt that I had shown indifference and inconvenient delay by not coming sooner; before I could make an apology he took my small portmanteau, and walking before me in his old fashion he made straight up the hilly road toward Mrs. Todd's. Yes, he was much grown — it had never occurred to me the summer before that Johnny was likely, with the help of time and other forces, to grow into a young man; he was such a well-framed and well-settled chunk of a boy that nature seemed to have set him aside as something finished, quite satisfactory and entirely completed.

The wonderful little green garden had been enchanted away by winter. There were a few frost-bitten twigs and some thin shrubbery against the fence, but it was a most unpromising small piece of ground. My heart was beating like a lover's as I passed it on the way to the door of Mrs. Todd's house, which seemed to have become much smaller under the influence of winter weather.

'She has n't gone away?' I asked Johnny Bowden with a sudden anxiety just as we reached the doorstep.

'Gone away!' he faced me with blank astonishment, — 'I see her settin' by Mis' Caplin's window, the one nighest the road, about four o'clock!' And eager with suppressed news of my coming he made his entrance as if the house were a burrow.

Then on my homesick heart fell the voice of Mrs. Todd. She stopped, through what I knew to be excess of feeling, to rebuke Johnny for bringing in so much mud, and I dallied without for one moment during the ceremony; then we met again face to face.

## II

'I dare say you can advise me what shapes they are going to wear. My meetin'-bunnit ain't going to do me again this year; no! I can't expect 't would do me forever,' said Mrs. Todd, as soon as she could say anything. 'There! do set down and tell me how you have been! We've got a weddin' in the family, I s'pose you know?'

'A wedding!' said I, still full of excitement.

'Yes; I expect if the tide serves and the line-storm don't overtake him they'll come in and appear out on Sunday. I should n't have concerned me about the bunnit for a month yet, nobody would notice, but havin' an occasion like this I shall show consider'ble. 'T will be an ordeal for William!'

'For *William!*' I exclaimed. 'What do you mean, Mrs. Todd?'

She gave a comfortable little laugh. 'Well, the Lord 's seen reason at last an' removed Mis' Cap'n Hight up to the farm, an' I don't know but the weddin 's going to be this week. Esther 's had a great deal of business disposin' of her flock, but she 's done extra well — the folks that owns the next place goin' up country are well off. 'T is elegant land north side o' that bleak ridge, an' one o' the boys has been Esther's right-hand man of late. She instructed him in all matters, and after she markets the early lambs he 's goin' to take the farm

on halves, an' she's give the refusal to him to buy her out within two years. She's reserved the buryin'-lot, an' the right o' way in, an' — '

I could n't stop for details. I demanded reassurance of the central fact.

'William going to be married?' I repeated; whereat Mrs. Todd gave me a searching look that was not without scorn.

'Old Mis' Hight's funeral was a week ago Wednesday, and 't was very well attended,' she assured me after a moment's pause.

'Poor thing!' said I, with a sudden vision of her helplessness and angry battle against the fate of illness; 'it was very hard for her.'

'I thought it was hard for Esther!' said Mrs. Todd without sentiment.

## III

I had an odd feeling of strangeness: I missed the garden, and the little rooms, to which I had added a few things of my own the summer before, seemed oddly unfamiliar. It was like the hermit crab in a cold new shell, — and with the windows shut against the raw May air, and a strange silence and grayness of the sea all that first night and day of my visit, I felt as if I had after all lost my hold of that quiet life.

Mrs. Todd made the apt suggestion that city persons were prone to run themselves to death, and advised me to stay and get properly rested now that I had taken the trouble to come. She did not know how long I had been homesick for the conditions of life at the Landing the autumn before — it was natural enough to feel a little unsupported by compelling incidents on my return.

Some one has said that one never leaves a place, or arrives at one, until the next day! But on the second morning I woke with the familiar feeling of interest and ease, and the bright May sun was streaming in, while I could hear Mrs. Todd's heavy footsteps pounding about in the other part of the house as if something were going to happen. There was the first golden robin singing somewhere close to the house, and a lovely aspect of spring now, and I looked at the garden to see that in the warm night some of its treasures had grown a hand's breadth; the determined spikes of yellow daffies stood tall against the doorsteps, and the bloodroot was unfolding leaf and flower. The belated spring which I had left behind farther south had overtaken me on this northern coast. I even saw a presumptuous dandelion in the garden border.

It is difficult to report the great events of New England; expression is so slight, and those few words which escape us in moments of deep feeling look but meagre on the printed page. One has to assume too much of the dramatic fervor as one reads; but as I came out of my room at breakfast-time I met Mrs. Todd face to face, and when she said to me, 'This weather 'll bring William in after her; 't is their happy day!' I felt something take possession of me which ought to communicate itself to the least sympathetic reader of this cold page. It is written for those who have a Dunnet Landing of their own: who either kindly share this with its writer, or possess another.

'I ain't seen his comin' sail yet; he 'll be likely to dodge round among the islands so he 'll be the less observed,' continued Mrs. Todd. 'You can get a dory up the bay, even a clean new painted one, if you know as how, keepin' it against the high land.' She stepped to the door and looked off to sea as she spoke. I could see her eye follow the gray shores to and fro, and then a bright light spread over her calm face. 'There

he comes, and he's striking right in across the open bay like a man!' she said with splendid approval. 'See, there he comes! Yes, there's William, and he's bent his new sail.'

I looked too, and saw the fleck of white no larger than a gull's wing yet, but present to her eager vision.

I was going to France for the whole long summer that year, and the more I thought of such an absence from these simple scenes the more dear and delightful they became. Santa Teresa says that the true proficiency of the soul is not in much thinking, but in much loving, and sometimes I believed that I had never found love in its simplicity as I had found it at Dunnet Landing in the various hearts of Mrs. Blackett and Mrs. Todd and William. It is only because one came to know them, these three, loving and wise and true, in their own habitations. Their counterparts are in every village in the world, thank heaven, and the gift to one's life is only in its discernment. I had only lived in Dunnet until the usual distractions and artifices of the world were no longer in control, and I saw these simple natures clear. 'The happiness of life is in its recognitions. It seems that we are not ignorant of these truths, and even that we believe them; but we are so little accustomed to think of them, they are so strange to us — '

'Well now, deary me!' said Mrs. Todd, breaking into exclamation; 'I've got to fly round — I thought he'd have to beat; he can't sail far on that tack, and he won't be in for a good hour yet — I expect he's made every arrangement, but he said he should n't go up after Esther unless the weather was good, and I declare it did look doubtful this morning.'

I remembered Esther's weather-worn face. She was like a Frenchwoman who had spent her life in the fields. I remembered her pleasant look, her child-like eyes, and thought of the astonishment of joy she would feel now in being taken care of and tenderly sheltered from wind and weather after all these years. They were going to be young again now, she and William, to forget work and care in the spring weather. I could hardly wait for the boat to come to land, I was so eager to see his happy face.

'Cake an' wine I'm goin' to set 'em out!' said Mrs. Todd. 'They won't stop to set down for an ordered meal, they'll want to get right out home quick's they can. Yes, I'll give 'em some cake an' wine — I've got a rare plum-cake from my best receipt, and a bottle o' wine that the old Cap'n Denton of all give me, one of two, the day I was married, one we had and one we saved, and I've never touched it till now. He said there wa'n't none like it in the State o' Maine.'

It was a day of waiting, that day of spring; the May weather was as expectant as our fond hearts, and one could see the grass grow green hour by hour. The warm air was full of birds, there was a glow of light on the sea instead of the cold shining of chilly weather which had lingered late. There was a look on Mrs. Todd's face which I saw once and could not meet again. She was in her highest mood. Then I went out early for a walk, and when I came back we sat in different rooms for the most part. There was such a thrill in the air that our only conversation was in her most abrupt and incisive manner. She was knitting, I believe, and as for me I dallied with a book. I heard her walking to and fro, and the door being wide open now, she went out and paced the front walk to the gate as if she walked a quarter-deck.

It is very solemn to sit waiting for

the great events of life — most of us have done it again and again — to be expectant of life or expectant of death gives one the same feeling.

But at the last Mrs. Todd came quickly back from the gate, and standing in the sunshine at the door, she beckoned me as if she were a sibyl.

'I thought you comprehended everything the day you was up there,' she added with a little more patience in her tone, but I felt that she thought I had lost instead of gained since we parted the autumn before.

'William's made this pretext o' goin' fishin' for the last time. 'T would n't done to take notice, 't would scared him to death! but there never was nobody took less comfort out o' forty years courtin'. No, he won't have to make no further pretexts,' said Mrs. Todd, with an air of triumph.

'Did you know where he was going that day?' I asked with a sudden burst of admiration at such discernment.

'I did!' replied Mrs. Todd grandly.

'Oh! but that pennyroyal lotion,' I indignantly protested, remembering that under pretext of mosquitoes she had besmeared the poor lover in an awful way — why, it was outrageous! Medea could not have been more conscious of high ultimate purposes.

'Darlin',' said Mrs. Todd, in the excitement of my arrival and the great concerns of marriage, 'he's got a beautiful shaped face, and they pison him very unusual — you would n't have had him present himself to his lady all lop-sided with a mosquito-bite? Once when we was young I rode up with him, and they set upon him in concert the minute we entered the woods.' She stood before me reproachfully, and I was conscious of deserved rebuke. 'Yes, you've come just in the nick of time to advise me about a bunnit. They say large bows on top is liable to be worn.'

## IV

The period of waiting was one of direct contrast to these high moments of recognition. The very slowness of the morning hours wasted that sense of excitement with which we had begun the day. Mrs. Todd came down from the mount where her face had shone so bright, to the cares of common life, and some acquaintances from Black Island for whom she had little natural preference or liking came, bringing a poor, sickly child to get medical advice. They were noisy women with harsh, clamorous voices, and they stayed a long time. I heard the clink of teacups, however, and could detect no impatience in the tones of Mrs. Todd's voice; but when they were at last going away, she did not linger unduly over her leave-taking, and returned to me to explain that they were people she had never liked, and they had made an excuse of a friendly visit to save their doctor's bill; but she pitied the poor little child, and knew beside that the doctor was away.

'I had to give 'em the remedies right out,' she told me; 'they would n't have bought a cent's worth o' drugs down to the store for that dwindlin' thing. She needed feedin' up, and I don't expect she gets milk enough; they're great butter-makers down to Black Island, 't is excellent pasturage, but they use no milk themselves, and their butter is heavy laden with salt to make weight, so that you'd think all their ideas come down from Sodom.'

She was very indignant and very wistful about the pale little girl. 'I wish they'd let me kept her,' she said. 'I kind of advised it, and her eyes was so wishful in that pinched face when she heard me, so that I could see what was the matter with her, but they said she wa'n't prepared. Prepared!' And Mrs. Todd snuffed like an offended war-

horse, and departed; but I could hear her still grumbling and talking to herself in high dudgeon an hour afterward.

At the end of that time her arch enemy, Mari' Harris, appeared at the side-door with a gingham handkerchief over her head. She was always on hand for the news, and made some formal excuse for her presence, — she wished to borrow the weekly paper. Captain Littlepage, whose housekeeper she was, had taken it from the post-office in the morning, but had forgotten, being of failing memory, what he had done with it.

'How is the poor old gentleman?' asked Mrs. Todd with solicitude, ignoring the present errand of Maria and all her concerns.

I had spoken the evening before of intended visits to Captain Littlepage and Elijah Tilley, and I now heard Mrs. Todd repeating my inquiries and intentions, and fending off with unusual volubility of her own the curious questions that were sure to come. But at last Maria Harris secured an opportunity and boldly inquired if she had not seen William ashore early that morning.

'I don't say he was n't,' replied Mrs. Todd; 'Thu'sday's a very usual day with him to come ashore.'

'He was all dressed up,' insisted Maria — she really had no sense of propriety. 'I did n't know but they was going to be married?'

Mrs. Todd did not reply. I recognized from the sounds that reached me that she had retired to the fastnesses of the kitchen-closet and was clattering the tins.

'I expect they'll marry soon anyway,' continued the visitor.

'I expect they will if they want to,' answered Mrs. Todd. 'I don't know nothin' 't all about it; that's what folks say.' And presently the gingham handkerchief retreated past my window.

'I routed her, horse and foot,' said Mrs. Todd proudly, coming at once to stand at my door. 'Who's coming now?' as two figures passed inward bound to the kitchen.

They were Mrs. Begg and Johnny Bowden's mother, who were favorites, and were received with Mrs. Todd's usual civilities. Then one of the Mrs. Caplins came with a cup in hand to borrow yeast. On one pretext or another nearly all our acquaintances came to satisfy themselves of the facts, and see what Mrs. Todd would impart about the wedding. But she firmly avoided the subject through the length of every call and errand, and answered the final leading question of each curious guest with her non-committal phrase, 'I don't know nothin' 't all about it; that's what folks say!'

She had just repeated this for the fourth or fifth time and shut the door upon the last comers, when we met in the little front entry. Mrs. Todd was not in a bad temper, but highly amused. 'I've been havin' all sorts o' social privileges, you may have observed. They did n't seem to consider that if they could only hold out till afternoon they'd know as much as I did. There wa'n't but one o' the whole sixteen that showed real interest, the rest demeaned themselves to ask out o' cheap curiosity; no, there wa'n't but one showed any real feelin'.'

'Miss Maria Harris you mean?' and Mrs. Todd laughed.

'Certain, dear,' she agreed, 'how you do understand poor human natur'!'

A short distance down the hilly street stood a narrow house that was newly painted white. It blinded one's eyes to catch the reflection of the sun. It was the house of the minister, and a wagon had just stopped before it; a man was helping a woman to alight, and they stood side by side for a mo-

ment, while Johnny Bowden appeared as if by magic, and climbed to the wagon-seat. Then they went into the house and shut the door. Mrs. Todd and I stood close together and watched; the tears were running down her cheeks. I watched Johnny Bowden, who made light of so great a moment by so handling the whip that the old white Caplin horse started up from time to time and was inexorably stopped as if he had some idea of running away. There was something in the back of the wagon which now and then claimed the boy's attention; he leaned over as if there were something very precious left in his charge; perhaps it was only Esther's little trunk going to its new home.

At last the door of the parsonage opened, and two figures came out. The minister followed them and stood in the doorway, delaying them with parting words; he could not have thought it was a time for admonition.

'He's all alone; his wife 's up to Portland to her sister's,' said Mrs. Todd aloud, in a matter-of-fact voice. 'She's a nice woman, but she might ha' talked too much. There! see, they're comin' here. I did n't know how 't would be. Yes, they're comin' up to see us before they go home. I declare, if William ain't lookin' just like a king! '

Mrs. Todd took one step forward, and we stood and waited. The happy pair came walking up the street, Johnny Bowden driving ahead. I heard a plaintive little cry from time to time to which in the excitement of the moment I had not stopped to listen; but when William and Esther had come and shaken hands with Mrs. Todd and then with me, all in silence, Esther stepped quickly to the back of the wagon, and unfastening some cords returned to us carrying a little white lamb. She gave a shy glance at William as she fondled it and held it to her heart, and then, still silent, we went into the house together. The lamb had stopped bleating. It was lovely to see Esther carry it in her arms.

When we got into the house, all the repression of Mrs. Todd's usual manner was swept away by her flood of feeling. She took Esther's thin figure, lamb and all, to her heart and held her there, kissing her as she might have kissed a child, and then held out her hand to William and they gave each other the kiss of peace. This was so moving, so tender, so free from their usual fetters of self-consciousness, that Esther and I could not help giving each other a happy glance of comprehension. I never saw a young bride half so touching in her happiness as Esther was that day of her wedding. We took the cake and wine of the marriage feast together, always in silence, like a true sacrament, and then to my astonishment I found that sympathy and public interest in so great an occasion were going to have their way. I shrank from the thought of William's possible sufferings, but he welcomed both the first group of neighbors and the last with heartiness; and when at last they had gone, for there were thoughtless loiterers in Dunnet Landing, I made ready with eager zeal and walked with William and Esther to the water-side. It was only a little way, and kind faces nodded reassuringly from the windows, while kind voices spoke from the doors. Esther carried the lamb on one arm; she had found time to tell me that its mother had died that morning and she could not bring herself to the thought of leaving it behind. She kept the other hand on William's arm until we reached the landing. Then he shook hands with me, and looked me full in the face to be sure I understood how happy he was, and stepping into the boat held out his arms to Esther — at last she was his own.

I watched him make a nest for the lamb out of an old sea-cloak at Esther's feet, and then he wrapped her own shawl round her shoulders, and finding a pin in the lapel of his Sunday coat he pinned it for her. She looked at him fondly while he did this, and then glanced up at us, a pretty, girlish color brightening her cheeks.

We stood there together and watched them go far out into the bay. The sunshine of the May day was low now, but there was a steady breeze, and the boat moved well.

'Mother'll be watching for them,' said Mrs. Todd. 'Yes, mother'll be watching all day, and waiting. She'll be so happy to have Esther come.'

We went home together up the hill, and Mrs. Todd said nothing more; but we held each other's hand all the way.

# THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN JOURNALISM

BY HENRY WATTERSON

I

The daily newspaper, under modern conditions, embraces two parts very nearly separate and distinct in their requirements, — the journalistic and the commercial.

The aptitude for producing a commodity is one thing, and the aptitude for putting this commodity on the market is quite another thing. The difference is not less marked in newspaper-making than in other pursuits. The framing and execution of contracts for advertising, for printing-paper and ink, linotyping and press-work; the handling of money and credits; the organization of the telegraphic service and postal service; the supervision of machinery — in short, the providing of the vehicle and the power that turns its wheels — is the work of a single mind, and usually it is engrossing work. It demands special talent and ceaseless activity and attention all day long, and every day in the year. Except it be sufficient, considerable success is out of the question. Sometimes its sufficiency is able to float an indifferent product. Without it the best product is likely to languish.

The making of the newspaper, that is, the collating of the news and its consistent and uniform distribution and arrangement, the representation of the mood and tense of the time, a certain continuity, more or less, of thought and purpose, — the popularization of the commodity, — call for energies and capacities of another sort. The editor of the morning newspaper turns night into day. When others sleep he must be awake and astir. His is the only vocation where versatility is not a hindrance or a diversion; where the conventional is not imposed upon his personality. He should be many-sided, and he is often most engaging when he seems least heedful of rule. Yet nowhere is ready and sound discretion in greater or more constant need. The editor must never lose his head. Sure, no less than prompt, judgment is required at every turning. It is his busi-

ness to think for everybody. Each subordinate must be so drilled and fitted to his place as to become in a sense the replica of his chief. And, even then, when at noon-time he goes carefully over the work of the night before, he will be fortunate if he finds that all has gone as he planned it, or could wish it.

I am assuming that the make-up of the newspaper is an autocracy: the product of one man, the offspring of a policy; the man indefatigable and conscientious, the policy fixed, sober, and alert. In the famous sea-fight the riff-raff of sailors from all nations, whom Paul Jones had picked up wherever he could find them, responded like the parts of a machine to the will of their commander. They seemed inspired, the British Captain Pearson testified before the Court of Inquiry. So in a well-ordered newspaper office, when at midnight wires are flashing and feet are hurrying, and to the onlooking stranger chaos seems to reign, the directing mind and hand have their firm grip upon the tiller-ropes, which extend from the editorial room to the composing-room, from the composing-room to the press-room, and from the press-room to the breakfast-table.

II

Personal journalism had its origin in the crude requirements of the primitive newspaper. An editor, a printer, and a printer's devil, were all-sufficient. For half a century after the birth of the daily newspaper in America, one man did everything which fell under the head of editorial work. The army of reporters, telegraphers, and writers, duly officered and classified, which has come to occupy the larger field, was undreamed of by the pioneers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

Individual ownership was the rule. Little money was embarked. Commonly it was 'So-and-So's paper.' Whilst the stories of private war, of pistols and coffee, have been exaggerated, the early editors were much beset; were held to strict accountability for what appeared in their columns; sometimes had to take their lives in their hands. In certain regions the duello flourished — one might say became the fashion. Up to the War of Secession, the instance of an editor who had not had a personal encounter, indeed, many encounters, was a rare one. Not a few editors acquired celebrity as 'crack shots,' gaining more reputation by their guns than by their pens.

The familiar 'Stop my paper' was personally addressed, an ebullition of individual resentment.

'Mr. Swain,' said an irate subscriber to the founder of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, whom he met one morning on his way to his place of business, 'I have stopped your paper, sir — I have stopped your paper.'

Mr. Swain was a gentleman of dignity and composure. 'Indeed,' said he, with a kindly intonation; 'come with me and let us see about it.'

When the two had reached the spot where the office of the *Ledger* stood, nothing unusual appeared to have happened: the building was still there, the force within apparently engaged in its customary activities. Mr. Swain looked leisurely about him, and turning upon his now expectant but thoroughly puzzled fellow townsman, he said, —

'Everything seems to be as I left it last night. Stop my paper, sir! How could you utter such a falsehood!'

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the elder, was frequently and brutally assailed. So was Mr. Greeley. Mr. Prentice, though an expert in the use of weapons, did not escape many attacks of murderous intent. Editors fought among themselves, anon with fatal

result, especially about Richmond in Virginia, and Nashville in Tennessee, and New Orleans. So self-respecting a gentleman, and withal so peaceful a citizen, as Mr. William Cullen Bryant, fell upon a rival journalist with a horse-whip on Broadway, in New York. The prosy libel suit has come to take the place of the tragic street duel — the courts of law to settle what was formerly submitted to the code of honor — the star-part of 'fighting editor' having come to be a relic of by-gone squalor and glory. The call to arms in 1861 found few of the editorial bullies ready for the fray, and no one of them made his mark as a soldier in battle. They were good only on parade. Even the South had its fill of combat, valor grew too common to be distinguished, and, out of a very excess of broil and blood, along with multiplied opportunities for the display of courage, gun-play got its quietus. The good old times, when it was thought that a man who had failed at all else could still keep a hotel and edit a newspaper, have passed away. They are gone forever. If a gentleman kills his man nowadays, even in honest and fair fight, they call it murder. Editors have actually to be educated to their work, and to work for their living. The soul of Bombastes has departed, and journalism is no longer irradiated and advertised by the flash of arms.

We are wont to hear of the superior integrity of those days. There will always be in direct accountability a certain sense of obligation lacking to the anonymous and impersonal. Most men will think twice before they commit their thoughts to print where their names are affixed. Ambition and vanity, as well as discretion, play a restraining part here; they play it even though there be no provocation to danger. Yet, seeing that somebody must be somewhere back of the pen, the result would appear still to be referable to private character.

Most of the personal journalists were in alliance with the contemporary politicians; all of them were the slaves of party. Many of them were without convictions, holding to the measures of the time the relation held by the play-actors to the parts that come to them on the stage. Before the advent of the elder Bennett, independent journalism was unknown. In the 'partnership' of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, — Mr. Greeley himself described it, he being 'the junior member,' — office, no less than public printing, was the object of two at least of the firm. Lesser figures were squires instead of partners, their chiefs as knights of old. Callender first served, then maligned, Jefferson. Croswell was the man-at-arms of the Albany Regency, valet to Mr. Van Buren. Forney played major-domo to Mr. Buchanan until Buchanan, becoming President, left his poor follower to hustle for himself; a signal, but not anomalous, piece of ingratitude. Prentice held himself to the orders of Clay. Even Raymond, set up in business by the money of Seward's friends, could only call his soul his own toward the end of his life, and then by a single but fatal misstep brought ruin upon the property his genius had created.

Not, indeed, until the latter third of the last century did independent journalism acquire considerable vogue, with Samuel Bowles and Charles A. Dana to lead it in the East, and Murat Halstead and Horace White, followed by Joseph Medill, Victor F. Lawson, Melville E. Stone, and William R. Nelson, in the West.

### III

The new school of journalism, sometimes called impersonal and taking its lead from the counting-room, which generally prevails, promises to become

universal in spite of an individualist here and there uniting salient characteristics to controlling ownership, — a union which in the first place created the personal journalism of other days.

Here, however, the absence of personality is more apparent than real. Control must be lodged somewhere. Whether it be upstairs, or downstairs, it is bound to be — if successful — both single-minded and arbitrary, the embodiment of the inspiration and the will of one man; the expression made to fit the changed conditions which have impressed themselves upon the writing and the speaking of our time.

Eloquence and fancy, oratory and rhetoric, have for the most part given place in our public life to the language of business. More and more do budgets usurp the field of affairs. As fiction has exhausted the situations possible to imaginative writing, so has popular declamation exhausted the resources of figurative speech; and just as the novel seeks other expedients for arousing and holding the interest of its readers, do speakers and publicists, abandoning the florid and artificial, aim at the simple and the lucid, the terse and incisive, the argument the main point, attained, as a rule, in the statement. To this end the counting-room, with its close kinship to the actualities of the world about it, has a definite advantage over the editorial room, as a school of instruction. Nor is there any reason why the head of the counting-room should not be as highly qualified to direct the editorial policies as the financial policies of the newspaper of which, as the agent of a corporation or an estate, he has become the executive; the newspaper thus conducted assuming something of the character of the banking institution and the railway company, being indeed in a sense a common carrier. At least a greater show of stability and respectability, if not a greater sense of responsibility, would be likely to follow such an arrangement, since it would establish a more immediate relation with the community than that embraced by the system which seems to have passed away, a system which was not nearly so accessible, and was, moreover, hedged about by a certain mystery that attaches itself to midnight, to the flare of the footlights and the smell of printers' ink.

I had written thus far and was about to pursue this line of thought with some practical suggestion emanating from a wealth of observation and reminiscence when, reading the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, I encountered the following passage from the very thoughtful paper of Mr. Edward Alsworth Ross, entitled 'The Suppression of Important News':

'More and more the owner of the big daily is a business man who finds it hard to see why he should run his property on different lines from the hotel proprietor, the vaudeville manager, or the owner of an amusement park. The editors are hired men, and they may put into the paper no more of their conscience and ideals than comports with getting the biggest return from the investment. Of course, the old-time editor who owned his paper tried to make money — no sin, that! — but just as to-day the author, the lecturer, or the scholar, tries to make money, namely, within the limitations imposed by his principles and his professional standards. But, now that the provider of the newspaper capital hires the editor instead of the editor hiring the newspaper capital, the paper is likelier to be run as a money-maker pure and simple — a factory where ink and brains are so applied to white paper as to turn out the largest possible marketable product. The capitalist-owner means no harm, but he is not bothered by the standards that hamper the editor-owner. He follows a few

simple maxims that work out well enough in selling shoes or cigars or sheet-music.'

There follow many examples of the 'suppression' of 'news.' Some of these might be called 'important.' Others are less so. Here enters a question of what is 'news,' and what is not; a question which gives rise to frequent and sometimes considerable differences of opinion.

If the newspaper manager is to make no distinction between vaudeville and journalism, between the selling of white paper disfigured by printer's ink and the selling of shoes, or sheet-music, comment would seem superfluous. I venture to believe that such a manager would nowhere be able long to hold his own against one of an ambition and intelligence better suited to supplying the requirement of the public demand for a vehicle of communication between itself and the world at large. Now and then we see a very well-composed newspaper fail of success because of its editorial character and tone. Now and then we see one succeed, having no editorial character and tone. But the rule is otherwise. The leading dailies everywhere stand for something. They are rarely without aspiration. Because of the unequal capabilities of those who conduct them, they have had their ups and downs: great journals, like the Chicago *Times*, passing out of existence through the lack of an adequate head; failing journals, like the New York *World*, saved from shipwreck by the timely arrival of an adequate head.

My own observation leads me to believe that more is to be charged against the levity and indifference of the average newspaper — perhaps I should say its ignorance and indolence — than against the suppression of important news. As a matter of fact, suppression does not suppress. Conflicting interests attend to that. Mr. Ross relates that on the desk of every editor and sub-editor of a newspaper run by a certain capitalist, who was also a promoter, lay a list of sixteen corporations in which the owner was interested. This was to remind them not to print anything damaging to those particular concerns. In the office the exempted subjects were jocularly referred to as 'sacred cows.'

This case, familiar to all newspaper men, was an extreme one. The newspaper proved a costly and ignominious failure. Its owner, who ran it on the lines of an 'amusement park,' landed first in a bankruptcy and then in a criminal court, finally to round up in the penitentiary. Before him, and in the same city, a fellow 'journalist' had been given a state-prison sentence. In another and adjacent city the editor and owner of a famous and influential newspaper who had prostituted himself and his calling escaped the stripes of a convict only through executive clemency.

The disposition to publish everything without regard to private feeling or good neighborhood, may be carried to an excess quite as hurtful to the community as the suppressions of which Mr. Ross tells us in his interesting résumé. The newspaper which constitutes itself judge and jury, which condemns in advance of conviction, which, reversing the English rule of law, assumes the accused guilty instead of innocent, — the newspaper, in short, which sets itself up as a public prosecutor, — is likely to become a common scold and to arouse its readers out of all proportion to any good achieved by publicity. As in other affairs of life, the sense of decency imposes certain reserves, and also the sense of charity.

The justest complaint which may be laid at the door of the modern newspaper seems to me its invasion of the home, and the conversion of its report-

ers into detectives. Pretending to be the defender of liberty, it too often is the assailant of private right. Each daily issue should indeed aim to be the history of yesterday, but it should be clean as well as truthful; and as we seek in our usual walks and ways to avoid that which is nasty and ghastly, so should we, in the narration of scandal and crime, guard equally against exaggeration and pruriency, nor be ashamed to suppress that which may be too vile to tell.

In a recent article Mr. Victor Rosewater, the accomplished editor of the Omaha *Bee*, takes issue with Mr. Ross upon the whole line of his argument, which he subjects to the critical analysis of a practical journalist. The muck-raking magazines, so extolled by Mr. Ross, are shown by Mr. Rosewater to be the merest collection of already printed newspaper material, the periodical writer having time to put them together in more connected form. He also shows that the Chautauqua Circuits are but the emanations of newspaper advertising; and that if newspapers of one party make suppressions in the interest of their party, the newspapers of the other are ready with the antidote. Obviously, Mr. Ross is either a newspaper subaltern, or a college professor. In either case he is, as Mr. Rosewater shows, a visionary.

In nothing does this betray itself so clearly as in the suggestion of 'an endowed newspaper,' which is Mr. Ross's remedy for the evils he enumerates.

'Because newspapers, as a rule, prefer construction to destruction,' says Mr. Rosewater, 'they are accused by Mr. Ross of malfeasance for selfish purposes. True, a newspaper depends for its own prosperity upon the prosperity of the community in which it is published. The newspaper selfishly prefers business prosperity to business adversity. A panic is largely psychological, and the newspapers can do much to aggravate or to mitigate its severity. There is no question that to the willful efforts of the newspapers as a body to allay public fear and to restore business confidence is to be credited the short duration and comparative mildness of the last financial cataclysm. Would an endowed newspaper have acted differently? Most people would freely commend the newspapers for what they did to start the wheels of industry again revolving, and this is the first time I have seen them condemned for suppressing "important news" of business calamity and industrial distress in subservience to a worship of advertising revenue.'

The truth of this can hardly be denied. Most fair-minded observers will agree with Mr. Rosewater that 'a few black sheep in the newspaper fold do not make the whole flock black, nor do the combined imperfections of all newspapers condemn them to failure,' and I cannot resist quoting entire the admirable conclusion with which a recognized newspaper authority disposes of a thoroughly theoretic newspaper critic.

'Personally,' says Mr. Rosewater, 'I would like to see the experiment of an endowed newspaper tried, because I am convinced comparison would only redound to the advantage of the newspaper privately conducted as a commercial undertaking. The newspaper most akin to the endowed newspaper in this country is published in the interest of the Christian Science Church. With it, "important news" is news calculated to promote the propaganda of the faith, and close inspection of its columns would disclose news-suppression in every issue. On the other hand, a daily newspaper standing on its own bottom, must have readers to make its advertising space valuable, and without a reasonable effort to cover

all the news and command public confidence, the standing and clientage of the paper cannot be successfully maintained. The endowed paper pictured to us as the ideal paper, run by a board of governors filled in turn by representatives of the various uplift societies enumerated by Professor Ross, would blow hot and would blow cold, would have no consistent policy or principles, would be unable to alter the prevailing notion of what constitutes important news, and would be from the outset busily engaged in a work of news-suppression to suit the whims of the particular hobby-riders who happened for the moment to be in dominating control.'

In journalism, as in statesmanship, the doctrinaire is more confident than the man of affairs. So, in war, the lieutenant is bolder in the thought than the captain in the action. Often the newspaper subaltern, distrusting his chief, calls that 'mercenary' which is in reality 'discrimination.' It is a pity that there is not more of this latter in our editorial practice.

IV

Disinterestedness, unselfish devotion to the public interest, is the soul of true journalism as of true statesmanship; and this is as likely to proceed from the counting-room as from the editorial room; only, the business-manager must be a journalist.

The journalism of Paris is personal, the journalism of London is impersonal,—that is to say, the one illustrates the self-exploiting, individualized star-system, the other the more sedate and orderly, yet not less responsible commercial system; and it must be allowed that, in both dignity and usefulness, the English is to be preferred to the French journalism. It is true that English publishers are sometimes elevated to the peerage. But this is nowise worse than French and American editors becoming candidates for office. In either case, the public and the press are losers in the matter of the service rendered, because journalism and office are so antipathetic that their union must be destructive to both.

The upright man of business, circumspect in his everyday behavior and jealous of his commercial honor, needs only to be educated in the newspaper business to bring to it the characteristic virtues which shine and prosper in the more ambitious professional and business pursuits. The successful man in the centres of activity is usually a worldly-wise and prepossessing person. Other things being equal, success of the higher order inclines to those qualities of head and heart, of breeding and education and association, which go to the making of what we call a gentleman. The element of charm, scarcely less than the elements of energy, integrity, and penetration, is a prime ingredient. Add breadth and foresight, and we have the greater result of fortune and fame.

All these essentials to preëminent manhood must be fulfilled by the newspaper which aspires to preëminence. And there is no reason why this may not spring from the business end, why they may not exist and flourish there, exhaling their perfume into every department; in short, why they may not tempt ambition. The newspapers, as Hamlet observes of the players, are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. It were indeed better to have a bad epitaph when you die than their ill-report while you live, even from those of the baser sort; how much more from a press having the confidence and respect — and yet more than these, the affection — of the community? Hence it is that special college training is beginning to be thought

of, and occasionally tried; and, while this is subject to very serious disadvantage on the experimental side, its ethical value may in the long run find some way to give it practical application and to make it permanent as an arm of the newspaper service. Assuredly, character is an asset, and nowhere does it pay surer and larger dividends than in the newspaper business.

## V

We are passing through a period of transition. The old system of personal journalism having gone out, and the new system of counting-room journalism having not quite reached a full realization of itself, the editorial function seems to have fallen into a lean and slippered state, the matters of tone and style honored rather in the breach than in the observance. Too many ill-trained, uneducated lads have graduated out of the city editor's room by sheer force of audacity and enterprise into the more important posts. Too often the counting-room takes no supervision of the editorial room beyond the immediate selling value of the paper the latter turns out. Things upstairs are left at loose ends. There are examples of opportunities lost through absentee landlordism.

These conditions, however, are ephemeral. They will yield before the progressive requirements of a process of popular evolution which is steadily lifting the masses out of the slough of degeneracy and ignorance. The dime novel has not the vogue it once had. Neither has the party organ. Readers will not rest forever content under the impositions of fake or colored news; of misleading headlines; of false alarums and slovenly writing. Already they begin to discriminate, and more and clearly they will learn to discriminate, between the meretricious and the true.

The competition in sensationalism, to which we owe the yellow press, as it is called, will become a competition in cleanliness and accuracy. The counting-room, which is next to the people and carries the purse, will see that decency pays, that good sense and good faith are good investments, and it will look closer to the personal character and the moral product of the editorial room, requiring better equipment and more elevated standards. There will never again be a Greeley, or a Raymond, or a Dana, playing the rôle of 'star' and personally exploited by everything appearing in journals which seemed to exist mainly to glorify them. Each was in his way a man of superior attainments. Each thought himself an unselfish servant of the public. Yet each had his limitations, — his ambitions and prejudices, his likes and dislikes, intensified and amplified by the habit of personalism, often unconscious. And, this personal element eliminated, why may not the impersonal head of the coming newspaper — proud of his profession, and satisfied with the results of its ministration — render a yet better account to God and the people in unselfish devotion to the common interest?

# THE COLORS AT CAMBRIDGE

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

[*William E. Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, died suddenly while camping in the woods of New Brunswick, and was brought home to be buried at Mount Auburn. It was a week of unusually high wind. These lines were written at the time.*]

Flags at half-staff that through the leafy city
Cloud street and hall in tragic mustering;
Flags in the offing, that for noble pity
Make for sea-spaces on a broken wing;

Eagles low-flying, angels of our sorrow,
Boding and bright, on their full passion hurled,
Trail down the wind in stormy wake and furrow,
Poignantly marked across the summer world.

Ah, how they mourn with not-to-be-impeded
Gesture and cry of queens unreconciled,
One sunny strength illimitably needed,
Felled by the Hewer in the northern wild!

Yet if they knew, would these not triumph duly?
Glory, not grief, for him who willed to keep
Pure as the sword some warden angel newly
Draws by the cradle of baptismal sleep.

Green on the summits of the State hereafter,
See what a garland, beautiful, aflame!
Till Time abase them, there on wall and rafter,
Sweeter than jasmine climbs that absent name.

Happy the land that late a field unfavored
Whitens to harvest where the martyrs are,
Knowing (from ways in which she nearly wavered),
This starry dust shall lead her like a star;

Happy the land predestinate to cover
Yet in his youth, the early-laureled guest,
Who in her bosom lays so loved a lover,
Veiling with tears the chantry of his rest.

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Flags at half-staff that through the leafy city
Cloud street and hall in tragic mustering;
Flags in the offing, that for noble pity
Make for sea-spaces on a broken wing;

Eagles low-flying, angels of our sorrow,
Boding and bright, in your full passion hurled,
Rise on the wind in stormy wake and furrow,
Rise and rejoice, across the summer world.

Flag from thine heaven in willing fealty lowered,
Hiding thy face upon mine own roof-tree,
Weak with our wound through all this day untoward, —
O my Delight! look up, and quicken me:

Flag long-adored, and heart of mine below it,
Run to the mast-head, shake away the pain!
We two have done with death, for we shall know it
Never so touching nor so dear again.

# THE MINISTER AND THE MEN

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

With the recurrence of the graduation season there is an annual revival of anxiety on the part of the religious press over the prospects of the new crop of young clergymen. There are too many pastors without flocks, we are told, and too many flocks without pastors, because the right man cannot be found for one place or the right place for another man. Some of the commentators ascribe the trouble to the growing unpopularity of the ministry as a calling, and point to the shrinkage in the rolls of some of the well-known theological seminaries. They say that the more gifted of the college graduates prefer the law or medicine, trade or finance, because of its larger pecuniary rewards, or, in the case of young men of independent means, its greater scope and opportunity for influence. The lament is almost universal that the male contingent is dropping out of the congregations, and that the hold of the church upon its women is precariously maintained through appeals to the emotions; and much earnest argument has been put forth to show that a young man of force and spirit would rather cast his life-work where it will bring him into closer relations with his own sex.

Here and there an effort has been made to check the defection by various devices. Sensational preaching from startling texts or with pictorial and other visible illustrations; lectures in costume; odd uses of music; advertising novelties, which would put the patent-medicine men to the blush: these are familiar to all dwellers in cities. We have seen, too, the institutional church and the family club, with their classes in cookery and music, their gymnasiums and libraries, their billiard-tables and bowling-alleys, their private theatres, their dancing-halls and their supper-rooms. The idea behind these was to do away with the old recognition of a religious quality inherent in one thing and a secular quality in another, by sanctifying all the common occupations and amusements of ordinary life. But the scent of immemorial distinctions still clings to the new establishment; and, though the modern expression of practical Christianity may be a vast improvement upon the ancient worship of the fetish Doctrine, it does not seem quite to have accomplished what it set out to do.

Call it an institution, or a club, or whatever else you will, the centre of activity remains a church; a church presupposes a pastor; and the pastor is assumed to supply the human inspiration and direction of the movement. It is he who must put all these media of ecclesiastical energy to some beneficial use; keep the interest of the young stirred; counsel with the elders; make things move, and move in lines helpful to the moral and spiritual uplifting of the community. If the new mechanism fails, the failure is pretty sure to be attributed to the inefficiency of the engineer. Well, what is the matter with him? It would be hard, in most cases, to say. The farewell words of the English bishop to the rector who was about to remove to another diocese come

often to the mind: 'I am sorry to see you leave, for I have never heard anything against you in all the years you have been here.'

There are so many good, earnest, unselfish men in the ministry who work hard, yet fail to make more than this negative impression, that one is moved to inquire whether the fault, since obviously it lies not in their disposition or conduct, is not due to their training. The journals, both religious and secular, which deal with ecclesiastical questions, evidently regard this as probable, for from time to time we read their plaints that something is out of joint in the prevailing system of education for the ministry; but their criticisms are for the most part general and non-constructive, and hence are unsatisfying to those who are seeking, not reasons to cavil, but a remedy.

Doubtless, if we go deep enough into the core of the question, we shall find that the diminished influence of the man in the pulpit over the men who ought to be in the pews is due to more than one cause, but that all causes radiate from the fact that there is no point of sympathetic contact between the two parties. We are beginning to realize a corresponding lack in some other domains. In a Boston newspaper the other day my eye was arrested by the title of a report of an address by Dr. David Snedden: 'Learner from Active Life — That Is What Man Must Be Who Teaches Those Who Are to Go Out Into the World.' The reference was to the college instructor. Is there not here a hint for the clerical profession as well?

Let us see how a young man comes to take up the ministry. Nearly every lad who can spare the four years required for a college course is expected, while still an undergraduate, inexperienced and immature, to select his vocation. If he decides to be a manufacturer, and has a sound adviser at his elbow, he goes first into the shops and studies the rudiments of the work done there. He may not become an expert weaver or a skilled wielder of the sledge, but from intimate association with the men at the loom or in the boiler-pit he learns what they are doing and the difficulties with which they have to cope every day; and when the time arrives for him to mount a seat of authority he is prepared to pass something better than an outsider's judgment on the questions brought before him.

If he turns to the law or medicine the same principle holds good. As clerk in an attorney's office, he digs out the material for his employer's briefs, prepares simple pleadings and deeds, goes to court and acquires a certain familiarity with the processes of litigation, meets and matches wits with both clients and adversaries. In short, he absorbs a pretty fair knowledge of the tools and the men he must handle later in life, and, in nine cases out of ten, does this before he has laid hold of the theory of the law as set forth in the standard texts. The young man who wishes to be a physician has the clinic and the hospital in which to cultivate a real acquaintance with his *materia humana* while he is still conning his *materia medica*.

But your budding theologian has no such advantages. Even his choice of a church affiliation is probably governed by tradition rather than by a judicial comparison of the several creeds and systems of discipline. His father may be a Presbyterian or his mother a Methodist, or he may have himself been baptized and confirmed as a member of one of the apostolic communions. In the absence of some such influence at home, it may be that a religious revival sweeping over his college has caught him in its current. It is always possible, more-

over, that it is the pulpit rather than the parish which has attracted him to the ministerial office, especially if he has already won some applause in literary composition and elocution.

His transfer from college to theological seminary is not an entry into the larger world, but a passage from the academic atmosphere to the closer one of the cloister. The years he spends at the seminary are apt to be given largely to closet study and devotional exercise; and when he emerges to take his place, not as a learner of men but as a teacher of them, he is about as well fitted for his task as a high-school graduate in book-keeping would be if suddenly placed in charge of a bank. Only then begins the education which is to be of any substantial value to him; and the procedure involves as much of razing of old ideals as of upbuilding on new foundations. When he tries to fraternize with the men of his parish, he finds his efforts handicapped by his ignorance of their sphere of thought and their ignorance of his. It is almost as if he were unable to speak their language. The most he can do in appealing to their moral instincts is to follow the lines laid down in his books or in the oral lectures to which he has listened in the class-room; in the great school of life he has never matriculated, whereas they have had its lessons so hammered into them that his shafts of eloquence strike only a hardened surface and drop off instead of lodging anywhere.

The hours he passes in his library now are not likely to be spent as the follower of a profane calling spends his, in preparing to reach and influence the men of his own generation; but we need not disparage his reading of ' good ' books in order to suggest the practical wisdom of mixing with these a few which are distinctly worldly, if only for their stimulating effect upon his treatment of the topics of the day. If we glance over the short but distinguished roster of public teachers who have left their mark on the records of their time, we are struck with the fact that they drew their lessons, not from antique or hypothetical sources, but from history then in the making under the very eyes of their followers.

The distinctive phraseology of the pulpit, the professional dress and manner, also, are too commonly impediments to the progress of the minister in the affectionate regard of the men of his flock. The military officer wears his uniform only on occasions of ceremony. The ' soldier of the cross ' who, in mingling with the male members of his congregation, is anxious to penetrate their armor of reserve only for the sake of finding his way into their hearts, surely has no use for formality in this intercourse. Why, then, should he not be simply a man among men, discarding both the air and the vocabulary exclusively associated with his profession, just as the lawyer in the drawing-room avoids technical verbiage and the physician wears to dinner a coat free from the odor of drugs?

It may be asked how we are to change the training of our clergy so as to bring the church into more genial relations with the world. One way would be to establish a probationary period, in which the test of the candidate should be not his handling of a pulpit theme or his success in raising a missionary fund, but his broader adaptability. And why should not this ordeal precede, rather than follow, most of his seminary course? Let him, for example, be assigned to a small parish as assistant to the settled minister. There let him enter some ordinary calling, and pursue it through the whole term of his novitiate. It matters little what it may be, so that it brings him into touching elbows, either as partner or as compe-

titor, with as many of the men as possible. As a farmer or a merchant, a clerk or a mechanic, he would learn more of the world, its burdens and temptations, in two years, than in twenty spent in theological study or in preaching, or even in paying the conventional parochial visits.

At the same time, the opportunity for setting the community an example in probity, charity, good temper, helpfulness to others, must not be overlooked. Having gone through the mill himself, he would be in a position thereafter to help the weak, bolster the strong, steady the uncertain-minded, advise the ignorant, with an efficiency and an assurance not to be attained in any other way.

Nor need this regimen interfere with his exercise of pulpit and parish functions. The pastor who directs his activities could assign him to regular duties in these fields. The precedents are abundant and worthy. Peter was a fisher of fish before he became a fisher of men. Even so mighty a preacher as Paul tells us that he supported himself bodily while ministering to the spiritual needs of his disciples. Moreover, there is no means at once so efficacious and so wholesome for giving a young man a proper conception of his own bent and a true measure of his powers, as a wrestling-round with real life. Suppose, when he has got a glimpse of the clerical profession from the ordinary layman's point of view, our candidate makes up his mind that he has mistaken his calling? Or suppose that, having embarked upon the ministry of one denomination, he discovers that at heart he is wedded to the beliefs of another? Is it not better, in either event, that he should awake to his error before he has so far committed himself to a specific career that he is ashamed to turn back?

Would not some such trying-out process as I have here suggested save the ministry at large from a goodly share of its misplaced element, and avert many of the irritations which flow from schisms and heresy trials? It might be that this weeding would reduce still further the number of clever young men who enter the clerical ranks, and thus emphasize one of the complaints of which we hear so much. But, even so, would not the remnant be of enough higher quality to more than make up for the quantitative decrease? And would there not come to be, among the original candidates, a much smaller proportion of those who are drawn toward the work of the church by the promise of a livelihood secured without the preliminary struggle which the young competitors in any other employment have to wage?

# AN EDUCATIONAL EMERGENCY

BY EDWARD O. SISSON

I

No other age of the world has made such demands upon character as does the age in which we live. We talk about the sterling qualities of our Puritan ancestors and mourn over a supposed decadence of moral fibre in our days, forgetting that the colonist was virtuous by necessity, frugal through lack of the materials of luxury, free from the vast avarice of our time because there were no financial fields to furnish the requisite opportunity and temptation. He was offered the hard choice between industry and starvation, and endurance was thrust upon him by his very situation in the wilderness. It means no derogation of his place of honor in our memory, and of his value as a national ideal, to say that the character which sustained him in his primitive environment might break down in complete failure under the stress of modern temptation. In short, it is harder to be good to-day than it was in the time of Miles Standish and John Winthrop, and we can hope for conduct equal to theirs only by grace of character even stronger.

Effective character includes intelligence to know the right, and the will to do it; on both of these the modern world lays new burdens. We live in a far more complex environment than did our forefathers, for we have left the simple paths where instinct was a sufficient guide for conduct, and are now dwelling in a world of man's own creation, where instinct is not at home, and where problems can be solved only by the highest intelligence.

Our social philosophy is based upon that of the Greeks; but what a contrast exists between our social state and theirs! Their great political scientist declares that a state could not be conceived to embrace so many as a hundred thousand people. What would he have thought of cities inhabited by millions, gathered into states which in turn are combined into a nation nearly a thousandfold larger than his extreme limit? And are we not to-day watching the first clear beginnings of the world-state, the poet-prophet's 'federation of the nations, the parliament of man'? With this enormous increment of mere size in political units has come corresponding increase in complexity of structure and operation. The intelligence of thoughtful men stands aghast at the problems knocking at our doors, — tariff and finance, conservation, race-conflicts, law-making and enforcement, administration of nation, state, and municipalities. The very clash of disagreement among honest thinkers concerning social questions proves the difficulty of the riddles thrust upon us by our day. Most serious and menacing of all perhaps are questions of industry of which the earlier world knew little. Greece and Rome and mediæval Europe kept these perplexities under the surface by a system of slavery or rigid caste; it is only in modern times that the Enceladus of human labor has succeeded in throwing off so much of the superincumbent Etna as to let the up-

per world of thought and intelligence become vividly aware of his existence, and of the promise and the menace of his upward struggle.

There is need, then, of a new socio-moral intelligence to grasp the new complexities of the world in which we live. 'Who is my neighbor?' is a harder question now than it was in olden times: then a man dealt face to face with men he knew, and easily realized that his deeds fell on their heads as well as on his own. Nowadays employer and employee, buyer and seller, especially producer and consumer, are too often cut off from each other by a gulf of separation which leads naturally to mutual ignorance, indifference, and even to hatred. Long and devious are the channels through which the product of industry circulates in its way from the painful and often degrading labor of production, to the comfortable consumer, who at first perhaps does not know whence come his ease and luxury, and later, when wedded to his comforts, does not care; or at least cares too little to face squarely his relation to his far-off and unknown neighbor. Never before in human history has it been so true that no man liveth unto himself, but never has it been so easy to lose sight of the truth.

Besides the new demands made by the modern world upon social and moral intelligence, there are new strains upon the will itself. The very abundance and variety of the products of art and manufacture render the old fundamental ideal of self-control more difficult than ever. The senses are solicited by stimuli unknown to the ancients; and every part of our world is flooded with the products of all other parts through the unlimited reach of modern commerce. It almost seems that we live to-day on a sort of second level of barbarism; for just as the barbarian lives in bondage to the material world of nature, so we tend to fall into the bondage of the material things of our own creation. Our thought and energies are usurped by providing, not for actual and legitimate needs, but for the kind of food and drink and raiment and dwellings which custom and fashion prescribe for us. Civilized man has failed signally to content himself with a simple material regimen, and has wasted upon the things that perish the energy which ought to have been devoted to the higher and truly human life.

II

The demands upon moral character, then, were never so great as now; what of the *emphasis* upon moral character in education? No one would be apt to deny that character is the aim of education. This axiom is still a part of our formal pedagogy, and by many is supposed to govern our practice; it is proclaimed at educational gatherings, and appears regularly in books and articles. But in the woof and warp of educational thought and teaching it has no such place as it had in previous ages. The pages of Plato and Aristotle, Comenius, Montaigne, Milton, which deal with education, are dominated by the moral element. One of the most striking passages in the *Republic* is the one which insists that the literature selected for the curriculum shall 'be adapted in the most perfect manner to the promotion of virtue'; the philosopher unhesitatingly rejects those passages, even of the sacred Homer and Hesiod, which fail to inculcate true principles.

Does any school or college of to-day choose its classics with this primary regard for the promotion of virtue? Montaigne would have history taught in such a way that the teacher 'imprint not so much in his scholar's mind the date of the ruin of Car-

thage, as the manners of Hannibal and Scipio; nor so much where Marcellus died, as because he was unworthy of his *devoir* he died there.' Milton's Tractate is so noble throughout, that it is hard to make selections. His very definition of education magnifies the moral aim: 'I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.' His humanism never degenerates into mere linguistics, or literary æsthetics. In the classics, he says, ' the main skill and groundwork will be to temper the pupils with such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them into willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.'

With Doctor Arnold of Rugby one ideal is always supreme, that of moral thoughtfulness and devotion to duty; all else is auxiliary and subordinate. The key to Horace Mann's self-abnegation in the cause of the schools was the belief that education is the only force that could elevate character; his labors, his public addresses, and his writings, are all inspired and penetrated with the moral aim.

When we come to current educational discussion we find a surprising change of emphasis. The reader who will make comparison between the earlier writers and the leading formal treatises on education of our own time, will agree that far less stress is laid upon the moral element. Fortunately, we have excellent and rather impersonal evidence of this fact in the form of a number of well-known reports which embody the collective thought and conclusions of leading educational thinkers of the day.

*The Report of the Committee of Ten* is probably the best known and most authoritative educational document in America. It originated in the National Education Association, and occupied the attention of a series of committees and conferences from 1891 to 1893, when the Report was published. The original committee included among its ten members, all eminent, three whom it cannot be invidious to mention, — President Eliot, chairman; Dr. W. T. Harris, and President Angell. Nine sub-committees, or conferences, with ten members each, were appointed to deal with the branches of the secondary curriculum; thus the Report is the work directly of one hundred eminent teachers and experts, chosen to represent the parts and aspects of the secondary school. The *Educational Review* said editorially: 'No committee appointed in this country to deal with an educational subject has ever attracted so much attention as this one'; and later calls the work of the committee, 'the most systematic and important educational investigation ever undertaken in this country.' It may safely be said that there is not a high school in the United States to-day that is not affected by the Report of this great committee; its total influence is beyond estimate.

Yet one might read the Report from cover to cover and hardly be reminded that there is such a thing as moral education. True, there are, out of the two hundred and forty-nine pages, a few sentences which touch this theme, some directly, more indirectly; but these could be assembled easily on three or four pages, and the other two hundred and forty-five be left without a trace; moreover, what is more significant, the removal would not affect the original unity one whit, but would rather seem to be an elimination of extraneous matter.

Lest any one, under the influence of just those prevalent conceptions which this paper aims to set forth, should say that the absence of the moral element is normal and legitimate in view of the general aim and nature of the Report, let us quote from the Report itself to show that it does not ignore the final values in education. For example, we read, 'The secondary schools . . . do not exist for the purpose of preparing boys and girls for college. . . . Their main function is to prepare for the duties of life.' One of the most interesting (and extraordinary) parts of the general report is that which deals directly with *values* of studies. Indeed, the proposed doctrine of values calls forth a vigorous minority report from one of the leading members of the committee; and this minority report contains the most direct and pointed of all the few fragments that bear on moral character: 'The training of observation, memory, expression, and (inductive) reasoning is a very important part of education, but is not all of education. The imagination, deductive reasoning, *the rich possibilities of emotional life, the education of the will through ethical ideas* and correct habit, all are to be considered in a scheme of learning. *Ideals are to be added to the scientific method.*'[1] It is clear then, and will be increasingly clear as one reads the pages of the Report, that the value and influence of the studies discussed formed an integral and essential part of the Report, and that no part of that value could be considered as excluded, *except*, perhaps, by its insignificance and minuteness.

But some one may ask, Did not the majority of the conferences deal with subjects which have no influence upon character, as Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry, German and French, Geography and Biology?

[1] The italics are the author's.

Well, in truth we are not much troubled over this question, so far as our argument is concerned, although somewhat grieved that it should have to be raised at all. We shall be glad if most of our readers say here that the writer has set up a straw man, and that no one would think of denying ethical value, at least to some of these studies. At all events, we are willing to waive the charge of the complete absence of the moral element from these parts of the reports for the present, asking only one question: What of a secondary curriculum in which the subject-matter of seven out of nine conferences has to be excused from an examination as to moral value?

But we still have two inalienable fields left: English and History. Here we are on very solid ground, for we do not need Milton to tell us that these subjects are the very soul of the ethical power of the school; and moreover, in both cases, the conferences state in no uncertain terms their own conception of the aims. In the case of English we cannot do better than quote: 'The main direct objects of the teaching of English in schools seem to be two: (1) to enable the pupil to understand the expressed thoughts of others, and to give expression to thoughts of his own; and (2) to cultivate a taste for reading, to give the pupil some acquaintance with good literature, and to furnish him with the means of extending that acquaintance. Incidentally, no doubt, a variety of other ends may be subserved by English study, but such subsidiary interests should never be allowed to encroach on the two main purposes just indicated.' No one who reads the conference report through will suspect the writers of any sins against their final injunction in the foregoing quotation; the anonymous *incidental* ends, including practically all the ideals most dear to the old Greeks

and the humanists, especially those of our own race, are simply and absolutely ignored. Who could possibly divine that the branch of study with which this part of the Report deals includes such works as Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with the American Colonies*, and Carlyle's profound and pathetic *Essay on Burns?*

The report on History must be credited with the largest proportion of ethical matter. Out of twenty-five pages, we find distinct or implied reference to character in about one whole page. It may seem invidious to detract from this praise; yet we cannot but be struck with the fact that the moral element does not enter into the main aim, but that, instead, we find a supplementary paragraph entitled, 'Other Advantages,' and in this are grouped the education of a citizen, training in literary expression, and, last of all, moral training. Finally, the objects are summed up in a passage in which moral training is excluded from any direct and explicit mention, thus losing even the humble place it had gained among the subsidiary aims.

In the field of elementary education the neglect of the moral side is far less serious than in the secondary school; nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that even in the elementary school neither theory nor practice fully recognizes the claims of the moral side of training. The best document at hand to illustrate this is the so-called *Report of the Committee of Fifteen*, issued in 1895, which, it must be admitted, is both far less representative and less influential than the *Report of the Committee of Ten.* The second part of the *Report of the Committee of Fifteen* deals with the values and correlation of studies in the elementary curriculum, and is the work of five eminent authorities. The body of the Report was written by the chairman, the late Dr. W. T. Harris, then United States Commissioner of Education; while each of the other four appended a minority report setting forth dissent and additions. We freely admit that Dr. Harris's Report by no means ignores ethical culture, particularly in dealing with literature and history, but we think he gives it still too small a place. In view of the rather common belief that definite moral instruction has no proper place in the school, it should be noted that the Report does not take this position, but says distinctly that *it ought to be given;* what then is its place?

Dr. Harris discusses at length the 'staple branches, — Grammar, Literature, Arithmetic, Geography, and History'; then he names some 'other branches of instruction that may lay claim to a place,' and after Drawing, Natural Science, Physiology and Hygiene, Manual Training and Physical Culture, come 'morals and manners,' — to which is devoted a very short half page, largely consumed in explaining how unimportant the subject is! The paragraph begins with a definition that condemns the subject in advance, by speaking of moral culture as 'a theory of the conventionalities of polite and pure-minded society,' and closes with a sophism of the sort that is too often used to excuse our neglect of the moral aim: 'The higher moral qualities of truth-telling are taught in every class exercise that lays stress on accuracy of statement.' Moreover, although the Committee makes extended recommendations as to each subject, and sketches a programme for the whole eight years of the school course, poor 'morals and manners' are quite forgotten. It is another case of giving a dog a bad name and hanging him.

Not quite so clear and concrete, yet more significant, is the fact that the Committee does its main work, that of

*correlation*, without any aid from the ideas of moral education. This is too complicated a matter to discuss here, further than to recall those words of the first great philosopher and prophet of the elementary school, Comenius. His method of solving the problem of correlation was very different from any of the logical, psychological, or pedagogical methods proposed by the Committee, but, when interpreted broadly, very like the principle of correlation in Plato and Aristotle, Milton and Ascham, Arnold and Horace Mann. All studies and methods and discipline were, he maintained, to teach the child 'to know and rule himself, and to direct his steps toward God.'[1] Such is the only true correlation of studies, and only under such a conception can character receive its due.

The more specialized and less widely-known reports will, in general, manifest the same emphasis; the discussion of History in the *Report of the Committee of Eight* may be cited as a striking example, inasmuch as it deals with the one subject in the whole curriculum that is richest in ethical matter and most fruitful in possible moral education. Compare, if you will, the attitude of Montaigne, of Milton, and of Dr. Arnold, regarding the teaching and use of History, with that embodied or implied in this modern report.

The prevailing neglect of the moral element is shown no less strikingly by a comparison of modern text-books with those of the past. I have in my possession one of the most widely-used Readers of the early part of the nineteenth century in America, *Murray's English Reader*. We might well transcribe the table of contents entire, for almost every title shows the contrast between this Reader of the days of our grandfathers and the Reader of to-day. Out of the eighty-four prose selections in the first part of the volume, fifty-four are distinctly and avowedly moral; eighteen others are religious; of the remaining twelve all, with scarcely an exception, have a moral or religious motive. The poetical selections have the same strongly ethical character.

Now, let the reader take in hand a typical modern Reader, or inspect the list of classics prescribed for high schools. The contrast with the old *Murray* will be striking. The distinctly and avowedly ethical and religious is conspicuous by its absence. The great majority of the selections are non-moral: narratives to entertain or amuse, historical matter to inform and instruct, essays to whet the wit and cultivate the literary taste (would that they actually did!), and a good admixture of the humorous, or even ludicrous.

Of course, Murray's Reader of 1835 is not a good text-book for our schools to-day. The complete absence of the humorous from its pages would alone suffice to condemn it, and its whole tone is painfully pietistic and goody-goody. But it is imbued from beginning to end with a profound and ever active desire to train the moral natures of the pupils; that purpose is always in the focus of attention and never takes a second place. Truly, 'we have changed all that,' but with the error of the old letter, may we not have cast away some of the excellence of the old spirit? In our dread of the goody-goody, may we not have shut the door on that all-surpassing end of education, the Good?

Let us consider one more manifestation of the lapse of attention to moral education, found in another part of the educational field, the college and the university.

Whither has the old-time college chapel vanished? Within the memory of many of us who are not yet old, it was the custom in American colleges, not excepting state institutions, for

[1] Se nosse et regere, et ad Deum dirigere.

students and faculty to meet regularly and frequently for a religious and moral exercise. The ears of the youth were at least accustomed to the words of Holy Writ and the voice of prayer, and the serious counsel and admonition of their elders. We have heard not a few who passed through college in those days declare that no part of the college training was more beneficent in its influence than the chapel.

How have the times changed, in all save a constantly diminishing and apologetic minority of colleges! The voluntary chapel exercise still maintained in some colleges impresses one mainly by the pitiful smallness of its attendance, and by the certainty that those who most need its ministrations are elsewhere. In most institutions, especially the larger, the students seldom come together at all; probably never in anything like their full numbers. When they do assemble in large numbers it is usually for anything but a religious or ethical occasion; most often, as every one knows, for an athletic rally. Now, no sensible man is opposed to athletics: we have not too much athletics, but too little, and that but indifferently distributed; and no prudent man desires to get into a controversy with the supporters of college athletics; but no friend of education can look with unconcern upon a condition in which the assembly that was used by our fathers for the nurture of character in the maturing youth is abandoned to the excitation of athletic furor and the perfection of practice in 'rooting.' The old chapel service was doubtless often lacking in a sense of the fitness of things, and perhaps sometimes injured the cause it desired to aid; but the work aimed at in the college chapel has not passed away, and will never pass away; the vital question is this: Having discarded the instrument our fathers trusted to for moral culture, have we created anything to take its place, or are we ignoring the task which should be the crown of our educational purpose?

Another marked symptom of our lack of interest in the moral side of education is our indifference respecting the religious and moral instruction that is practically universal among other peoples. For the purpose of the argument, let our ignorance and unconcern respecting the religious instruction in European schools be excused on the ground of our strenuous secularism in education; but France, a sister republic, equally committed to a non-sectarian public school, has for nearly thirty years been carrying on a vast experiment in moral and civic instruction. Can anything justify our almost complete apathy toward this great national experiment and its possible lessons for us?

III

We must next ask after the causes which have led to this comparative neglect of the moral aim in education.

Without pretending to anything like a complete comprehension of the question, we venture to point out some forces that have contributed to the present situation. The first of these has already been hinted at: the place formerly belonging to moral training is now occupied by intellectual work. Moral education has not been deliberately rejected, nor recklessly thrown away; it has been crowded out. The intellectual content of the curriculum has grown to such vast proportions that it has usurped almost the whole attention and energy of the school. Consider the increase and expansion which have taken place in recent times, and are still in full tide of advance in every field of human knowledge. Who can grasp the contrast between our own day and the time of the Attic philosophers, with respect to the mere quantity of know-

ledge in the possession of the race? Davidson tells us that Aristotle probably knew all that was worth knowing in his day! Socrates turned his attention first to natural science, or rather to nature; but he found nothing worth knowing there, — all was uncertainty, guesswork, disorder, contradiction. Consider the brevity and simplicity of the history possessed by the Greeks; they knew less of their own race and of their predecessors than we know, and the great part of what we know as history was not yet enacted, let alone recorded. Their literature, priceless in quality, was beautifully small in quantity, so that one man might easily be familiarly acquainted with all of it.

As for Natural Science, since its birth in the seventeenth century, it seems to increase in a sort of geometrical ratio, without any sign of pause or retardation. Moreover, as has been implied on a previous page, modern man has created a new and vast field of knowledge in the form of his own achievements in art, industry, and especially in social and political life.

It would seem that from the earliest times men have hoped that the progress of knowledge would render easy the task of comprehending the universe, but the opposite is the fact; the world was never so hard to understand. Science has banished, not mysteries, but many illusions and superstitions that served for easy solutions; it rarely solves one problem without laying bare two harder ones. We are confronted with a sort of Frankenstein monster of intellectual complexity, so that one almost wonders whether the spirit of man shall prove equal to the task set before it by its own ceaseless and cumulative creation.

But this sort of catalogue of contrasts is tiresome to the reader, and not complimentary to his intelligence; let him rather survey for himself the field of human knowledge and see how in every part the older world possessed a mere fragment of what we possess to-day. Intellectually, we drag an ever-lengthening chain; and these accessions to our knowledge, indispensable though they are to the upward movement of the race, are yet a veritable load upon our backs.

Now, the school is the special organ of society for the intellectual part of education. Not that the school is to neglect the moral aim, but its work is peculiarly on the side of intellect, and it is to accomplish its moral ends largely through thought and knowledge. Hence the school has been driven to the front in the task of mastering the intellectual content of modern times, and has unconsciously become engrossed and absorbed in this intellectual task. As the task has grown with the years, and as the demands upon the school have become heavier and more insistent, the school has been forced to drop other lines of effort one by one, and bend every energy upon this. To bring the matter down to actual school-room work, how many a teacher is so put to it to ' cover the ground ' of the course of study that she has little time or strength for any attention to the bearing which knowledge has upon life, or to the inculcation of righteousness and judgment!

But not only has the moral training been crowded out, as it were by indirection, through the pressure of the intellectual burden of the school: it has also suffered more direct attacks. The chief of these may be summed up as a reaction against the pietism and the strictness of earlier periods, and an emphasis upon the right of the child to grow up in accordance with the springs and impulses of his own nature. It is true that this very movement must be credited with some of the best elements in modern education: it forms

the essence of the message of Pestalozzi, Froebel, and many lesser leaders in educational reform, all dating back, it hardly need be said, to Rousseau himself. But it is a commonplace that movements of progress swing, pendulum-like, to extremes, and the 'child-centric' movement in education is no exception. The fact is that we are stricken with a plague of Rousseauism. Rousseau did not know how to tell 'nothing but the truth'; he dealt habitually in hyperbole of an extreme kind. As an example, take the famous dictum: 'Do not command the pupils; never, on any conceivable subject!' This extraordinary injunction is but one grain of the kind of seed found abundantly in the most widely read book on education the modern world possesses, written by one who knew how to make the ears of his readers tingle. Rousseau was of course merely the eloquent and powerful voice in which the Spirit of the Age spoke; thousands of fathers and mothers and teachers who have never read a line in the *Émile* are influenced by its ideas in their attitude toward their children and pupils.

There is a terrible harmony between Rousseau's absurd 'Never command a child' and the suggestive gibe that there is just as much family government to-day as ever, but that it has passed from the hands of the parents into the hands of the children. In our recoil from the harshness and pietism of the days of our great-grandfathers, and our enthusiasm for the rights of the child, have we not drifted into a policy of *laissez-faire* in moral training? Young people nowadays must not be preached to; even the sermon for children is so completely sugar-coated with humor and entertainment that our ancestors would never have called it a sermon at all. Morally, we expect our young people to grow, like Topsy; strange indeed, when we consider how much care and attention we devote to their intellectual development, and how much deliberate and methodical instruction is spent upon the culture of their powers of thought!

In the home the *laissez-faire* policy has been encouraged wonderfully by the absorption of the time and attention of parents by other things than the training of the children. This is especially true of fathers in the business and professional classes. The intensity of competition and the growing complexity of modern occupations have gradually encroached upon the time and available powers of the man until he almost ceases to figure in the education of his children. Every high-school principal is familiar with the case of the lad who has outgrown the control of the mother and is going to the bad because his father is too busy even to know what is happening. Few indeed are the fathers who seem to understand that in order to keep control of their sons they must actually spend time with them and maintain genuine intimacy. Teachers constantly observe that the boy whose father keeps in close touch with him has little trouble in school, and gives bright promise for the future. The serious cases of discipline, leading finally to suspension and expulsion, almost invariably arise where the father is too busy to do his part.

The emergency in moral education is rendered the more serious by the situation of religion. Especially is this true in our own country. So far as we know, history has no instance of a national character built up without the aid of religious instruction, or of such character long surviving the decay of religion. Without for a moment desiring the introduction into American schools of a religious instruction such as is common in Europe, we do urge upon the consideration of every thoughtful American the suggestive fact that we

have the only great school system the world has ever seen which does not include a definite and formal instruction in religion, — with the single exception, France, which relinquished it in 1882; and France has put in place of its religious instruction, the most systematic and thorough moral and civic instruction the world has ever seen, and is to-day working with unflagging zeal to make the moral instruction the most efficient and vital part of its whole curriculum. Deeper than the mere absence of religious instruction from our own public schools is the world-wide unrest and uncertainty in religious matters; a topic too familiar to need treatment here, further than by emphasizing the peril to moral education which results from the unsettling of religious sanctions. When the mature man finds himself slipping away from moorings he had thought secure, is it any wonder that the growing youth looks with scant success for a firm attachment for his life principles?

This then is the emergency as we see it: increased demand upon character, and diminished care for the cultivation of character. As M. Marion, French Minister of Education, has said: 'The truth is that we have not yet seriously comprehended that the whole political and social problem is one of education. Henceforth education alone, absolutely that alone, can rescue our modern societies from the perils that threaten them. I do not know anybody who is not convinced of that. But those who know it best too seldom reflect upon it, and we act almost as if we knew it not.'

Fortunately signs are not wanting of a widespread awakening to the seriousness of the situation. We are beginning to realize that what has been merely an article in our educational creed must become a working principle in our educational practice; that the final question regarding education is whether it avails to produce the type of character required by the republic and the race. To accomplish this we need, not less clearness and accuracy of thought, nor any sacrifice of the true interests of the intellectual life, but more warmth of genuine and appropriate feeling and more stimulation and guidance of the will. In brief, we must fit our practice to Herbart's great formula, that the chief business of education is *the ethical revelation of the Universe.*

# GOLD PRODUCTION AND INVESTMENTS

BY F. S. MEAD

ALTHOUGH the world's gold output began to increase in 1891, and in three years had reached figures never before recorded, it was not till the first years of the present decade that discussion became general as to the effect of this very great production of gold upon prices of commodities, wages, and interest rates. That the first would rise, followed more slowly by the second, seemed to be the consensus of opinion, though reached by different lines of reasoning, the quantity theory being perhaps the favorite argument. The effect on interest rates was widely disputed. Some authorities said rates would decline because there would be more money to lend; others thought rates would rise because, money being a commodity like any staple article, its price would rise in common with other prices; while still others whose judgment was entitled to consideration expressed the opinion that the rates of interest could not be affected one way or the other.

These questions are of very great interest to the holders of investment securities, a class to which, in this part of the country at least, a considerable part of the people belongs. It is of importance to them to know if the mortgages, bonds, and stocks, which represent their own savings, or savings of which they have come into possession, are increasing or decreasing in value because of some great general cause absolutely beyond their control. Or, if the value of some is thus increasing and the value of others decreasing, to know what securities belong to the first class and what to the second.

Precedent will be of very little assistance to us in our attempts to solve these questions. There have been only three periods of great increase in gold production in modern history: in the sixteenth century directly following the discovery of America; the period of 1849–57 when gold was found in California and Australia; and the present time. The first period is too remote to be of value for comparison, and our knowledge of the economic conditions that then prevailed is too slight. The second period is of more interest. In 1852 the world's gold output was $132,000,000, or three times as much as the production of 1850 and about 8 per cent of the estimated world's visible supply at that time. To-day the production is over $400,000,000, or three and one-half times that of 1890, about 11 per cent of the stock estimated to exist in 1890 and about 6 per cent of the stock of to-day.

On the face of it there is a striking resemblance between the two periods, and since then, as now, prices of commodities rose, it is not unlikely that in each case it was in large part due to the increased gold production. But statistics are apt to be misleading, and especially in a case like this. Though the two periods are only fifty or sixty years apart, they are widely separated by the extraordinary commercial development that has taken place in that time. In the fifties, active business men could remember the in-

troduction of machinery; railroads and the telegraph were new, the ocean cable and the telephone unknown; and, last but not least, banking by check was in its infancy. So great has been the progress in methods of production, distribution, banking, and the dissemination of news, that it would be very rash to say that because the effect of a cause was such fifty years ago, it would be the same to-day.

As precedent is therefore not of much value in helping us to understand the situation, we must rely upon plain reasoning and clear thinking. First, what are the facts? Gold production has very much increased; prices of commodities have risen very considerably; interest rates have advanced; and prices of stocks have risen, while bonds have declined. The question is, Is the first fact the cause of the others? and if it be, will it continue to produce the same results in the future?

Before trying to answer the question, one word of explanation may not be unnecessary. The following is not an analysis of the financial situation, but only an attempt to discover some of the effects of one of the factors in the situation. Therefore, for the sake of simplicity, and in order that the question under discussion may not be befogged, no consideration will be paid to other factors. When mention is made of the probable movements of securities, it is fully realized that the movements may be obscured or temporarily checked or emphasized by the influence of one or more factors other than the one under discussion.

Credit is perhaps the chief factor in the expansion of trade. The invention of each new instrument of credit, such as bank-notes, bills of exchange, and checks, has made possible greater and greater developments of commerce. These credit instruments form the chief parts of the machinery of banking, — the business of manufacturing credits. Bank credits depend upon the bank reserves of cash. The greater the foundation of bank reserves, the greater the superstructure of credit that can be built upon it. An increase in the world's supply of gold renders possible an increase of bank reserves and an increase of credits. As credits increase, trade expands; and with expanding trade, prices rise. Human energy thus stimulated, the appetite grows with what it feeds upon, and more than keeps pace with the supply of credits. The use of stimulants is apt to lead to their abuse. The desire increases to do more and more business, and demands more and more capital with which to do business. This growing demand for capital, increasing faster than the supply of credits, advances the rates of interest. The increased stock of gold thus seems to have been a factor in raising prices and interest rates.

At this stage the effect on securities is obvious. Those companies producing commodities do a larger and larger business, and because wages respond more slowly, at an increasing profit; their shares therefore advance in price. In the case of railroads, though it is more difficult for them to advance the price of their product, they also prosper because of the increased business they do; and their shares advance. On the other hand, the advance in interest rates causes a decline in the price of bonds; and, for the same reason, a decline in the price of preferred or guaranteed stocks whose dividends are limited and cannot be increased. Such have been the broad features of the security market for the past ten years, and they would seem to be in logical harmony with our argument so far as we have gone. At this point it may not be out of place, though anticipating a bit, to note the effect on earning power if this onward march of business, and up-

ward movement of prices, were to continue unchecked for a very long time. Gradually, the increase in the cost of production would catch up with the advance in the price of the product, and the profits would gradually decrease to what was considered normal before the great expansion began. As the earning power diminished, so the value of the ownership of or of the equity in that earning power would decrease, and the prices of stocks decline proportionately.

Sooner or later, in this great expansion of credits, the desire to do more and more business is indulged to such an extent that the superstructure of credits is out of safe proportion with its foundation of cash reserve; and then there is trouble. Such was the case in 1907, when the ratio of the actual cash reserves of the national banks of the country to their net deposits fell to below 13 per cent as compared with 17 per cent in 1899, in spite of the fact that the reserve held was $700,000,000 in 1907 as against $500,000,000 in 1899. In the past, in similar crises, the only remedy was a forced contraction of credits, which resulted in panic followed by a long period of depression. This was expected by many wise observers to be the outcome of the troubles of 1907, but it was averted by the constantly increasing stock of gold, which made it possible within a wonderfully short time to increase the bank reserves to such an extent as to avoid any considerable contraction of credits. In other words, the superstructure was saved by enlarging the foundation. This, with an ensuing short period of rest and recuperation, saved the day and made it possible to resume within a few months the onward march of business, and the upward movement of prices.

It is not generally realized how small the curtailment of credit was that actually took place in the fall of 1907. The total decrease in loans by the national banks of the country was only $250,000,000 out of a total of $4,600,000,000 and probably represented largely the calling of collateral loans, or loans with stocks and bonds as security. By February or March of 1908 the curtailment ceased, and by July the loans were nearly equal to the highest of 1907; and on March 29 of this year had increased to $5,400,000,000. Broadly speaking, commercial credits were not curtailed. In the height of the trouble they could not be; and, thanks to the heavy imports of gold, in a short time there was no need. That there was no curtailment of commercial credits the almost immediate resumption of business in record volume is proof, if proof be required.

This is the amazing feature of the panic of 1907, — the non-contraction of commercial credits. Indeed there has been, broadly speaking, no contraction of commercial credits in this country since 1896. This is the reason why the upward movement of prices and interest rates has been checked for such very short periods by the financial upsets of 1903 and 1907. And it may be fair to infer that until there is a decided contraction of commercial credits there will be no downward movement of any duration in prices or rates.

If the enormous gold production makes it possible quickly to increase the foundation of bank reserves whenever the superstructure of credits expands beyond safe proportions, is there any cause that will produce a contraction of commercial credits? If there is not, there is apparently nothing to prevent a continuation of the present movement of prices and rates for an indefinite time. Such an indefinite movement is inconceivable, though theoretically it may be possible. Our

common sense tells us that it is not practical. There must therefore be some cause that will operate to check and reverse this movement. Such a cause may well be the inability of the consumer to purchase in present volume, due to the increased cost of living, and to the extravagance of the times which has caused the old-fashioned quality of frugality to disappear, and has led the average consumer to live up to the limit of his income. Or it may be the diminishing profits of the producer, due to the increasing cost of production. Either of these causes, or any one of a dozen others to which we give little thought to-day, might bring about a questioning of individual credits. Whenever such suspicions exist, and prove to be not unfounded, there is bound to be a general liquidation. Such a liquidation may not take place in the immediate future, but it is sure, sooner or later, to occur. When it comes it will result in lower prices for commodities. The effect on interest rates may be even more pronounced. After the acute panic, the bank reserves will be as large as ever, though the superstructure of credits be much contracted. Though credits be shattered, the gold will remain.

The relation of bank reserves to interest rates is more intimate than might be supposed. The great bulk of loanable funds is bank credits, and interest rates reflect the demand and supply of these credits, and are affected by whatever affects them. Bank reserves affect the supply of bank credits or loanable funds, and therefore affect interest rates. When the ratio of bank cash-reserves to bank credits rises, interest rates decline; and when it falls, interest rates advance. At the time we are considering, the period following the collapse, the curtailment of commercial credits or bank loans has equally curtailed bank credits or deposits, because loans and deposits move practically *pari passu*. The bank cash-reserves, after the moment of panic is over, being as large as ever, and the bank credits much reduced, it follows that the ratio of cash reserves to credits will have materially risen, and interest rates will decline. Because therefore the volume of bank reserves has been made possible by the increased gold production, credit must be given the gold production of becoming at this time a positive factor in assisting the decline in interest rates. This is not always true of any kind of an increasing volume of money, but it is true of an increasing volume of gold, because gold is bank-reserve money the world over. If, for example, the increasing volume of money were national bank notes, it would not swell the bank reserves; though it might, by acting as a home circulating medium, prevent in some degree a decrease in reserves by a demand for circulation. On the other hand, if issued to a dangerous degree, bank-notes might drive gold from the country and deplete the reserves. In any event, they could never actually increase the reserves as gold does. The character of an increasing volume of money determines its effect *at this stage* on interest rates. Only an inflation of the best money can at this stage produce a positive effect toward a decline in rates.

After the acuteness of the liquidation is over, for the reasons given above interest rates on unquestioned security should run very low, perhaps lower than in years, and should so continue until confidence in credits is slowly restored. During this period, securities of the first rank, whose earning power is unquestioned, should advance in price, reflecting the decline in interest rates.

The decline in interest rates would probably be sharp and quick, and in

strong contrast with the movement of commodity prices, which would continue doubtless to decline while the depression in trade lasted. This would result in bonds and stocks taking widely different courses: bonds moving up, and stocks continuing to decline even after the liquidation was over and until the subsequent period of depression was at an end.

It goes without saying that recovery would follow the collapse of credits, and its coming would perhaps be hastened by the constant increasing of bank reserves by the gold production; though it is not unlikely that the effect of the gold production would be less and less as the years go on, and the ratio of yearly output to stock on hand declines.

In conclusion, the last fifteen years have been a period of expanding credits and trade; stocks have advanced through increased earnings, because of increased volume of trade and higher prices for products; and bonds have declined because of higher interest rates. In all these results, the increased gold production has been a factor of importance. We have seen that moments of financial stringency have been quickly remedied, without the contraction of commercial credits, through the quick reinforcements of bank reserves, thanks to the great production of gold; that such moments have, relatively speaking, had little, and no lasting, effect on prices or interest rates. It is unlikely that any lasting effect will be attained until there has been a serious contraction of commercial credits. Until that time comes, the prices of bonds will continue to decline or not advance, because interest rates will be maintained; stocks, on the other hand, will continue to rise, *provided* the earning power they represent continues to increase, with the probability that it will wane because of the increasing cost of production. When a contraction of commercial credits occurs, as it must sooner or later, the fact that increased gold production has brought into existence such vast bank reserves should cause interest rates to decline to perhaps the lowest on record. While the prostration of credit would bring about a decline in commodity prices, it is doubtful if the decline would bring prices to what they were when the increase in the production of gold began.

If there be logic and truth in the above, it will be seen that the increased production of gold will have had quite different effects on prices and on interest rates. On the former it will have had the positive effect of assisting an advance, and after a collapse of commercial credits it will have a negative effect to diminish the extent of the decline. But on interest rates its influence may be found to be twofold: first, as a positive factor in aiding an advance; and second, after the acute moment of panic is over, as a positive factor, through a large permanent increase in bank reserves, in assisting a decline. Those effects that have not already been felt will, when they occur, be reflected in the movements of securities.

# POOR OLD TODIE

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

At Mrs. Curring's, domestics came and went, like wind-driven leaves that eddy, mid-course, into some hollow by the dusty roadside, and then scurry along again, restless, inconstant, here to-day, to-morrow whither? Domestics came; domestics went; only Todie Love stayed on and on through the years, a fixture, an institution, a tutelary presence.

It was Todie who set out the ash-cans, beat the carpets, and washed the windows, — always wheezing for breath, moving with slow, stiff, rheumatic joints, speaking rarely, but groaning much.

Within the past six months the kitchen had seen the brief incumbencies of a full half-dozen domestics. First, Irish Lizzie, who was so nervous with her hands that she could seldom wait on table without incontinently dropping a dish of soup or a cup of coffee; and so she had to be sent away. And in her stead appeared colored Jenny, who was capable, good-natured, and an excellent cook, but who daily brought a clandestine whiskey bottle in her pocket, and was thereby far too often incapacitated for duty. Therefore Jenny had to go; and in her stead came poor English Martha, a shrunken, pathetic-looking widow, whose weazened baby squalled from morning till night, and finally drove the ground-floor-extension lady to declare that she simply and positively could not stand it, and one or the other of them must go.

It was Martha who went; and after her came colored Lily, who in one week's time stole two dozen towels, three pairs of trousers, and a silk petticoat; and was heard of no more. And in Lily's stead was appointed an immense German Adelaide, florid of countenance and stout of arm, who promised excellently; but oh, my dear, if you had once seen the awful cooking she served up! In vain Mrs. Curring labored to teach her not to scorch the oatmeal, not to make tea in the coffee-pot, not to steep the potatoes in tepid water on the back of the range. Nothing availed. With all her superabundance of physique, Adelaide was deficient in mentality.

And in her stead came English Annie, who took dope; and Irish Nan, who was too bellicose; and I think that was all, before the coming of Rose; but two or three incumbents, still more ephemeral, may have been omitted. Lizzie, Jenny, Martha, Lily, Adelaide, Annie, and Nan had all had their little day, and ceased to be; and still Todie Love was faithful, after his fashion.

'Them as treats me on the squire,' he liked to announce, sententiously, 'I treats on the squire, contrariwise.'

That was his reason for staying with Mrs. Curring. For five years he had been her devoted ally. When she was without a girl, he would even don a ragged old carpenter's apron and wash up her dishes for her. With soiled shirt-sleeves rolled back over red, freckled arms, the stub of an unlighted clay pipe stuck imperially into the corner of his mouth, wheezing, groaning, splashing, he would perform the womanish

task; and when it was finally over, would scrub out the sink carefully, wring the dishcloth, and hang it over the bottom of the dishpan on the wall.

'As tidy as a wren, if I do say it,' declared Mrs. Curring vehemently.

Mrs. Curring was always vehement, no matter what she was saying, or to whom addressing herself. She had a sturdy, almost defiant way of hurling out her assertions, with many an affirmative nod or negative toss of her touzled head, as if resolutely holding her ground against a host of adversaries.

'Say what you like about poor old Todie,' she challenged; 'but where this house would be without him, I'm sure I don't know. Todie's better than a dozen of your lying, thieving servant girls. It's my honest belief, and you may laugh at it, if you will, — yes, laugh away! — it won't make any difference with me, because I think what I think, — and what I think about Todie is that he was n't never in this world born a bum. No, sir! Since Todie Love first set foot in this house, five years ago, I've never heard him swear but once; and that was last spring at that monster of a Jenny, — you remember black Jenny? She was the one I had before the little English widow — or was it after?'

Once Mrs. Curring fairly got started, it was as bootless to attempt to stop her as to fetter the whirlwind or to choke the geyser. Your one salvation, unless you happened to be in the mood to relish her impetuous, assaulting chatter, was to flee. Stay, and after a scattering fire of reminiscences of the reigns of black Jenny and English Martha, she would finally charge full upon you with the tale of Todie's one profane explosion.

'Many 's the time, as poor Todie has confessed to me since, that black Jenny would be wheedlin' and bribin' of him to do some of her own work for her because she was too you-know-what to see straight herself.

'"She plied me with the bottle, ma'm," says Todie to me, "day in an' day out, and," says he, "I did n't just 'ave the strength, ma'm, to resist the temptation."

'Only think of it, will you! — that abominable creature offering him one swig after another; and what could poor Todie do, being as the bottle is one of his great failings, as everybody knows only too well. Indeed, it's my own opinion, and you can accept it or not as you choose, that it's nothing less than the bottle as has been the ruin of poor Todie Love. No, sir, he was never born a bum, never! In London he was born, as he's told me himself more than once, and of parents as honest as any in all England.'

Here would follow an excited little digression on the honesty of the English, as a race, in comparison with the shiftiness of the Irish, and the downright treacherousness of the darky.

But to return once more, with unabated zeal, to the anecdote of Todie and black Jenny. Mrs. Curring had come in one afternoon from getting a dozen new dish-towels at a sale on Sixth Avenue; and as she entered the dining-room, she heard the sounds of a noisy wrangle in the next room; and so, quite naturally, she tiptoed to the kitchen door, and listened.

'And that monster of a Jenny must have been plaguin' the life out of poor Todie to run round to the corner, and get her some more you-know-what, for all of a sudden I heard him bang his hand down on the table — like that, — bang! and say, —

'"Oh, you knows very well you can get me to do anythink you wants about this bloomin' 'ouse, you old crow, you; but if you thinks as I'm a-goin' to run of your bloomin' herrands for you, an' fetch your dope for you, you're mis-

took. I ain't sunk so low yet as to be runnin' of herrands for a black nigger. You can go to 'ell for all of me!"

'And with that,' concluded Mrs. Curring dramatically, 'he turns on his heel, and marches out into the furnace-room, as honest and straight as a tin soldier; and I never could find it in my heart to blame him for that one profanity, which, as you may say, was in self-defense.'

To whatever estate Todie might have been born, it could not be denied that in appearance he now belonged to the large, unwinsome confraternity mentioned by Mrs. Curring. It was true he used to wash out his own clothes every once in a while, in a tub borrowed for the purpose from Mrs. Curring and transported to the dark sub-basement where, by a slender jet of gas, the mysterious operation was performed. That did not save him. He could have sat all day in Union Square, and never have been distinguished, by one trait of physiognomy or manner, from the rest of its melancholy denizens.

Every night at half-past five he received from the wisely parsimonious hands of Mrs. Curring two large sandwiches and twenty cents. The first served for his supper; the second for a glass of beer and his night's accommodation at a South Fifth Avenue lodging-house. What more Mrs. Curring's roomers might give him, for small extra services, went invariably toward the indulgence of Todie's greatest failing.

If morning came, and no Todie as harbinger of the new day to take out the ashes, Mrs. Curring knew that some one must have given him money. Late in the afternoon, — sometimes, even, not until the second or third day, — a very red-eyed, dejected prodigal would give a humble tug to the basement bell; and with a reproachful 'Oh, Todie!' she would hasten to let him in. There was naught to be gained, she had found, by anger, or by argument. She had learned to accept the facts philosophically. Indeed, she had learned to put the blame for Todie's defections on the lodgers. He was not the beneficiary, but the victim, of their kindness. And furthermore, you see, Mrs. Curring was always in dire distress to have the accumulated ashes taken out; and come he soon, or come he late, Todie was a godsend. The longer he might have stayed away, the more of a godsend he was when he reappeared.

'And say what you will,' asseverated Mrs. Curring, valiantly, 'there's one thing about poor Todie Love, and that is, he's never once set foot in this house but he's as sober as a tin soldier.'

Such was the weak-kneed Atlas who upbore, upon his honest shoulders, the drudgery of the house of Curring. But when Rosie Dale came, it was different.

Rosie was as fresh and sweet as the blossoming spring that comes to the English Cotswolds, where she had been born. It was only a few months since she had come from the old country; and Mrs. Curring's was the first situation she had applied for. She lived with her mother, it seemed, and an infirm old granny, clear over there on the West Side near Hell's Kitchen, — not at all a desirable neighborhood; but the mother, you see, was some relative of the landlord's, and got the tenement at a great reduction of rent; and so there they were; and since the mother had been sick, it was necessary that Rosie earn what she could. That is why she had answered Mrs. Curring's advertisement in the *World*.

'I can't pretend, ma'm, as I'm anything but a downright greenhorn,' she had admitted honestly; 'but my ma says I'm right smart at pickin' things up.'

'I'm sure you be, my dear,' said Mrs. Curring, who was at her wits' end for a domestic, and noted with greedy satisfaction the simple, spotlessly neat attire of the new applicant, and her modest demeanor. 'I'm sure you be, my dear,' she said, in her most saccharine voice, 'and I'm sure your ma's a very proper, respectable woman; so you can just take off your things, Rosie, right away, and come out in the kitchen.'

Rosie hesitated, shyly. 'Ma said, if you please,' she ventured, 'that I was to ask were it gentlemen or ladies in the house, because if it's gentlemen —'

'It ain't,' broke in Mrs. Curring, vehemently. 'There ain't one in the house, except on the top two floors; and they're away all day and take their meals out. Oh, they'll never make you the least trouble in the world.'

'And I cain't fetch buckets o' coals,' pursued Rosie, 'becaust my back 's a bit finnicky.'

'There'll not be a stroke of heavy work for you,' replied the other, ingratiatingly. 'The washing goes out; and Todie does all the rest.'

'Todie, ma'm?'

'Yes, — Oh, I forgot, you don't know about Todie. Well, what 'ud become of this house without poor Todie, I'm sure I can't say. He's washed all my dishes for me now these four days, ever since I got rid of that monster of a Nan. Say what you like about Todie, my dear, he's the greatest convenience 'round a house I ever hope to see in my day; and as neat and tidy as a wren.'

She led the way into the kitchen, where tidy Todie had just wrung out the dishcloth, and was hanging it on the bottom of the dishpan.

'This is my new girl, Todie,' announced Mrs. Curring. 'Her name is Rosie, and I'm sure she's a little jewel.'

Without interrupting his occupation, Todie gave a skeptical grunt. 'I 'opes so,' he said stolidly.

If any one, on general principles, had a right to be skeptical, it was Todie. But that was before he had turned around, and studied the newcomer with an eye not predisposed to favor. He looked at her for long seconds, in silence.

'Ay,' he averred, at last, with a wag of the head, 'she be a jew'l.'

Rosie blushed with pleasure and embarrassment. 'You must n't be talkin' so to the likes o' me,' she said bashfully. 'When you see what a downright greenhorn I be about the kitchen, may be you'll be thinkin' different.'

Todie indulged in a sagacious smile, which revealed his scanty assortment of stained and broken teeth.

'There's 'ope for them as knows they don't know nothink,' he asserted, with a queer, wheezy chuckle. 'It's only know-nothinks as knows everythink!'

With sides that shook mirthfully over his own masterly aphorism, he shuffled out into the furnace-room, announcing, half under his breath, that there was a ''eap o' hashes to sift.'

'You may call it a very good sign, my dear,' said Mrs. Curring confidentially, 'that Todie has taken a fancy to you. Say what you will, he's got wonderful judgment.'

'I think he's very nice, ma'm,' said Rosie Dale simply. 'I'm glad he likes me.'

Long before that first day was over, an odd friendship had been firmly established between the two. Mrs. Curring observed it, and asked herself what in the world could have happened to Todie. Not one of her long procession of domestics had ever yet elicited a civil word from him. Aside from that monster of a black Jenny, who had kept ever within reach a most potent instrument of persuasion, for not one of them had he ever performed a favor. He had kept sturdily aloof, con-

temptuous, going his own course, taking orders from his mistress and none beside, fulfilling his duties, accepting his modest stipend, and departing.

And yet here he was — she caught him at it — with a broom in his hand, sweeping out the kitchen, while Rosie, following his gruff directions, took *'er hease* for a few minutes. She was tired, and he had seen it. So a coarse-leaved, tatterdemalion weed might offer protection to some shy little English daisy, growing beside it on the confines of the lawn.

When half-past five came, and Mrs. Curring doled out his two sandwiches in a paper bag and his twenty cents, instead of shambling away at once, he still lingered, sitting on a bench in the corner of the kitchen, and watching the little pink-cheeked creature with absorbed, almost reverent interest. At last, just before dinner-time, he got up, with slow, creaking joints and a deep, asthmatic sigh.

'Well, I be hoff,' he announced, regretfully.

'Good-night, Mr. Todie,' said Rosie Dale, with a friendly smile. 'Thank you very much, and I'm sure I hope you'll sleep well.'

He gave her an astounded look.

'Hey?' he demanded. 'Wot's that?'

'I says I hope you'll sleep well, Mr. Todie,' she repeated, in a raised voice.

'*Sleep* well! — You 'opes I'll sleep well, Miss Rosie?'

She turned frank, questioning eyes on his bleary countenance.

'Why not?' she laughed. 'Do you object?'

'Hobject! — Oh, sye! — Hobject!'

He turned away abruptly, and shuffled out of the room.

A minute or two later Mrs. Curring entered.

'I just can't imagine what's got into poor Todie,' she remarked. 'I come downstairs, and there he was in the basement entry snufflin' and wipin' of his face with his sleeve. I wonder could something have happened.'

No less surprised was she the next morning, when, considerably before the hour set for Rosie's arrival, she was summoned to the grill to admit Todie.

'Why, Todie Love!' she exclaimed. 'You must have forgot I ain't without a girl any more.'

He did not look directly into her face, but shuffled hastily by toward the kitchen.

'I was a-thinkin',' he said, half apologetically, 'as the hashes might need to be took out.'

Still at a loss for an explanation of this unprecedented behavior, the lady of the house withdrew to her chamber for a final nap. It naturally did not enter her head that a miracle had taken place, and that Todie had been born again.

Yet even for miracles, in these days, we are taught to seek causes. It is not easy to believe that the mere spectacle of a lovely, innocent face, the mere utterance of a kind, friendly word could have struck so deep into the fabric of a man's character that from that day forth he became a different being. I cannot help suspecting that some slumberous memory had been awakened, that another day, another face — a sister, a sweetheart, a young wife, who knows? — had been called forth suddenly out of the dark tomb of forgetfulness; and that at the same moment old ties, old aspirations, had recovered something of their lost empire over his heart.

But however that may be, when little Rosie arrived that morning, she found a noble fire in the newly-blacked range; the floor had been scrubbed, the knives polished, the kettle filled.

'Good-dye to ye, Miss Rosie,' says Todie Love, in his most tin-soldierly manner. 'I 'opes as everythink's fine.'

'Thank you, Mr. Todie,' she said.

Something in her voice disquieted him. He noticed that her face was a little pale, as if she had not passed a good night.

'I 'opes now ye did n't find the work too bloomin' 'ard yisterdye,' he ventured solicitously.

She shook her head, rather vaguely.

'Oh, no, Mr. Todie,' she returned. 'The work was n't hard, not with you bein' so obligin' to help me, and all.'

There was a pause, while she measured out the oatmeal.

'Somethink's wrong,' he put in, obstinately.

A slight shudder crossed her shoulders.

'Nothing worth talkin' about,' she parried, as she hunted for the pudding-spoon. 'I'm a goose.'

'Come on,' demanded her companion sturdily. 'Hout with it, Miss Rosie.'

She began mixing the porridge.

'It's only — I caught a bit of a scare goin' home last night,' she explained diffidently. 'It's fearful rough over where I live; a nice girl ain't hardly safe on the street, seems like, the way things are.'

Todie growled, and shook his head like the king of beasts.

'Only to think now of my lettin' you go hoff all alone like that!' he ejaculated. 'My word, Miss Rosie, I be right ashimed!'

No such incident was permitted to occur again. Todie waited in the kitchen that night until the girl had finished her work, and then he set out with her. This became a nightly programme. He never quitted her for an instant until they reached the door of the tenement. He would shuffle along at her side, wheezing asthmatically, delaying her brisk gait a little because of his rheumatic joints; but keeping a watchful, jealous, protective eye upon her every movement.

Todie was rather a singular-looking cavalier. Little groups of toughs, standing in the bright doorways of saloons, used to look waggishly at each other and make covert jests when Una and her guardian Lion passed; but no further offense was offered, and none was ever taken, beyond an occasional sullen growl on the faithful Lion's part.

Before many weeks had slipped by, the pair came to be recognized as an institution on the streets through which lay their nightly journey, always passing at about the same hour, always engaged in happy conversation, the girl with her little hand lightly on the other's sleeve.

One night, as they drew near the tall, cheap apartment house where Rosie lived, she had a shy invitation for him.

'Please come up, Uncle Todie,' she urged. 'My ma wants to tell you herself how nice you been to me.'

Todie drew back, as embarrassed as a schoolboy before his first party.

'Ho, — Lord!' he broke out. 'Ow's that for an idee now? W'y, I ain't fit to meet your ma, Rosie.'

'Well, I don't know as I like that,' laughed the girl. 'Fit to know me, but not fit to know my ma!'

Again she urged him, with simple sincerity, to come in.

'I tells you wot,' said her escort, at last. 'I'll do it to-morrow night, h'onest to God!'

He kept his word. He had managed to provide himself, somehow, with an absurd celluloid collar and with a blue tie, considerably the worse for wear; and from a coat pocket conspicuously protruded a stiffly-starched, red-bordered handkerchief. They sat for a couple of hours in the small front room of the tenement, while Rosie sewed at a lace collar, and her mother bent over some piece-work she had got from a silk-petticoat factory. Rosie's mother

had once been in London, and she said it was like home to hear somebody telling of it again.

An old, rather battered accordion was standing on a table in the corner, and when it developed that Todie could play it, Rosie's joy knew no bounds. Even the old bedridden grandmother in the next room had to clap her hands after his rendering of the Irish Washerwoman. But the artist in Todie was not satisfied.

'Me fingers is all stiffed-up like,' he complained.

'You must come often, Mr. Todie, and limber them,' said Mrs. Dale. 'I'm sure it's very, very grateful we are to hear you.'

As a welcome visitor in the household of the Dales, and as the authorized guardian lion of Rosie, it behooved Todie Love to live, in all respects, according to the high demands of his new calling.

It soon became a habit of his to entrust into the keeping of his little protégée any such small sums of money as came to him from the lodgers upstairs.

'I ain't got no place to keep it, Rosie,' he said, by way of explanation; 'and if I just leaves it jingle in me pocket, I'm certain sure to be a-spendin' of it, 'ere or there, before I knows it. Ye just put it awye, somewheres, like a good girl; and one o' these 'ere dyes, when there's enough, I'll be buyin' some new togs as will be more decent-like than the ones I got.'

By this happy device Todie's greatest failing was deprived of its power to work him mischief; and not once during that winter of the miracle was Mrs. Curring summoned to the basement door to admit a dismal-featured, dejected prodigal.

'If Todie were n't fifty years old, I'd know right well what was the matter,' she declared to one of her lodgers, 'what with him and little Rosie bein' so chummy. But it ain't that, no, sir, say what you like!'

It was not until the week before Easter that, at Todie's request, his savings were brought out and counted. They made proud little piles of the half-dollars, quarters, and dimes on the table of the tenement front-room, — thirteen dollars and eighty cents, — no, ninety cents, for a last dime was discovered under the lining of the handkerchief box which had served for safe deposit vault.

Said Todie, 'And with that I 'as the idee I can make meself look quite like a real gentleman, hey, Rosie? Would ye fancy that?'

She gave him a look of affectionate admiration. 'Oh, it would be right fine, Uncle Todie. And in the evening, next Sunday, you'd go to church with me, and we'd listen to the music together like we was the richest people in the city.'

She accompanied him to a second-hand clothing shop on Tenth Avenue, and lent advice and criticism in the selection of the needful garments: a pair of heavy, serviceable-looking trousers of brown cheviot, a black serge coat, a topcoat of light gray, absolutely as good as new save for a scarcely perceptible stain in front. Out of the same magic fund Todie provided himself with handsome new boots that creaked terrifically, and a very smart derby hat. These articles were all carefully stowed away in Mrs. Curring's sub-basement; and it was not until Easter afternoon that he appeared publicly in his brave new attire.

'O Uncle, you do look like a gentleman!' cried Rosie, jubilantly dancing round him. 'You're just too sweet for anything!'

'For anythink, eh?' says Todie, grinning with fatuous delight. 'Not too sweet to be seen with you, Rosie, I 'opes.'

'I'm right proud of your company, Uncle,' she protested. 'Only everybody'll be thinkin' as I've got a new beau, you look so different in them lovely clo'es.'

Todie did look different, it could not be denied, in the trousers that were so tight as greatly to discommode him in sitting down, and in the topcoat which, though it would not quite button in front, was yet so long in the sleeves that his poor red hands were quite hidden.

Both of them were very happy as they set out for church that evening. For Todie this transformation in appearance, with all its discomforts, meant, more specifically than anything that had gone before, the putting off of the old man with his deeds. He held up his head with a self-respect not wholly due, by any means, to the pinching collar or the taut coat. The loud-creaking shoes under his feet did not shuffle indecisively. Every step, heavy and assured, announced dignity.

As for little Rosie, not only had she Todie's company at church to make her happy, but she had a wonderful new secret in her bosom which had turned every item of the day's drudgery into an act of thanksgiving. She confided it to him that night as they walked homeward together from the mission chapel. Todie's new shoes had begun to hurt him severely; but he gave no sign of it beyond walking a little more slowly, and with somewhat more dignity than at first.

'When I got home last night, Uncle Todie, I found some lovely, lovely news waiting for me. Now, what do you think it was?'

'Somebody croaked and left ye a million,' suggested her companion with a labored chuckle.

'No, something a lot better'n that. Somebody I ain't seen since I left home is comin' across next month. He's laid up quite a good bit o' money, and — and — '

'And you be goin' to marry him,' supplied Todie, in a harsh, accusing voice.

'Yes, I be. Ain't it lovely?' she went on hurriedly, feigning not to remark her escort's lack of responsiveness. 'I thought mebbe it would be years an' years afore that could happen, and so I ain't said nothing about it. But now I want you to know, becaust — becaust you always been so nice to me, and I knew you'd be glad I was happy.'

Todie had quickly recovered a semblance of his usual manner, and he made a scrupulous effort to answer her as she ought to be answered.

'If ever your man wants to know what a prime little hangel he got for a wife, w'y, you just send 'im to your Uncle Todie. When be ye goin' to marry 'im?'

'I dare say about as soon as he gets here. I think he's that kind of a one, as you might say.'

'And be ye goin' to live 'ereabouts, some place?'

She felt his arm, upon which her little gloved hand rested, tighten its pressure, and in a flash her eyes were opened to new things.

'I reckon he's wantin' to fetch me back to the old country,' she answered, in a frightened voice.

For a couple of blocks they walked on in silence — a silence broken only by the creaking of Todie's boots.

At last she ventured, very softly, 'I was wonderin' could I make so bold as to ask a very great favor of you.'

'There ain't nothink as I would n't do for you, Miss Rosie.'

'You see, Mr. Todie, as ma's cousin is away in Cuba, there ain't no one to give me away. I was wonderin' would you be willin' to do that, seein' what a good friend of ours you been all these months.'

She felt her hand trembling violently, as she peered earnestly into his averted face.

Todie did not answer at once. He coughed two or three times, in rather a forced way, and spat into the gutter. Then he cleared his throat.

'Hit's a great h'onor, Miss Rosie, I'm sure.'

The new clothes were not donned again until the wedding day. The groom contributed a pair of gray gloves to the handsome outfit, and Rosie pinned a large white carnation to the lapel of the black serge coat. The ceremony took place in the parish house; and when the curate demanded, 'Who giveth this woman away?' Todie took a step forward, and replied, in a loud, defiant, asthmatic voice, 'I do.'

In the dusky hallway, afterwards, she put her arms lightly upon his shoulders and kissed him.

'Good-by, Uncle Todie,' she whispered. 'Promise now you won't forget me.'

He only nodded his head in answer, while two great tears trickled down upon his cheeks.

'And you know how ma and granny will be expectin' you to drop in often of an evening. Don't forget, now!'

A taxicab was in waiting at the steps of the parish house. Rosie's husband, a blond, broad-shouldered game-warden, handed her in, entered, and they were off for the boat. Mrs. Dale went home by a cross-town car; and Todie set out afoot in the direction of Mrs. Curring's.

He walked as if only half awake, stumbling against the curbing in his great creaking boots. Arrived finally at his destination, he retired to the sub-basement and changed his clothes. When he quitted the house, a full hour before the end of the afternoon, he had a bundle under his arm.

Three days passed, and nothing was seen of him. Mrs. Curring had not yet secured a domestic. She was in despair. The whole house was topsy-turvy. The furnace and the kitchen stove were clogged with ashes. The hall-rug sent out a cloud of dust wherever you stepped on it.

'Was ever an honest woman in such a plight!' cried Mrs. Curring, ready to drop with fatigue, and thinking with horror of the great pile of unwashed dishes that waited in the kitchen.

And then the basement bell gave a feeble, apologetic, well-remembered ring. She flew to the door; and there in the area-way stood poor Todie, bleary-eyed, dejected, penitent.

'Oh, Todie!' was all she said.

She opened the gate; he shuffled into the kitchen, and went silently about his work.

The old order, which had changed for six months and two weeks, had been restored again. Domestics came and went at Mrs. Curring's — black Susie, English Bess, Irish Maggie — and Todie continued to be faithful, as of yore, after his fashion. His feet clung to beaten tracks, never seeking the West Side. At half-past five every day he received two sandwiches and twenty cents from Mrs. Curring; and she earnestly prayed, and with reason, that none of the lodgers would be generous to Todie.

So a year and something more passed, and one day a letter arrived bearing an English stamp, and addressed to Mr. Todie Love. He tore it open with trembling fingers, gazed at the neat, copy-book chirography with vain longing, and handed it, with a sigh, to Mrs. Curring.

'I reckon it's too long words for the likes of me,' he remarked. 'Be it from little Rosie?'

'Yes, that it is, and none other,' declared Mrs. Curring, as she opened the

folded sheet. 'And see, Todie, here's a little home-made photo. Well, as I'm alive, if it ain't little Rosie herself — and a baby!'

He snatched the picture from her, and pored over it with blind eyes, while Mrs. Curring read aloud the prim little missive, the sender of which, it appeared, had taken her pen in hand to say that she was enjoying excellent health; also that her husband was well; and that she hoped her old Uncle Todie was in good health, and would he remember her, please, very respectfully, to Mrs. Curring. There was little else in the letter, saving only the important announcement of the arrival, eight weeks since, of the first baby, 'which at present writing weighs 12½ lbs.'

But when Mrs. Curring went out into the furnace-room an hour later to see whatever had become of poor Todie, she found him on the bench against the wall, with the letter in one hand, and the photograph in the other, still face to face, blindly, with the riddle of human things.

# A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD[1]

## BY GIDEON WELLES

### VI. THE USURPATIONS OF CONGRESS

*Wednesday, December* 12, 1866.

Negro suffrage in the District is the radical hobby of the moment and is the great object of some of the leaders throughout the union. At the last session the Senate did not act upon the bill for fear of the popular verdict at the fall elections. Having dodged the issue then, they now come here under Sumner's lead and say that the people have declared for it.

There is not a senator who votes for this bill who does not know that it is an abuse and wrong. Most of the Negroes of this District are wholly unfit to be electors. With some exceptions they are ignorant, vicious and degraded, without patriotic or intelligent ideas or moral instincts. There are among them worthy, intelligent, industrious men, capable of voting understandingly and who would not discredit the trust, but they are exceptional cases. As a community they are too debased and ignorant. Yet fanatics and demagogues will crowd a bill through Congress to give them suffrage, and probably by a vote which the veto could not overcome. Nevertheless, I am confident the President will do his duty in that regard. It is pitiable to see how little sense of right, real independence, and what limited comprehension are possessed by our legislators. They are the tame victims and participators of villainous conspirators.

*Monday, December* 24, 1866.

Most of the members of Congress have gone home or abroad on excur-

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sions free of expense, a popular way of travelling recently introduced by free passes and passages. It is a weak and factious Congress, the most so of any I have ever known. There is less statesmanship, less principle, less honest legislation than usual. There is fanaticism, demagogism, recklessness. The radicals, who constitute more than three fourths, are managed and controlled by leaders who have no more regard for the constitution than for an old almanac, and the remaining fourth are mostly party men, not patriots. There are but few who have a right comprehension of the organic law and our governmental system. There are a few good, conscientious men, but no great and marked mind looms up in either house. It seems to be taken for granted that Congress is omnipotent and without limitation of power. A proposition, introduced by Thad Stevens, for reducing the old State of North Carolina to a territory, was quietly received as proper and matter-of-course legislation. By what authority or by what process this is to be brought about is not stated nor asked. To break down the states, to take all power from the executive, to cripple the judiciary and reconstruct the Supreme Court, are among the principal objects of the radical leaders at this time. Four fifths of the members are small party men, creatures of corner groceries, without any knowledge of the science of government or of our constitutions. With them all, the great, overpowering purpose and aim are office and patronage. Most of their legislation relates to office, and their highest conception of legislative duty has in view place and how to get it.

The talk and labor of reconstruction is the engine by which they hold power, yet not a man among that great number of elected radicals appears to know or be able to define what he means by reconstruction. The states were for a time, while the rebellion was going on, antagonistic. Those in rebellion were out of their proper relation to the government. But the rebellion has been suppressed. War has ceased, and those of our countrymen who were in arms are, and have been for eighteen months, pursuing their peaceful avocations. Each state has its executive, its legislative, and its judicial departments, and the whole machinery of government is in full operation; the state and municipal laws are in force; everything in each of the states is as perfect and complete as it was ten years ago before the rebellion, saving and excepting their right to representation in Congress, which is denied them by the radicals who want to reconstruct and govern them. There is nothing to *re*construct. If Congress will forbear longer to *ob*struct, the country will move on quietly and prosperously.

*Thursday, December* 27, 1866.

A number of the members of Congress, all I believe radicals, have gone South. They have free tickets from the War Department, and travel without expense to themselves. If some saucy fellow, with one fifth of the malignity and hate of these members, should insult or show impudence to the visitors, it would be a god-send [to them] and furnish them with reasons abundant to outlaw the whole Southern people.

*Friday, January* 4, 1867.

At the Cabinet to-day the President read his veto message on the bill reorganizing the District of Columbia which excluded those who had given comfort to the rebels but allowing Negroes to vote. I was not aware until to-day that the bill had been sent him. When I last conversed with him, about a week since, he said he had not received it.

He had, moreover, requested the Cabinet to consider the subject, for he should wish their written opinions. I was therefore surprised when without official cabinet consultation or opinion he, to-day, brought forward his proposed message. The document is one of length, — too much on the defensive of himself and the Supreme Court, — and does not, I think, take hold of some of the strongest points for a veto.

Seward gave it his approval and made quite a random general speech without much point. Said he had always advocated Negro suffrage and voted for it in New York. Here and in the states where there was a large preponderating Negro population it was different, — if they were not in a majority they were a large minority. That eventually universal suffrage was to prevail, he had no doubt. All governments were coming to it. There are to-day representatives in service in Egypt elected, etc., but he approved the message.

McCulloch approved the message because he was opposed to giving this privilege to the Negro. That was the sentiment of his state, as well as of himself, and he had always voted in conformity to it.

Stanbery occupied much the same position. Had as a member of the Ohio legislature voted against Negro suffrage. Should do the same to-day if there, and behind that on the naked question there were at least one hundred thousand majority against it in that state.

Stanton took from his portfolio a brief and carefully prepared written statement, to the effect that he had examined the bill and could perceive no constitutional objections to any of its provisions; he therefore hoped the President would give it his approval.

I read from some rough notes that the bill proposed to do something more for the blacks than to raise them to an equality with the whites, — it proposed to elevate them above a certain class of whites of admitted intelligence and character who, heretofore, were entitled to and had exercised suffrage.

If suffrage is claimed for the blacks on the ground that they are rightfully entitled to it as citizens of the United States, then to deprive the white citizens of that right which they now enjoy is to inflict a punishment upon them and subject them to a forfeiture, and it is proposed to do this without due form of law, — that is, without trial and conviction, they, by an ex-post-facto law, are to be condemned. The constitution would thus be violated in two of its most important provisions, deemed essential to the preservation of liberty, and the act, if sanctioned, will stand as a precedent for any similar violation hereafter, etc.

On the other points I agreed with the gentlemen that Congress ought to pass no such law until the states had at least gone as far, — that the people of the District (the white people) ought to be heard. I expected that Stanton would have met me defiantly, but he said not a word.

Browning was opposed to the bill for the reasons stated in the veto, and so was Randall.

After all had expressed themselves, Attorney-General Stanbery enquired how long the veto could be delayed. The President said until Monday. Stanbery remarked that would not be sufficient for his purpose. He had reason to believe that the Supreme Court would give its opinion on the test-oath question on Monday, which he thought would embrace the point which I had raised. He had not turned his mind to the constitutional question, but believed the objection well taken.

Stanton still said nothing; I thought,

however, that he was of Stanbery's opinion.

General Grant, who was present by invitation, was very emphatic against the bill, not because it disfranchised rebels, for he said he rather liked that, but he thought it very contemptible business for members of Congress whose states excluded the Negroes, to give them suffrage in this District.

I agreed with him, but remarked there were other and stronger reasons also, which, in a difference between the President and Congress, should not be overlooked. McCulloch said he doubted if it would be politic to bring forward the constitutional objection at this time, for the radicals would seize hold of it and insist that we were in sympathy with the rebels.

Randall was also decisive against it. The message was just right; he would add nothing nor take anything away. I stated that I had no controversy in regard to the message, but that if there was a constitutional point against a bill which was to be vetoed, that point ought, in my opinion, never to be omitted.

Not being satisfied that the President should omit the constitutional point in his veto message, I called on him this evening for further conversation. Stanbery was with him. The President produced a file of letters of Forney, Clerk of the Senate, written while he was paying court to the President, strongly urging him to take the position he has pursued, praising and complimenting him. Yet this fellow is now attacking, abusing, and misrepresenting the President summarily in his 'two papers, both daily.'

The President heard my suggestions in regard to the constitutional objection; agreed with me; admitted, as I urged, the importance of it and of his concurrence with the court, but did not say, nor did I ask or expect him to say, whether he would make that point in his message. I am inclined to think he will not. The question of expediency raised by McCulloch and Randall, and the point not having been original with himself, as all are aware, have their influence. Yet he hesitates. This is his great infirmity. The President has firmness but is greatly wanting in prompt decision. He is unwilling to take a step, but when it is once taken he does not recede.

*Saturday, January 5,* 1867.

Gave the President the passage quoted from Jefferson. It is in the first volume of Jefferson's work, — his autobiography, page 49. It is quoted by De Tocqueville. I again advised that the constitutional objection should be presented in his message.

McCulloch tells me that General Grant urged upon them to adopt the amendment. Said the North was in favor; that they had decided for it in the late election; that if not adopted the government would impose harder terms.

What nonsense! What business has Congress to impose terms upon states? General Grant, not very enlightened, has been led astray, I trust unwittingly on his part, by Stanton and Washburne.[1]

*Monday, January 7,* 1867.

The veto went in to-day. But a party vote over-rode it, as was expected. The message was courteous in terms and the argument and reason very well, though not as strong and exhaustive as could have been wished; sufficiently so, however, to have satisfied all who are not partisans or fanatics. No calm, considerate and true statesman, or legislator, can believe it correct to impose this bill upon the District against the unanimous voice of the people.

[1] E. B. Washburne, from Grant's district in Illinois.

The ignorant, vicious, stupid Negroes who have flocked hither cannot vote intelligently; are unfit to be jurymen. The states and constitutions from which these came would oppose it within their own jurisdictions.

In the House of Representatives, fanaticism, prompted by partisanship, ran wild. The reckless leaders were jubilant, — the timid followers were abject and obedient. Ashley introduced a resolution to impeach the President, or to authorize enquiry, and by an almost straight party vote it was adopted, and referred to the judiciary committee under the previous question. It will never result, even under party drill, in an impeachment and conviction, but it is disreputable and demoralizing that a packed party majority should so belittle the government and free institutions as to entertain such a resolution from such a source. But Ashley has not done it without consulting others.

*Tuesday, January* 8, 1867.

The President brought forward the question of issuing a proclamation for more extended amnesty — referred to Mr. Lincoln's successive proclamations, beginning with that of September, 1862, and showing consistency and uniformity of proceedings and views.

Stanton stated that he had this morning received a copy of the act which had just passed the legislature of North Carolina, granting amnesty and oblivion; said that all our officers and soldiers were liable to be harassed and arrested through the Southern states for trespass and injury; thought it would be well there should be reciprocal amnesty. The suggestions struck all favorably and will, I think, receive consideration and action.

Another matter the President remarked he wished to bring forward was that, in view of what was taking place around us, especially on the subject of dismantling states, throwing them into a territorial condition and annulling their present organization and government, he considered it important he should know the opinions and views of each member of the Cabinet. If we are united, that fact would carry weight with it, here and before the country; if we are not united, there is weakness.

I had observed through the whole sitting that the President was absorbed and prepared for an energetic movement, and from what he had said to me on Saturday, I anticipated what his purpose was. But he had been slow and procrastinating, and until he broached the subject I had not, after previous experience, much faith that we should reach it to-day. When he commenced, however, his countenance indicated firm and fixed resolution. He was pale and calm, but no one could mistake that he was determined in his purpose.

I doubt if any one but myself was aware of what was passing in his mind. Perhaps McCulloch may have thought of it, for I told him on Saturday evening of my interview. He said he had repeatedly spoken to the President, and had similar intimations, but he too had little confidence.

Seward was evidently taken by surprise. Said he had avoided expressing himself on these questions; did not think it judicious to anticipate them; that storms were never so furious as they threatened; but as the subject had been brought up, he would say that never, under any circumstances, could he be brought to admit that a sovereign state had been destroyed, or could be reduced to a territorial condition.

McCulloch was equally decided, that the states could not be converted into territories.

Browning, who sat next to him, began to express his views, a discourtesy

which he not unfrequently commits, but I think will not again, for Stanton interrupted him and requested him to wait his turn.

Stanton said he had communicated his views to no man. Here, in the Cabinet, he had assented to and cordially approved of every step which had been taken, to re-organize the governments of the states which had rebelled, and saw no cause to change or depart from it. Stevens's proposition he had not seen, and did not care to, for it was one of those schemes which would end in noise and smoke. He had conversed with but one member, Mr. Sumner, and that was one year ago, when Sumner said he disapproved of the policy of the administration and intended to upset it. He had never since conversed with Sumner nor any one else. He did not concur in Mr. Sumner's views, nor did he think a state would or could be remanded to a territorial condition.

I stated my concurrence in the opinions which had been expressed by the Secretary of War, and that I held Congress had no power to take from a state its reserved rights and sovereignty, or to impose terms on one state which were not imposed on all states.

The President interrupted. He said the *power* to prescribe terms was one thing; the *expediency* was another. I said I was opposed to the whole subject or theory of prescribing or imposing terms to the constitution on sovereign states on the score of expediency as well as of want of power. If there was no power, it certainly could not be expedient. I confessed I had not been as reserved as the Secretary of State and Secretary of War in expressing my opinions. When friends had approached me and conversed on these or indisputable fundamental questions, I had not refrained from stating my views, especially to those who had consulted me. It seemed to me proper that we should do so. I had conversed with Mr. Sumner in the early part of last session, about the period that the Secretary of War had his interview, — that then Sumner had taken exception to the omission of Negro suffrage, and for that reason, and that only, he had opposed the President's policy of reconstruction.

Stanbery said he was clear and unqualifiedly against the whole talk and theory of territorializing the states. Congress could not dismantle them. It had not the power, and on that point he would say that it was never expedient to do or attempt to do that which we had not the power to do.

Browning declared that no state could be cut down or extinguished. Congress could make and admit states, but could not destroy or extinguish them after they were made.

The resolution to impeach the President, Seward and others treat lightly. My impressions are that it will not result in a conviction, although infamous charges, infamous testimony, and infamous proceedings will be produced as easily, honestly, and legally as Butler could get spoons in New Orleans. But the preliminary steps having been taken, backed by a strong party vote, the radicals are committed.

Ashley, who introduced the resolution, is a calculating fanatic, weak, designing, fond of notoriety, and not of very high-toned moral caliber. I do not think, however, that he is, as some suppose, a tool of others entirely, — certainly not an unwilling tool. He seeks the notoriety and notice, and hounds like Boutwell and Williams of Pittsburg edge him on. Colfax, though feeble-minded, is Speaker, seeks to be foremost, and has been an adviser with Ashley and pioneered the way for him to introduce the resolution. Stevens, much shrewder and abler

than either, keeps in the background, though the chief conspirator.

*Thursday, January* 10, 1867.

The New York *Times* correspondent states, tolerably correctly, the position of General Grant on the suffrage bill of the District of Columbia. He condemned the members of Congress for imposing Negro suffrage on this District until their states had adopted the principle. The worst thing in the bill, he said, was that which violated the constitution. Punishing rebels by ex-post-facto law was right; condemning them without trial he did not object to. Yet General Grant will very likely be the next President of the United States. I do not think he intends to disregard the constitution, but he has no reverence for it, — he has no political principles, no intelligent ideas of constitutional government, and it is a day when the organic law seems to be treated as of less binding authority than a mere resolution of Congress.

Dined this evening with the President, the Cabinet and their families, General Grant and the Tennessee delegation and their wives being present. Mrs. Taylor, wife of the member of the Eastern District of Tennessee, says she buried her dresses to keep them from the rebels, and the one she wore this evening she owned before the war and had buried it for over four years. Occasionally she unearthed her clothing, evenings, to air and preserve it. Colonel Hawkins said all his wife's dresses, save what she wore at the time, had been stolen from her, and what the rebels could not carry away they had torn up and destroyed. Mrs. Taylor said she carried arms and was at all times 'ready with her shooter.' The people of Tennessee, particularly those of East Tennessee, were great sufferers during the Civil War.

*Tuesday, January* 15, 1867.

The tone and language of the press and of considerate men are against the impeachment project; but the radical leaders have a purpose to accomplish and intend to press the subject. Not to do so, after what they have said and done, would check the conspiracy and be a defeat that would in all probability injure them as a party. Whether it will not injure them more to proceed and fail, they do not pause to consider. They are vindictive and restless, regardless of right, and constitutional restraint and obligations. Thus far they have been successful in exercising arbitrary and unauthorized power, and they will not hesitate in the future, as in the past, to usurp authority, to try without cause and to condemn without proof. Nor will they scruple to manufacture evidence if wanted.

There is nothing judicial or fair in this proceeding. It is sheer partisanism with most of them; a deliberate conspiracy with the few. The subject was taken up in caucus. A farce was then gone through with. A committee is sitting in secret, — a foul conspiracy, — trying to hunt up charges and evidence against as pure, as honest, as patriotic a chief magistrate as we have ever had. It is for his integrity they conspire against him.

I see by the papers this evening that the radical legislatures of one or two states are taking the matter in hand, and urging impeachment without any facts, or fault, or specified crime, as a mere party measure, but it is all in character, — a conspiracy against the constitution, and the President for adhering to it.

*Saturday, January* 19, 1867.

The occurrences of the week have not improved the prospect of affairs. There is a wild delirium among the radical members of Congress, which is no

more to be commended and approved than the secession mania of 1860. In fact, it exhibits less wisdom and judgment, or regard for the constitution, whilst it has all the recklessness of the secession faction. By the exclusion of ten states, a partisan majority in Congress, under the machinery of secret caucuses controlled by an irresponsible directory, has possession of the government and is hurrying it to destruction, breaking down state barriers and other departments besides the legislature. Whether some of the better disposed, but less conspicuous men among the radicals will make a stand is uncertain. As yet they have exhibited no independence, or political or moral firmness.

In the meantime the President, conscious of his right intentions and from habit, holds still and firm. Seward, relying on expedients, is dancing round Stevens, Sumner, Boutwell, Banks and others. Runs to the capitol and seats himself by Stevens in the House and by Sumner in the Senate. This makes comment in the galleries, and paragraphs in the newspapers, and, Seward thinks, will, through their leaders, conciliate the senators and representatives towards himself, if not towards the President.

Sumner is easily and always flattered by attentions and notice, though he will not relinquish what he esteems his great mission of taking care of the Negroes and subordinating and putting down the Southern whites. Seward is willing the Negroes should have all Sumner would give them, for he sets no high estimate on suffrage and citizenship.

Stevens has none of the sincere, fanatical fervor of Sumner, nor much regard for the popular element, or for public opinion, but having got power he would exercise it arbitrarily and despotically towards all who differ with him. He has no profound respect for Seward, but feels complimented that the Secretary of State should come into the House of Representatives and sit down by and court the 'great commoner.' It is an observance that gratifies his self-esteem, a homage that soothes his arrogance.

Stanton continues to occupy an intermediate position on some important questions, differing with the President but almost obsequiously deferring to him. McCulloch says he is treacherous, and a spy. He does not, however, I think, make regular report to any one. The radicals receive his subtle advice and promptings and give him their support. The President understands him, but still consults him as fully as any member of the Cabinet. Seward and Stanton continue to cooperate together. Seward, I think, has doubts of Stanton's 'divinity,' yet, in view of his radical associates, considers him more than ever a power, and impresses the President with that fact.

Gradually the radical leaders are pressing on impeachment. Under the lead of the New York *Herald* and Forney's *Chronicle*, the radical presses are getting into the movement. Yet the exclusionists or centralists have doubts if they can succeed, though earnestly striving to that end. Violent partisanship but no statesmanship, no enlarged or comprehensive views, are developed in either house.

The states which were in rebellion are each organized and in full operation as before the rebellion, but Congress did not do this, nor have any part in it. The people themselves in the respective states did it, and the lesser lights in Congress are told that they must assist in undoing the work which has been well and rightly done by the people interested, and compel the states to go through the process of disorganizing in order to organize.

The President remains passive and firm, but with no declared policy if the radicals pursue their design to impeach and suspend him during trial. He said to me one day what he would do in a certain contingency, but it was rather thinking aloud what he might do than declaring a policy.

What General Grant and certain others might do were Congress to proceed to extremities, neither the President nor any of his true friends are aware. I doubt if Grant himself knows. The radicals who distrust him are nevertheless courting him assiduously.

*Saturday, January* 26, 1867.

Congress does not make much progress in the schemes of reconstruction and impeachment. The radical portion of the Republicans are as keen as ever, and will continue to be so, especially on impeachment, but the considerate hesitate. It is a party scheme for party purposes, not for any criminal or wrong act of the President.

On reconstruction, as it is called, there are differences and doubts and darkness. None of the radicals have any clear conception or perception of what they want except power and place. No well-defined policy has been indicated by any of them. Stevens wants a stronger government than the old union.

Violence of language has broken out two or three times during the week. The Speaker, whilst ready to check the Democrats, permits the radicals to go to extreme length. The President is denounced and vilified in the worst and most vulgar terms without any restraint or intimation of impropriety from the presiding officer, yet Mr. Colfax wishes to be popular. His personal aspirations warp his judgment, which is infirm, and, like most persons in striving to reach a position for which he is unfitted, he fails. Those who may be pleased for the moment with his partisan leanings, will not confide in him beyond the moment.

*Monday, January* 28, 1867.

The President sent in his veto on the Colorado bill to-day, giving cogent and sufficient reasons why that territory should not with the present population be admitted as a state. A veto on the admission of Nebraska will go in to-morrow. Both these vetoes have been looked for.

*Saturday, February* 9, 1867.

The House has been excited for a day or two. A proposition submitted by Stevens from the reconstruction committee proposing to establish military governments over the Southern states meets with opposition from many Republicans who are not yet radicals. There has been but little legislation this session in the [proper] sense of the word. A radical party caucus decides in relation to the course to be pursued on all important questions. Two-thirds of the Republicans and all of the radical partisans attend. A majority of them follow Stevens & Co. Those who hesitate, or are opposed, have neither the courage nor the ability to resist. A measure, however offensive or even unconstitutional, having the caucus sanction, is brought into the House, the previous question is moved and carried, and, without debate, adopted. But on the matter of these vice-royalties, a stand was made against Stevens and the previous question was not sustained. Governor Banks appears to have been the leading man in opposition, but he had no plan or policy to propose. To-day, I am told, he introduced some rude scheme for a commission to take charge of each of the ten states which are under the radical ban of execution. These commissions are to disorganize the states and then reorganize them.

There is neither wisdom nor sense in the House, but wild, vicious partisanship continues, and is uncanny.

*Monday, February* 11, 1867.

Elliott of Massachusetts, chairman of a committee sent out by Congress to New Orleans, made a report for upsetting the state government of Louisiana and converting the state into a province or territory, over which there is to be a governor and council of nine, to be appointed by the President and Senate. These radicals have no proper conception of constitutional government or of our republican federal system. On this absurd scheme of Elliott and Shellabarger, both centralists, the House has ordered, without debate, the previous question, — prostrating a state, tearing down our governmental fabric, treating states as mere corporations.

*Friday, February* 15, 1867.

A call was made on the 8th of January on the President for any facts which had come to his knowledge in regard to failure to enforce the Civil Rights Bill.[1]

When the resolution reached the President he brought it before the Cabinet for answer, and it was referred to the Attorney General on the suggestion of Stanton, that he should forward copies to the heads of departments for answer. On receiving the resolution I answered immediately without an hour's delay, and so, I think, did the other members, except Stanton. The subject had passed from my mind and I supposed had been reported until today, when Stanton brought in his answer to the President. It was a strange and equivocal document, accompanied by a report which he had from General Grant, and also one from General Howard.[2] Grant's report was brief but was accompanied by a singular paper transmitted to him by Howard, being an omnium gatherum of newspaper gossip, rumors of Negro murders, neighborhood strifes and troubles amounting to 440 in number, — vague, indefinite, party scandal which General Howard and his agents had picked up in newspapers and in all other ways during four weeks, under and with the assistance of the War Department which had aided in the search.

There was but one sentiment, I think, among all present, and that was of astonishment and disgust at this presentation of the labors of the War Department. The Attorney General asked what all this had to do with the enquiry made of the President. The resolution called for what information had come to the knowledge of the President respecting the execution of the law under the Civil Rights Bill, and here was a mass of uncertain material, mostly relating to Negro quarrels, wholly unreliable and of which the President had no knowledge, collected and sent in through General Grant as a response to the resolution.

Two or three expressed surprise at these documents. Stanton, who is not easily dashed when he feels he has power and will be sustained, betrayed guilt, which, however, he would not acknowledge, but claimed that the information was pertinent and was furnished by General Grant. If, however, the President did not choose to use it he would decline doing so. Subsequently he thought the Attorney General should perhaps decide.

Seward undertook to modify and suggest changes. I claimed that the whole was wrong, and that no such reply could be made acceptable under any form of words.

[1] The bill conferring citizenship on Negroes throughout the United States.

[2] General O. O. Howard, head of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Randall thought the letter of Stanton and the whole budget had better be received, and that the President should send in that he knew nothing about it when this Senate's resolution was passed, but that having [subsequently] received this information he would have it looked into and thoroughly investigated.

Stanton, who showed more in countenance and manner than I ever saw him, caught at Randall's proposition. Said he would alter his report to that effect and went to work with his pencil.

Seward indorsed Randall. Said he thought all might be got along with, if that course was pursued.

I dissented entirely, deprecated communicating this compilation of scandal and inflammable material, gathered by partisans since the action of Congress and represented to be a matter of which the President had knowledge when the resolution was passed. It would be said at once by mischievous persons that he was [in possession of] facts of which Grant complained, but of which the President took no notice, that Congress had called out the information and [that] Grant communicated it, and that there is mal-administration; that this was the purpose of the call, the design probably of the members who got it up.

Stanton looked at me earnestly. Said he was as desirous to act in unison with the President as any one — no matter who; that this information seemed to him proper, and so, he said, it seemed to General Grant who sent it to him; but if others wished to suppress it, they could make the attempt, but there was little doubt that members of Congress had seen this — likely had copies. Finally, and with great reluctance on his part, it was arranged that he should, as the rest of us had done, give all the information called for which had come to his knowledge in answer to the resolution; and that the reports of Grant and Howard should, with the rumors, scandal and gossip, be referred to the Attorney General for investigation and prosecution, if proper.

It was evident throughout this whole discussion of an hour and a half that all were alike impressed in regard to this matter. McCulloch and Stanbery each remarked to me before we left, that here was design and intrigue in concert with the radical conspirators at the capitol. Stanton betrayed his knowledge and participation in it, for though he endeavored to bear himself [well] through it, he could not conceal his part in the intrigue. He had delayed his answer until Howard and his subordinates scattered over the South could hunt up all the rumors of Negro quarrels and party scandal and malignity, and from them [this alleged evidence had been passed] through General Grant, on to the President. It would help generate differences between the President and the General, and if sent out to the country under the call for information by Congress, would be used by the demagogues to injure the President and, perhaps, Grant also.

Seward obviously saw the intent and scope of the thing and soon took up a book and withdrew from the discussion. His friend, Stanton, was in a position where he could do little to relieve him. Randall played the part of trimmer to extricate Stanton, who availed himself of the plank thrown out.

*Saturday, February* 16, 1867.

Had a brief interview with Browning (who was at my house, at a reception, last evening) concerning the proceedings yesterday. He expressed his amazement at the course of Stanton. Said he listened and observed without remark till the close, and was compelled to believe that there was design and villainy, if not absolute treachery,

at the bottom. It was with reluctance he came to this conclusion, but it was impossible to do otherwise.

I have been so disturbed by it and by the condition of affairs that I made it a point to call on the President and communicate my feelings. I told him that it was with reluctance I was compelled to express an unfavorable opinion of a colleague, and that I would not do so except from a sense of duty. I adverted to the occurrences of yesterday and told him I had carefully and painfully pondered them, and my first impression was fully confirmed by reflection, that the details of Stanton's report, the introduction of Grant and Howard, with their catalogue of alleged murders and crimes unpunished, which had been industriously gathered up, was part of a conspiracy which was on foot to destroy him and overthrow his administration; that it was intended the statement of reported murders should go abroad under his name, [as if it had been] drawn out by Congress, and spread before the country on the passage of the bill establishing military governments over the Southern states as a justification for legislative usurpation. That report was to be the justification for the act. [I told him] that there had been evident preconcert in the matter and that radical congressmen were acting in concert with the Secretary of War. I alluded to the manipulation of officers by the War Department, and mentioned how improper men had been placed at important points, and how I had been impressed with the views of the Secretary, which we all knew to be radical and hostile to the President's policy. [Finally I said] that I could perceive Grant had been strongly but unmistakably prejudiced, — perhaps seduced, worked over and enlisted, — and that gradually the administration was coming under the War Department.

The President listened and assented to my observations, spoke of the painful exhibition which Stanton made of himself, said he should, but for the rain, have sent for Grant to know how far he really was involved in the matter, etc. [He added] that as regards the military governments, they were not yet determined upon, perhaps would not be. He still hesitates, fails to act, retains bad advisers and traitors.

*(To be continued.)*

# SHAKESPEARE'S FOOLS

BY ELEANOR PRESCOTT HAMMOND

SOMETHING over a generation ago, when the *Origin of Species* seemed likely to solve the riddle of the world, students of literature essayed to apply to their mystery the new key of the evolutionary hypothesis. Chaucer and Shakespeare were brought in turn to its test, and the resultant theory of periods in the one poet's work corresponding to change in his literary models, the grouping of the other poet's plays according to his supposed personal moods, satisfied the desire for clearness and for classification fostered by the increasingly scientific trend of thought. We believed that we saw the better for the formula.

Now, however, our widening knowledge reveals in each poet's production survivals of earlier tendencies, cross-currents of influence, which must give us pause. We realize that a body of work which we know, and a personal life of which we know nothing, cannot be explained in terms of each other. And it is not the theory of development, but our persistent exploration of the Elizabethan age, our gathering of that 'fresh knowledge' insisted on by Arnold as the safeguard of truth, which has enlarged our view of Shakespeare. We are compelled to conceive how great a part the prevailing literary fashion, the popular demand, the structural features of the playhouse, must have borne in shaping the plot and the text of the dramatist, to recognize that the line of personal growth in the man might at any moment be traversed by an occasional external influence upon the dramatist. Our intense present-day interest in things theatrical, an interest without parallel in English history, also leads us to see in the Shakespearean drama, the work not only of a poet and a man understanding of men, but of an actor and stage-manager. His text was conditioned by his own mood, by his fellow dramatists' productions, by the actors for whom he wrote.

This phrase, the actors for whom Shakespeare wrote, does not mean, as it would at present, the world of English-speaking actors; it means the company of which Shakespeare was a member. His work was done, not, as a modern dramatist's, for any company which Heaven and Frohman may please to call together, but for a small united band of men of whom he was one, with whom he lived in close intimacy. The form of words which styles him a professional manager writing for his bread and for the honor of his comrades, quite as much as for love of the game, is no idle one. He may have turned the pages of Holinshed's *Chronicle* from literary interest, but it is as likely that his trained eye was searching for a story which would hang well on the shoulders of his close friend and leading tragic actor, Richard Burbage. Lately it has been pointed out that as Burbage grows older Shakespeare's central figure grows older, that the progress from Romeo and Richard through Benedick and Hamlet to Macbeth and Lear is a noticeable one. Much more could be done in this field of Shakespearean study had we more than scat-

tered notices regarding the make-up of the company, notices particularly interesting, and particularly incomplete, on some points in which Shakespeare differs from all his contemporaries. For example, the introduction and treatment of the Fool.

Shakespeare's fools are for the most part an adjunct to Shakespeare's comedy; but into the uncharted province of comedy we do not enter here. We know it as the abode of intrigue, of lighter and lesser plot rather than of character contending with circumstance; a world in which, according to Shakespeare, the father may set his daughter's happiness upon a hazard, the lover may change his love at a word, the traitor may repent at the last moment and receive the prize; a world in which speed and variety of incident, sparkle and vivacity of dialogue, not unity of impression or consistency of motive, are the ideal of the workman. In this maze the guiding thread is love, and the principles of the comedy are the lovers divided for a time by some cross fortune, to be united joyously in the last act. Behind the lovers there usually appear, or are felt, the would-be arbiters of their fate, the older figures who thwart or fix events. The dead hand of Portia's father, and the living grasp of Shylock, twist the strands of the *Merchant of Venice;* the two dukes form a stable centre about which revolves the frolic of *As You Like It;* the dignified figures of Theseus and Hippolyta preside over the tangle of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* And, dependent upon the fortunes of the lovers, runs an attendant train of waiting-maids, pedants, shepherds, fairies, and clownish servants, who furnish the blunders, the pompous pretense, the teasing, the mirth, and the music, whose humors and whose stupidity are used by the Elizabethan dramatist partly as brief front-stage scenes to give time for changes in the main action, partly to meet the demand of the London public for word-play and buffoonery.

This is the simplest form of Shakespearean romantic comedy; it is an enlargement of the still simpler scheme of the Latin comedy; that is, the arbitrary father, the son in love, the knavish or clownish servant of the younger man. How Shakespeare progressed beyond this rudimentary outline; how he swung from farce to romance and back again, from romance to the verge of tragedy and back again; how he wove dissimilar actions, arranged his scenes to obtain variety in pace and tone, and transformed his wit-combat from the wooden sword-clatter of clowns to the swift rapier-play of Beatrice and of Rosalind, it is the duty of the historian of comedy to trace. We who contemplate but the one Elizabethan can follow, in even a single reappearing feature, such as his Clown or Fool, the progress of the dramatist's experience.

Nor is it merely the progress of his experience in the sense of his own personal creative desire freely unfolding year after year. It is the progress of that growing intellectual desire as acted upon by the many compulsions which beset Shakespeare, — the compulsion of his material, the compulsion of his stage equipment, the compulsion of his audience, the compulsion of his band of actors. We are still far from being able to estimate the influence of this last upon him. It is from little more than occasional lists of the cast in early editions, from slips in the quartos of Shakespeare by which the actor's name is printed instead of the character's, from diary and verse-allusions to the impersonators of special parts, that we piece together our fragmentary information as to the King's Men, the group of players who ranged themselves first under the protection of Lord Leicester's name, and, after bearing various titles,

became King James's Servants in 1603. Such a list, prefixed to the first edition of Ben Jonson's *Every Man In His Humour*, includes 'Wil. Shakespeare, Ric. Burbadge, Aug. Phillipps, John Hemings, Hen. Condell, Tho. Pope, Wil. Sly, Chr. Beeston, Wil. Kempe, John Duke.' One of these men had perhaps an influence upon Shakespeare's comedy, — the actor William Kemp.

Kemp was a clown and buffoon of the most pronounced type. His popularity with the cheaper and noisier element of an Elizabethan audience was very great; frequently he appeared alone at the end of a play in what was called a jig, a long song and dance of improvised character, full of allusions to people and events, local 'gags,' and direct address to the audience; and the success of this sort of impromptu with the groundlings was so great that the vain and ignorant Kemp extended his improvisations to the text of the part which he sustained within the play. Mantzius has suggested that this habit of Kemp's must have been particularly obnoxious to Shakespeare, and may have led to Kemp's leaving the company, which he did about 1598. A passage in the later play of *Hamlet* lends color to this suggestion; it occurs in Hamlet's instructions to the players: 'And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.'

The last part in a Shakespearean play which Kemp is known to have taken was that of Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing;* the associated part of Verges was taken by Richard Cowley, who remained of the company until his death in 1618. We know also, from the accidental insertion of Kemp's name in the early prints, that he played Peter in *Romeo and Juliet;* and it is supposed, with strong probability, that he enacted the Shallow of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and second *Henry IV*. For Kemp's other parts we have but surmise; yet from the fact that so popular an actor must receive his opportunity in most of the company's plays, and from the character of the Peter and the Dogberry rôles, we deduce the probability that the Costard of *Love's Labour's Lost*, one of the Dromios in the *Comedy of Errors*, Launce in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Bottom in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, perhaps Launcelot Gobbo in the *Merchant of Venice*, were done by Kemp.

In all these parts there is a strong family resemblance: as we call up mental pictures of Costard, Dromio, Bottom, and Dogberry, we imagine them of one common physical type, half-rustic, half-aldermanic figures, with small dull eyes, big heads, clumsy bodies, and gait of Sir Oracle. Such personages often bear but the loosest relation to the story; and in many of the comedies mentioned there is a noticeable distinction between the clown-scenes and the bulk of the play. Bottom and his fellows constitute a plot by themselves; Launcelot Gobbo and his peasant-father in the *Merchant of Venice*, Launce and Speed or Launce and his dog in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, are very palpably given the stage at times by the playwright-manager Shakespeare; Costard and Dull and the two Dromios have their separate scenes of laborious punning and slap-stick dialogue. Whatever the clown may nominally be in these earlier comedies, — servant, messenger, or artisan, — he gets his chance alone with the audience. His function, whenever he does impinge upon the plot, is to

blunder or be the victim of a blunder.

About the year 1598, however, the Shakespearean comedy undergoes a change, a change which had been more than foreshadowed in *The Merchant of Venice* two years earlier. The plot of this latter play, with its complex interweaving of strains, its heightened story interest, its brilliant womanly figure as centre, is in striking contrast to all preceding comedy. We can readily imagine that here for the first time the audience laughed somewhat perfunctorily at the Clown, in their impatience to resume the tale of Shylock and Antonio; and here for the first time the central personages carry a generous share of the wit of the play. The clown-note is still there; but we may suggest with plausibility that it was there because Kemp was still of the Shakespearean company and must receive his portion of front-stage scene.

Of these new features several reappear still more markedly in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Who the youth was who had played Portia we do not know, but he was again made conspicuous as Beatrice, and in the following year given a yet more admirable rôle as Rosalind. The wit of the play is transformed and transferred from the punning, tumbling, blundering Clown to the brilliant badinage of highborn, gallant-hearted, swift-tongued women. Kemp has his part in *Much Ado About Nothing*, but it is not likely that in the face of such strong story interest, of such play of teasing wit in the main action, the audience would welcome interpolation by the Clown as they welcomed it in plays more loosely and thinly built.

At the close of 1598 or in early 1599 Kemp left the Shakespearean company; and the two comedies which follow, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, show certain features which can be due neither to coincidence nor to a supposedly joyous mood just then in Shakespeare's thought. Not only is some clever lad advanced by the dramatist-manager to the centre of the stage in the supreme women's parts of Rosalind and Viola; not only is the heavy-headed, heavy-paunched champion of his own quality displaced by the slender, quick-eyed, close-hooded court jester, agile as a monkey, domestic as a cat, faithful as a dog, intrusive as a parrot; but there is marked at this point the change in Shakespearean music from the part-song or casual comic snatch to the love-lyric brought in perforce to display the solo voice. *The Merchant of Venice* possessed a strong musical element; the opening of the last act is pervaded with it; but the actors do not produce it, they listen and comment. In *Much Ado About Nothing*, however, the servant Balthasar is called upon to sing; in *As You Like It*, the lord Amiens, one of the banished Duke's followers, is twice bid sing; in *Twelfth Night* the fool Feste sings twice at command, and has also the song-epilogue, with frequent bits of music in other scenes. Did this same actor, another figure now brought forward by Shakespeare, carry the part of the Fool in *Lear*, with its constant snatches of song?

Weaving together these suggestions, we find ourselves with a view of Shakespearean comedy something on this wise: that up to *The Merchant of Venice* Shakespeare allowed Kemp much his own way in the comic parts; that with that comedy and *Much Ado About Nothing* he modified and fitted more closely to his plan the conventional clown-part, centring the interest upon the woman's figure, for which he had found an impersonator; that, after the withdrawal of Kemp, the dramatist, anxious no doubt to overcome the regret of the audience for the departed favorite, retained in *As You Like It* a conspicuous fool-figure, which he altered in *Twelfth Night* to suit the youth-

ful singer whom he had been training in minor rôles in the comedies just preceding.

Is it a mercenary, box-office view which suggests that the greatest of Shakespeare's comedies were produced in part to supply the loss of one actor, to meet the talents of others? But when we consider if he who played Touchstone could have played Malvolio, have played Edgar in the Tom o' Bedlam scenes of *Lear*, have played Stephano in the *Tempest*, are we not following the only line of Shakespeare's daily thought which we are capable of following? We know that Falstaff, as created by Shakespeare's friend and fellow-actor John Heming, became instantly one of the most popular of characters, and it is a credible tradition which asserts that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written at the Queen's command, that she might see Falstaff in love. The figure of Falstaff in this play is escorted by that of the immortal Slender, sighing for sweet Anne Page; the jovial bulk of the one, the lackadaisical length of the other of the ill-assorted comrades delighted the Elizabethans as they do us.

Is it accident that in the later *Twelfth Night*, along with the highly sentimental plot of Viola and the Duke, there is interwoven a rollicking plot of Shakespeare's own creation, in which the jovial bulk and the lackadaisical slenderness again walk the stage together as Sir Toby and Sir Andrew? Is it accident that Sir Andrew sighs unavailingly, as Slender had sighed? In these products of high and joyous imagination, even as in the world of commerce, there is a relation between demand and supply. The situation of confident masculine superiority tricked into love had proved popular in *Much Ado About Nothing;* the figures of Falstaff and Slender had proved popular in the *Merry Wives;* the motives and figures of these earlier comedies were unhesitatingly reëmployed by Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night.*

There is but a step from the study of Shakespeare's practical reworking of stock situations — such as the maiden disguised as a page wooing another woman for her secretly beloved lord, or the tricking a man into believing a woman in love with him — to a study of the practical daily duty of the dramatist to employ his company in the kind of rôles best fitted for them. It is a mark of the poet's artistic development that the device when repeated is raised to a higher power; it is a mark of his professional tact and his professional necessities that the device and the character-type, when successful, should reappear.

Such, then, may be in part the reason for Touchstone, the first of Shakespeare's true fools: a concession, on the one hand, to the demand of the public for scenes of interlude and display of verbal agility; an effort, on the other hand, to differentiate the new buffoon in look, costume, and function, from the type represented by Kemp. Touchstone, as befits his calling, appears usually at the elbow of his patron; his unsolicited comment is intruded just as his later colleague Sam Weller intruded his anecdotes upon Mr. Pickwick, and has no more to do with shaping the romantic plot. Despite Professor Barrett Wendell's stricture, however, that Touchstone and his fellows are not essential parts of the plays in which they appear, that without them everything might fall out as it does, I think we feel between this Fool and his world a living and necessary bond, a bond other than that which links Dogberry or Bottom to the play *in* which, not *of* which, he is a part.

A romance is nothing if not discursive, gregarious; it flies from court to camp, and finds each populous; its personages stroll about, innocent of dra-

matic purpose, desiring only to fleet the time as they did in the golden world. Doubtless the plot of *As You Like It* would work out were Touchstone absent; but the less said the better about a plot to which Touchstone is unnecessary, and to which the impossible repentances of Oliver and of the usurping Duke are necessary. *As You Like It* has no plot, it has situation, — situation carefully created, but carelessly dissolved; and to the situation Touchstone is necessary. He is the bond between the real world outside the forest and its temporary substitute; the Fool's is the only steady head in the epidemic of romantic exile and romantic love. The atmosphere of Arden would be but the ordinary mingling of ozone and sentiment, were not that loyal devotee of court life twirling his bauble under the antique oaks; the key of romantic extravaganza would lack of its full chord did we not hear the voice of the Fool's common sense parodying Orlando's love-verses and capping Rosalind's 'Well, this is the forest of Arden!' with 'Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place!'

Touchstone is on the stage in seven scenes, and conspicuous in most of them; he talks constantly, but it is no Dogberry braggadocio and mispronunciation; his reproof to the shepherd Corin for his mode of life and his dissertation on the Lie seven times removed are the stuff that high comedy, not farce, is made of. There is, however, one slender bond between him and the earlier clowns of Shakespeare: he seems, like them, a man of mature years. And if the rôle of Touchstone was played, as seems probable, by the actor who succeeded to Kemp's place in the Shakespearean company, this feeling is justified by the age of the new comedian, Robert Armin, for whom Shakespeare in such case intended the part.

Armin, a poverty-stricken scribbler of about thirty, had recently been the clown of the company known as Lord Chandos's Men. We know that he took up the rôle of Dogberry played by Kemp; what more likely than that he should in the following year be cast as Touchstone? He was still with the King's Men in 1605, when the will of one of them made bequests to several fellow actors; but for some subsequent years he seems to have been in other fields, returning to his allegiance in 1610, not long before his death. While with the Shakespearean company, he achieved high repute as a comic actor; and it is noteworthy that the part of Malvolio, which is recorded as immensely popular with Elizabethan audiences, follows close after Touchstone chronologically, and is, in the stock companies of our own generation and the last, usually impersonated by the same actor.

Neither Touchstone, nor the whole group of victim and victimizers in *Twelfth Night*, — Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria, and Feste the Fool, — is in the original used by Shakespeare. Perhaps it was the Elizabethan joy in a complex and variegated comedy-pattern which impelled Shakespeare to weave other threads into the Italian love-story of mistaken identity and tangled wooing, to transform the colorless Italian household of Olivia's servants into the damask and the yellow, the sable and the motley, the laughter, mischief, and music which delighted an English audience. Perhaps it was the dramatist-manager's desire to give each of his company a characteristic opportunity in a comedy written for court presentation which urged Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night;* for there is no other play by him, in which so many sharply differentiated parts are on a nearly uniform level of interest. The dreamy sentiment of the Duke, the manly vehemence of Antonio, the devotion of

Sebastian, the proud passion of Olivia, the tenderness of Viola, permitted a quintette of actors full exercise of their romantic talents; the figures of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are so evidently a reincarnation of Falstaff and Slender that doubtless the actors who earlier carried those parts reappeared now; the rôle of Malvolio afforded as fair an opportunity to the powers of Armin — or another — as it afforded food for laughter to a queen of anti-Puritan leanings; and the lad whose voice had already won him notice sang here in fool's costume.

Feste, the fool of *Twelfth Night*, is hardly more than a boy; he is perhaps, as suggested, the same who sang the part of Amiens in *As You Like It;* and his beautiful voice and powers of vocal mimicry are especially displayed in *Twelfth Night*. He is twice called upon the stage solely that he may sing, and he is left on the stage to sing the epilogue; the scene in which he teases the imprisoned Malvolio is full of song-snatches; but his other duties in the play are merely those of the earlier servant-clowns, to carry a message, to play with words, to vex his mistress with a sharp saying or two. And with this disposition of him we find ourselves entirely in accord. The play is packed so full of intrigue and of varied feeling, the mixture of highflown sentiment in the Duke's speeches, of bitter reproach in the episode of Antonio's arrest, of absurd caricature in the trick upon Malvolio, of ridiculous cowardice in the pretended duel scene, of love burlesqued in Sir Andrew, love suppressed and love passionate in Viola and Olivia, carry the audience through such a gamut of interests and emotions, that the figure of the Fool is but an ornament. As such, Shakespeare uses him; Feste is the singing boyish voice of this comedy, vocal with song.

*Twelfth Night* is the last, for a long time, of Shakespeare's true comedies. The three years following 1600 contain, besides *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*, three bitter plays, comedies only in the sense that they do not find their solution through death: *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus and Cressida*. *All's Well* has a clown, servant to the mother of the contemptible Bertram out of whom Shakespeare makes a hero; *Measure for Measure* has a constable, Elbow, and two or three jolterheads who with him muddle evidence before the Duke. With both we are back upon an earlier plane of Shakespeare's work. The clown is of his first servant type, — quibbling on words, blundering over messages, intruding coarse foolery upon his superiors; and the constable is an attempted recall of Dogberry.

We must feel in these supposedly comedy figures a flagging of Shakespeare's interest; and this change is more than paralleled in the major motives of the two plays. Their plots both turn upon ideas intensely repugnant to us; they are alike in our view harsh, bitter, impossible; we refuse acceptance to their unforgivable heroes, their incredibly forgiving heroines. Nor can we believe, different though the Elizabethan feeling is for some Shakespearean figures, such as Shylock or Iago, that the audience of that time regarded these two ' comedies ' more as food for mirth than we do. Neither, I think, can we quite follow the suggestion of Leslie Stephen, who saw in these plays also the playwright's attempt to supply certain of his company with the kind of characters best fitted to them.

It is a poor theory which covers all the facts. Students who treat Shakespeare's work and life in moods may be termed visionary at some points, but they have here their capital argument. For these few plays, lying between the High Comedies and the beginning of

the great tragedy-period, we have as yet found no explanation other than the passing of their author through a time of bitter personal feeling, a time reflected perhaps also in the later series of the sonnets.

The line of the tragedies, which begins with *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet* about 1600 and extends to about 1608, has only one figure to detain us, that of the Fool in *King Lear*. Upon his character and *raison d'être* there has been a wider diversity of critical opinion than upon any other Shakespearean creation except Hamlet. All students attribute to his figure profound meaning: Dowden, for instance, says that our estimate of the play depends upon the view we take of the Fool.

In arriving at that view, it is of paramount importance to remember that in Shakespeare's original the Fool does not exist; his figure entire, and the sharing of Edgar as a pretended lunatic in the mad scene on the heath, are additions by Shakespeare. It is also to be borne in mind that when Shakespeare added a professional jester to the cast of this tragedy, and when he placed the mad scene at the centre of the play, he was, as an actor, entirely aware of the importance he was giving these features. The stress upon the Fool's part is assuredly intentional; how are we to interpret it?

We regard *King Lear* as one of the two most harrowing of Shakespeare's tragedies. The name of Lear stands in popular parlance for the martyrdom of trusting and abused fatherhood; the names of Goneril and Regan are synonyms for monster. Yet outside the range of that popular estimate which is based on tradition, there has been found another view, — the view that Lear's two daughters are, up to the time of his madness, guilty of no great misconduct toward him; that his own cruel violence, at the opening of the play, in disowning Cordelia and banishing the devoted Kent for a whim, demands a return blow from Fate; that the highly probable disorders of his followers in his daughters' houses, the gross rudeness of the disguised Kent when acting as his messenger, amply merit the stocks, and the request of Goneril and Regan that Lear dismiss part of his train; that the fury of the curses which Lear heaps upon them for this request and for their punishment of Kent's conduct is out of all human reason, though it is of a piece with the headlong violence of Lear during the first half of the play. In short, there is a view in which, if we read the text without traditional prepossession, we shall find insufficient cause for Lear's frenzied flight into the storm. Up to that point we cannot say that Lear has received worse treatment than he has given, or as bad. Now, how does Shakespeare make it appear that Lear is a pitiable, martyred figure, that Goneril and Regan are monsters?

The most effective means by which he reaches this is the use of the subplot, the story of Gloucester and the unredeemed hideousness of his traitor son Edmund. By making both Goneril and Regan love Edmund with jealous sensuality, by making them active sharers in the blinding of the helpless Gloucester almost in the presence of the audience, the dramatist drives us to horror and loathing of them; their previous conduct to their father appears in the lurid light of their later conduct to others. And since no one ever sees the play without a prepossession from hearsay or reading, the first half of it is judged by us in anticipation. We do not recognize the way in which, for the Elizabethans, opinion of Lear changed at the middle of the play; and it is therefore hard for us to see the real function of the Fool.

The Fool does not come upon the

stage until near the close of the first act, when his opening speech attacks Lear for the unwisdom of his division of the kingdom. Thereafter he appears in six long scenes, always at Lear's elbow, and always harping upon the same theme. To one of his earlier gibes Lear says, 'Dost thou call me fool, boy?' and the Fool answers, 'All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.' He proclaims that the reason a snail has a house is that he may put his head in it, not that he may give it away to his daughters; he taunts Lear that he has made his daughters his mothers; in the uproar of the storm on the heath he cries to Lear to go in and ask his daughters' blessing. Not all his chatter is of this kind: part of his talk and part of his constant snatches of song, especially in the mad scene, are aimless and witless, lending all the more force to the sudden stabs of meaning which reach the old king's half-dazed mind. Early in the play, in response to the Fool's goading tongue, Lear threatens the whip; a little later, when Lear is pacing the stage, struggling against the fear that his daughters mean to compel his will to theirs, he laughs mechanically one moment at the sound of the Fool's voice, and in the next moment marks it no longer; but when the storm is upon them, when Lear's brain has begun to turn, he is beyond all hearing of the Fool's labored jests; it is not till his eyes fall upon the wretched cowering figure that he realizes the Fool's presence.

Surely the audience, whatever its first opinion of Lear's violence, has changed its attitude when the moment arrives in which the storm-beaten, bewildered, discrowned king bends over his servant to say, —

> 'Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
> That 's sorry yet for thee.'

The presence of the Fool in the mad scene, as in all preceding scenes, is then not only a pitiful travesty, in his almost solitary devotion, of Lear's former court, but also a means of influencing our feeling towards Lear. At first we agree with the Fool's mocking censure of his master; but while the knowledge remains with us, thanks to the Fool's unresting tongue, that Lear has pulled his fate upon his head, we soon reach the point when we do not wish to hear these reminders, and the Fool's ill-timed iteration becomes painful to us, whose ideas of Lear are changing. But even as Lear's helplessness palliates his earlier sins, so does the Fool's visible suffering, in the mad scene, palliate his earlier bitter jests. Only from such weakness, and from the mouth of a fool, could we have tolerated them; nor would we tolerate them except from a fool whose years, like his wits, are too scanty to realize his master's agony.

The age of Lear's fool has been a disputed question. It would seem as if Lear's greeting on his entrance, — 'How now, my pretty knave!' — as if the king's constant address of him as 'my boy,' 'my good boy'; as if the Fool's evident physical fragility and timidity, were sufficient indications of his youth. But critics like Furness, for instance, opine that the wisdom of the Fool is too deep for any boy, and would see in the Fool a man of much the same age as Kent, a man of small and slender frame, of course, but still a grown man. Let us however add to the indications of the Fool's youth in the text, the force of the theatrical contrast of persons and voices which would result in the mad scene were the Fool a boy; the aged king raving at the storm, the sane but desperately anxious Kent urging his services upon his master, and the boyish singing voice of the wander-witted Fool breaking into the pauses of Lear's fury with scraps of

senseless song, laboring, as the text says, 'to outjest Lear's heartstruck injuries.'

Let us ask ourselves, again, if this lad who sings so frequently be not, in the Shakespearean company, the Fool of *Twelfth Night;* there is even one snatch of song here which is reminiscent of the epilogue song in the earlier play. Do we query what rôles the boy could have played in the years between *Twelfth Night* and *Lear?* Why not Ophelia, and her madness and her song? We must remember that all the women's parts were taken by boys; and the very fact of Ophelia's being made to sing on the stage shows that one lady was noted for his voice. We must remember also, in discussing any one actor's rôles, that the King's Men had in their répertoire plays by writers other than Shakespeare; when the students of seventeenth-century stage history shall have gathered all their material, we may perhaps know the répertoire of Shakespeare's stock company from month to month, and be able to see the succession of parts taken by its different members.

That this succession will differ markedly from the procedure of modern times, we have no reason to believe. The managerial assignment of such a group of parts as Falstaff, Sir Toby Belch, the First Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, Stephano in the *Tempest*, to that individual in the company best adapted to play them, is not peculiar to either the nineteenth century or the seventeenth; it is a characteristic of stock companies. The répertoire of the leading comedy actor in the Ben Greet company to-day is close to that of the late George Weir, the veteran comedian of the Benson company, and may be compared with that of John Lowin, prominent among the King's Men from the death of Heming to the closing of the theatres. Dickens's assignment of rôles among the followers of the immortal Mr. Crummles is typical of theatrical managers at all dates; and though we would not affirm that Shakespeare inserted front scenes for Kemp or songs for his boy-protégé in the same way in which Nicholas Nickleby was required to insert a dance for Mr. Folair, we might repeat that the practical workings of a stock company are much the same in all ages, and that the company's author might sometimes see his opportunity through the lens of necessity. In Shakespeare's case, it needs not say, such a conjectured necessity is, like the clocks of his ancient Rome and the seacoast of his Bohemia, forgotten in the joy of his triumphant invention. To quarrel with him because expediency shared with inspiration in the bodying-forth of Falstaff and Mercutio, Dogberry and Slender, were like quarreling with the violin because its anguish and its ecstasy reach our souls only over a bridge of catgut and hair.

In all this suggesting, this piecing together of possibilities, there is an uncertain quantity of no uncertain magnitude, — the will of Shakespeare. Emphasize as we may the compulsion of his material and of his company upon him, we cannot exclude the likelihood that at any moment some influence unknown to us may have shaped his course. Of Lear's fool, for instance, Bradley has said: 'One can almost imagine that Shakespeare, going home from an evening at the Mermaid, where he had listened to Jonson fulminating against fools in general and perhaps criticising the Clown in *Twelfth Night* in particular, had said to himself, "Come, my friends, I will show you once for all that the mischief is in you, and not in the fool or the audience. I will have a fool in the most tragic of my tragedies. He shall not play a little part. He shall keep from first to last the company in which you most object to see him, —

the company of a king. Instead of amusing the king's idle hours, he shall stand by him in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion. Before I have done, you shall confess, between laughter and tears, that he is of the very essence of life, that you have known him all your days though you never recognized him till now, and that you would as soon go without Hamlet as miss him." '

Certainly the difference between this Fool and Hamlet is hardly greater than the difference between him and the Costards and Dromios of Shakespeare's early years. To speak of the change as due to the poet's intellectual and spiritual growth is true; to speak of it as arising from the varying necessities of each newly contrived dramatic action is true; to speak of it as conditioned by the desires of the audience and the needs of the actors is also true. We can discuss the farcical clumsiness of the clowns of Shakespeare's youth, the wit and wisdom of the Fools of his maturity; or we can discuss the same figures as the parts written for the boor Kemp, the parts written when Shakespeare, freed from Kemp's demands, though bound still to use his company, brought his comic figure into harmony with his dramatic intent. The latter view is to-day especially suggestive; and were that ' onlie begetter ' of a renascence of thought, the body of new facts, granted to our researches, we might hope for a nearer and a truer glimpse of Shakespeare; hope to see in him the workman of this our clay as well as the poet who abides not our question.

# SHIPS IN THE AIR

## A PRATT PORTRAIT

BY ANNA FULLER

'MARK my words,' said Emerson Swain, 'if Hazeldean thinks there's anything those French army experts don't know about ballooning, he's simply got a bee in his bonnet, and the sooner he finds it out, the better.'

The Swains were passing the college recess with Hattie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Pratt. Young Ben and his wife, Alicia, having dropped in for a Sunday call, the moment seemed propitious for a candid consideration of the one perplexing member of the family, and it was felt that the last speaker had contributed materially to the discussion. Such an utterance from such a source certainly merited attention, for Emerson, having served three years in the Civil War, where he had acquired a game leg and the title of Colonel (he had promptly dropped the latter, but had kept what he could of the other), was the family authority on matters military.

'That's pretty much the way Hazeldean himself goes on about those siege

balloons,' was young Ben's dispassionate comment; 'he says they're no better than great blundering bumblebees.'

'My little brother got stung by a bee one day,' Alicia remarked; 'quite a lump came on his forehead.'

Alicia's conversation resembled nothing so much as the piano-playing of a person who does n't know when he is getting his bass wrong, if only the tune tinkles. Perhaps that was why one could already trace hints of the crow's-feet which time would soon begin engraving at the corners of her husband's humorous blue eyes.

'It's all my fault,' Hazeldean's mother declared, in a tone of mingled remorse and apprehension; 'if it had n't been for that dream I'm forever dreaming, of flying downstairs and circulating round under the ceiling, Hazeldean might never have got flying-machines on the brain.'

'Yes, Martha,' her husband chuckled, 'we all know you're a high-flyer. It's only a wonder your children have turned out as well as they have. Eh, Emmy?'

Emerson Swain grinned, as he always did when his father-in-law called him 'Emmy,' and thanked heaven that he had married into such a pleasant family. If Ben teased you, you might be fairly certain that he liked you. His wife, for instance, he loved with all his heart, which in his case was saying a good deal; hearts being, as his mother, Old Lady Pratt, was fond of asserting, Ben's 'strong suit.' But he could never let her foibles alone; and of all the teasable phases of Martha's character, none was more perennially diverting than this particular vagary of her dreams. The vision of his wife's substantial person, always scrupulously attired, and of inviolable decorum, floating nonchalantly over the heads of her fellow creatures, never lost its charm for Ben.

Hattie, meanwhile, who was sitting on the old satin ottoman, balancing a preternaturally solemn baby on her knee, was still intent upon her husband's confident pronouncement.

'I don't see what's to prevent Hazeldean setting up a whole swarm of bees in his bonnet,' she observed, 'now that Uncle Edward has left him all that money.'

'But that's just the mischief of it, Hattie,' her husband demurred. 'I consider that he has come into his fortune at a most inopportune moment, — precisely when he was experiencing a recrudescence of his unfortunate hallucination.'

Hattie cocked her head knowingly and, addressing the solemn baby, remarked, 'Those are lovely long words, are n't they, toddlekins? But if we take to croaking they'll think we're jealous.'

At which juncture Hazeldean himself strolled into the room and, with a casual nod to his brother and Alicia, dropped down on the ottoman, shoulder to shoulder with Hattie.

'Did I interrupt?' he inquired, glancing from one to the other of the little assemblage, which appeared about as unconscious as a rocking-chair whose occupant has precipitately left the room.

'Not at all,' chirped Hattie. 'We were merely discussing the Franco-Prussian War.'

'Hm! I see. So that's why you all looked as if you had eaten the canary.'

'Minnie Dodge says it's cruel to keep a canary,' Alicia threw in. 'She says birds were made to fly about.'

'A fact which few persons would appear to have observed,' was Hazeldean's thoughtful rejoinder. Having delivered himself of which, he relapsed against the pudgy cushions, and endeavored to insert a finger into the tight little fist of his small nephew.

Hazeldean Pratt would have been a striking figure in any company, but nowhere did his personality stand out more sharply by contrast than in his own comfortable family circle. Lolling there on the ottoman, to be sure, his superior height was lost upon the observer, while his strongly idealistic brow and searching eyes, bent now upon the youngest scion of the stock, were less in evidence than usual. And yet, the stooping shoulders, the fixed gaze at that irresponsive morsel of humanity, the complete absorption in an enterprise of no moment, all bespoke a temperament of alien intensity. Hattie herself, for all her liveliness of disposition, was a restful personality by comparison.

As their mother glanced across the room at the little group on the ottoman which, despite the fashions of the early seventies, had about it a curious touch of elder art, she inquired, 'Have you seen grandmother to-day, Hazeldean? It's her birthday, you know.'

'No; I'm on my way there, now.'

'Hope it don't make you dizzy to go so fast,' his father remarked, placidly shifting to starboard the bit of slippery-elm which he called his 'lubricator.'

Upon which Hazeldean, desisting from his unavailing blandishments, straightened himself and, lifting his long length from the seat, observed, 'You know we're all traveling along at the rate of nineteen miles a second.' Then, as he crossed the threshold into the entry-way, and picked up his hat, 'Funny, is n't it?' he called back, 'that we never seem to get there!'

'Get where?' asked Alicia.

But the closing of the heavy front door was the only answer vouchsafed her very pertinent inquiry.

For Hazeldean was already sauntering down the path in the deepening twilight, pondering the thing he had said. He glanced up at the first star of evening, burning still and serene to mortal eye as if it were not rushing through space at a fabulous rate of speed. Hazeldean loved the stars in their courses; they were the mighty prototype of all flying things.

'If I had said five hundred and ninety-six million miles a year,' he reflected, as he passed through the gate, and bent his steps in the direction of Green Street, 'it would n't have conveyed any idea to their minds. But we can most of us count up to twenty.' Then, with a quick turn of thought, — 'And up to twenty, I reckoned that I could fetch it myself.'

From boyhood up, this offshoot of an eminently common-sense family had pursued the will-o'-the-wisp of a flying-machine; not a good, honest, puffy balloon, mind you, that should have the law of gravity, or, more properly speaking, the law of levity, in its favor, but something in the nature of an automaton, designed to rise in the air, and propel itself hither and yon in open defiance of those well-established laws. Such a notion was, of course, too apocryphal to be taken seriously, unless when the youngster had chanced to break a collar-bone or damage his Sunday breeches in the cause; and by the time he was fairly out of his teens, his easy-going people were only too glad to believe that he had given over such child's-play for good and all.

He had now been for several years connected with a patent-solicitor's office, where his natural bent for invention was proving a not inconsiderable asset. And here he had been witness of so many futile efforts in one or another field of mechanics, he had seen so many fiascos, incurred too by men of greater originality than himself, that his disillusionment touching his own ability had been complete. He was as firmly persuaded as ever that the day of the flying-machine was not far off, but

equally convinced that he was not the man to work out the problem. And thus rid of a serious handicap, he bade fair to become a useful average member of society.

In fact, the young visionary was probably never in a more normal frame of mind than on the evening, a year or more ago, when he first met Miss Hester Burdick, the new grammar-school teacher, at his grandmother's house. Certainly he could have given no better evidence of good sense than was to be discerned in the promptness with which he fell in love with that admirable young woman, who, for her part, had already shown herself equally discriminating by falling in love with Hazeldean's grandmother. The young school-teacher was boarding next door with her cousins, 'the Doctor Baxters,' and she and Old Lady Pratt had struck up a great intimacy.

As Hazeldean strode along in the starlight, with quickening step, his mind reverted to that first sight of Hester, holding a skein of worsted for Aunt Betsy, who was smiling, with a pleased sense of companionship. The girl's eyes rested upon the clear-cut features of her hostess, where one could almost read the thought that had just found terse expression. Old Lady Pratt had looked up brightly as her grandson entered, saying, —

'Come in, Hazeldean. I want to make you acquainted with Miss Hester Burdick. She's a nice girl, and likes old ladies.'

From which moment Hazeldean found himself in the highly unconventional position of being the declared rival of his own grandmother.

An unsuccessful rival, alas, for within the year he had twice suffered rejection. The last time had been a few days after his accession to fortune, when, if ever, his suit would have seemed likely to prosper.

A curious thing about that fortune, by the way. No one but Hazeldean's mother could conceive why, if one nephew was to be singled out for favor, it should not have been Edward, the youngest, who had been avowedly named for his uncle. But Martha, happy in the advantage of having been born a Hazeldean, understood that it was the family name that her brother, having only daughters of his own, had rejoiced to see perpetuated. She knew that his ideas, like hers, were generic rather than specific.

'Queer, ain't it?' Old Lady Pratt had remarked to Ben, apropos of his brother-in-law's will, 'the satisfaction some folks appear to git out of a family pride they can't p'int to any particular reason for? Now the Hazeldeans come of good stock enough, like the rest of us, but I ain't never hearn tell of any on 'em settin' the river afire; hev you?'

'P'raps it's the brilliant matches they make,' Ben ventured. 'There's Edward, married money, and Martha, — well, she drew me! Ain't that enough to make any family feel kind o' perky?'

Thanks then to a family pride denied a legitimate basis, Hazeldean found himself possessor of a fortune denied a legitimate use. For, since Hester would n't have him and his fortune, of what possible good was either?

It was just as he had arrived at this deadening conclusion that a thing happened which infused a very explicit meaning into life. If he could not be off with the new love, he could at least be on with the old; a reversal of the usual order which struck him as original, if not altogether consolatory.

He had been the first to put in an appearance at the office one morning, now some three weeks since, when a man entered who introduced himself as Hiram Lane. He looked about forty, and was soberly, not to say shabbily, clad. As he took his seat and proceed-

ed to untie a roll of papers, Hazeldean was struck with a certain controlled alertness of countenance and gesture. He experienced an instant conviction that here was a man not in the same class with the average client. When the stranger spoke, his low, incisive voice, his diction, spare but trenchant, lent authority to his words. The total impression was one of balance and significance.

'My name is Hiram Lane,' he stated. 'I wish to patent a certain contrivance, a link in the sequence that will eventually lead to aviation as distinguished from ballooning.'

There was no apology in Lane's attitude, no defiance. He was sure of himself and indifferent to criticism. And something of his quiet confidence subdued the rising tumult of Hazeldean's brain, and enabled him to reply with answering composure, 'It is something I have always believed in.'

'Good,' said Hiram Lane. 'Then let's get to work.'

For an hour the two men busied themselves with drawings and blueprints, with technical terms and scientific computations. Hazeldean's chief entered, saw that he was in good vein, and refrained from interfering. Other clerks arrived and got to work, other clients came and went, and Hazeldean and Hiram Lane were still at it.

At last the latter glanced at the office-clock, sprang to his feet, and rolled up his papers, with the same curt energy that characterized all his processes, mental or otherwise.

'Time's up,' he declared. 'Shall you be here at the same hour to-morrow?'

'Yes,' said Hazeldean, with like brevity, which betrayed nothing of the tumult that was rising again. And, an instant later, his client's heels went ringing down the corridor.

Lane came again next morning, and after that at irregular intervals, always leaving at the same hour. He was evidently not master of his own time. Hazeldean was conscious of no curiosity about him, personally. There were so many people whose business and social status was all there was to them, that he had not the slightest wish to label and catalogue a shining exception like this. He only thanked his stars that the man had crossed his path.

And it came about that as day by day his faith in Hiram Lane's enterprise grew, Hazeldean's faith in himself grew also. He had not been an addle-pated visionary, after all, he told himself to-night; his idea had been sound. That he had lacked the skill, the originality, to put it into execution, that was a mere detail, which in no way affected the issue at stake. And besides, there were other ways of furthering a good cause than by actual leadership. We could n't all be captains, we could n't all be fighting men, even. But — and suddenly his mind was crossed by the familiar phrase, 'sinews of war.' He halted, there in the path, as if his name had been called. Sinews of war! Money! That money which he had despised, because Hester would none of it, — the money that had come to him by a caprice of fortune. Why, he was an able-bodied man, a competent bread-winner! He was as capable as his brothers of earning his own living. What should he want of a fortune? And with a firm step, he started off again, headed now for his goal, in more senses than one.

The stars were gathering fast. How quietly, almost imperceptibly, they appeared, — as quietly as a thought does. And yet, so constant were they in that flight of theirs, that by them and by them alone the mariner was safe to steer his course. Well, here was a thought to steer by, and what a thought! Was ever such a use found for money? Some folks bought stocks

and bonds with theirs, and vegetated on the income. How stupid to do a thing like that with it!

Again he glanced skyward, where the constellations were already standing out in their ancient order. There was the moon, too, not yet at the full, just sailing clear of the housetops. And here was his grandmother's gate. He wished he had not timed his visit when Hester was almost sure to be there. She was tantalizing, distracting. He could n't keep his wits about him when she was by; he was too busy feeling things. Uncomfortable things, too. In some moods the very sight of her, the sound of her voice, was like a stab. What had a man with a good, working thought in his head to do with feelings, anyway? No, he did n't want to see Hester to-night.

And yet, when presently he stood on the threshold of the little sitting-room, and she was not there, a worse stab caught him than the sight of her could have dealt. Perhaps Old Lady Pratt suspected his discomfiture, though he got out his birthday congratulations very creditably; for, —

'Hester's been and gone,' she remarked, as he took Aunt Betsy's hand, which felt like a pad of dough after his grandmother's claw-like grip.

'Has she?' he echoed vaguely.

'Yes; she has. You're too late.'

He knew better than to protest that he had come to see his grandmother. In face of those sharp eyes, indeed, he could not even in his own mind keep up the little fiction. So he let his case go by default.

'Do you calc'late to go through life jest too late?' she persisted, with considerable animus.

'Too late or — too early,' he amended, trying, not very successfully, to force his mind back from Hester to that other matter which required a long future to its unfolding.

He had seated himself and, picking up an unwieldy photograph album, he chanced upon a recent libel on his grandmother, wherein her keen physiognomy had been so ruthlessly denuded of the smallest modicum of character that he felt himself for once almost a match for her. Her actual voice, however, dispelled that pleasing illusion.

'Have you given her up?' she inquired.

'She has given me up.'

'What makes you let her?'

'I've asked her twice,' he smouldered. 'If I keep on nagging her, she'll get to hate me.'

'Well,' was the crisp rejoinder, 'I ain't so sure but that 'd be a step in the right direction.' And, shrewdly studying the young man's countenance, she fell to wishing that there were more of the stout fibre of resistance in his composition, against which a robust hate might brace itself.

Old Lady Pratt desired this match ardently. She felt sure it would be the making of her grandson, and equally sure that all the girl needed was to be waked up about him. Hester had certainly begun by liking him; indeed, no one could be quite indifferent to Hazeldean at first blush. He was too individual for that, though his natural advantages were, to his grandmother's thinking, disastrously nullified in the general scheme of him. Even as his good looks were too frequently lost in a slack bearing and a tendency to stare at nothing, so his undeniable intelligence had hitherto missed fire. His ideas were rarely driven home. Morally too he lacked a healthy assertiveness. He could attract, but failed to hold, and Old Lady Pratt had watched, and understood, the flickering out of Hester's interest. A girl of her calibre might well demand something more definite to tie to than a pleasant disposition and a glancing intelligence.

That intelligence, however, had not missed the point of the old lady's remark.

'Yes,' Hazeldean pondered, ''t were something to be level to her hate.'

'Hm! That's poetry, I suppose,' she scoffed, while her knitting-needles clicked and glinted a brisk protest; for Old Lady Pratt, like many of her contemporaries, kept her Sabbath from sundown to sundown. 'Now, what you need to cultivate is prose.'

'There's plenty of it lying round loose,' he returned dully.

'So there's plenty of earth lyin' round loose,' was the quick retort; 'but 't ain't goin' to do you any good unless you git your own plot 'n' till it. What are you aimin' to do with all that money o' yours?' she inquired abruptly.

The question so suddenly propounded was a challenge, and he rose to it, clean quit of his preoccupation. His thought was there, that thought that he was to steer by. The glance that met his grandmother's inquiry was not the familiar one of facile enthusiasm. It was definite, — aggressive. As his interlocutor put it to herself, there was backbone in his eye. And backbone, in any locality, was Old Lady Pratt's fetish.

'I'm thinking of turning it into sinews of war,' he replied, with quiet emphasis.

Yes; he looked self-sufficient, and for the first time in his grandmother's recollection. Supposing he did do something rash with his money, so he came out a man! Old Lady Pratt was no despiser of property; quite the contrary, in fact. But it was not her fetish. And so, in deference to the thing that *was* her fetish, namely, character, expressed in terms of backbone, she said, very deliberately, —

'Well, Hazeldean, the money's yours, 'n' it'll do you good to live up to that. You kin tell 'em I said so, if you're a mind to,' she added, with a twinkle.

When, a few minutes later, Hazeldean passed out into Green Street, which lay before him, a network of shifting shadows, there was Hester Burdick, still abroad, a little Scotch-plaid shawl thrown over her head, her face upturned in the moonlight. He stood an instant, watching her approach. What was that his grandmother had said about making the girl hate him? It might be a step in the right direction? Well, so it would be, — in the direction of getting rid, once for all, of that foolish, senseless hankering, that kept him mooning round, wherever and whenever she might be looked for. He had not paid her an honest call in a month now. But he had been scheming to meet her, and telling himself that he hoped she would not be there. Well, there should be no more of that. He would confront her now, squarely and fairly, and fairly and squarely he would ask her again, and make an end of this miserable shilly-shallying.

He met her, just as she reached the Baxter gate.

'I've been taking a roundabout way home from your grandmother's,' she volunteered; 'it was such a lovely evening.'

'Yes; it's a great evening!' and, placing his hand on the gate, he held it firmly closed.

'But I'm just going in,' said Hester, waiting for him to make way for her.

'So was I. But I find I like it better outside.'

'As you please. But I'm afraid you'll have to let me pass.'

'I've been letting you pass for ages,' he averred doggedly. 'This is a hold-up.'

'Really!' with an instinct to run for cover. 'Then why not come inside?'

'Not I. There are folks in there.

But I'll come as far as the piazza, if you'll play fair.'

'But I'm not playing.'

'Nor I!'

She perceived that he was not to be put off.

'Very well; then come,' she said resignedly; 'it's silly to stand out here talking riddles.'

He knew that he could trust her, and he opened the gate. As they approached the steps he laid a detaining hand on her sleeve.

'Hester!'

'Ah, don't!' she protested, hurrying up the steps. He was not in the habit of calling her by her Christian name, but that was not what she minded.

They were standing on the piazza now, in a sort of cat's-cradle of trellised moonlight.

'Hester!' he implored.

She stiffened.

'It's no good, you know. I thought you understood that.'

He pulled himself up.

'I did, in a way; but I wanted to make sure.'

She flushed a bit.

'I'll make an affidavit if you wish,' she proffered, not without a touch of pique.

'No; I'm willing to take your word for it.'

He loved her and craved her, inappeasably; yet, in the very moment of denial, he was conscious of a curious satisfaction. Steel had struck steel between them for the first time; the mere clash of it was tonic.

'Did you stop me expressly to say that?' she asked, distantly. For, in truth, his manner was anything but flattering.

He did not answer at once. He was thinking how well she looked with that little square of shawl over her head. For all her haughty air (she had never found it worth while to be haughty with him before), that little shawl made her look so human, so lovable! The kind of head-gear it was that was worn by the wives of laboring men, — those plain women that just love a man without thinking, because they can't help it, and don't want to. He thought that if he could snatch that little shawl from her head, and button it in under his coat, he might make that do.

Perhaps he looked predatory, for, with a half-distrustful air, she edged toward the door.

'I really must go in,' she said.

At that, he threw off his preoccupation.

'Then it's quite settled?' he asked; and he forced himself to ask the question quietly.

'Quite. I'm glad you find it such a relief.'

The shawl had slid to her shoulders, but she did not notice.

'It *is* — an immense relief'; and he eyed the shawl, that was slipping, slipping, down her shoulders. 'There's something I've got to do and' — with a swift movement he caught the shawl as it fell — 'and now I have a free hand. Good-night.'

With a bound, he was at the foot of the steps, while she stood above him in the clear moonlight,reaching out an imperious hand.

'Give me my shawl!' she commanded.

But from somewhere off there in the dark came the preposterous answer, 'I consider it mine!' And he was gone.

'Well, I never!' she gasped, as, with tingling nerves and heightened color, she turned and went into the house.

Hester Burdick had been loved before; she had once, in an elemental moment, and to her undying chagrin, been kissed. But never before had she been robbed. It was detestable — she was sure of that — but it was a

sensation. It waked her up. Ah, wise Old Lady Pratt!

And Hazeldean strode along homeward, the little shawl buttoned tight under his coat, literally hugging himself over his ill-gotten booty.

Yet, arrived at last in his own room, which was squared off with patches of moonlight, he pulled out the little shawl and regarded it critically. After all, it was nothing but a shawl! He was afraid he should n't be able to make it 'do,' after all. With a rueful grimace, he tossed it upon his desk, which stood by one of the moonlit windows, and turned to light the gas. The match-box had been misplaced. Glancing about in search of it, his eye fell upon that bit of Scotch-plaid, which lay in a round heap, a small break in its contour suggesting that it had once framed a face.

With a choking sensation of fierce pain, he dropped into the chair by the desk and, gathering the soft folds in his hands, buried his face in them. So he remained for several minutes, motionless. But when, at sound of the supper-bell, he raised his head, his features were set in firm lines, and the moon, at gaze, found nothing there to gratify its romantic predilections.

Those firm lines were already beginning to feel very much at home in Hazeldean's mobile countenance when, the following Saturday, he made his offer to Hiram Lane. He had thought the matter out very soberly, and the proposition was couched in terms of business commonplace. If the young capitalist had never before experienced quite the sense of exultation that stirred his blood as he made the offer, neither had he ever been quite so completely master of himself.

'You know what you are about,' Lane had demurred. 'You know the chances of failure?'

'Yes.'

'That it must be a matter of years at best? That you and I may not live to see the end?'

'Yes; I know.'

They were in Lane's lodging, a great barn of a room in a cheap suburb, cluttered badly with grotesque contraptions of wire and cane, of canvas and oiled silk. A very fair apology for a chemist's laboratory, ranged on rough shelves in one corner, lent an air of scientific reality to the establishment, further emphasized by various workmanlike drawings and tabulations spread out upon a deal table. But in all the room was no faintest suggestion of creature comfort.

Lane was seated on a high stool, nursing his knee, and eying his pet model, — a crude, but extremely ingenious affair, no more resembling the modern 'flyer,' to be sure, than the formless embryo resembles the plant in full flower. And yet — the germ was there, and both men knew it.

'It's a one-sided sort of partnership,' Lane observed. 'You'll never see your money again; you *may* never see any results at all. But — the fact is, you're the only chap I've ever run across, who had the gumption to catch on, and — I think you're entitled to lend a hand.'

True fanatic that he was, the man honestly believed himself to be conferring a favor; wherein Hazeldean, in the magnanimity of his soul, fully concurred.

'Very well,' he said. 'We'll call it a partnership, and some day —'

'Some day, we'll show 'em the way to Mars!'

With that, Lane jumped down off his stool, wrung Hazeldean's hand, severely but briefly, and then began, with technical exactitude, elucidating the advantage of a slight readjustment of the new model which he was contemplating. Neither of them dwelt

further upon the financial aspects of the case, until just as Hazeldean was leaving, when he said, 'It's understood then that you draw upon the First National, as required, to that amount.'

'Yes,' Lane agreed; adding, with a strong note of feeling, 'and I draw upon you, personally, for something that no money can buy.'

A close hand-grip sealed the bond, and Hazeldean, walking home over the long bridge, carried with him the sensation of that hand-grip, and felt that here too was something that no money could buy.

He was walking, shoulders squared, head well set back, as he had recently contracted the habit of doing. The keen autumn air, the metallic blue of the sky, the incoming tide, brimming the river-banks, all conspired to heighten that sense of vigor and well-being that follows upon decisive action.

Presently his attention was arrested by a flock of gulls, flecking the cold, dark bosom of the stream. They were in restless motion, and he watched them with kindling interest. Yes, they were rising, see! and circling in the sunshine, now in light, now in shadow, as they wheeled and turned. What more natural than that flight? What more glorious? They rose higher, and turned upstream. As they flew directly over his head, his eye, following them, was caught by a figure on the other side of the bridge. It was Hester Burdick, out for her favorite walk. He lifted his hat, and she inclined her head, coldly. They had not met since the robbery. The sight of her, walking there in the common daylight, the chill of her indifferent salutation, brought him back from his flight of fancy with a dull reaction. What business had he with that shawl of hers? How could a grown man have been guilty of such tomfoolery! The thing must be returned, of course. 'Now I have a free hand,' he had said. Well, here was the test. Only—he would not brave it yet; not until Lane had taken the preliminary steps toward cutting loose from other work, and beginning operations on a larger scale, thereby clinching the contract, and putting the terms of it beyond discussion.

And during that interval Hazeldean's sense of personal efficiency expanded and took distinct shape. It found expression most of all in the handling of his daily work. He felt the vital necessity of vindicating his action before the bar of his own judgment at least, and this could be done in but one way: by approving himself independent of those artificial props which he had so cavalierly rejected. In the process, he found himself acquiring a sense of mastery, not only of business detail, but of his own powers, his own grip on life. He spent less time than heretofore with Lane; he did not greatly concern himself with the inventor's doings. All such matters were delegated once for all to the acknowledged expert. His own job was to establish himself in his own line.

And at last, when he felt that he had the situation well in hand, he took the little shawl back to its owner, speculating as he did so upon the chances of her consenting to see him.

She had no choice as to that, for she opened the door herself. At sight of him her countenance changed, and she did not invite him to enter.

'Are n't you going to ask me in?' he inquired. The question sounded more a demand than an entreaty.

'My cousins are playing cards in the parlor,' she temporized.

'But there's the dining-room.'

He was struck with admiration of his own hardihood.

'I am correcting compositions in there,' she objected.

But she stepped aside, and gave him grudging admittance. The parlor door stood open, and they could see the players, studying their hands in deep absorption.

'I pass,' quoth a voice with a grievance.

'Order it up,' Dr. Baxter announced. And the game went on.

They seated themselves on opposite sides of the dining-table, which was covered with a red-checked cloth on which were spread her papers and a blue pencil. The light from the chandelier, touching her hair to bronze, left the features somewhat in shadow, head and shoulders silhouetted against a background of turkey-red curtains. The *chiaroscuro* of the total effect was subtly disquieting, so at variance did it seem with the girl's singularly open, straightforward nature. Happily, however, his errand was a definite one; he need have no traffic with moods and tenses.

'I have brought you back your shawl,' he announced, without preamble, drawing from his pocket a small parcel, carefully wrapped in tissue paper. He had not smoked a pipe in his own room for a week past, lest the odor should contaminate those sacred folds. A needless sacrifice, by the way, since, truth to tell, Hester rather particularly liked tobacco-smoke.

'You are quite sure you are through with it?' she inquired, with a pardonable indulgence in satire.

'Not exactly that, but things have changed since I—annexed it. I should n't feel justified in keeping it any longer.'

'Indeed!'

'No; I have n't the right even to think of you any more. I've burned my bridges.'

'And you can't swim?'

The little fling sounded just a trifle forced.

'Not that particular stream. But' — with a sudden flash — 'I may come flying across, one of these days.'

'So, you've gone back to that, have you?'

No, Hester was not herself tonight. Her speech, like her face, was in *chiaroscuro*.

'In a sense, yes. But not on my own account.'

'Riddles again!'

And, upon that, she fell to tracing blue arabesques on a stray half-sheet.

'Not at all. It's plain as a pikestaff. A man I know has the brains, and the originality, and the persistence, and the self-abnegation, every quality, in fact, except capital.'

'Ah!' She glanced up quickly, while the careful arabesques went askew. 'And you?'

'I am going to supply that.'

Since it was a kind of general obloquy that he was inviting, he might as well face the music here and now.

'Your uncle's legacy?' she inquired, in a tone that was studiously noncommittal.

'Yes.'

'All of it?'

'As much of it as he may need.'

'And you call that burning your bridges?'

'Most assuredly.'

'What bridges?'

'The bridges that don't lead anywhere. The bridges that ought to lead to' — he looked her full in the face — 'to you!'

'Ah!' she breathed again. 'Won't you tell me a little more about the man you've burned your bridges for?'

'I have n't burned them for a man; I've burned them for an idea.'

'Tell me about the idea.'

And Hazeldean told her, simply and concisely, without exaggeration, about

the great idea to which he had pledged a fortune. He talked so well that she could comprehend the gist of his argument, and he perceived the clearness of her comprehension.

'It may be many years,' he admitted. 'We may none of us live to see it. But some day, some day, the thing will be done, and — every little helps.'

'Does any one know, any one but me?'

'Nobody, yet. But of course I shall be obliged to tell my folks. It will be pretty rough on them, I'm afraid.'

'Rough on them? They could n't be so narrow!' She had pushed back her chair. Her face was plainly visible now; her speech wholly spontaneous. 'They must see, they must feel —' But here she put sudden compulsion on herself, and fell silent.

'Hester!' he cried, leaning forward across the table. 'You can see it that way? You can feel with me about it? And yet —' He sprang to his feet with an impatient movement.

'And yet?' she echoed, unfolding the shawl from its tissue wrappings, and absently resting her cheek against it.

He was not standing the test, and he knew it. With a sense of wrenching himself free, he said abruptly, 'I'll go now, and leave you to correct compositions in peace to the end of the chapter, on one condition. That you come out on the piazza, and give me absolution, just where it happened. I'll go, honor bright, if you'll do that.'

'Well, if you offer such an inducement,' she jested, tossing the little shawl over her head, in token perhaps of amnesty, as together they passed out into the chill evening air.

There was only starlight to-night; only the stars in their courses looked down upon that provocative little shawl. He almost wished she had n't thrown it over her head; that little shawl that made her look so human, so lovable, so like those plain women who loved a man without thinking, because they could n't help themselves.

'It's a big good-by for me,' he was saying, with a stricture at his throat that really hurt.

'On account of the burned bridges?' she queried, under her breath.

'Yes,' he said, firmly and finally; 'on account of the burned bridges.' And he took her hand in parting.

'I'm glad you've burned them,' she observed, striving hard for the purely conversational tone. 'I always hated that money of yours.'

'Hated it?'

'Yes, and the things you said about it, and about — us. They sounded such castles in the air.'

The shawl had fallen back from her head, and her face showed clear and frank in the starlight. There was a dawning sweetness in it, too, a sweetness that Hazeldean had divined from the very first, though never until that hour had his eyes beheld it. But he kept himself steadily to the issue in hand.

'And *ships* in the air?' he urged. 'You would rather hear talk of *them?*'

'Yes; only — it's not the talk, either. It's what you've done. It's so — real!'

He had both her hands now, and his eyes held hers.

'Hester!' It was as if he were conjuring her to a confession of faith; 'Hester! You do believe, you really do believe — in it all?'

And she answered quietly, almost solemnly, yet with that in her voice which was a confession of more, far more, than faith, —

'Yes, I do believe that we shall live to see your ships in the air come true, — *you and I!*'

# THE STORY OF THE SALT LAKE TRAIL

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

'*September* 6. Leaving the encampment early . . . we reached the butte without any difficulty, and, ascending to the summit, immediately at our feet beheld the subject of our anxious search, the waters of the inland sea, stretching in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the limit of our vision. It was one of the great points of the exploration; and, as we looked eagerly over the lake, in the emotions of excited pleasure, I am doubtful if the followers of Balboa felt more enthusiasm when, from the heights of the Andes, they saw for the first time the great western sea.

'*September* 8. . . . The evening was mild and clear. We made a pleasant bed of the young willows; and geese and ducks enough had been killed for an abundant supper at night, and for breakfast the next morning. The stillness of the night was enlivened by millions of waterfowl.

'*September* 14. . . . Taking leave at this point of the waters of Bear River, and of the geographical basin which encloses the system of rivers and creeks which belong to the Great Salt Lake, . . . I can say of it that the bottom of this river, and of some of the creeks which I saw, form a natural resting and recruiting station for travelers, now and in all time to come. The bottoms are extensive; water excellent; timber sufficient; soil good and well adapted to the grains and grasses suited to such an elevated region. A military post and a civilized settlement would be of great value here, and cattle and horses would do well where grass and salt so much abounded. The lake will furnish exhaustless supplies of salt. All the mountain sides here are covered with a valuable, nutritious grass, called bunch-grass from the form in which it grows, which has a second growth in the fall. The beasts of the Indians were fat upon it. Our own found it a good substitute; and its quantity will sustain any amount of cattle, and make this truly a bucolic region.'

These words placed Utah upon the map. They are from Frémont's report of his explorations in 1842, 1843, and 1844, extending from Missouri to California. The entries here cited are from the journal of 1843, and describe the region in and near the Salt Lake basin. Published in 1845, they were read eagerly by Brigham Young when, after being compelled to leave Nauvoo, Illinois, with his people, in 1846, he was casting his eyes over the continent in search of a place to which to lead them, where they could be free from further molestation.

The religio-social organization of which he was the head had already contributed an interesting chapter to United States history. In Fayette, Seneca County, New York, on April 6, 1830, Joseph Smith, his brothers Hyrum and Samuel H. Smith, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and his brother Peter Whitmer, organized, under the laws of the State of New York, the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. This is an important date in the story of the building of the West. On that day, and under those auspices, the corporation popularly known as the Mormon Church, which was destined to open to civilization the then darkest spot on America's dark continent, to figure conspicuously in America's social and political annals in the after time, began its legal existence.

Joseph Smith was born in Sharon, Vermont, in 1805. According to Mormon history, the angel Moroni came to him on the night of September 21, 1823, and told him that God had a great work for him to do; that a revelation written on gold plates was deposited in a hill near by, and that with it were two transparent stones in silver bows, called the Urim and Thummim, on looking through which the plates could be deciphered. Plates and stones were delivered into Smith's hands on the night of September 22, 1827. The characters on the plates were what the Mormons called the 'reformed Egyptian.' Putting a blanket over the plates to conceal the record from profane eyes, Smith read the plates, and Oliver Cowdery wrote down the words. These disclosures, which were printed in Palmyra, New York, in 1830, were what was known as the Book of Mormon, and marked out the work which Smith and his people were to do. It had as an appendix a statement by Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, that they had seen the angel, the plates, and the characters thereon. A few years afterward these persons, having renounced the Mormon faith in the interval, declared that their previous testimony was false. The Book of Mormon, however, is history, and not a body of precepts or dogmas. The articles of faith, which were adopted later, are set forth in the code entitled *Doctrines and Covenants.*

Removing to Kirtland, Ohio, in 1831 (an episode which figures in Mormon church history as the 'first hegira'), the saints quickly aroused the distrust of their Gentile neighbors, and at length they fled to Missouri (the 'second hegira'), settling at Independence, on the western border of that state. Finding that spot inhospitable, they moved to other parts of the state. Trouble pursued them, however; a miniature civil war resulted between them and the rest of the community, and in 1838 Governor Boggs issued an order declaring that they 'must be exterminated, or driven from the state, if necessary, for the public good.' Once more they migrated (the 'third hegira'), this time crossing into Illinois, where they purchased the little village of Commerce, and there on the bank of the Mississippi, laid out a town which they named Nauvoo.

II

Charles Francis Adams, son of the sixth President of the United States, and Josiah Quincy, visited Nauvoo early in 1844. Writing long afterward, Quincy said that some text-book of the future might contain a query like this: 'What historical American of the nineteenth century has exerted the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen?' and he thought it possible that the answer might be: 'Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet.' Quincy closed his chapter thus: 'If the reader does not know what to make of Joseph Smith, I cannot help him out of the difficulty. I myself stand helpless before the puzzle.'

Others besides Adams and Quincy marveled at the Mormon phenomenon. The Illinois legislature in 1840 granted a liberal charter to Nauvoo, and the ten thousand men who started to build it in that year had grown to

twelve thousand in 1844. In addition to a university and a temple, the city had most of the accompaniments of a modern town of that period. The Mormons had reached a dignity and a prosperity never before attained by them. Believing that persecution for his people had ended, Smith became arrogant, so his Gentile neighbors said. Early in 1844 some of his people proposed him for the nomination for President of the United States. He sent letters to Clay, Van Buren, Cass, Buchanan, and others who had been mentioned in connection with the candidacy, Whigs and Democrats, asking what, if they were elected, would be their attitude toward the Mormons, and in every case the answers were non-committal.

But disaster was lying in ambush for Smith and his people. The wrath of the Gentiles was rising, and for several reasons, one of which was the acts, or the alleged acts, of the Danites, or Destroying Angels, an assassination society with which some members of the Mormon hierarchy were affiliated. In his *History of Illinois*, however, published in 1854, Governor Thomas Ford said, 'The great cause of the popular fury was that the Mormons, at several preceding elections, had cast their votes as a unit, thereby making the fact apparent that no one could aspire to the honors or offices of the country, within the sphere of their influence, without their approbation and votes.'

As a dogma of the church, polygamy was not proclaimed until 1852, five years after the Mormons had settled in Utah; but cohabitation, it was said, had been secretly practiced by Smith in Nauvoo, and this was the immediate cause of his downfall. His suggestions to some of the women of his flock in 1843 to become his spiritual wives led them and their husbands to separate from the church, and they started a paper in that town named the *Expositor*, which disclosed and attacked his practices. On May 6, 1844, Smith and a few of his followers destroyed the press and type of the paper. A warrant for their arrest was resisted. The county authorities called out the militia, and Smith and his brother Hyrum gave themselves up. On their promise to appear for trial they were released, but were immediately rearrested and placed in jail at Carthage, the county seat. Hearing that Governor Ford was about to give them their liberty, a mob, of which some of the jail guards were a part, attacked the jail on June 27, and shot the Smiths dead. The assassins were never punished.

The murder of Smith caused a sensation throughout the country, but local hostility compelled the legislature to revoke the charter of Nauvoo, in January, 1845. A deputation of prominent citizens, Whigs and Democrats, including Stephen A. Douglas, went to Nauvoo and told the Mormon leaders that they must leave the state. In October, 1845, Brigham Young, who became the head of the church after the death of Smith, announced that they would begin at once to sell their property, and seek a home in the Western wilderness. The large amount of property which was thrown upon the market, with the comparatively small number of buyers, most of whom were hostile, compelled the Mormons to let their farms, residences, and workshops go for any price which was offered, much of the property being exchanged for horses, wagons, horned cattle, and sheep.

It was then that Frémont's report reached Young's eyes. At the beginning of 1846 there were no states west of the Mississippi except Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, the last-named having just been annexed. Beyond the

Missouri was a wilderness roamed over by Indians and wild beasts. The territory comprised in the present Oregon, Idaho, and Washington was in dispute between the United States and England and had been for more than a generation, though it was to come under the flag by a treaty with England before that year expired. Utah, as well as New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and California, belonged to Mexico. Mexico was feeble, and its seat of government was two thousand miles from Salt Lake. In that region, far away from his persecutors in the United States, Young probably dreamed that he could erect an empire in which his people would be free forever from espionage or attack.

III

The bluffs of Hancock County, Illinois, where, in its northern and southern stretches, the Mississippi swings eastward, saw stirring and pathetic scenes on February 1, 1846. This was the beginning of the fourth and the last of the Mormon hegiras. The crossing of the river into Iowa territory, first on the ice and then on flatboats, skiffs, and such other craft as were obtainable, lasted until spring, the temperature, in the mean time, running the gamut of the Fahrenheit scale, from twenty degrees below zero to ninety degrees above.

With halting-places at Garden Grove, Mount Pisgah, and other points, some of which retain to this day the names which were then given to them, the exiles' line stretched almost from the Mississippi to the Missouri. It comprised fourteen thousand people, with three thousand wagons, thirty thousand head of cattle, and large numbers of horses and sheep. Births and deaths took place on the march. Some of the fugitives tarried on the way to plant and gather crops in the great vacant spaces which they traversed. It was the pilgrimage of a whole people.

The head of the column, with Brigham Young and most of the twelve apostles, reached the Missouri, near Council Bluffs, in June, crossed into Nebraska, and built a temporary town which they named Winter Quarters. This was near the present village of Florence, and a few miles north of the spot on which Omaha was afterward to rise. Nebraska, which was not organized as a territory until eight years later, had only a few dozen white inhabitants at that time, chiefly fur-traders, and was part of the region which was vaguely called the 'Indian Country.' Some of the fugitives went further into Nebraska, and found a refuge among the Sioux, and others stayed in Iowa for the time, but the main body passed the autumn and winter at Winter Quarters.

From the camp at that point, on April 14, 1847, started the advance detachment which was to blaze the path to the new Zion. It comprised one hundred and forty-three men, three women, and two children, with seventy-three wagons. The women were the wives of Brigham Young and of the apostles Lorenzo D. Young and Heber C. Kimball. Brigham was in command. The detachment was divided into companies, with regularly recognized officers, because, as they were to pass through a region in which Indians abounded, a semblance of military organization for purposes of defense was felt to be necessary. The objective of their migration was not definitely fixed in the minds of their leaders, except that they intended to cross the Rocky Mountains, and they were to attempt to seek out the locality which had been described by Frémont.

On the North Fork of the Platte they struck the Oregon Trail, which by 1847 had become broad and plainly

marked by the thousands who had traversed it, and reached Fort Bridger, on Black's Fork of the Green River, on July 7. According to the narrative of Orson Pratt, one of the twelve apostles, a leading spirit in this pioneer corps of the saints, that post then consisted of 'two adjoining log houses, with dirt roofs, and a small picket yard of logs set in the ground, about eight feet high. The number of men, squaws, and half-breed children in those houses and lodges may be about fifty or sixty.'

Leaving Fort Bridger on July 9, the pioneers bade good-by to the Oregon Trail which had been their companion for more than seven hundred miles, and struck out toward the southwest. Except as they encountered traces of paths made by fur-traders, Indians, or casual emigrants to California in the earlier days, they had now entered the unknown. They crept through gorges of the Uintah and Wasatch ranges, their course, for part of the way, having to be opened for them by their improvised corps of sappers and miners. Having a presentiment that the object of their quest was near, Pratt, who commanded the advance party, pushed ahead of the wagons on July 21, taking Erastus Snow, another of the apostles, with him. They ascended a western spur of the Wasatch, when suddenly there opened before them a broad valley which they believed to be about thirty miles long, while far off toward the northwest the waters of Great Salt Lake flashed back the sunshine.

Hastening back to their companions with the glad tidings, they led the whole party into the valley the next day, and selected a halting-place. 'Here we called the camp together,' says Pratt in his journal, 'and it fell to my lot to offer prayer and thanksgiving in behalf of our company, all of whom had been preserved from the Missouri River to this point; and, after dedicating ourselves unto the Lord, and imploring his blessing upon our labors, we appointed various committees to attend to different branches of our business preparatory to putting in crops. In about two hours after our arrival we began to plough, and the same afternoon we built a dam to irrigate the soil, which at the place we were ploughing was exceedingly dry.'

Here were displayed the courage, the discipline, unity, and prompt adaptability to environment which made the Mormon community in its latest home powerful and prosperous. Thus, fifty-five years before President Roosevelt placed his signature to the national irrigation act, irrigation on a large scale, and under private direction, began to make its conquests in the Salt Lake basin.

President Young, who, with some of the others of the company, had been delayed by illness, and had fallen to the rear, was informed by messenger of the discovery which had been made by Pratt, Snow, and their associates, and the work which they had done; and he, at the head of his companions, hastened forward in Elder Wilford Woodruff's carriage. Emerging from an opening at the summit of the Wasatch on July 24, and obtaining a glimpse of the future home of the saints, he waved his hat and shouted, 'Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!' Then, referring to his vision of the final dwelling-place of his people, he turned to Apostle Kimball and exclaimed exultantly, 'Brother Heber, this is the spot.' Then all descended into the valley.

From that day onward for fifty years the story of Utah was the history of the Mormons. Out of their various places of refuge the remainder of the fugitives from Nauvoo drifted to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848, 1849, and 1850, and subsequently these were reinforced by the

converts which their missionaries made in the rest of the country, and in Canada and Europe. A town was at once laid out by Young in blocks of ten acres, and Salt Lake City, which eventually became one of the most attractive cities on the continent, sprang into being. For irrigation and for the cruder forms of manufacturing, the streams from the mountains were quickly impressed into the service of the community. While only a few dozen white inhabitants, chiefly hunters and missionaries, were in Utah in July, 1847, the census-takers found eleven thousand there in 1850, and many undoubtedly eluded the search; and there were six thousand in Salt Lake City.

When, on July 24, 1847, the foundations of the New Jerusalem of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints were laid in Mexico's northern wilderness, Brigham Young could have been pardoned for dreaming his dreams of empire. The two thousand miles of physical obstructions which stretched between Salt Lake and Santa Anna's capital represented a time-distance almost as great as that which separated Cortez's field of operations of the earlier day and the court of Charles V. In the vast expanse which extended from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and from the Oregon line to the Gulf of California, he doubtless believed that he could build a nation which would be virtually independent, and which would soon become absolutely independent, of the feeble government of Mexico. Unhampered by prying Gentile neighbors or a hostile United States, the nearest important settlement of which was more than a thousand miles away, he could, as he had some excuse for assuming, quietly develop the power which would carry out Joseph Smith's prophecy, and ultimately make the Mormon Church master of the continent.

IV

But events that were already taking shape were destined to change the whole face of American affairs, and place Young's new empire under the American flag. While the Mormons were making their way through Iowa in the spring of 1846, the news of the collision between General Arista and Zachary Taylor on the Rio Grande reached Washington. President Polk sent a belligerent message to Congress on May 11; that body, two days later, declared war upon Mexico; fifty thousand volunteers were called for, and Mexico was to be attacked at three points, — from the lower Rio Grande by Taylor, at Chihuahua by General John E. Wool, and at Santa Fé by General Stephen W. Kearny.

One day near the close of June, Captain James Allen, of the First Dragoons, entered the Mormons' camp at Mount Pisgah, and presented a letter to Brigham Young which said that General Kearny 'would accept the service, for twelve months, of four or five companies of Mormon men' who would meet the physical requirements of the service, to form part of the Army of the West in its march on New Mexico and California. The recruits were to receive the regular pay and bounty which the government granted to all its volunteers, and they were to be discharged in California, and allowed to retain their arms and equipments. Under this call, about five hundred men enlisted. They were known as the Mormon battalion.

Thus, though the war was ultimately disastrous to the saints by placing Utah and California under United States sovereignty, it was advantageous to them in its immediate effects. A large part of the pay, together with the bounty of forty dollars given to each of them, was collected by Elder Taylor and other officials of the church at

Fort Leavenworth and Santa Fé, and carried back to Young's headquarters for use in the migration. The volunteers were armed and paid for going to California, a point to which many of them wanted to go, for at that time the exact spot for their final halting-place had not been definitely fixed, although, through Frémont, the Bear River Valley and the Salt Lake region had made an impressive appeal to their leaders.

Organized, armed, and equipped at Fort Leavenworth, the battalion started for Santa Fé over the traders' old trail on August 1, and reached that point on October 12. This was seven weeks after Kearny and his column had entered that capital and raised the flag over Governor Armijo's palace. Then their real work began.

'To-morrow three hundred wilderness-worn dragoons, in shabby and patched clothing, who have long been on short allowances of food, set forth to conquer or annex a Pacific empire; to take a leap in the dark of a thousand miles of wild plains and mountains, only known on vague reports as unwatered, and with several deserts of two and three marches, where a camel might starve, if not perish from thirst. Our success — we never doubt it! and the very desperation of any alternative must insure it — shall give us for boundary that world-line of a mighty ocean's coast, looking across to the cradle-land of humanity, and shall girdle the earth with civilization.'

This is an entry, dated at Santa Fé on September 25, 1846, in the diary of Captain Philip St. George Cooke, of the First Dragoons, a part of General Kearny's Army of the West.

At the end of the march we find this entry:—

'History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, for want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them, we have ventured into trackless table-lands where water was not found for several marches. . . . The garrisons of four presidios of Sonora concentrated within the walls of Tucson gave us no pause. We drove them out with their artillery, but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice.'

Colonel Frémont and Commodore Stockton had already completed the conquest of California. After doing garrison duty, successively, at San Luis Rey and Los Angeles, the battalion was mustered out of the service at the latter place on July 16, 1847. This was just a week before Apostles Pratt and Snow, President Young, and their associates crossed the Wasatch and set up their new Zion in the Salt Lake Valley. The battalion, however, two thousand miles away, which had received no tidings of its people since leaving Santa Fé nine months earlier, had no means of knowing their whereabouts, or even their fate.

Pushing northward, and meeting a party of Americans on the way, who told them that the refugees from Nauvoo were moving toward Salt Lake, most of the members of the battalion reached Sutter's Fort, five hundred miles from Los Angeles, in the latter part of August. A few of them remained at that post, but a majority of them crossed the mountains and entered the Salt Lake Valley on October 16. Two of those who stayed behind were digging the raceway at Sutter's mill when, on January 24, 1848, James W. Marshall made the gold discovery there which sent adventurers from all parts of the globe to that point, and altered the history of California, of Utah, and

of the whole country. A week after the gold 'find,' but long before it became known to the outside world, the American and Mexican commissioners placed their signatures to the peace treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which Mexico ceded California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico to the United States, and which pushed our southwestern boundary to the Pacific.

V

Finding himself back under United States sovereignty, and his dream of empire shattered, Young, with characteristic promptness and decision, adjusted himself to the circumstances, and attempted to turn them to his own account. A convention called by him met in Salt Lake City on March 4, 1849, and framed a constitution for the State of Deseret, under which state officers and a delegate to Congress were chosen, Young himself being the governor. The proposed state not only comprised the present State of Utah, but included parts of the present New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, all of Arizona and Nevada, and a portion of the southern end of California. It was a stroke of magnificent audacity. Young probably believed that isolation and the privileges belonging to statehood would give him virtual independence, while the recruits from the United States, Europe, and Canada whom his missionaries were sending him would eventually enable him to make his independence actual.

Congress refused to admit the delegate, and rejected the proposed state, but as a part of Clay's compromise scheme of 1850 it passed an act creating the Territory of Utah, comprising all of the present state, with parts of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming. President Fillmore made Young governor, but a clash with the United States authorities came shortly afterward. It came through the adoption of polygamy, which had been secretly practiced for years, but which was formally proclaimed as an article of the Mormon faith in 1852, and made compulsory; through the dominance of the Mormon hierarchy in the civil affairs of the territory; through the claims, which had been made from the beginning of the church's days in Kirtland, that the revelations of the Mormon prophets were of higher authority than the Constitution and statutes of the United States; and through the expulsion of some of the government officials from the territory and the murder of others.

Realizing that the Mormons were in rebellion against the government, President Buchanan, a few months after he assumed office in 1857, removed Young from the governorship, appointed in his place Alfred Cumming, who had been Superintendent of Indian Affairs on the upper Missouri, and sent twelve hundred soldiers under Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston to reëstablish United States authority in the territory.

The campaign was inglorious. Starting from Fort Leavenworth in July, the army was compelled to move slowly because of its immense supply-trains and the herds of beef cattle which it convoyed, and because it was attacked by bands of armed Mormons acting under Young's orders. On the night of October 3, a small force of guerillas swooped down upon three trains of seventy-five wagons camped on Green River, seized all the supplies which they could carry, burned the rest, and fled. The grass in front of other supply-trains was burned, so that the animals had very little to feed on. Hundreds of cattle were captured and sent to Salt Lake City. Heavy snows in the mountains obstructed the soldiers' movements, and in the latter part of November, when

the various sections of the army converged at Fort Bridger, that post and Fort Supply, a few miles away, were found to have been burned by the Mormons, and winter quarters were established near there, at Fort Scott, a hundred and fifteen miles north of Young's capital.

Buchanan's orders to Johnston were to avoid a conflict if possible. This was difficult, for on September 17 the massacre of Mountain Meadows, three hundred miles south of Salt Lake City, was perpetrated, in which one hundred and twenty persons, on the way to California, were killed, seventeen children under seven years of age being spared. The murders were committed by Indians, instigated by the Danites, and participated in by some of them, Elder John D. Lee being one of the leaders in the atrocity. In 1877, the earliest practicable date, Lee was tried and convicted by the United States Court, and shot on the spot on which the crime was committed. A truce was arranged with the Mormons. Johnston's army marched into and out of Salt Lake City on June 26, 1858, established Camp Floyd, a few miles away, and the Mormon War was ended.

Soon after the War of Secession, two powerful agencies — the Christian Church and the railroads — began to coöperate to end Utah's isolation. The Episcopalians began their work in that territory in 1867, the Methodists in 1870, the Catholics and the Presbyterians in 1871, and other denominations soon afterward. Near Ogden, thirty-seven miles north of Salt Lake City, on May 10, 1869, the rails of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific met, and the continent was spanned by iron bands. Then, in quick succession, came the Utah Central, the Utah Southern, and the Utah and Northern lines, which brought most of the important towns in the territory into rail connection with the rest of the country. Discoveries — some of them before, but most of them after, the building of the transcontinental railway — of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, and other minerals, started an inrush of Gentiles into the territory, and before Brigham Young's death in 1877 the Mormon Church began to find itself encompassed by the wave-circle of the world's interests and activities.

Long before his death, too, trouble came to his church through the attacks by Congress on polygamy. The Republicans, who, in their first national platform, that of 1856, coupled polygamy with slavery as 'twin relics of barbarism,' assailed it also in their conventions of 1876, 1880, 1884, and 1888. Indirectly the Democrats attacked it in their platforms of 1876, 1880, and 1884. By the Morrill act, passed by Congress in 1862, polygamy was classed as bigamy, and made punishable by fine and imprisonment. Under the Edmunds law of 1882, polygamists were disfranchised, prohibited from holding office, and the territorial legislature's act giving the ballot to women was annulled. The Edmunds-Tucker law of 1887 confiscated the property, except parsonages and church buildings, of the Mormon Church and the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, and gave the proceeds to the support of the common schools of the territory; abolished the Nauvoo Legion, a Mormon military organization, and provided for the creation of a militia under the laws of the United States.

Then came surrender. All its resources for obstruction and resistance having been exhausted, Wilford Woodruff, the head of the church, issued a proclamation on September 25, 1890, denying that the hierarchy still countenanced polygamy, declaring that plural marriages were no longer solemnized by the church, and advising

all his people to obey the marriage laws of the land. At a general conference, Woodruff's pronunciamento concerning plural marriages was accepted as 'authoritative and binding.' This was ultimately received by the country as a renunciation of polygamy, and the popular aversion to the Mormons gradually subsided.

In answer to an appeal made by the Mormon hierarchy for a general pardon for themselves and their followers, supplemented by a promise to obey the laws, President Harrison, on January 4, 1893, issued a proclamation granting an amnesty to all persons liable to the penalties of the Edmunds act, who had, since November 1, 1890, refrained from polygamy. A bill to enable the people of Utah to frame a constitution and set up a state government, the constitution to provide for the toleration of all forms of religion, for the establishment and maintenance of a system of public schools free from sectarian control and open to the children of the whole state, and for the prohibition of polygamy, passed Congress without a division, and was signed by President Cleveland on July 16, 1894. A constitution which met these requirements was framed by a convention which assembled in Salt Lake City in March, 1895. It was ratified by the people in November, and the contest which began when Brigham Young, in 1850, asked for the creation of the State of Deseret, closed on January 4, 1896, by Utah's admission into the Union 'on an equal footing with the original states.'

VI

'I congratulate all of you, my fellow countrymen, on the richness which your valley spreads out before us, and on the industry and intelligence of your people, the fruits of which I see everywhere around me.'

Thus Mr. Taft saluted the residents of the little city of Provo, out at the western foothills of the Wasatch, when, on September 24, 1909, he passed through that region on his tour to the Pacific. It was just sixty-two years and two months earlier, and forty-five miles to the northward, that Orson Pratt, heading the advance couriers of the saints, wrote these words in his journal: 'In about two hours after our arrival we began to plough, and the same afternoon we built a dam to irrigate the soil, which at the place we were ploughing was exceedingly dry.' Provo and its neighborhood showed Mr. Taft one of the results.

On September 25, from the tabernacle in Salt Lake City, in the place from which Brigham Young, in the earlier age, hurled defiance at the laws and the President of the United States, a President of the United States, as the guest of Young's people, talked of religious and political toleration, and praised that people's patriotism and educational progress. And an especially interested hearer was Young's successor, Joseph F. Smith, nephew of Joseph Smith, the prophet, and son of Hyrum.

Not only does the despised and hunted sect which began to cross the Wasatch in 1847, comprise a large majority of the three hundred thousand people of Utah to-day, but it ranks first among the religious denominations of Idaho, and second among those of Wyoming and Arizona. 'The settlements of our people,' said Joseph F. Smith, in a recent newspaper article, 'extend from a group of colonies in the province of Alberta, in Canada, down through the wide-spreading Rocky Mountain valleys of the United States to another group of colonies in Northern Mexico.' And, including the author of the foregoing words, some are alive who made the hegira with them from Nauvoo,

and crossed the plains to their New Jerusalem.

In its returns for 1906 the Census Bureau placed the number of members of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, in round figures, at two hundred and fifty-six thousand. Forty thousand of these, however, belong to the Reorganized Church, which rejected polygamy and separated from the parent body in 1852, when it incorporated that practice in its creed. The headquarters of the Reorganized branch are in Lamoni, Iowa, and its president is Joseph Smith, son of the prophet. Through the activity of its missionaries in the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Europe, the Utah church is increasing with great rapidity.

For more than six years past Reed Smoot, one of the leading members of the Mormon hierarchy, has been in the Senate at Washington, and he was recently elected to another term. Mr. Taft's party, which in its platform of 1856 denounced polygamy as a relic of barbarism, and which enacted nearly all the laws directed against that practice, has swayed the politics of Utah most of the time since its admission to statehood. Salt Lake City, however, has been controlled for a few years past by a local organization called the American party, composed chiefly of Gentiles and of Mormons who oppose church domination in secular affairs. At Sharon, Joseph Smith's birthplace, in the Republican State of Vermont, a monument was erected to him in 1905.

In the government building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, Mr. Taft, as well as tens of thousands of the other visitors, saw many exhibits of the work of the Mormons as colonizers of the West. Wagons were there which accompanied Young's pioneer corps from the Missouri to Salt Lake in 1847. There also was an odometer, invented by two of the pioneers, which was used by this advance detachment of the saints in measuring the day's march, and in computing the distance between the starting-point of the expedition at Winter Quarters and its arrival at the lake. And the government engineers who went over the route in later times testified that its work was marvelously accurate. Likewise the press was there on which the *Deseret News* was printed in 1850 and for years afterward. This was the first printing-press to cross the plains, and the *News* was the first paper to make its advent in the Rocky Mountain region. And to this day it is one of the most widely read and influential journals in its territory.

And another exhibit was there which, it is to be hoped, Mr. Taft did not miss:

Pioneers
camped here
June 3d 1847
making 15 miles to-day
All well
Brigham Young

At the sight of these words, traced on the skull of a buffalo, as a guide to the friends who were behind in the great hegira, imagination rouses itself. From the shadow of the past, long-vanished yesterdays emerge. The West's wild, free, vivid days return. With its hardships, its heroism, its romance, and its story of splendid achievement written across the landscape of half a continent, the old trail lives for us again.

# TO DAISIES

BY FRANCIS THOMPSON

Ah, drops of gold in whitening flame
Burning, we know your lovely name —
Daisies, that little children pull!
Like all weak things, over the strong
Ye do not know your power for wrong,
And much abuse your feebleness.
Daisies, that little children pull,
As ye are weak, be merciful!
O hide your eyes! they are to me
Beautiful insupportably.
Or be but conscious ye are fair,
And I your loveliness could bear,
But, being fair so without art,
Ye vex the silted memories of my heart!

As a pale ghost yearning strays
With sundered gaze,
'Mid corporal presences that are
To it impalpable — such a bar
Sets you more distant than the morning-star.
Such wonder is on you, and amaze,
I look and marvel if I be
Indeed the phantom, or are ye?
The light is on your innocence
Which fell from me.
The fields ye still inhabit whence
My world-acquainted treading strays,
The country where I did commence;
And though ye shine to me so near,
So close to gross and visible sense, —
Between us lies impassable year on year.

To other time and far-off place
Belongs your beauty: silent thus,

Though to others naught you tell,
To me your ranks are rumorous
Of an ancient miracle.
Vain does my touch your petals graze,
I touch you not; and though ye blossom here,
Your roots are fast in alienated days.
Ye there are anchored, while Time's stream
Has swept me past them: your white ways
And infantile delights do seem
To look in on me like a face,
Dead and sweet, come back through dream,
With tears, because for old embrace
It has no arms.

These hands did toy,
Children, with you, when I was child,
And in each other's eyes we smiled:
Not yours, not yours the grievous-fair
Apparelling
With which you wet mine eyes; you wear,
Ah me, the garment of the grace
I wove you when I was a boy;
O mine, and not the year's your stolen Spring!
And since ye wear it,
Hide your sweet selves! I cannot bear it.
For when ye break the cloven earth
With your young laughter and endearment,
No blossomy carillon 't is of mirth
To me; I see my slaughtered joy
Bursting its cerement.

# LEARNING

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

An expert on Greek art chanced to describe in my hearing one of the engraved gems in the Metropolitan Museum. He spoke of it as 'certainly one of the great gems of the world,' and there was something in his tone that was even more thrilling than his words. He might have been describing the Parthenon, or Beethoven's Mass, — such was the passion of reverence that flowed out of him as he spoke. I went to see the gem afterwards. It was badly placed, and for all artistic purposes was invisible. I suppose that even if I had had a good look at it, I should not have been able to appreciate its full merit. Who could — save the handful of adepts in the world, the little group of gem-readers, by whom the mighty music of this tiny score could be read at sight?

Nevertheless it was a satisfaction to me to have seen the stone. I knew that through its surface there poured the power of the Greek world; that not without Phidias and Aristotle, and not without the Parthenon, could it have come into existence. It carried in its bosom a digest of the visual laws of spiritual force; and was as wonderful and as sacred as any stone could well be. Its value to mankind was not to be measured by my comprehension of it, but was inestimable. As Petrarch felt toward the Greek manuscript of Homer which he owned but could not read, so did I feel toward the gem.

What is Education? What are Art and Religion and all those higher interests in civilization which are always vaguely held up to us as being the most important things in life? These things elude definition. They cannot be put into words except through the interposition of what the Germans call a 'metaphysic.' Before you can introduce them into discourse, you must step aside for a moment and create a theory of the universe; and by the time you have done this, you have perhaps befogged yourself and exhausted your readers. Let us be content with a more modest ambition. It is possible to take a general view of the externals of these subjects without losing reverence for their realities. It is possible to consider the forms under which art and religion appear, — the algebra and notation by which they have expressed themselves in the past, — and to draw some general conclusion as to the nature of the subject, without becoming entangled in the subject itself.

We may deal with the influence of the gem without striving exactly to translate its meaning into speech. We all concede its importance. We know, for instance, that the admiration of my friend the expert was no accident. He found in the design and workmanship of the intaglio the same ideas which he had been at work on all his life. Greek culture long ago had become a part of this man's brain, and its hieroglyphs expressed what to him was religion. So of all monuments, languages, and arts which descend to us out of the past. The peoples are dead, but the documents remain; and these documents themselves are part of a living

and intimate tradition which also descends to us out of the past, — a tradition so familiar and native to the brain that we forget its origin. We almost believe that our feeling for art is original with us. We are tempted to think there is some personal and logical reason at the back of all grammar, whether it be the grammar of speech or the grammar of architecture, — so strong is the appeal to our taste made by traditional usage. Yet the great reason of the power of art is the historic reason. 'In this manner have these things been expressed; in similar manner must they continue to be said.' So speaks our artistic instinct.

Good usage has its sanction, like religion or government. We transmit the usage without pausing to think why we do so. We instinctively correct a child, without pausing to reflect that the fathers of the race are speaking through us. When the child says 'Give me a apple,' we correct him. 'You must say "an apple."' What the child really means, in fact, is an apple.

All teaching is merely a way of acquainting the learner with the body of existing tradition. If the child is ever to have anything to say of his own, he has need of every bit of this expressive medium to help him do it. The reason is, that, so far as expressiveness goes, only one language exists. Every experiment and usage of the past is a part of this language. A phrase or an idea rises in the Hebrew, and filters through the Greek or Latin and French, down to our own time. The practitioners who scribble and dream in words from their childhood up, — into whose habit of thought language is kneaded through a thousand reveries, — these are the men who receive, reshape, and transmit it. Language is their portion: they are the priests of language.

The same thing holds true of the other vehicles of idea, — of painting, architecture, religion, etc.; but since we have been speaking of language, let us continue to speak of language. Expressiveness follows literacy. The poets have been tremendous readers always, — Petrarch, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Byron, Keats; those of them who possessed not much of the foreign languages had a passion for translations. It is amazing how little of a foreign language you need if you have a passion for the thing written in it. We think of Shakespeare as of a lightly-lettered person; but he was ransacking books all day to find plots and language for his plays. He reeks with mythology; he swims in classical metaphor; and, if he knew the Latin poets only in translation, he knew them with that famished intensity of interest which can draw the meaning through the walls of a bad text. Deprive Shakespeare of his sources, and he could not have been Shakespeare.

Good poetry is the echoing of shadowy tongues, the recovery of forgotten talent, the garment put up with perfumes. There is a passage in the *Tempest* which illustrates the freemasonry of artistic craft, and how the weak sometimes hand the torch to the mighty. Prospero's apostrophe to the spirits is, surely, as Shakespearean as anything in Shakespeare and as beautiful as anything in imaginative poetry.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art.

Shakespeare borrowed this speech from Medea's speech in Ovid, which he knew in the translation of Arthur Golding; and really Shakespeare seems almost to have held the book in his hand while penning Prospero's speech. The following is from Golding's translation, published in 1567.

Ye Ayres and windes: ye Elves of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night, approche ye everychone,
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I have compellèd streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme Seas rough, and make the rough Seas plaine
And cover all the Skie with Cloudes, and chase them thence againe.
By charmes I rayse and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers jaw,
And from the bowels of the Earth both stones and trees doe drawe.
Whole woods and Forestes I remove: I make the Mountaines shake,
And even the Earth it selfe to grone and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves: and thee O lightsome Moone
I darken oft, though beaten brasse abate thy perill soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of firie Bulles ye quenchèd for my sake.
And causèd there unwieldie necks the bended yokes to take.
Among the Earthbred brothers you a mortall war did set
And brought a sleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were never shet.

There is, and is to be, no end of this reappearance of old metaphor, old trade secrets, old usage of art. No sooner has a masterpiece appeared, that summarizes all knowledge, than men get up eagerly the next morning with chisel and brush, and try again. Nothing done satisfies. It is all in the making that the inspiration lies; and this endeavor renews itself with the ages, and grows by devouring its own offspring.

The technique of any art is the whole body of experimental knowledge through which the art speaks. The glazes of pottery become forgotten and have to be hit upon over again. The knack of Venetian glass, the principle of effect in tiles, in lettering, in the sonnet, in the fugue, in the tower, — all the prestidigitation of art that is too subtle to be named or thought of, must yet be acquired and kept up by practice, held to by constant experiment.

Good artistic expression is thus not only a thing done: it is a way of life, a habit of breathing, a mode of unconsciousness, a world of being which records itself as it unrolls. We call this world Art for want of a better name; but the thing that we value is the life within, not the shell of the creature. This shell is what is left behind in the passage of time, to puzzle our after study and make us wonder how it was made, how such complex delicacy and power ever came to coexist. I have often wondered over the *Merchant of Venice*, as one wonders over a full-blown transparent poppy that sheds light and blushes like a cloud. Neither the poppy nor the play was exactly hewn out: they grew, they expanded and bloomed by a sort of inward power, — unconscious, transcendent. The fine arts blossom from the old stock, — from the poppy-seed of the world.

I am here thinking of the whole body of the arts, the vehicles through which the spirit of man has been expressed. I am thinking also of the sciences, — whose refractory, belligerent worshipers are even less satisfied with any past expression than the artists are, for their mission is to destroy and to rearrange. They would leave nothing alive but

themselves. Nevertheless, science has always been obliged to make use of written language in recording her ideas. The sciences are as much a part of recorded language as the arts. No matter how revolutionary scientific thought may be, it must resort to metaphysics when it begins to formulate its ultimate meanings. Now, when you approach metaphysics, the Greek and the Hebrew have been there before you; you are very near to matters which perhaps you never intended to approach. You are back at the beginning of all things. In fact, human thought does not advance, it only recurs. Every tone and semitone in the scale is a key-note; and every point in the universe is the centre of the universe; and every man is the centre and focus of the cosmos, and through him passes the whole of all force, as it exists and has existed from eternity; hence the significance which may at any moment radiate out of anything.

The different arts and devices that time hands to us are like our organs. They are the veins and arteries of humanity. You cannot rearrange them or begin anew. Your verse-forms and your architecture are chosen for you, like your complexion and your temperament. The thing you desire to express is in them already. Your labors do no more than to enable you to find your own soul in them. If you will begin any piece of artistic work in an empirical spirit and slave over it until it suits you, you will find yourself obliged to solve all the problems which the artists have been engaged on since the dawn of history. Be as independent as you like, you will find that you have been anticipated at every point; you are a slave to precedent, because precedent has done what you are trying to do, and ah, how much better! In the first place the limitations, the horrible limitations of artistic possibility, will begin to present themselves: few things can be done; they have all been tried; they have all been worked to death; they have all been developed by immortal genius and thereafter avoided by lesser minds, — left to await more immortal genius. The field of endeavor narrows itself in proportion to the greatness of the intellect that is at work. In ages of great art every one knows what the problem is and how much is at stake. Masaccio died at the age of twenty-seven, after having painted half a dozen pictures which influenced all subsequent art, because they showed to Raphael the best solution of certain technical questions. The Greeks of the best period were so very knowing that everything appeared to them ugly except the few attitudes, the few arrangements, which were capable of being carried to perfection.

Any one who has something to say is thus found to be in one sense a slave; but a rich slave who has inherited the whole earth. If you can only obey the laws of your slavery, you become an emperor; you are only a slave in so far as you do not understand how to use your wealth. If you have but the gift of submission, you conquer. Many tongues, many hands, many minds, a traditional state of feeling, traditional symbols, — the whole passed through the eyes and soul of a single man, — such is art, such is human expression in all its million-sided variety.

## II

I have thrown together these remarks in an elliptical and haphazard way, hoping to show what sort of thing education is, and as a prologue to a few reflections upon the educational conditions in the United States.

It is easy to think of reasons why the standards of general education should be low in America. Almost every influ-

ence which is hostile to the development of deep thought and clear feeling has been at the maximum of destructive power in the United States. We are a new society, made of a Babel of conflicting European elements, engaged in exploiting the wealth of a new continent, under conditions of climate which involve a nervous reorganization for Europeans who come to live with us. Our history has been a history of quiet colonial beginnings, followed by a national life which from its inception has been one of social unrest. And all this has happened during the great epoch of the expansion of commerce, the thought-destroying epoch of the world.

Let us take a rapid glance at our own past. In the beginning we were settlers. Now, the settlement of any new continent plays havoc with the arts and crafts. Let us imagine that among the Mayflower pilgrims there were a few expert wood-carvers, a violin-player or two, and a master architect. These men, upon landing in the colony, must have been at a loss for employment. They would have to turn into backwoodsmen. Their accomplishments would in time have been forgotten. Within a generation after the landing of the pilgrims there must have followed a decline in the fine arts, in scholarship, and in certain kinds of social refinement. This decline was, to some extent, counteracted in our colonial era by the existence of wealth in the colonies and by the constant intercourse with Europe, from which the newest models were imported by every vessel. Nevertheless, it is hard for a colony to make up for its initial loss; and we have recently seen the United States government making efforts on a large scale to give to the American farmer those practices of intensive cultivation of the soil which he lost by becoming a backwoodsman and has never since had time to recover for himself.

The American Revolution was our second serious set-back in education. So hostile to culture is war that the artisans of France have never been able to attain to the standards of workmanship which prevailed under the old monarchy. Our national culture started with the handicap of a seven-years' war, and was always a little behindhand. During the nineteenth century the American citizen was buffeting the waves of new development. His daily life was an experiment. His moral, social, political interests and duties were indeterminate. Nothing was settled for him by society. Was a man to have an opinion? Then he must make it himself. This demands a more serious labor than if he were obliged to manufacture his own shoes and candlesticks. No such drafts upon individual intellect are made in an old country. You cannot get a European to understand this distressing over-taxing of the intelligence in America. Nothing like it has occurred before, because in old countries opinion is part of caste and condition; opinion is the shadow of interest and of social status.

But in America the individual is not protected against society at large by the bulwark of his class. He stands by himself. It is a noble idea that a man should stand by himself, and the conditions which force a man to do so have occasionally created magnificent types of heroic manhood in America. Lincoln, Garrison, Emerson, and many lesser athletes are the fruits of these very conditions which isolate the individual in America and force him to think for himself. Yet their effect upon general cultivation has been injurious. It seems as if character were always within the reach of every human soul; but men must have become homogeneous before they can produce art.

We have thus reviewed a few of the causes of our American loss of culture. Behind all these causes, however, was the true and overmastering cause, namely, that sudden creation of wealth for which the nineteenth century is noted, the rise all over the world of new and uneducated classes. We came into being as a part of that world-movement which has perceptibly retarded culture, even in Europe. How then could we in America hope to resist it? Whether this movement is the result of democratic ideas, or of mechanical inventions, or of scientific discovery, no one can say. The elements that go to make up the movement cannot be unraveled. We only know that the world has changed: the old order has vanished with all its charm, with all its experience, with all its refinement. In its place we have a crude world, indifferent to everything except physical well-being. In the place of the fine arts and the crafts, we have business and science. Business is, of course, devoted to the increase of physical well-being; and science is, in all except its highest reaches of thought, a mere extension of business. Science is the theory of world-business, race-business, cosmic business. Science saves lives and dominates the air and the sea, science does a hundred wonders, and all of us are incredibly in debt to science, and we should not be ungrateful. But science does not express spiritual truth. It neither sings nor jokes, it neither prays nor rejoices, it neither loves nor hates. It respects only its own language and its own habits of thought, and puts trust only in what is in its own shop-window.

'What is science?' you ask. Now, science is anything which the scientific men of the moment are studying. In one decade science means the discussion of spontaneous variation, in the next of plasm, in the next of germs or of electrodes. I do not undervalue the accomplishments of science; but I deprecate the contempt which science expresses for anything that does not happen to be called science. Imperial and haughty science proclaims its occupancy of the whole province of human thought; yet, as a matter of fact, science deals in a language of its own, in a set of formulæ and conceptions which cannot cover the most important interests of humanity. It does not understand the value of the fine arts, and is always at loggerheads with philosophy. Is it not clear that science, in order to make good her claim to universality, must adopt a conception of her own function that shall leave to the fine arts and to religion their languages? She cannot hope to compete with these languages, nor to translate nor to expound them. She must accept them. At present she tramples upon them.

There are, then, in the modern world these two influences which are hostile to education, — the influence of business and the influence of science. In Europe these influences are qualified by the vigor of the old learning. In America they dominate remorselessly, and make the path of education doubly hard. Consider how they meet us in ordinary social life. We have all heard men bemoan the time they have spent over Latin and Greek, on the ground that these studies did not fit them for business, — as if a thing must be worth less if it can be neither eaten nor drunk. It is hard to explain the value of education to men who have forgotten the meaning of education: its symbols convey nothing to them.

The situation is very similar in dealing with scientific men, — at least with that large class of them who have little learning and no religion, and who are thus obliged to use the formulæ of modern science as their only vehicle of thought. These men regard hu-

manity as something which started up in Darwin's time. They do not listen when the humanities are mentioned; and if they did they would not understand. When Darwin confessed that poetry had no meaning for him, and that nothing significant was left to him in the whole artistic life of the past, he did not know how many of his brethren his words were destined to describe.

We can forgive the business man for the loss of his birthright; he knows no better. But we have it against a scientist if he undervalues education. Surely the Latin classics are as valuable a deposit as the crustacean fossils or the implements of the stone age. When science shall have assumed her true relation to the field of human culture, we shall all be happier. To-day science knows that the silkworm must be fed on the leaves of the mulberry tree, but does not know that the soul of man must be fed on the Bible and the Greek classics. Science knows that a queen bee can be produced by care and feeding, but does not as yet know that every man who has had a little Greek and Latin in his youth belongs to a different species from the ignorant man. No matter how little it may have been, it reclassifies him. There is more kinship between that man and a great scholar than there is between the same man and some one who has had no classics at all; he breathes from a different part of his anatomy. Drop the classics from education? Ask rather, Why not drop education? for the classics are education. We cannot draw a line and say, 'Here we start.' The facts are the other way. We started long ago, and our very life depends upon keeping alive all that we have thought and felt during our history. If the continuity is taken from us, we shall relapse.

When we discover that these two tremendous interests — if indeed, business and science be not parts of the same interest — have arisen in the modern world and are muffling the voice of man, we tremble for the future. If these giants shall continue their subjugation of the gods, the whole race, we fear, may relapse into dumbness. By good fortune, however, there are other powers at work. The race is emotionally too rich and too much attached to the past to allow its faculties to be lost through disuse. New and spontaneous crops will soon be growing upon the mould of our own stubbly, thistle-bearing epoch.

In the mean time we in America must do the best we can. It is no secret that our standards of education are below those of Europe. Our art, our historical knowledge, our music and general conversation, show a stiffness and lack of exuberance, a lack of vitality and of unconscious force, — the faults of beginners in all walks of life. During the last twenty-five years much improvement has been made in those branches of cultivation which depend directly upon wealth. Since the Civil War there seems to have been a decline in the higher literature, accompanied by an advance in the plastic arts. And more recently still, there has been a literary reawakening, perhaps not of the most important kind, yet signifying a new era. If I may employ an obvious simile, I would liken America to a just-grown young man of good impulses, who has lacked early advantages. He feels that cultivation belongs to him; and yet he cannot catch it nor hold it. He feels the impulse of expression, and yet he can neither read nor write. He feels that he is fitted for general society; and yet he has no current ideas or conversation. And, of course, — I say it with regret, but it is a part of the situation, — of course, he is heady and proud of himself.

What do we all desire for this in-

genuous youth on whom the postponed expectation of the world, as Emerson called it, has waited so long? We desire only to furnish him with true advantages. Let us take a simultaneous survey of the two extremities of the youth's education, namely, of nursery training and the higher education. The two are more intimately dependent upon each other than is generally suspected. With regard to the nursery, early advantages are the key to education. The focus of all cultivation is the fireside. Learning is a stove-plant that lives in the cottage and thrives during the long winter in domestic warmth. Unless it be born into children in their earliest years, there is little hope for it. The whole future of the world depends upon what is read to children before they can read to themselves. The world is powerless to reconvey itself through any mind that it has not lived in from the beginning, — so hard is the language of symbols, whether in music, or in poetry, or in painting. The arts must expand with the heart, as a hot rod of glass is touched by the gold-leaf and is afterwards blown into dusty stars and rainbows of mantling irradiation. If the glass expand before it has been touched by the metal, there is no means of ever getting the metal into it.

The age of machinery has peopled this continent with promoters and millionaires, and the work of a thousand years has been done in a century. The thing has, however, been accomplished at some cost. An ignorant man makes a fortune and demands the higher education for his children. But it is too late: he should have given it to them when he was in his shirtsleeves. All that they are able to receive now is something very different from education. In receiving it they drag down the old standards. School and college are filled with illiterates. The whole land must wait patiently till Learning has warmed back to life her chilled and starved descendants. Perhaps the child or grandchild of the fortune-builder will teach the children on his knee what he himself learned too late in life to stead him much.

Hunger and thirst for learning is a passion that comes, as it were, out of the ground; now in an age of wealth, now in an age of poverty. Young men are born whom nothing will satisfy except the arts and the sciences. They seek out some scholar at a university and aim at him from boyhood. They persuade their parents to send them to college. They are bored and fatigued by everything that life offers except this thing. Now, society does not create this hunger. All that society can do is to provide nourishment of the right kind, good instruction, true learning, the best scholarship which history has left behind. I believe that to-day there is a spirit of learning abroad in America, — here and there, in the young, — the old insatiable passion. I feel as if men were arising — most of them still handicapped by the lack of early training — to whom life has no meaning except as a search for the truth. This exalted famine of the young scholar is the hope of the world. It is religion and art and science in the chrysalis. The thing that society must beware of doing is of interposing between the young learner and his natural food some mechanical product or patent food of its own. Good culture means the whole of culture in its original sources; bad culture is any substitute for this.

Let us now examine the higher departments of education, the university, the graduate school, the museum, — the learned world in America. There is one function of learned men which is the same in every age, namely, the production of text-books. Learned men

shed text-books as the oak sheds acorns, and by their fruits ye shall know them. Open almost any primary text-book or school-book in America, and you will, on almost every page of it, find inelegancies of usage, roughnesses, inaccuracies and occasional errors of grammar. The book has been written by an incompetent hand. Now, what has the writer lacked? Is it grammar? Is it acquaintance with English literature, with good models, with the Bible, with history? It is all these things, and more. No school-room teaching can make a man write good English. No school-teaching ever made an educated man, or a man who could write a good primary text-book. It requires a home of early culture, supplemented by the whole curriculum of scholarship and university training. Nothing but this great engine will produce that little book.

The same conditions prevail in music. If you employ the nearest excellent young lady music-teacher to teach your boys to play the piano, she will bring into the house certain child's music written by American composers, in which the rules of harmony are violated, and of which the sentiment is vulgar. The books have been written by incompetent people. There is a demand for such books, and they are produced. They are the best the times afford; let us be glad that they exist at all, and that they are no worse. But note this: it will require the whole musical impulse of the age, from the oratorio society and the musical college down to the street-organ, to correct the grammar of that child's music-book. Ten or twenty years from now a like book will perhaps be brought into your home, filled with better harmony and with truer musical feeling; and the change will have been wrought through the influence of Sebastian Bach, of Beethoven, — of the masters of music.

It is the same with all things. The higher culture must hang over the cradle, over the professional school, over the community. If you read the lives of the painters of Italy or of the musicians of Germany, you will find that, no matter where a child of genius was born, there was always an educated man to be found in the nearest village — a priest or a schoolmaster — who gave the child the rudiments himself, and became the means of sending him to the university. Without this indigent scholar, where would have been the great master?

It is familiarity with greatness that we need, — an early and first-hand acquaintance with the thinkers of the world, whether their mode of thought be music or marble or canvas or language. Their meaning is not easy to come at, but in so far as it reaches us it will transform us. A strange thing has occurred in America. I am not sure that it has ever occurred before. The teachers wish to make learning easy. They desire to prepare and peptonize and sweeten the food. Their little books are soft biscuit for weak teeth, easy reading on great subjects; but these books are filled with a pervading error; they contain a subtle perversion of education.

Learning is not easy, but hard; culture is severe. The steps to Parnassus are steep and terribly arduous. This truth is often forgotten among us; and yet there are fields of work in which it is not forgotten, and in such fields art springs up. Let us remember the accomplishments of our country. The art in which we now most excel is architecture. America has in it many beautiful buildings and some learned architects. And how has this come about? Through severe and conscientious study of the monuments of art, through humble, old-fashioned training. The architects have had first-rate text-books, generally written by Eu-

ropeans, the non-peptonized, gritty, serious language of masters in the craft. Our painters have done something of the same sort. They have gone to Europe, and are conversant with what is being done in Europe. If they are developing their art here, they do it not ignorantly but with experience, with consciousness of the past.

I do not recommend subservience to Europe, but subservience to intellect. Recourse to Europe we must have; our scholars must absorb Europe, without themselves becoming absorbed. It is a curious thing that the American who comes in contact with the old world exhibits two opposite faults: he is often too much impressed, and loses stamina; or he is too little impressed, and remains a barbarian. Contact with the past and hard work are the cure for both tendencies. Europe is merely an incidental factor in the problem of our education; and this is very well shown in the conduct of our law schools. The Socratic method of instruction in law schools was first introduced at Harvard, and since then it has spread to many parts of the world. This is undoubtedly one of our best achievements in scholarship; and Europe had, so far as I know, no hand in it. The method consists in the *viva voce* discussion of leading cases, text-books being used merely as an auxiliary. The student thus attacks the sources for himself. Here we have American scholarship at its best, and it is precisely the same thing as the European article; it is simply scholarship.

If we can exhibit this spirit in one branch of learning, why not in all? The Promethean fire is one single element. A spark of this fire is all that is needed to kindle this flame. The glance of a child of genius at an Etruscan vase leaves the child a new being. That is why museums exist: not only for the million who get something from them, but for the one young person of intelligence to whom they mean everything.

Our American universities exhibit very vividly all the signs of retardation in culture which are traceable in other parts of our social life. A university is always a stronghold of the past, and is therefore one of the last places to be captured by new influence. Commerce has been our ruler for many years; and yet it is only quite recently that the philosophy of commerce can be seen in our colleges. The business man is not a monster; but he is a person who desires to advance his own interests. This is his occupation, and, as it were, his religion. The advancement of material interests constitutes civilization to him. He unconsciously infuses the ideas and methods of business into anything that he touches. It has thus come about in America that our universities are beginning to be run as business colleges. They advertise, they compete with one another, they pretend to give good value to their customers. They desire to increase their trade, they offer social advantages and business openings to their patrons. In some cases they boldly conduct intelligence offices, and guarantee that no hard work done by the student shall be done in vain; a record of work is kept during the student's college life, and the college undertakes to furnish him at any time thereafter with references and a character which shall help him in the struggle for life.

This miscarriage of education has been developed and is being conducted by some of our greatest educators, through a perfectly unconscious adaptation of their own souls to the spirit of the age. The underlying philosophy of these men might be stated as follows: 'There is nothing in life nobler than for a man to improve his condition and the condition of his children. Learning is a means to this end.' Such is the

current American conception of education. How far we have departed from the idea of education as a search for truth, or as the vehicle of spiritual expression, may be seen herein. The change of creeds has come about innocently, and the consequences involved in it are, as yet, perceived by hardly any one. The skepticism inherent in the new creed is concealed by its benevolence. You wish to help the American youth. This unfortunate, benighted, ignorant boy, who has from his cradle heard of nothing but business success as the one goal of all human effort, turns to you for instruction. He comes to you in a trusting spirit, with reverence in his heart, and you answer his hope in this wise: 'Business and social success are the best things that life affords. Come to us, my dear fellow, and we will help you toward them.' Your son asks you for bread and you give him a stone, for fish and you give him a serpent. It would have been better for that boy if he had never come to your college; for then he might have retained a belief that somewhere in the world there existed ideas, art, enthusiasm, unselfishness, inspiring activity.

In so far as our universities have been turning into business agencies, they have naturally lost their imaginative importance. Our professors seem to be of little more consequence in the community than the department managers of other large shops. If learning is a useful commodity which is to be distributed for the personal advantage of the recipients, it is a thing to be paid for rather than worshiped. To be sure, the whole of past history cannot be swept away in a day, and we have not wholly discarded a certain conventional and rhetorical reverence for learning. A dash and varnish of education are thought to be desirable, — the wash that is growing every year more thin.

Now, the truth is that the higher education does not advance a man's personal influence except under special circumstances. What it gives a man is the power of expression; but the ability to express himself has kept many a man poor. Let no one imagine that society is likely to reward him for self-expression in any walk of life. He is much more likely to be punished for it. The question of a man's success in life depends upon society at large. The more highly an age is educated, the more highly it rewards education in the individual. In an age of indifference to learning, the educated man is at a disadvantage. Thus the thesis that education advances self-interest — that thesis upon which many of our colleges are now being conducted — is substantially false. The little scraps and snatches of true education which a man now gets at college often embarrass his career. Our people are finding this out year by year; and as they do so, they naturally throw the whole conception of the higher education overboard. If education is to break down as a commercial asset, what excuse have they for retaining it at all? They will force the colleges to live up to the advertisements, and to furnish the kind of education that pays its way. It is clear that if the colleges persist in the utilitarian view, the higher learning will disappear. It has been disappearing very rapidly, and can be restored only through the birth of a new spirit and of a new philosophic attitude in our university life.

There are ages when the scholar receives recognition during his lifetime, and when the paths which lead to his lecture-room are filled with men drawn there by his fame. This situation arises in any epoch when human intellect surges up and asserts itself against tyranny and ignorance. In the past the tyrannies have been political tyrannies, and these have become well understood

through the struggles of intellect in the past; but the present commercial tyranny is a new thing, and as yet little understood. It lies like a heavy fog of intellectual depression over the whole kingdom of Mammon, and is fed by the smoke from a million factories. The artist works in it, the thinker thinks in it. Even the saint is born in it. The rain of ashes from the nineteenth-century Vesuvius of business seems to be burying all our landscape.

And yet this is not true. We shall emerge, even we who are in America and suffer most. The important points to be watched are our university classrooms. If our colleges will but allow something unselfish, something that is true for its own sake, something that is part of the history of the human heart and intellect, to live in their classrooms, the boys will find their way to it. The museum holds the precious urn, to preserve it. The university, in like manner, stands to house the alphabets of civilization, — the historic instruments and agencies of intellect. They are all akin to each other, as the very name and function of the place imply. The presidents and professors who sit beside the fountains of knowledge bear different labels and teach subjects that are called by various names. But the thing which carries the label is no more than the shell. The life you cannot label; and it is to foster this life that universities exist. Enthusiasm comes out of the world and goes into the university. Toward this point flows the current of new talent that bubbles up in society; here is the meeting-place of mind. All that a university does is to give the poppy-seed to the soil, the oil to the lamp, the gold to the rod of glass before it cools. A university brings the spirit in touch with its own language, that language through which it has spoken in former days and through which alone it shall speak again.

## TYMPANO

BY ROBERT M. GAY

As a boy I was fascinated by the orchestral kettle-drummer. We dare confess as weaknesses of childhood oddities which would stamp us, grown men and women, as decidedly queer. I shall not confess that as a man I am still fascinated by the kettle-drum of the orchestra. It is easier to ask you whether, on your honor, the little bald-headed man behind his battery of polished mortars from which he dauntlessly fires single booming shells and rattling showers of grape has not helped you to pass more than one musical evening without disgracing yourself by falling asleep. If you do not care to commit yourself, at least own that you too have been amused and interested in watching his flying sticks and his bobbing head; for unless you are an admirer of Tympano, these reminiscences will mean nothing to you.

The important observation has been made that the blowers of wind-instru-

ments are invariably bald or baldescent, while the sawyers of strings are adorned with locks to make a Delilah's fingers itch. Clarinet, oboe, horn, trombone, tuba, and bassoon have blown each other's heads as bare as sirocco and simoom the plains of Africa. But of all bald heads, Tympano's is the baldest. His radiant scone beams out in the musical storm like the moon amid broken clouds, and, I have no doubt, gives as much confidence to the navigators of the musical sea. He is never at a loss. He glares at the score. His uncompromising attitude shows you that he, at any rate, knows what it is all about. How admirable is his self-possession as he screws up his diaphragms, taps them gently, caressingly, with critical ear inclined, and allays their throbbings with unfevered palm. (And all this amid an avalanche of sound, like a man artistically tying his necktie while sliding down the Jungfrau.) How wonderful is his ability to keep one eye fixed on his score and the other on the leader, ever ready to insert, jauntily or circumspectly or decisively, into the theme his punctuation of stops, dashes, and exclamation-points; yet also ready at any moment to set his sticks flying till they hover over the agitated surfaces of his drums, an indistinguishable cloud, out of which rise ominous mutterings of mobs, rumblings of thunder, roar of surf, bellowings of all the bulls of Bashan. Tremendous tumult to be the offspring of a tempest,—not, it is true, in a teapot, but in a soup-kettle!

Never shall I forget the thrill that danced up and down my spine the first time I heard Grieg's Peer Gynt suite played by a great orchestra. The elfin music of Anitra's dance was done; the funereal dirge of Ase had died into silence like the groanings of Hamlet senior having his sins burned and purged away. Then Tympano arose and girded his loins for battle. He tested the knobs of his sticks, he turned his screws, he patted his sheepskins and 'over them softly his warm ear laid.' All was right and tight as a cruiser in fighting trim. He bent forward, alert and ready, but majestically calm.

The Mountain King's ball began. The wild orgy rose and swelled. Winds howled in gorges, pines whistled and screamed, demons laughed, the sea moaned in far fiords. Superhuman buzzings sounded from the bass viols, demoniac chords from the 'cellos, shrieks of pain from the clarinets and oboes, defiant challenges from the horns, piteous complainings from the bassoons. On and on, up and up, swept the tides of sound, but Tympano stood unmoved. Higher and nearer, till they threatened to engulf him, but he quivered not an eyelid. I had given him up for lost, but suddenly at a nod from the leader he came to life, he let loose his thunders, he roared his defiance. Low and uncertain at first he rumbled, but waxed in volume until, little man that he was, he all but drowned his toiling, sweating comrades in a long-drawn rattling peal that shook the seat whereon I sat and turned my blood to water within me.

I dreamed of Tympano that night. I saw him riding the wind, a new Hermes with a drumstick for a caduceus.

This exploit of Tympano's took place in my twelfth year, and for a long time he occupied a niche of honor in my mental gallery of heroes as the most redoubtable of drum-drubbers. Of course, I realized that I would rather listen to the orchestra without him than to him without the orchestra, yet I felt that the Mountain King's ball would be a poor affair without him, like a thunder-storm without any thunder.

Perhaps a year later I discovered his soul-brother. It was at a seaside resort, and along the board-walk came marching a band of Highland bagpipers in

full costume. They were tremendous fellows, but their music, to my untutored ears, was like the squealings of forty stuck pigs. Yet I have never heard strains to compare with theirs for arousing a desire to die for one's country.

I think the bagpipe music must have been fashioned back in the old days by some demon of perversity out of the whistle of arrows, the clash of claymores, the neighing of war-steeds, and the shrieks of the dying. When I hear it, I think of the wheel of fortune, the car of Juggernaut, the mills of the gods, and the inquisitorial rack and screw. It whirls along with a cyclonic rhythm that sets the feet to tramping and the blood to boiling.

> And such a yell was there,
> Of sudden and portentous birth,
> As if men fought upon the earth,
> And fiends in upper air:
> Oh, life and death were in the shout,
> Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
> And triumph and despair.

This particular band of six-foot Roderick Dhus came swinging along with the precision of a machine, twelve elbows and twelve legs moving as one, six grave faces set resolutely to the front, chins held high, fingers flying, bonnets and plaids flashing, plumes waving. With the same jaunty gravity they would have led a wedding procession or a forlorn hope, and not missed a whistle or a squeak. I felt extremely small as they went by, but was all eyes. For behind them strode the most prodigious figure I had ever seen.

He was seven feet tall if he was an inch, and resting on his wish-bone was the biggest bass-drum seen on earth since Tubal smote the chorded shell. Yet this astonishing man not only carried it with ease, but smote it with a vivacity and vigor which even Tympano could not outdo. And, what is more, he buffeted it on both sides, for he wielded a drumstick in each hand, and not only displayed all Tympano's precision, but managed to execute the most marvelous evolutions between whacks, brandishing his sticks alternately behind his head, hitting the left side of the drum with his right-hand stick, and vice versa, throwing the sticks into the air and catching them again in the nick of time; and all this with a high devotion and a heroic joy that made me catch my breath and grit my teeth to keep from shouting aloud in ecstasy. Never have I seen a man so extremely busy who made so light of business.

The wailing chorus with its thunderous accompaniment swept on and away. The musicians were employed only by a traveling show; they had sunk low from a high estate; yet for one boy they were a bit of old-world pageantry, an episode in high romance which illuminated the pages of Scottish history for many a day.

My Scotchman could have tucked Tympano in the nook of his plaid, yet I cannot help feeling that they were of the same stuff at heart. Just what makes a man take to playing a drum, — snare, kettle, or bass, — in preference to more dulcet instruments, it would be hard to say. It is the music of unadulterated rhythm, and the mysteries of our love of rhythm have occupied more than one keen mind. However, one does not have to possess the ear of a Disraeli — who is said to have preferred the Sultan's serenade of three hundred drums to Jenny Lind's singing — to feel that there is something to be said for the percussives.

I think that Tympano and the Scotchman are of an uncompromising, even dogmatic turn, that they suffer from no illusions, that for them two and two always make four. Of course, Tympano dwells on a loftier æsthetic

level than the Scotchman; he knows music, and can usually play every instrument in the orchestra a little; yet, like him, he sticks to his drums. It expresses his instinct for plain language, his desire to bring order out of chaos. As the Scotchman straightens out the spirals and involutions of his Gaelic pibrochs and coronachs, so Tympano, among the evasions and ambiguities and elusions of modern music, thumps and pounds and rumbles and roars, in much the same spirit as Doctor Johnson stamped on the ground in his argument with Bishop Berkeley. Rightly understood, they become a symbol. But moral applications have gone out of fashion.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## PUTTING THINGS IN BOOKS

I ONCE had a prejudice against a habit indulged in by some otherwise sensible people — the habit of putting things in books. I mean pressed flowers, Christmas cards, locks of hair, kodak pictures, and all such tokens and trinkets. I could give logical reasons for my disapproval. I declared that the practice was injurious to the book and disrespectful to the author. Worse than that, it was demoralizing to the reader, leading him into side excursions of romance, and inducing stray thoughts and day-dreams. How unjust, to the patient historian as well as to me, that I should be distracted from a study of the Peloponnesian war by the discovery of a snapshot picture reminding me that on such a day, in such a place, — and then would follow a train of personal reminiscences entirely devoid of historical dignity. Who would wish to pick up a *Hamlet* and find it a crinkled herbarium of shattering ferns and mocking four-leaf clovers? Or who would gain high inspiration from a *Paradise Lost* that served as a scrap-book for clippings of newspaper poems and old political badges? Such interpolations produced on me the same unhappy effect as literature texts of my student days, with the lines almost obscured by my worshipful transcribing of professorial comment, — horizontal, perpendicular, interlined, and curvilinear, and mainly unreadable. Now, kind librarian, give me volumes with nothing on the pages except what the inspired authors, the talented editors, and the intelligent printers, have placed there. And let me find no stumbling-blocks between the leaves.

Of course I admitted one exception to my rule. The big family Bible was properly a repository, where we might find anything, from father's old school report-cards — how we gloated over his low marks in grammar and in deportment! — to mother's recipe for sponge-cake. It really did not seem sacrilegious that we should find in the Bible a bunch of the parrot's tail-feathers, the disappearance of which, long before, had been a tearful mystery to one small girl. Indeed, I still think that the big Book was an ideal place in which to put things. The binding would stand any strain, being made to last a century; and the reader was safe from demoralizing influences, — for in

those days there was no reader. The era of flexible leather having arrived, the ponderous Bible was brought forth only when a marriage or birth or death was to be chronicled; or at Thanksgiving, to improvise a high chair for the baby. If, upon such an occasion, some one should suggest turning the leaves of the Bible, what strange and precious old things might come to light! Even in the days when I nursed my prejudice, I could have joined with spirit in such an exploring. I also appreciated the story of a lady who, under pressure of great need, found in the Bible a five-dollar bill left there in prosperous days. Such beneficence was appropriate in a Book full of providential things. But does any one find five-dollar bills in common books? Should any right-minded reader wish to find them there? Nothing else in the world would so distract the thoughts, thwarting the efforts of any story-teller. No, the family Bible was in a class by itself. Liberties could be permitted with it that I, for one, would not allow with any other book.

Thus I argued, and, like Horatio, did in part believe. But now I come as a sinner to repentance. It seems to me that I shall not merely look with approval upon the habit I formerly disliked, but that I myself shall some day go to my treasure-boxes and transfer their precious contents to books I may never again open.

My change of heart came in this wise. A dear friend, dying, bequeathed to me her small library. I wondered, when I first touched the volumes, if I should ever be able to regard them as mere books, or to read the gayest of them without sadness. The loved name was written in a delicate, old-fashioned hand on every inside cover. But still more sadly remindful were the numerous mementos and keepsakes lying between the pages; for my friend had put things in books. In nearly every volume I found pressed flowers, remembrance-cards, or the notes and questions of the student and teacher, all reminding me of the friend who was gone. And yet, when I came upon pieces of lace, soft curls of a baby's hair, strips of yellow ribbon, — her favorite color, — I felt that I could hear her speak and see her smile again. I welcomed all the little keepsakes; for in no other way could my friend have left me so much of herself.

One evening I took from among these gift books the translation of the Iliad, wishing to rest my mind and perhaps learn a new thing. Idly turning the leaves, I dislodged two folded letters, slightly yellowed by time. I opened them, — and what to me then were the grievous woes of heroes, the schemes of gods and goddesses? The very headings of the letters would draw my attention from any ancient tale. One was 'Concord, Mass.,' and the other, 'Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass.' It has never been my fortune to see the land my fathers trod. Familiarity has bred no contempt. Hence there is no figure of speech in all Homer that has for me the power of suggestion which lies in the name 'Concord.' That message, I thought, in a flash of joy, might be from one of several persons whose letters might well be kept in the Iliad. I decided, after speculation, that the signature was 'A. Bronson Alcott.' But there was no mystery about the other name. It was 'John G. Whittier.'

Though the script of Whittier was so readable, I should not have known or guessed his real meaning without the help of Mr. Alcott's letter, most of which I at last deciphered. Both letters were written in August, 1882. They were replies to two young ladies who had asked advice regarding a course of reading. Mr. Alcott gives the conventional bookman's answer, urging that

they read Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, — and Emerson, at all events. He says, 'Emerson's prose is perhaps the most suggestive and profitable reading of modern authors.' Then follows a statement that seems to be, 'Thoreau is *hardly up*'; but after much study I am inclined to read it, 'Thoreau is *worthy also*.'

It was surely a rare privilege to find the brief note from Whittier. I used to doubt the statement of biographers that the poet had a fine gift of humor; but now, when I look at the gentle, serious face in the engravings, I seem to see a hint of smiles. The letter reads:

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS.,
*8th Mo. 12th*, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, —

When a boy I heard of a venerable Quaker preacher who held a meeting not far from us. He had a large congregation who waited patiently for an hour, while the preacher sat in silence. At last he said, 'Friends, enough has been *said;* the thing is *to do*,' and dismissed the meeting. Reading your sensible well-considered letter I think you do not need advice. 'Enough has been said,' you know enough; but as the Quaker preacher said, 'the thing is *to do*.' That with Divine help you may live wisely, happily, and usefully, is the wish of your old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No more of Hector and Achilles that evening! Here was 'metal more attractive.' All my arguments against the habit of putting things in books were doubly proved, — and then forgotten. What matter if my attention was distracted, and poor old Homer was neglected? What matter if the two letters had been lost in the Iliad for perhaps a quarter of a century? It was not for me to object on that score, since there the letters lay, in my hands. I saw that I could not maintain my miserable little prejudice against a habit capable of bringing me such delight. I was ready to accept the whole system; nay, even to adopt it. Perhaps an unconditional surrender was not required as my penance; I admit it was very illogical, for probably I shall never again find such rare treasure between the leaves of any book. But there is a blessed state of mind when one throws logic to the winds, and gives allegiance to a cause right from the heart; and I was in that state of mind.

Yet in spite of my own conversion, I shall attempt no proselyting. This habit of putting things in books is admirable only in those who practice it unconsciously and indiscriminately. Commonness would rob it of all its delicacy and charm. I would not wish to see it become a fad, or the cornerstone of a sect. But for me there is no escape. The message is written, 'Enough has been said; the thing is to do.' I have just found two four-leaf clovers, and I go to place one of them in my newest copy of *Hamlet*, and the other in the Iliad, with the two fine old letters.

## AN OVERWORKED PARTICLE

IT was interesting the other day to find a newspaper which makes a most prideful boast of its scholarship, coming editorially to the defense of the phrase, 'It is me,' on the ground that this phrase has an idiomatic claim in English as well founded as that of '*C'est moi*' in French. Doubtless the author of that leader would champion as valiantly the right of Mrs. Hemans to keep Casabianca on the burning deck —

Whence all but he had fled —

without resort to parsing 'but' as a conjunction. 'But' is only one of a long file of prepositions which are also something else, and therefore furnish for the too facile writer a protection

against attack on the same resourceful lines as Jackson's use of the cotton bales at New Orleans. It is a fact, moreover, that of all the busy little parts of speech which slip so glibly from the tongue in colloquial English, none gets more constant exercise than the preposition. Indeed, I long ago made up my mind that, even casting aside the coarser slang which must always remain such, and considering only the phrases which have acquired a recognized and probably permanent foothold in the language of the unfinical masses, the preposition is cruelly overworked. In its own proper character, or disguised as an adverb or a conjunction, or trying to hide behind an object understood, we come upon it at every step in the conversational highway.

I should not regard its presence as unduly obtrusive if we usually had any real need of it; but in nine cases out of ten it is a superfluity, and the clause into which it is thrust would be stronger and better without it. By way of illustration, we go 'in' swimming and 'out' riding; and with the dawn of a newer locomotive amusement we may expect to go 'up' flying. The man who succeeds has won 'out,' and his antagonist has lost 'out.' When we move 'down' south, we are continually asked where we live 'at'; and we do not need to travel 'out' west in order to meet the daily inquiry as to where we are going 'to.' We follow 'on,' and enter 'in,' and cool 'off'; we fill 'out' a cheque, and round 'out' a career; we sell 'out' our business by selling 'off' our goods; and we shall have used 'up' all our medicine after swallowing 'down' the last dose.

Our 'ups' and 'downs,' by the bye, in grammar not less than in life, may well furnish thought for an idle mind. It is entirely reasonable to cut 'down' a tree and to cut 'up' a cucumber, because simply to cut either would not suffice; but when we lay 'down' a carpet and hang 'up' a picture we invite criticism for redundancy. We can round 'up' a herd of cattle and hammer 'down' prices, sell 'up' a debtor who has burst 'up' financially, and knock 'down' his available chattels to the highest bidder, because these are phrases with definite meanings in the trade-vocabulary, and the particle is necessary to their completeness; but it is different when we eat 'up' our hickory nuts and drink 'down' our cider, since we use but one channel in consuming both solids and liquids, and the aperture is always in the same place. When a strong man breaks 'down,' the friends who witness his collapse are all broken 'up' by the spectacle. We speak of a puzzled man as 'up' against a perplexity, and of a windfall as having dropped 'down' on a lucky one. The schoolmistress bids her restless pupil sit 'down,' and his lazy neighbor to stand 'up.'

Perhaps the worst case of overwork in the whole catalogue occurs with that word 'up.' The farmer's wife cooks 'up' a batch of pies, and finishes 'up' the job by locking them 'up' in the cupboard. The nurse, who has been instructed to feed 'up' her patient, beats 'up' the yolk of an egg, and adds to it the milk which she has heated 'up' while washing 'up' the soiled dishes. The traveler packs 'up' his toilet appliances in a certain order, but the motion of the train mixes them 'up' badly. The lecturer who has studied 'up' his subject may follow 'up' his remarks with pictorial illustrations shown 'up' in the best light; yet his success does not measure 'up' at all with that of his rival who saves 'up' his best stories for the last ten minutes, so as to warm 'up' his audience and send them away pronouncing his entertainment 'up-and-up.'

The newspapers tell us of peaceable men beaten ' up ' by footpads, and Shakespeare talks about killing ' up ' the frightened animals. Miss Mizzourah, the last time she was ' up ' north, met ' up ' with a polite young man who rose ' up ' whenever she entered the room. She has just heard that he failed ' up ' in the last panic, but hopes soon to connect ' up ' with a millionaire who will furnish the money to settle ' up ' his debts and start ' up ' his business again. This Crœsus will doubtless add ' up ' the profits and the losses of the old concern, and figure ' up ' how much he can afford to risk, before deciding whether to back ' up ' the young man in a new venture.

The father who wishes to stir ' up ' the patriotism of his household on the Fourth of July, buys ' up ' all the fireworks he finds heaped ' up ' on the store counters, and fills ' up ' his dwelling with them, though his wife wishes he would hurry ' up ' and get rid of them before they burn ' up ' the house — a serious possibility, since the drought has dried ' up ' everything.

Sometimes we make combinations which probably never entered the reckoning of the original authors of our prepositions. For instance, we give our neighbor a message to pass ' on to ' his son, or hand him a banknote to turn ' over to ' his favorite charity. In summer we may sleep ' up on ' the roof or ' out on ' the piazza. The Immortal Bard makes one of his royal personages give another the crown ' from off ' his head and the pride of kingly sway ' from out ' his heart. A crowd lift ' up on to ' a platform an orator who tells them what is happening ' over in ' England.

Anon we combine antithetic particles, as when we invade the dark closet to bring its contents ' out into ' the light, or call to our dilatory fellow voyager to come ' on off ' the boat. There is a more natural sequence in a warning to stand ' from under,' or to come ' out from among ' the rest. And I never ran across a more delightful example of the descriptive utility of a group of apparently unrelated little words than when I asked a New England farmer for the shortest cut from the turnpike in which we both stood to a house which I knew to be on the other side of a neighboring hill, and was advised to go ' along over in back around up by ' a certain school building whose belfry we could just discern among the trees on the ridge. After I had made the tramp, I understood perfectly why he had strung together this odd lot of prepositional seed-pearls, and in this very order. They fitted the needs of the case to a nicety. But they were exceptions which go to prove the rule.

## OUR CONCEPTION OF AUTHORS

I DO not classify myself among authors, for authorship is not my vocation, and I disclaim all pretension to its honorable callings; I have written because I felt like it and not for fame, bread, or gold. But let the impulse for writing be what it may, reason has convinced me that not one author in a thousand ever fills a reader's conception of him, even when Nature has done its best in his mould.

The freshness, vitality, and glow of his ideas, the evoked essence and spirit of events and scenes, be they caught in the high, rapturous notes of the lyric or in the subdued charm of prose, begetting as they do in each case a procession of secondary ideas in the reader's mind, and causing his heart to beat with that of the author, — inasmuch as that which comes from the heart goes to the heart, — those spiritual, intellectual pleasures are beyond reflection, I think, in the personality of any writer.

For what are inspired prose and

poetry but creations, the reproductive handiwork of heart and mind when moved by contemplation of illustrious deeds, or entranced by the tender beauties of woods and streams and evening clouds; or when transported by the mighty voices of Nature, by the brave souls who have dared to face tyranny and wrong, and have been merciful; by Destiny sowing her hopes with prodigal hand over a land like ours; by the songs of stars, and the sight of gates of another world than this. These, all these, as well as the longings and tears of the poor down-trodden and sorrowful, inflame our spiritual natures, and we have re-creations, by heart and mind, of sights and sounds and circumstances, with their appeals translated into prose and poetry. And at the hour of creation, what is the writer but a mere husk enwrapping formative elements which, when they have assembled through the generative warmth of natural laws (and to the degree of the clearness of his vision and to the depth of his sincerity will they gather into perfection and beauty), the heart begins to throb with feeling; and lo! as she gives them birth, at that moment and not before, Imagination clothes them; and it is their wings, brushing as they rise the chords that Nature has strung across the recesses of the heart from intellect to soul, that are the sources of our pleasurable mental elevations. And the instant the creations spring into life they join a higher company, and the poor husk is left undistinguishable from the commonplace. Therefore is it idle indeed to expect the embodiment of the creative moods in looks, tones, flesh and blood.

And so sure am I of this, that of the writers who have pleased me — there have been many — yet of them all there are only four whom, on crossing the bar, I longingly care to see. Two of the four, Steele and Burns, were drunkards — so at least it is said, at the end of their lives; and two, John and Luke, were saints. I long to take the hands of Steele and Burns, and I long to see St. John, for his pen moved with so much gentleness, love, and peace, and his eye saw the New Jerusalem and the Tree of Life; and Luke, who tells us of that moonlit night when the angels came to the shepherds among their sleeping flocks and sang, for the first time on this green earth, so far as we know, the song of peace and good-will among men.

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# PAN AND THE CRUSADER

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

## I

THE gray old man sat so silent day after day in the gray cloister that, to the young knight who went each morning with tablets in his hand, his armor laid aside, to the scriptorium of the monastery, he had grown to seem part of the delicately cut stone. Under pale sunshine or drizzling rain, oftenest under a mist-dimmed sky, with folded hands he waited, and always with his feet crossed in odd fashion. Young Geoffrey of the White Towers had grown to love the bowed head, and the face with its look of half defeat, but had never thought to see the drooping eyelids lifted; yet one day as he lingered near, where the shadow of fine-carven leaf-tendrils fell on his eager face, alive with the immortal hunger of the young, he saw the eyes of the old man fixed upon him, and, answering their invitation, drew near.

'Ay, I have the right to cross them,' said the aged voice, in answer to the unspoken question; 'in death as in life they shall be crossed.'

'But why?'

There was high triumph in the answer.

'Because I am one of those who fought for the tomb of our Lord.'

'You failed,' said the young man softly, his mind busy with splendid visions wherein triumph always crowned the prowess of the knight. 'Defenders of the Tomb, you failed to hold it.'

'Yea,' answered the aged Templar, 'but defeat was holy in the holy spot.'

Geoffrey stood long lost in thought as to what this might mean, and he drew a great, troubled sigh. Trained by those alert for spirit-values to look beyond the shows of sense for inner meanings, almost he understood. The old man eyed him kindly, noting the wistfulness of the deep-set eyes, and the curved lips and chin, for the youth was one who jousted well and feasted well in hall; but for him, beyond the jousting and the feasting, there was ever a yearning, and because there were for him no words to voice this, it was written in his eyes. There was long silence, wherein swallows darted low above the Gothic traceries, and skimmed the clouded sky.

'What dost lack, lad?'

'I know not what nor why,' burst out the young seigneur, 'but something I have found not at the spear-point, so I have turned again to my Latin books, if haply I might find it written there. My knight's vows promised me high adventure, which has not come.'

'Nay, but I can tell it thee!' cried the aged crusader in a deep voice. ''T is for such as thou to win where we have failed. Go fight!'

So, in the saddened autumn air, under the northern sky, with the chilly green of the cloister grass at his feet, the thought of the quest crept shining into the heart of Geoffrey of the White Towers, and all his face grew flame. Born a seeker, gifted beyond his fellows with sensitiveness of eye and ear, he listened always for some dominant melody among the discords, and sighed, not finding it. In passion for holiness he gave himself now and again to the rigor of extreme fast, of vigil, of long prayer, aware of his own need among the overmastering temptations in the many-colored life of the court; and, in the austerity of physical strain and stress, he outdid his peers, always with an unconfessed sense of escape from lurking danger to the spirit. That part of existence which meant music and song but floated lightly on the surface of his mind, as a feather floats on the surface of a deep moat; for, already, though he had not lived, life had made him sad, creating, on the hither side of him, one who longed to fulfill each formal duty, fit into his place in the great order of things, yet, on the further side, one who yearned unceasingly for he knew not what. Ever he obeyed more scrupulously the laws of church and court, in this little world shut in by gray walls of stone, as his entanglement of mind increased and he grew more uncertain of the way.

Now, both lute and spear were set aside and forgotten, and in the scriptorium of the monastery, the red and gold tracery of the Latin pages lay open where he had left them, for he knew that vellum held no longer for him a hope of the secret. Instead, he read the healed scars on the Templar's face, and listened eagerly to tales of fierce and losing battles with the infidel about the sacred tomb of the Highest. He saw the crusaders at their first glimpse of the Holy City fall on their knees, and, weeping, kiss the ground; he followed their weary march over blistering Syrian sands; he watched them fighting, sword to sword, while the smoke and flame of burning grass scorched hands and feet; and, in the white and purple clouds, for him, as for those earlier seekers, white-robed armies of foot and horse sped to the relief of a city high-pinnacled against the blue.

While Christendom lay quiet, silently he made ready for the moment that should come. Close-meshed new armor was wrought for him, and his sword ground very sharp by Mark the Smith in Our Lady's Lane. From boyhood he had lived as one whose hand must ever be upon his sword, and, from the vigil of fast and prayer that had made him knight, had held himself prepared for every foe.

So, when the great call came, he was with those who, shriven by holy hands, pure in desire, passed along the pale white ribbon of Roman road, king and peasant, serf and noble, side by side, stepping to unheard music, their faces toward the Holy Sepulchre, the cross upon their shoulders. That morning they had knelt at solemn mass in the lasting dusk of the great cathedral, broken only by rich rays of crimson, gold, and purple from the tall windows, and Geoffrey had followed with reverent heart the long drama of suffering moving on to death. Strange, through the show of rich broidery and elaborate symbol, the naked and utter simplicity of this worship of sorrow and failure!

Then came to him again the thrill of spirit by his father's open grave, and the memory of human grief blended with the thought of that great world-sorrow which had turned into the consolation of the world. The yearning

sadness of the music was answered by the greater comfort yearning through the hurt; notes of triumph, echoing through the Gothic arches, thrilled all his mortal dust with prescient sense of immortality, and he knew the gates of death as the very gates of life that should endure when all visible things had shriveled like dried leaves and blown away before the wind of the spirit. In this great faith, he vowed himself to hunger and thirst, to smarting wounds, to death, if God would, and sweet was the glory of the thought.

## II

The clashing of steel armor, the fretting of the steeds, the swift blows given when a robber baron with outlaw troops set on them at a ford, and tried to bar their way with force of arms, he relished as part of his wonted life, for courage was high and muscles were strong in the early days of the march, and surely the army of God was invincible. Much provision they carried with them at the first, and silver coins rang merrily from well-filled pouches; no monastery gates or stores were closed; here, and at homely inns, they feasted, for capons roasted for them on long spits, great haunches steamed on trenchers; and they shared my lord's wine or peasant's ale, the part of Christendom through which they were passing giving them God speed. At night, as they drew about the fire, in baron's hall or cot of serf, they listened to strange tales of marvels and portents of the East; of enchanters who would come against them, invisible; of towers that could not be seen by mortal eye, where Christian knights had lain, bound by chains stronger than iron. Geoffrey laughed to himself, and touched with his finger his fine sword-blade, while his young blood exulted at the thought of the wounds he would give to pagan foes. And if he fell? At least there was no woman's face to grow pale for him, save the high-browed one of his mother, who had brought stern courage with her from her southern home, and faith that was like a sword.

The march led by reed-grown marshes, over vast level plains, and down long rivers with brown castles clinging to scarred hillsides, and ever, far ahead in the sunlight, or gleaming against dull cloud, led the cross. For these travelers the air was full of signs and portents; they found divine guidance in drifting leaf or tuft of thistle-down, and in the falling of a star. The ragged lad who found them lost in the darkness, and refused a penny for showing them the way, was surely sent by Saint Michael; the ferryman who took them across a dark stream at midnight, Saint Christopher's very self. Once, at dawn, upon a hilltop touched by the rising sun, they met a gray palmer who had traveled many dusty leagues, the palm of Palestine upon his staff; and greatly he whetted their courage, telling them, with tears upon his cheeks, that he had won to a sight of the Holy City, but had not entered there, because of the drawn sword of the turbaned Saracen who had won it again. Now and then a monk, in black habit or in white, would pace with them for a little way along the road, and stop with them as they offered vows at the stone chapel of some great bridge over a swift river, or knelt at the roadside to pray at a hermit-guarded shrine. If Geoffrey sometimes saw cruelty shown by these companions in arms to those that barred their way, or heard boastful tales of wanton slaughter done the infidel, it still escaped his higher mood, for he journeyed with eyes withdrawn, his spirit already at the goal.

Singing the crusaders went, more often when the touch of hunger came to them, the long sweet, sacred notes

sounding through silent woodlands, or crowded city streets. Once, in a turbulent town, they were set upon by the people with hiss and shout and ribald songs, yet steadily they marched onward, a mighty mass with but a single will, and dominant above the clamor rose the clear, triumphing hymn, for there was no concert among their opposers, nor could single outcries still the sound of many voices rising as one.

Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.

When the early days with their first flush of strength and plenty were over, and the later days of weariness came upon them, they but sang the more.

Geoffrey learned to know the joy of hunger and thirst, and of limbs spent with walking, after his steed dropped by the way. Earth proved greater, and roads longer than he had dreamed, yet it was sweet to march, uplifted in spirit, forgetful of his body, while his shoes wore through and fell apart, and his tender feet bled upon the stones of the road. With strips from his clothing he bound them; the money left within his pouch he gave to a sick beggar who called on him in the name of Christ; his drinking-cup he left as a votive offering in a white stone chapel beside an ilex tree, and thereafter drank from his hand, subdued in body and in soul to a single passion.

Then, after weeks of marching, a long land traversed, came spread sails and blue water, for him who had never known the sea. Soberly he went about the business of making ready, gathering store of wine and bread for the voyage, as his fellows did, purchasing quilt and pillow with gold pieces lent him by an earl who had been his father's friend, and who had not given all away; and all was done with a detachment of mind that kept him calm in the hurry and confusion of setting sail.

It was a splendid fleet of broad-sailed galleys, of great three-masted vessels that rode the water proudly, and many smaller craft, into one of which he stepped unnoticed. Then came the weary tossing of endless waves, the sickness and the hunger of the heart that salt paths bring. Lying, weak and spent, it seemed to him he saw afar, where clouds lay low at the sea-horizon, Saint George or Saint Theodore mounted upon a white steed carrying a white banner, and leading on the host. All was calm wide water at the first; after, they drifted past southern shores, faint and far, whose mountains, in delicate outlines of purple or rose at evening, wore beauty that might guard the very Holy Land.

Then shrill winds rose; the sky grew dark with purple clouds; and everywhere was wrack of storm. Driven this way and that, with broken masts or rent sails, the vessels of the fleet separated, were tossed to northward or to south, as the capricious wind-gods willed. The frail skiff to which Geoffrey had trusted life and hope, least, lightest of them all, drifted farthest, was caught in the teeth of a northwest wind, in stormy night, and carried toward a rocky shore. Armor and weapons cast aside, the young knights waited, on their knees, and, when the great crash came, went down into the waves with prayers on their lips.

## III

From long unconsciousness the young seigneur wakened, with the first beams of the rising sun upon his eyelids; wakened, bruised, suffering, but with senses slowly answering to warmth and light. He lay on a narrow strip of sandy beach, the curling waves that had tossed him there in their fury beating near at hand in slow retreat. Above, though he was too weak to see, rose a

cliff where pine trees, clinging to the rock, were outlined against the golden dawn.

Slowly the shipwrecked man's fingers loosened their hold upon the piece of mainmast which had saved him in a night of storm, while, full of a bruised sense of his body, long forgotten and ignored, through half-closed eyes he saw, as in a dream, against the growing blue, the hardships of the past weeks; his wounded feet halting along the rough way, the roadside death of his friend and companion, felled by a chance-flung stone; and all his strength went out in pity for those gallant comrades with whom he had stepped shoulder to shoulder, — and in pity for himself.

As the glad warmth thrilled him, he heard sweet notes of music falling from the air above, and to his drowsing ears it seemed to come nearer and more near, a magic sound, such as, he had heard old wives tell, before now had lured knights away to fairyland. Soon he felt upon his outstretched arm the swift impact of small, hard hoofs, and saw about him the startled faces and soft fleecy breasts of many sheep.

Half sitting, he leaned upon his elbow, groaning with pain, while the frightened animals scudded this way and that. There, motionless among the running flock, stood a tall shepherd lad, bare of head, with face browner than the sun-bleached hair upon his forehead. A crook was in his hand; across the shoulder of his blue jacket was slung a white shaggy cloak of wool; his leggings were of white sheepskin. He spoke no word, but, drawing near, held out a rough cake that he had begun to eat for his morning meal, and smiled a wide and sudden smile, betraying whitest teeth, for he understood the stranger's word of thanks. Geoffrey, struggling to his feet, still girded with his sword, and wearing yet a cloak whereon the cross was broidered, grew faint, and would have fallen, save for the swiftly outstretched hands of the lad.

Leaning upon his strong shoulder, the sick man struggled up the hill-path, the nimble sheep and goats climbing ahead over stone and heather, shepherded by the anxious dog; and, when the top was reached, he threw himself upon the shepherd's bed of pine, under a rude protecting roof of reed and flag. Closing his eyes, the better to bear his pain, he felt the air upon his eyelids, cool and sweet. When he opened them, the brown lad was milking a black goat into a shallow, rounded vessel, which he carried to a wide-branched oak, bending in all reverence to pour the milk out at the hoary roots, and saying in a clear voice: —

'To great Pan, Pan the Deliverer.'

In marvel as to what this might mean, knowing only that all was most lovely and most strange, the knight fell asleep. Opening his eyes as the sun was going down, he saw spreading before him a country that seemed all color and light, a dream of many-tinted mountains floating on a beautiful dream of a sea. Almost he wondered if he had suffered death, and had wakened a spirit in a land of blessed spirits.

For many days and nights he lay soft on pine branches, full of a sense of healing in this pure air, to body and to tired soul. Water was poured out for him from earthen amphoræ, whose curves go back to the dawn of time for their beauty; sheep's milk he drank, when the fever left him, from a rude cup of wood, and all service he repaid with that rare smile that had won other hearts before this of Delphis, the shepherd lad of the southern island. Many an hour the lad stole from his sheep, leaving them to the care of the brown dog that barked joyously at the greatness of his trust, to sit by the sick man, and

to test, with shouts of laughter, that speech, so like yet so unlike his rude *patois*, which Geoffrey had learned from the lips of his southern mother.

Other shepherd-folk, in coats of sun-faded blue or skirts of red, with faces full of color, but not of the light that he had seen on those in yon far gray cloister, or those at his side in the long march, peered at him as he lay, sleeping or awake, under his green shelter. One maiden, with a smiling, sun-browned face, brought healing herbs, 'the gift of Pan,' she whispered, as one who worships in joy and fear; and, kindling upon the stones, with cunning stealth of flint, a little fire, made a lotion that brought health again to his bruised limbs.

Watching the kerchiefed head bending anxiously over the cauldron, and the brightly broidered gown that became her so well, he often found the eyes of Delphis upon him, and learned that this was Ino, his betrothed, who was making ready her store of linen and spun wool for her dowry in the autumn. The homely comfort of her presence pleased him; once, in gratitude, he kissed the strong hand that had gently dressed his wounds, and now was piling soft fern beneath his aching head; but not again, for the flash of anger in the lad's brown eyes met a more vivid flash in her own of deeper brown.

As he watched from his high resting-place, there was ever with him a sense of great blue spaces; and the world of out-of-doors, island upon island, ringed by quiet sea, seemed exquisite and wide as he remembered the walled-in life of the north. Here was soft silence, after all the sound and strife of early days, and the great peace of utter weariness. Time there would be to dream again of conquest in the name of the spirit when this lingering pain was gone; in these magic hours of this magic land, earth and its ethereal beauty seemed enough.

Through the wonderful brief twilights, and the evenings, under the great stars shining from a sky of dusky blue, the shepherd, lying on his sheepskin coat, told him old tales from out the storied past, of lovely indwelling spirits of tree and flower; of dryads and of nymphs, still living in tree and stream, with power to take what human forms they will; of the mortal who, not many days gone by, broke a lily-stalk, and, hearing a plaintive cry, knew that he had brought death to one dwelling therein. With lowered breath he told him too of Pan, great Pan, the guardian of flocks and herds, and of green living things, to whom all folk prayed; and the young seigneur learned in unspoken wonder of old beliefs still fresh as the new leaves of spring in these forgotten lands.

## IV

One day the shepherd host, on his strong shoulders that had known the weight of many a sheep and goat, carried him forth from the shelter and placed him on soft brown fallen needles beneath a fragrant pine. As he lay there, he heard, far in the valley, the music of a flute, and, as it came nearer, a joyous sound of singing floated to his ears. Lifting his eyes, he saw, in slow procession against the blue and green, one by one, barefooted youths and maidens, and old, weather-beaten men, winding up the hill, each carrying upon the neck a young lamb garlanded with flowers, and flowers they bore in their hands. To Pan's sacred tree they came with their offerings, where hung upon the branches the gifts of many worshipers, rude figures in wood and clay, a shepherd's crook, the image of a child, thank-offerings to Pan for help in the matter of the flock,

or a child's illness, Pan the Comforter; 'Pan the Deliverer,' whispered the shepherd, 'who saved you from the sea.'

Upon the soft grass they strewed their garlands, and the lambs, let free, played for a little space as the sacred rites went on, but none were slain; it was the consecration of the first-fruits of the flock, with prayers for great fertility. Leaving the ground strewn with many-colored flowers, they carried the young lambs again down the hill, and Geoffrey listened until the last glad notes of their voices died, remembering in half-dismay the solemn cathedral procession of sorrowful faces shown by dim taper-light, and the sad voices chanting a great grief.

Lapped in sweet content, he lay thinking of the coolness of the shadow, the warmth of the sun, all different from his northern home where shade and sunshine were near akin. He caught a glimpse of a white-kerchiefed head below the treetops, and wondered if it were Ino, coming to bring something for their evening meal from her father's farmstead in the valley. Ino it was not. It was a shepherd maiden who climbed the hill, holding in her hands curious shining things; and Geoffrey saw that she carried his steel armor and helmet; and, as he gazed, he half wondered at his old joy in wearing them, half yearned to put them on.

Asking where she had found them, he got no answer, for the maiden shook her head, as one who fails to understand; but, in a silence that seemed full of subtle meanings, with white, uplifted arms that wore the very grace of swaying branches, she hung them on Pan's tree.

Delphis, who watched, wide-eyed, would not come near to speak with her, but drew away, as one abashed; yet was she but a barefooted maiden, whose skirt of blue bore its broad embroidered band, as did the skirts of other shepherd lasses. Only, from under the white kerchief that she wore over her dark hair, he caught the light from wonderful gray-green eyes; surely she was the same as the others, yet why was the shepherd awed? Or was there a radiance about her? was it not merely the way of the southern sun with all it touched, — with yonder pine-needles, for instance, — transmuting them to beams of light?

When she had gone, he questioned the shepherd who she might be, but got no answer; he but shrugged his shoulders, shaking his head, then added, with lowered breath, 'Perhaps a friend of Pan.'

A little later Geoffrey, who had marveled at the scant courtesy shown the stranger, marveled still more as he saw the lad pour out, from a shallow earthen vessel, a libation of wine upon the spot where she had stood a few moments before with bare white feet.

Then he forgot his wonder, and laughed out, seeing the fingers of Delphis touch curiously the fine-meshed steel, and awkwardly lift the sword which lay forgotten on the grass. Cutting his finger as he drew it on the blade, he cast the sword from him, laughing to see it crush the hyacinth sprays and violets the worshipers had left.

'What do you with these?' he asked.

'I fight,' said Geoffrey of the White Towers, 'for our Lord's sake.'

The shepherd looked long at him. 'Now what thy god may be I know not,' he said slowly, 'but mine is better than thine, for he is god of peace, and of flocks that feed in safety. I have heard of them that worshiped long ago a god of fighting and of battles, for my father's father crossed the sea, and saw his face of stone; but here we know him no longer. Thou shalt forget thy cruel god of war, and worship Pan with

us. As for this thing of blood,' and he took up the sword, 'we will give it to Pan with the others'; so he made good his word.

The high mood of the young crusader was broken by weakness and the sweet strength of sunshine, and awe fell on him.

'Where dwells he?' he whispered.

'Hist, dost not hear him?' asked the lad, his finger on his lip. 'In yon forest, here in the nearer grass, and in the shaken reeds'; and, across the silence, the music of the wind in the pine trees told them the god was near.

Geoffrey noted, that day and the next, that the eyes of the shepherd when he was near the shelter kept wandering to the path up which the strange maiden had come, and there was fear in them, fear touched with longing. Near noonday, hearing the soft rustle of a woman's dress, he started, and Delphis listened too with paling cheek. Soon the comely face of Ino appeared above the rock that guarded the path; she walked erect, bearing a copper vessel on her head, while behind her trudged her barefooted brother, with face as merry as a faun's. The shepherd drew a great sigh, whether of relief or of disappointment would be hard to say, and together they sat down on the grass to eat their simple meal. They had brought in the comb-honey whose taste was fragrance, freshly baked bread, and olives cured in oil; and the young crusader, watching, rejoiced in the spare simplicity that lent a grace to homely things. Content with little, these shepherd-folk received the values of much. Ino's eyes were ever on her lover, noting the whiteness of his cheek beneath the tan, and the fingers that crumbled bread instead of carrying it to his mouth. When she drew from her bosom a bit of rude lace, finished toward her dowry, and would have shown it to him, she knew that his eyes wandered far, though he made a feint of looking. With honey still clinging to her lip, she cried out in fear:

'Your eyes have looked on something strange, and you do not tell me.'

The little ragged lad was frightened, and nestled closer to his sister, until her broidered bodice left its mark of leaf and flower on his cheek. Delphis shook his head, but was silent, and Ino, grasping his blue coat-sleeve, questioned in fierce whisper: —

'Have those unseen ones who can steal woman's shape come to you?'

But he said nothing, save, with downcast head, 'I know not'; and she went sorrowing away, while sorrowing he looked after her.

'Now what was her meaning?' questioned Geoffrey, breaking the wondering silence between them.

But the lad answered with a shrug, 'Who knows?'

'Why called you the stranger maid a friend of Pan?' persisted Geoffrey; and he noted that into Delphis's face came a look of fear, of which he had no understanding, and a look of longing which was even as his own.

That night, as they lay in the soft darkness upon the bed of pine, the shepherd trembled as he talked of the spirits of woodland and of stream, the ministers and messengers of Pan, who shared his reveling, and whose fearful beauty stole away men's wit.

'May one see them,' asked the young crusader, 'or know their touch?'

The shepherd, shivering, clung to him in panic terror. 'It is not well,' he whispered, 'to draw too near the gods.'

## V

The first step that the young seigneur could take told him of joy in the firm earth, after the dreariness of the unstable sea; and the grass was sweet and cool to his bared feet. Then, with

returning strength, the glory of sunshine and of spring burst upon him as something never known before under gray northern skies. Flowers, undreamed by him whose life had been shut far from flowers within grim city walls, bloomed at his feet, red tulips, anemones, purple and white; nor dared he tread on one, or break a stem, because of those who dwelt therein. It was no longer strange to him that tree and leaf and blossom were sentient; he marveled only that he had not known it before.

The music of silence and the music of sweet sound came to him as he lay for idle days under the fragrant pines, for the wind was in their branches; and, far below, on either side, the murmuring of the waves upon the sand mingled with the bleating of the sheep, and to each melody he listened with new reverence as one who harkens to the voice of a god. Thrushes were nesting in his helmet upon the branch of oak, and the crusader's cloak, the cross rolled inward, made him a soft pillow. All his soul was at rest in the thought of these green hills and valleys, where old faiths still blossomed with the flowers and rooted with the vine; where, to mortal questioning and fear, had been vouchsafed a sense of the human graciousness of sunlight and rainfall, and of protecting mother-power in the fields of earth.

Knight and shepherd over the curds made vows of friendship, nor did it seem to the young seigneur strange: for he had marched shoulder to shoulder with a wood-cutter's son in that great army where all were of one rank under the cross; nor could he win back to his old sense of distance between silk-clad arm and that clad in sheepskin: he but wondered that this could seem so homelike which was so unlike home. Together they drank precious water from the distant spring, or milk from the ewes; they broke bread together, and half his flock Delphis gave into the stranger's keeping, showing him where to lead forth his sheep to the juiciest grass. Great was Geoffrey's joy in the long-haired goats, and greatest in the clever one that stood erect on his hind legs to reach the willow branches, or climbed the crooked olive tree to the very top to nibble the leaves.

Oftentimes, at dusk, to the sound of the pipe, the two lads danced on the hillside or in the valley, with homely folk who pastured their flocks upon the neighboring slopes, while the sheep lay about them, quietly chewing the cud. The shepherds, who cared not for the wistful eyes of the stranger, that ever searched beyond them, yet loved him for the sweetness of his voice, and the swiftness of his foot in dance. Him it did not surprise to see that hairy folk crept often in among them from the neighboring wood, with rough and shaggy faces, and odd, goat-like shanks, now stepping swiftly on hoofed feet with the dancers, now lying prone among the flocks as they that are at home among their kin. When they stole near him, with eyes staring in wonder, and touched him with rough, questioning fingers, he but laughed aloud, remembering the dainty silken figures moving in that last dance where he had stepped to different music; and they laughed also, finding herein their kinship with him. If he marveled at them and their laughter, he marveled at himself the more, who had heard many a grandam tale of this whimsical people, without realizing that they were still alive and fain to dance. Now naught seemed strange in the magic of strange blue water on an alien shore, save the bonds and hardships of his past life.

Ay, there was witchery abroad, and his sense of wonder was constant laughter on his lips. One day, returning to the flock, which he had left in care of

his white dog, he found him low-crouching, with hair bristled along his back, giving short, sharp barks of fear. The young knight, gazing, could see before him nothing save gray bare rock, and yet, as he looked, he was conscious that that which had been but empty stone was winning to sweet shape.

In fashion of a shepherdess, demure of face, she was guarding the sheep in his stead, with broidered gown, and kerchiefed head, a distaff in her hand; and, sitting on the rock, her feet demurely crossed, she cherished in her lap a weakling lamb, while her hands were busy drawing out the thread, as the most industrious maiden of them all.

Slowly he went toward her, now pausing to look the other way as one who knew not she was there, yet glancing hurriedly again that his eyes might make sure of her. Spinning, spinning, she drew the white woolen thread, and now he saw the wonderful, unfathomed eyes, that wore the color of sky and sea; now, when his hand might almost touch her, she looked upon him with a sudden, radiant smile, then vanished, not on mortal feet, while the weak lamb she had cherished stood upon trembling legs, bleating feebly.

Close on his breast he fondled it, in the warmth of his blue mantle, and, with caressing hands, questioned it of its last resting-place; but the foolish one, as happy under mortal as under immortal care, gave back no answer.

Suddenly on the rock he saw her distaff, and, bewildered, watched it unwinding; clearly, she still held it fast, wherever she was running in air or on earth, on slender, swift, white feet. Shifting the lamb to his shoulder, he bent and grasped the spindle; still it turned upon his outstretched palm.

Holding fast the clue, he followed swiftly, gathering the thread in his hands, wondering if she might not lead him into the very haunts of Pan. Firm held, it guided him beyond the meadow, athwart the pine grove, catching upon the resin-dripping trunks, and still he felt his way along the thread, which still was hers, until, as he sped over the brow of the hill, her grasp slackened, and he found himself standing with the end of the white thread in his hand. Long he stood, pondering on the tangled skein he held; then, going sadly home, he hung it on Pan's tree as an offering, and the nesting birds plucked strands from it for the home they were building in the helmet.

Ever the new amazement of beauty lingered with him, from radiant sunrise of transfigured hills to sunset that left long beams of light pulsing across the clear blue of the sky. The shepherd lad, on distant hill or near, sitting under oak tree or cedar, sang of the fresh grass of the pasture, and of cool water from the spring, sang of his sheep upon the hillsides, the laughter of his brown maiden, of lily and of hyacinth, and of all fragrant things of spring. And he who had sung in a king's court, stung by memory of that which grew often dim in his mind, made answer from the deep shadow of the pine.

'Nor hillside nor fed ewes have I, nor brown cheek of maiden against my own.

'Only a path, lying long like a ribbon against the green, or lost in the thick shade of forest trees, where last year's leaves lie thick over the leaves of many earlier years.

'If I smell the violet, I pass it; the lily stands for me unbroken; shadow of beech and of oak tree have I forsaken, treading my way onward in the burning of the sun.

'The music that I hear is heard but hardly; with strained ears I listen; it is always beyond.

'The music that I hear hath no fullness of sound. Faint and very far it

comes, beyond the utmost hill, calling me, I know not whither, winning me, I know not why.

'The face that draws me hath no brownness nor laughter; but dimly I see it, yet it compels me. I may not forget.'

Delphis leaned on his crook to listen, in the warmth of the sun, disdaining what he heard; yet he loved this comrade for the sadness of his song, and the high beauty of his face.

'It seemeth thou hast nothing, and less than nothing,' he cried, wondering. 'What seek ye at the end of your long road?'

'A tomb,' the young knight answered; 'the tomb of our Lord.'

'A dead god!' cried the shepherd, with intaken breath of great wonder. 'You pour libations to a god who is dead?'

Geoffrey was silent. In very truth, at that moment the solemn music of the mass, leading from sadness to sadness, seemed one with the memory of clods of earth falling upon the coffin-lid of stone.

'How died he?' asked the shepherd, pitying.

'Upon a cross of wood,' answered Geoffrey, and of the two shepherd's crooks he made a cross.

'Now how can a god who is dead help you?' cried Delphis. 'Libations pour I to Pan, great Pan, who dieth not, nor will die, so long as grass is green, and trees put forth their leaves.'

'Mine liveth,' said the young crusader, 'and will live when grass and trees are dust, a life beyond the life of those who have not known death.' As he spoke, he felt that for which one might give in glad exchange the whole of delight in visible beauty, a thrill throughout the mortal flesh of life too poignant fine for eye or ear to know.

'You speak folly,' said the shepherd. 'The dead are dead.'

## VI

Pan, Pan, everywhere Pan! Slowly the young crusader learned to know his ceaseless presence, and to share the joy and fear of his worshipers, who felt him near in coolness, in shadows, in delicate sights and sounds, the veil of green things seeming to them but the screen that held him. The wind stirred the long flags; a sense of freshness came; the shepherd, his finger on his lip, nodded, as who would say, 'The god is near!' If any rough reed pipe gave out a more absolute note of joy than the rest, they cried, 'The gift of Pan!'

Wonderful to him, who had dreamed of pain as the fine flower of life, seemed this worship of gladness. The spirit sense of one earlier aware of soul than of body brought a keener sense to new delight, a finer edge to cut from the bough the apples of Hesperides. The shepherd knew no such exquisite thrill from the sunshine touching his cheek or outstretched hand, nor felt perhaps so poignantly the coming of Pan, fragrance by fragrance, breeze by breeze. For the first time since, as a little lad, Geoffrey had become aware of it, the inner yearning ceased, and the fine, searching look died out of his eyes; consolation for the long hurt of boyhood was his. Sometimes, sitting in the shade beside his sheep, he was fretted by visions of the Holy Land, the hot hillsides, the drooping palms, the lurking Saracens with their thrice-sharpened swords; but, still lame and weary, with a hurt sense of body, an almost resentful consciousness of soul, he thrust these thoughts away. Within his heart there reigned a truce of God.

Ever more and more, as he drove his sheep afield along the pleasant hillsides, or rested with them at the edge of the deep and shady wood, he felt subtle presences about him, here, every-

where, in tree and fern and flower. The wind upon his face was more than wind; he lifted his cheek to it, reverently, as something divine. How close they were, the friendly gods, in this sweet land! In the silences, reaching forth his hand to touch leaf or flower, he was aware of intimacies delicate, beyond sight or words, and he stepped lightly across the grass, as one walking always on the verge of great discovery. Now and then, as the shepherd-folk danced to sweet music, a sound of sweeter music came far through the forest, and awe fell on them.

'It is Pan,' they whispered in the twilight, 'Pan, who dances with the dryads among the trees.'

One night he lay beneath a great beech tree at the forest's edge, whither of late he had been often drawn, his head gently pillowed by moss-grown roots. Sleeping a sleep full of sweet visions of pleasant things, he dreamed, though he knew not if the dream were real, of cool fingers resting delicately on his eyelids. When he wakened, in the clear twilight of dawn, and sitting upright, gazed upon the fresh leaves above him, through which one great planet in the morning sky looked down upon his rest, he was sure of a presence other than that of the sheep and goats that lay quietly about him, as of the very bodily nearness of joy. His bared arm still felt the imprint of a cool, slender hand upon it, and, in the rustling leaves, he fancied he heard the sound of retreating steps.

Starting to his feet, as one who would pursue, he heard a sound of laughter, merry as young wind in leaves of May, and, trying to go all ways at once to reach it, knew that it led him back to the starting-point, and came from behind the gray, lichen-haunted beech. About the trunk he caught a glimpse of a shimmering green robe, of dark hair floating free; but, though he circled the trunk, he could find no trace of the maiden, whose half-seen face had driven all thoughts of other beauty from his mind.

Long he sat beside his sheep, while the gray of the water below the pine trees grew bluer and more blue, and range upon range of barren mountain-tops, bewitched by light, turned to opal and amethyst. Dreaming, he watched the path of light leading to the sun as it rose from the sea; sweet imaginings stirred within him, and desire was awake, for he knew that the blue-green eyes that had looked at him from behind the beech were the eyes of her who had brought the armor to him, and had lured him with her unraveled skein.

That day a shadow lay between him and his shepherd friend. High and higher on the hillside they climbed with their sheep and goats, and ever he was aware — or was it waking dream — of a presence among the trees, and of many musical footsteps sweeping about her in unison. Swaying branches dimly took the form of fluttering garments, and never were his ears without music, were it far or near, sometimes the very music of her laugh. In awe he asked Delphis, whispering, if the gods were near; but the lad shrugged his shoulders and turned away, saying he did not know. Geoffrey saw in his eyes the ever-watching look that he had learned to know, and noted brief absences from his flock, from which he came back with the shamefaced air of one who, searching, has not found.

Strolling at nightfall down the valley, an old song on his lips, he read the story of Delphis in the brown eyes of the maiden Ino, whom he found beneath an ancient gnarled olive tree at the edge of the field left fallow by her father in honor of the wind-god, who once, unasked, had helped him in winnowing the grain. At the door of the little farmhouse stood her withered grandam

with dark brown face and snow-white hair, spinning upon a distaff; near by, a patient donkey circled, turning the wheel that brought water from the well, and all these homely things stood out with odd unreality before him whose eyes were full of beauty that ever escaped. In the desolate silence the dog watched the worn path, but his mistress's eyes looked nowhere, and, although she gave a gay laugh when she saw the knight approaching, the quiver of her lip was pitiful before the laugh had ceased. When he asked if aught troubled her, there were sudden tears on the white covering of her breast, and she confessed that she was waiting, an hour beyond the appointed time, for Delphis, who never before had forgotten tryst.

Comforting her, as best he might, with broken speech that brought a smile through tears, he saw her trudge toward home, murmuring a prayer to the god of friendly breezes, from his consecrated field, that he would follow her lover, wherever he might be, and whisper her love in his ear. Turning back, he met upon the hillside his shepherd friend, wandering this way and that, as one who had lost his path; then suddenly he started, as if seeing something to pursue, and sped away among the trees.

Was the boy mad, the young seigneur wondered, for Delphis sang no more, nor stood, as quiet as a cypress tree, among his sheep, but ever wandered restlessly, until they, too, were full of unrest, lifting their heads from the grass, and straying hither and yon. What peace for the flock if the shepherd knows no peace? One night, as the two sat side by side, while the stars shone out in the sudden dusk, the shepherd lad, in lowered voice, made known his pain.

'But once have I seen her, and I see naught else,' he moaned. 'All my life have I feared that this might come upon me.'

Geoffrey marveled that that which was keen joy to him was terror to the other, who yet could give no explanation of his fear of so much beauty.

As the days went on, the other shepherd-folk, older and more wise, shook often their heads in foreboding, saying that there was some being among them who would bring trouble, and they one and all brought more frequent gifts to Pan, hanging them upon his oak tree on the hill, or climbing to his cave on the mountain-side, over a path worn deep by his worshipers, the gray heads ever busy with the old task of guarding the young.

Geoffrey, ever more conscious how through and through the shepherd life thrilled the name of Pan, watched swaying green branch and waving grass with deepening sense of their kinship, and the image of the sacred spot grew fainter, veiled by the presence of her whose fluttering garments wore the iridescent beauty of sunrise and sunset on the hills. Straying afield with his flock, he pondered in silence on the words, 'the friend of Pan,' feeling an ever greater longing. Could he, too, but be a friend of Pan! What richness of earth-wisdom, what joy, what sense of rising sap and waving leaf would deepen life within him, for even in these short weeks he had grown to understand the mighty comfort of that name. Passionate with desire for the uttermost revelation of this worship, he questioned further his shepherd host.

'Seen him have I not,' said Delphis in answer, 'but my father's father, who was lost on yonder hills, met one day the god himself, and was brought safely home. And he raised an altar on the hillside — it still is white beyond the pine tree — to Pan of the Safe Journey.'

'Where may one draw more near?' whispered the crusader.

'High on yon mountain to the east is a cave, long sacred to Pan, whither we go to bear him offerings. There is the very image of the god, and his ministers, the dryads.'

And, as he spoke, the fear that now lurked always in the depth of his eyes sprang to the surface. Unwilling to go himself, too busy with the sheep, he would gladly send offerings: a fleece of his first shearing, milk in a wide amphora of narrow mouth; and, as he made them ready, he murmured prayers to Pan the Deliverer for help against the spell of the dryad, who might be messenger of good or of ill.

So Geoffrey, bearing gifts upon his back and in his careful hands, went down the mountain-path to the valley, past the altar to Pan of the Safe Journey, ever full of a sense of dryad guidance. Along the margin of the hill he followed a narrow trail, then climbed a steep and rocky path, where tangling vines and sharp acanthus often stayed his feet, yet ever he was drawn onward by the sweep of a green garment beside the shimmering birch tree, or a soft voice that called from beyond the gray rocks, and in this sweet companionship he knew her longing to lead him to the secret place of Pan. Once, upon a broad ledge of rock, he found some piping satyr-folk who gave back his smile with gladness, then begged impudently for the wine and milk he carried, and one twitched stealthily at the fleece of wool, as if he coveted it for his own bare back.

At length, beyond a grim, forbidding cliff, came a space of level grass, where a spring of water trickled ceaselessly, and lo, overhung with vines, remote, the cave of Pan! Stepping softly, he lifted the ivy and entered, not without awe, pouring out wine and milk, as he had been requested, and hanging the yellow fleece upon a sharply jutting stone. As his eyes grew wonted to the dim light, he saw votive gifts upon the walls, and among them, carved in relief in rude gray stone, the image of the god. He stood piping among his ministers, the nymphs, who with bare feet and unbound tresses danced before him, and though the hint of rough horns and rude hoofs of this woodland deity brought Geoffrey a sudden shock, the kindly sweetness of the face arrested him. It was indeed the god of the flock and of sweet shaded ways that the rude artist fingers had wrought, and about the lips curled the wise smile of one who understands all of life, down to the tail and hoofs. The very comfort of his lowness brought a sense of safety and of home, as of a child at his mother's knee, after the vast loneliness of the spirit-quest.

Musing on the tenderness of the shepherd-folk for this piper upon reeds, he realized how far their indwelling sense of him had outstripped their power to picture one whose name was melody, and who had become for them the melody of all things living. In the silence of the dusky cave, he won to understanding of the very god of peace, the outer peace of banished sword, the inner peace that knows no questioning.

Homeward, though he saw nothing, he was aware of a light footstep here and there beside him on rock or grass, of an enfolding sense of nearness, and he yearned, with deeper longing, to see her who had come to him in waking hours and in dream, the delicate messenger of the god, leading him yet nearer to that further revelation beyond her touch. Longing to feel her fingers again upon his eyelids, he came, and gladly enough, to the folded flock, and supper.

Delphis but asked if he had found the way, and receiving the brief answer, 'I was guided,' nodded, as one who understands.

Thereafter, day by day, she came and went between him and the world of the unseen; now faintest blue, now green her garment; now with bare locks, now with discreetly kerchiefed head. In whatever form she came, bringing him a black kid that had escaped from the flock, or offering him, in the heat of noonday, from hands held cupwise, a draught of fresh water, though he knew she was but wraith, but lovely, unsubstantial shape, all his warm young passion rose and followed her flying feet. Through the green forest, hither and thither, he sped after the gleam of her white shoulder, the witchery of her back-turned face, more and more enmeshed by tangling threads of the old spirit-quest, and of this elusive, escaping charm of the soul of plant and tree.

So, shape by shape, she teased him, vanishing at his approach, mocking him, the cruelest mocking being no shape at all, yet the feeling of her nearness the most intense. It was no longer strange to him that these transformations could be, for that which once would have seemed beyond the reach of sense was natural and lovely as the curve of shore, or the great stars at night above his rock-pillowed head. If these many forms in which she masqueraded were so full of charm, what of her real self? Ah, for that garlanded head, and the immortal sweetness that was she!

The older folk of hillside and valley drew more apart from the two lads, whose eyes betrayed them. Swift disaster too often followed those who became companions of the immortals; might not Pan be moved to jealousy and smite them? With red eyes the maiden Ino came and went between the valley and the hill-shelter, and the crusts of bread she brought well-nigh choked her lover, yet still he forgot her in the dance, or, remembering, remembered too late; nor had he for many a day brought her any gift of scarf or trinket, for he turned from the maid of flesh and blood to the maiden of spirit and laughter.

As the days passed, the mood of Delphis changed many times, and once he flung himself upon the breast of Geoffrey, confessing a fear that the dryad was angered by his pursuit, which yet he could not stop. Disaster came to those who followed uninvited, and perchance she was unwilling that he should see her when she wished only to reveal herself to another; did not the knight know some spell that would charm away his longing? Yet again he looked upon his friend as an enemy, nor would share his supper of whey and crust. The two, one noonday, sat down upon the oak leaves, and, breaking a crust together, spoke wonderingly of this strange madness that had come upon them, and, with clasped hands, vowed to protect each other and to forget.

Even as they made this vow, a merry laugh rang all through the forest, with all the ripple of young leaves sounding in it, and to the two who listened it seemed as if a hundred voices echoed the mirth. Surely the dryads and the nymphs were laughing in unison, and that deep note of immortal laughter, mellow, irresistible, — could it be the voice of Pan? With shaken sides the satyr-folk were roaring in deep mirth; a very tempest of merriment swept through the forest, and knight and shepherd knew that their vow was mocked.

## VII

More and more often, as the long days drifted past, the young crusader, forgetful of his vow, haunted the beech tree, which was the dryad's home. Often she led him thither, and, as she vanished within the trunk, there came

back the sound as of a half-human voice. He, who tore at the bark with eager fingers, won naught but cuts and bruises on his skin, and sometimes came a little cry, as if she were torn with the tree that sheltered her; so he desisted, but touched his lips to the delicate bark, quick with her life. Her voice was in the murmuring leaves, which shivered as the breeze passed through; the soft branch caressing his forehead thrilled him with her.

Lying prone upon the grass, now gazing upward through green leaves, transfigured by sunshine, now with closed eyelids whereon leaf-shadows fell, he grew to know her as the very soul of this forest tree, and idly wondered if the indwelling spirits of olive and of oak wore such individual charm as she. Hers was the secret grace of motion in twig and branch, and hers the loveliness of green leaves dreaming against the infinite blue. Hers, too, the long sweet length of a tree's life, from the day of putting forth its first tiny shoot, through unnumbered centuries of sunlight and of soft darkness with the great stars shining through, on to the day when strong wind tears the deep roots from the soil, and the dryad life goes out with the fading of the leaves. He knew, beyond all doubting, as he waited, motionless, that they drew nearer together, perchance a touch of spirit in organic life meeting his own, while there came to him a wholly pleasant sense of putting roots down into the soil, spreading leaf-wise on the air.

Something was set singing within him, something which had been dumb before; it sang in the pulses in wrist and forehead; it burst in sweetest music from his throat. Sitting bareheaded on the beechen roots one day, his crook laid aside, his white dog panting at his feet, he poured out to her, invisible, an old troubadour love-song. Sweet echoes came back to him from among the branches, and he heard her voice in song, so full of yearning that it drew his very heart from him. Well that the shepherd-folk were far away, for they would think him mad, who stood with closed eyes listening at the branches where centred all his life and hope.

He ceased to count the days, as he had counted them since first his feet were set upon the holy road. They were measured by the pale gold of morning beyond the hill to eastward, the deeper gold of evening when the sun went down beyond the sea and western hill; and the few weeks of springtime, since first his foot had touched this shore, seemed to him an eternity of joy. He told himself that he was a man of great riches, so many golden days fell into his outstretched hands, for the sun had brought him perfect hours, and memory and regret lay slumbering. Surely she struggled toward him, across the barriers made by flesh and blood, yearning to him, even as he to her. The delicate fingers lingered longer on his eyelids with caressing touch, and that strange speech between them, made up of music and unspoken words and laughter, grew clearer day by day. Imprisonment within the bonds of spirit he knew to be as irksome to her as to him was imprisonment within walls of flesh; and to her, too, it was pain that she might not feel his touch, even while touching him.

Once, in the warm sun of noonday, he felt her encircling arm cling about his neck in wholly human fashion, and the divine dark head rested long against his own. At that moment it seemed to him that he could reach out his hand and touch happiness; through half-closed eyes could see it, green, leafy, against the unfathomed blue; could hear it in the murmur of the pines, the ripple of the little waves upon the beach.

This moment of fullest content merged into a strange fear lest this intense happiness could not be broken. To Geoffrey came a sudden sense of lack of escape, a yearning for the old hunger, for the music of the wind in the branches had changed to militant organ-music, and he heard the vast volume of sound of the crusaders' voices, with the trumpet-call to holy war. Again he heard the heralds crying at set of sun, 'Save the Holy Sepulchre!' while the vast army knelt and prayed. Once more the cross seemed to burn upon his shoulder, with the old fiery call to the fight, and the hunger of love was forgotten in the passionate hunger of the quest. Could it not be, the young crusader asked himself wistfully, that the two poignant yearnings were the same? That which in boyhood had drawn him, had eluded him, had called him far, was it not this appeal for fuller life, this sweet reality in things? Were not the old voices winning to lovely shape? Could he not see his dream in her immortal loveliness?

Troubled again by question, feeling a dim sense of lack in happiness that did not reach to be joy, he went about his tasks, mindful again of Delphis, whose sorrows had been forgotten in his own delight. Upon the shepherd had come stage after stage of wood-madness; wandering through the forest, he let his flock go wild, save that the young knight gathered it and kept it with his own. One day he found Ino sitting on the hillside, her face buried in her hands, sobbing bitterly; nor could the dog that tried to lick her cheeks bring comfort to her. From broken words Geoffrey learned that an hour ago she had seen her lover speeding toward the rocks, yet what he pursued she could not tell; there was none ahead of him, and none behind.

'Go find him,' said the knight, 'and I will wait for you here.'

Drying her eyes on her bare arm, she smiled in sudden thanks, and went across the brow of the hill in search. The afternoon had worn away, and swift dusk come, when the dreamer was roused by the sound of steps, and looking, saw two satyrs who did the bidding of the maid in carrying the unconscious body of Delphis. Along the grass trailed one limp hand; blood on the forehead showed where he had fallen.

'He is not dead,' said Ino, with the sweetness of grieving hope in her face; and Geoffrey, feeling the lad's bosom, knew he was but stunned. With the satyrs' help he carried the shepherd to Ino's home in the valley, and laid him on a soft bed of fern. Here, with his head upon her lap, he waked at last to consciousness, and here she nursed him, keeping wet cloths on his head with fresh water from the well; and in the cone-shaped oven outside the door she brewed him savory broths that brought his strength again. Her eyes, as they rested on him, were now as the eyes of a mother who nurses her first-born, and now they flamed with sudden fire, fierce as the coals upon the hearth.

The shepherd, growing strong again, rose from his bed of fern, and, looking about, questioned Ino what was amiss, and she told how she had found him lying stunned upon the rocks.

'How came I there?' he asked fearfully; but she, wise in woman-fashion, answered that she knew not.

It was clear to her, as his eyes looked on hers, that all memory of his madness had gone from him; and, stealing out at noon or evening, she bore gifts to every god she knew: to great Pan, to the wind-god who had led her to her wounded lover, to the god of the rising and the setting sun, who had no altars here, — for his rude temple, earliest of all, had crumbled, made of sun-

dried brick, — yet was he worshiped upon the hilltops, where come the first ray and the last ray of light; and to all she prayed that Delphis might still forget.

Going about his work, wondering where the black goat had gone, and what had become of the spotted kid, he marveled at all they told him of his brief madness, and ofttimes laughed, sure that it was gone. Then, seeing his home already made in the eyes of Ino, and holding in secret a new fear of unseen dangers when she was not near, he asked her parents if their marriage might not be made more speedily than they had planned, and Ino's joy was great when they consented. Of linen and of woolen cloths, spun in the winter days, she had great store. Vessels of clay and of copper, ten sheep, twelve hens, a little ass, a pine table, and two wooden stools, — surely her dowry was enough!

So they were wed; lustral water was carried to the maiden in a slender curving jar from the spring before her robing, and Geoffrey walked in that bridal procession, he and all the shepherd lads he knew, to the shrill music of the flute, while beside him paced, unseen, with footsteps on the grass heard only by him, the dryad. Leading, a boy bore on his head a gift cake and flowers; then came, clad in a saffron robe, the bride, a maiden on either side, then Delphis, abashed in new embroidered jacket, and after, the long train. Two by two they climbed from the valley lands of the girl's home to the snug cot on the hill that should be home for them; and friends and bridesmaids left them there with all their gifts about them, the small, gray, loaded donkey standing patient at the door. Among the gifts was a finely carven beechen bowl, whereon, with dainty footsteps, Pan and his friends the nymphs were dancing, but, though one asked another who had brought it, none could tell.

From the safety and comfort of this low portal, Geoffrey went back alone, and full of sharp loneliness, to the frail shelter of reeds.

And now that human companionship was far, nearer and nearer drew the gods. Across the threshold that knew no doorway, casting no shadow, they came; the air was full of gentle whisperings; and dim green presences peopled for him the hill at twilight, who ever listened for those immortal footsteps treading so close on human life.

That rooted sense of oneness with all growing things was strongest at night as he watched under the southern stars; then the very sap and life-blood of grass and tree seemed flowing through his veins, and all the wide world of nature to be within him. Old dreams and new intermingled in these drowsing hours; the great stars shining softly down blended with those taper lights by which, all night, he had prayed, fasting, before the altar, keeping holy vigil until the dim dawn came, and, with it, his consecration and his vow. As he remembered, spirit called to spirit across the soft darkness; he seemed to see and touch the holy spot that had become for him the very goal of prayer. Going fasting to his sweet-smelling couch, passionately returning in fancy to her who, he had begun to hope, was but his old prayer made visible, he dreamed of a great joy lying on his lips; yet, lo, it was no kiss of maiden, but the Eucharist!

Waking in the chill dawn he pondered long, then took his cup of milk and broke his bit of bread, going soberly about his work; nor did he see that morning rock and pine against the blue, but only those great Templars lying with crossed feet in the peace of death after the holy war.

## VIII

There came a day, a day with sense of life astir, for breezes ran along the hillsides, and, in the valley, touched the reeds to swaying motion; grass and reeds were murmurous as with the voice of a god. Great eagles swayed on outstretched wings about the gray mountain-tops; down rocky paths the streams sped merrily, and uncounted flowers opened petals of white or gold or crimson to the sun. The very soul of spring thrilled through the joyous air, and to the shepherd-folk it seemed the gods were near, walking in the golden sunshine, athwart the unclouded blue. Surely the nymphs were holding festival: through the wood came sweeter, quicker melodies from the dryads whose steps are music on the wind, and a sound of wild dancing echoed from the satyr-folk far and near. The very sheep and goats were leaping high in play; the old wether, forgetting, dreamed himself again a lamb. Pan, what was Pan doing in this air alive and quick with happenings?

As Geoffrey walked alone, seeking his sheep, a sudden yearning kiss, the kiss of which he had been dreaming, was pressed upon his lips, and all the air grew sweet with the presence of her he could not see. Stung with quick passion, he flung out his arms, entreating her, yet clasped but empty air; and his ears were full of caressing murmurs, softer far than words. Following a voice that called, he found himself kneeling beneath the beech that was her home, breathless with swift pursuit up the hill, for she had led him the maddest chase over stream and stone. To what was she luring him? He no longer cared. Follow he must, though she led beyond all hope, all prayer.

He cried aloud for her to come to him, his senses full of her leafy fragrance, and, reaching out his arms, he gathered branch and leaves into close embrace, kissing them with passionate lips. So lost was he, so drawn toward things unseen, that he stood like one on whom a trance has fallen, and, rooted to the spot, it seemed as if he were winning to the life of the tree, his very fingers becoming one with the outstretched leaves, while nearer and nearer the human grew the indwelling soul that was she.

Because of his forgetfulness, his sheep scattered this way and that; two ewes, wandering on the hillside, joined an alien flock; and the lamb that had been sheltered in the dryad's bosom, stumbling, perhaps, like him, seeking her, fell into the stream that ran across the pasture, and was drowned. The shepherd, coming on this confusion, was seized with sudden anger, in the new prudence of a householder, careful of his goods, and, pursuing, took his friend's crook from his hands, telling him that he should guard the sheep no longer, since he had betrayed his trust.

The knight, who once would have struck down one that dared such insult, laid his hand upon the shoulder of Delphis, saying simply, 'There is one who commands me; I may not choose'; and the shepherd's fearful eyes betrayed his understanding, for the old enchantment whereby he had been driven through inner desire toward what he dreaded, returned. Stumbling he went away, his head bent down upon his breast, and Geoffrey, watching with eyes growing serene as green leaf against the blue, saw him running as from pursuit.

So wistful was the voice that called across the murmuring silences that he knew the dryad longed to hold him, even as mortal woman would; for the hands that laid such sweet caresses on cheek and forehead were tender and real

as human hands, and the whispered words that met his ear were pleading with human love. Could he be wholly hers, she told him, forgetting all before, the hope, the long, hard road, the battles yet to be, she would become all human to him, taking mortal form whenever he willed, nestling in his arms, never to say farewell. Instead of the fevered space of human life, the hot heart-beats, death swift upon the track, the long sweet tree-life should be his, that all but immortality, spread leaf-wise on the air; and then, the centuries past, with her he should bow before the wind, to the peace of falling leaves and crumbling branch. Yes, she would come to him in utmost beauty, would he but promise to leave forever on Pan's tree sword and armor, and the cloak that bore the symbol of his far path.

Bending, he snatched from the ground this crusader's cloak, carried with him always as he watched his sheep, and passionately he began his vow, by Pan's sweet voice among the reeds, to give to his keeping, beyond recall, sword and armor. In the sudden passion of springtime he swore to do her will, renouncing all for her, the beginning and the end of the quest. From out the protecting beech she stepped, divine in the loveliness of her green-veiled form, swept by her long dark hair, the luminous eyes sweet with her struggle to win to mortal love.

Lifting his eyes, shading them with his hand before her as he stepped forward, he caught a glimpse beyond her of white sails riding gallantly over the blue water, widespread to the quick wind, white sails whereon the cross had been woven, and he knew the Crusaders' fleet. Across the greenclad slopes of pine and of olive sounded faintly the notes of the hymn, chanted by many voices; and, listening with reverent head bent down, he heard in memory the sound of many feet, marching in unison along the far white road. Through encompassing sunshine, through frond and foliage, down to the core of his heart in this moment of fullest sweetness pierced the old call, and the radiance of his shepherd days faded swiftly as a many-tinted rainbow. In a quick flash of revelation he knew the depths within; spite of the pleading face before him, there was no going back for him whose feet had once been set upon the holy way. To him had been given for brief moments the joy of earth, yet naught could wrest from him his deeper heritage of pain, the divine right to suffer. High in the air he waved again, and yet again, the cloak that bore the flaming symbol of the cross, until one upon the foremost vessel saw, and gave back signal for signal.

From the branches of the tree came a sound of hurt sobbing, as, in sharp struggle, he turned away; yet, though he saw woman's anguish in that face, blended with the look of fear that green branches wear, swayed by wind against dark storm-cloud, he did not stop.

As he sped down the stony hill, his cloak fluttering behind him with the swiftness of his flight, there lingered with him still a sense of white arms stretched out longingly to enfold him, yet all his soul grew an-hungered for the rough places of that way leading to the tomb from whence our Lord, arising, had brought the joy of immortal life. Then he stopped, so suddenly that he almost fell; for there, upon the grass beneath the cliff, lay the shepherd, his crook still in his hand, dead where he had fallen in his mad flight, tall anemones nodding above his quiet face.

Upon his knees Geoffrey kissed the sun-browned cheek, grown strangely

DELIVERY D



white, and placed his head upon the bosom of his friend to listen. Ah, still and cold he lay under the sunshine to which he had never failed to answer! His grief gave way to the wilder grief of Ino, who, coming, flung herself upon the bosom of her lover, and, with loud cries that startled the high-flying eagles, called on him to return, and begged his heart to beat. Wildly she upbraided those unseen ones who had wrought this woe; the howl of the brown dog, who grieved as hopelessly, blended with her cries, and with the wails of the tired mother and aged grandam, still spinning on her distaff. Helpless he listened, face to face with the old question of death among the flowers, full of an overmastering sense of the great need of human life. Comfort there was none for Ino, whose sobbing voice followed down the dim ways of death.

'Go not down,' she cried, 'to darkness where thou shalt not hear, nor see, nor feel my bosom on thine own. Go not into that silence, where thou shalt not eat, nor drink, nor know the sun's time. Thou shalt not go; my arms shall hold thee back.'

She lay across his breast, and the dark hair, tangled among the grass and flowers, grew dull of hue in her pain. The satyr-folk, frightened, gave back her wail, and from the forest came a sound of scudding feet; nor nymph nor dryad came to help. Pan, where was Pan the Comforter? From murmuring stream, from nestling pine branches, from leaping lambs of the flock no answer came; there was no voice to tell the way he went in this hour of supreme need.

Stung by the grief that knew no solace, the sobs that naught could still, the eyes that saw only lifeless clay, the young knight knelt in prayer for her comfort and her lover's peace, while, across the green valley, he saw the sails of the fleet draw near, draw near. Then toward Pan's tree he sped, over the soft grass, past his flock, grazing still and not looking up, past his dog, who whimpered with sudden sense of farewell, past satyr-folk who gave out bleating, questioning cries; past the altar to Pan of the Safe Journey, sped the young crusader, back to the joy and pain of the quest, his to win again, even with the naked sword, the hope of the world.

# CATHOLICISM AND THE FUTURE[1]

BY ROBERT HUGH BENSON

THERE are two sharply defined views as to the significance of what is called 'modern religious thought.' The first — that of the thinkers in question — is that it marks the beginning of an epoch, that it has immense promises for the future, that it is about to transform, little by little, all religious opinion, and especially such opinions as are called 'orthodox.' The second view is that it marks the end of an epoch, that it is of the nature of a melancholy process at last discredited, that it is about to be re-absorbed in the organism from which it takes its origin, or lost in the sands of time. Let us examine these two points of view.

The modern thinkers take their rise, practically, from the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. At that period of Christendom the establishment of the principle of Nationalism in religion struck the first blow against the idea of a final revelation guaranteed by an infallible authority; for the substitution, as a court of appeal, of a written Book for a living voice could only be a transitional step towards the acceptance by each individual, in whose hands the Book is placed, of himself as interpreter of it. Congregationalism followed Nationalism, and Individualism (or pure Protestantism) Congregationalism; and since both the Nation and the Congregation disclaimed absolute authority, little by little there came into existence the view that 'true religion' was that system of belief which each individual thought out for himself; and, since these individuals were not found to agree together, 'Truth' finally became more and more subjective; until there was established the most characteristically modern form of thought, — namely that Truth was not absolute at all, and that what was true and imperative for one was not true nor imperative for another. Further, the original acceptance of the Bible as containing Divine Revelation became itself modified by internal criticism and the discoveries of external science, until at the present day we find 'modern religion' practically to consist in an attitude of mind, more or less Christian in sentiment, though often indignantly claiming the name; in an ethical system and a belief in progress toward an undefined and only gradually realizable goal, rather than in an acceptance of a series of historical events and of dogmas built upon them.

On the other side stands that body of opinion represented by the Catholic Church, whose tenets are as they have always been — involving, and indeed founded upon, the idea that theology is not, as are the other sciences, merely progressive and inductive, but is rather the working out, under Divine guarantees, of a body of truth revealed by God two thousand years ago.

[1] Father Benson's paper is one of a series of articles dealing with contemporary views of religion. Previous papers have been 'The Religion of the Past,' by Henry D. Sedgwick; 'Our Superiority in Religion,' by Ernest C. Richardson; 'The Religion of the Present,' by George A. Gordon; and 'The Restoration of Religion,' by George Hodges. — THE EDITORS.

We find then at the present day two mutually exclusive views of the future of religion. To the 'modern thinker' it appears certain that the process begun almost instinctively in the sixteenth century, justified as it seems to be by the advance of science and criticism, will continue indefinitely, to the final destruction of the other view. To the Catholic it appears equally certain that the crumbling of all systematic authority down to that of the individual, and the impossibility of discovering any final court in Protestantism to which the individual will bow, is the death sentence of every attempt to find religious Truth outside that infallible authority to whose charge, he believes, truth has been committed. The view of the writer of this paper is emphatically the second of these two.

That the 'modern system' has accomplished great things and made important contributions to thought, is of course obvious. Much of the useful work that has been done recently, especially in the direction of popularizing science, as well as of correlating discoveries and compiling statistics, particularly in the sphere of comparative religion, has been done by these independent thinkers. But they have injured their own usefulness by assuming an authority which, by their own profession, they repudiate; and by displaying an almost amazing ignorance of the significance of certain enormous facts, and even of the existence of the facts themselves. Let us enumerate a few.

It is usually assumed by the members of this school that the Catholic Church is the discredited church of the uneducated. It appears to be their opinion that Catholics consist of a few Irish in America and a small percentage of debased Latins in Europe. They seem to be entirely unaware that a movement is going forward amongst some of the shrewdest and most independent minds in all civilized countries, which, if precedent means anything, implies as absolutely sound the prediction of Mr. H. G. Wells that we are on the verge of one of the greatest Catholic revivals the world has ever seen.

When men in France like Brunetière, Coppée, Huysmans, Retté, and Paul Bourget, come forward from agnosticism or infidelity; when Pasteur, perhaps the most widely known scientist of his day, declares that his researches have left him with the faith of the Breton peasant, and that further researches, he doubts not, would leave him with the faith of the Breton peasant's wife; when, in Great Britain, an Irish Protestant professor of biology, a professor of Greek at Glasgow, and perhaps the greatest judge on the bench, in the very height of maturity and of their reputation, deliberately make their submission to Rome; when, within the last few months, the Lutheran professor of history at Halle follows their example; when two of those who are called 'the three cleverest men in London,' not only defend Catholicism, but defend it with the ardor of preaching friars; when, in spite of three centuries of Protestantism, enforced until recently by the law of the land, the Catholic party in the English Parliament once more has the balance of power, as also it holds it in Germany; when, as is notorious, the 'man-in-the-street' publicly declares that if he had any religion at all, it would be the Catholic religion; when a papal legate elicits in the streets of Protestant London a devotion and an hostility that are alike the envy of all modern 'leaders of religious thought,' and sails up the Rhine into Cologne to the thunder of guns and the pealing of bells; when this kind of thing is happening everywhere; when the only successful mis-

sions in the East are the Catholic missions, the only teachers who can meet the Oriental ascetics, the Catholic ascetics, — surely it is a very strange moment at which to assume that the religion of the future is to be some kind of ethical Pantheism!

Of course, all these phenomena are not for one moment advanced in support of the truth of the Catholic claim (beyond the fact that they do exhibit a power of recuperation in the Catholic Church which no other religious society has ever displayed in the history of the world), but they are at least a very grave indictment of the extraordinary and fantastic visionariness of the academic mind which professes to deal with facts rather than *a priori* assumptions. Certainly arm-chair thinking is one essential in the pursuit of knowledge, but at least facts must be taken to the arm-chair. Certainly there is in Individualism the truth that each man has a mind of his own, but unless that mind is exercised on objective phenomena as well as on its own inner consciousness, it will end in hopeless limitation, senility, and dreams. As Mr. Chesterton points out, the man who believes in himself most consistently, to the exclusion of cold facts, must be sought in a lunatic asylum.

A second criticism of 'modern religious thought' is that it attempts to restrict to terms of a part of human nature that which is the affair of the whole of human nature; it tends to reject all evidence which is not the direct object of the intellect in its narrowest sense. Mr. Arthur Balfour, in his *Foundations of Belief*, put the truth about the matter in a single sentence, to the effect that any system of religion which was small enough for our intellectual capacity could not be large enough for our spiritual needs. Professor Romanes traces the beginning of his return from materialism to Christianity to the discovery of that same truth. He had always rejected, he tells us, the evidence of the heart in his search for religious truth, until he reflected that without the evidence of the heart no truth worth knowing can be discovered at all. The historian cannot interpret events rightly unless he is keenly and emotionally interested in them; the sociologist cannot interpret events adequately unless he personally knows something of passion; and more than all this, the very finest instincts of the human race, by which the greatest truths are arrived at, — the principle of the sacrifice of the strong in the cause of the weak, for instance, all art, all poetry (and these are as objective as anything else), chivalry, and the rest, — all these things, with their exceedingly solid results in a thousand directions, could never have come into existence, much less have been formulated and classified, unless the heart had been followed, not only as well as the head, but sometimes even in apparent and transient contradiction to the head.

Now, modern religious thinkers are undoubtedly acute, but an acute point is more limited than a blunt one. They are acute, in that they dissect with astonishing subtlety that which they can reach; but they do not touch so many data as can a broader surface; and to seek to test all religion by a purely intellectual test, to refuse to treat as important such evidences as do not come within the range of pure intellect, is as foolishly limited and narrow-minded as to seek to deal with Raphael's Madonnas by a process of chemical analysis. I am not now defending mere emotionalism in attacking mere intellectualism; I am but arguing that man has a heart as well as a head; that his heart continually puts him in touch with facts which transcend, though they need not contradict, mere reason; and,

with Romanes, that to neglect the evidence of the heart is to rule an eyewitness out of court because he happens not to be a philosopher or a trained detective. Man is a complex being whose complexity we name Personality; and any system which, like religion, claims to deal with his personality must be judged by his personality, and not by a single department of it. If religion must be brought to the bar and judged, it is the sociologist, rather than the psychologist or the philosopher, who ought to wear the ermine; for the sociologist, at any rate in theory, deals with the whole of man *en masse* and not merely with a selection of him. Our 'modern thinkers' are not usually sociologists.

This, then, is the terrible and almost inevitable drawback of the specialistic or academic mind. It has studied so long one particular department of truth, that it becomes imbued with an *idée fixe* that there is no truth obtainable except in that particular department. Certainly these modern critics of supernatural religion are often learned men, and their names accordingly carry weight; yet, in nine cases out of ten, just because of their special knowledge, — or rather because of the specialization of their knowledge, and their consequent loss of touch with life and thought as a whole, — they are far less competent judges of the claims of religion than are those men with half their knowledge but twice their general experience. 'I have searched the universe with my telescope,' cries the astronomer, 'and I have not found God.' 'I have searched the human body with my microscope,' cries the biologist, 'and I have not found the soul.' But did they really expect it? 'I have smelt Botticelli's Primavera, and I have detected no odor of beauty; I have licked a violin all over, but I can find in it no passion or harmony.'

So far we have glanced at a couple of very serious defects in the modern method; but undoubtedly there are a great many more. For instance, these 'modern thinkers' are perpetually assuming the attitude of standing alone in the world as independent and impartial observers; and there is nothing more disastrous than this for a searcher after truth. For none of us are independent or impartial for one instant, ever, anywhere. Each of us begins with a bias, partly temperamental, partly educative, partly circumstantial. Possibly we may succeed in changing our point of view altogether, certainly we all modify it; but we all do, always, occupy some position from which we view the universe. You cannot observe a mountain unless you stand still; and to stand still in one place implies the impossibility of standing still simultaneously in another place.

To take one example of the unhappy effect of not being aware of this very fundamental fact, it is only necessary to glance at Biblical criticism. It is notorious that Biblical critics who have renounced Christianity claim, above all others, to approach the Scriptures impartially; but that is exactly what they do not do. They have already decided that the Christian interpretation of the Bible is untrue, that the Scriptures are merely the work of more or less acute or imaginative human minds; and they therefore are obliged — of course unconsciously — to find evidence for their position. They discover, let us say, that in certain points there are apparent discrepancies in the accounts of Christ's resurrection. 'You see,' they say, 'we told you so. The stories do not even agree.' A little further on they discover minute and accurate agreement in the various accounts. 'You see,' they repeat, 'it is just as we said. Obviously Matthew has copied from Mark.'

Now, I do not desire to blame these critics for taking a biased and prejudiced view of the Scriptures, for I have no doubt that I do myself; but they do deserve blame for pretending that it is not so; and what is worse, their ignorance of their own prejudice is an absolute bar to their making allowance for that prejudice. To use an unpunctual watch is not necessarily to be an unpunctual man; he only is unpunctual who is unaware that his watch is so. And further, in the particular example that we have considered, the 'impartial' thinker suffers under a yet further disadvantage, in that he is not vitally interested in what he studies — (how can he be?) And not to be vitally interested is to be short-sighted. Only a lover can understand a love-letter; a father who watches his child drowning, or being rescued, sees more of what is happening, *ceteris paribus*, than another man who chances to be passing by. Love is not always blind; it is in nine cases out of ten far more clear-sighted than indifference, or even than philosophical interest.

To pass on, however, from mere criticism to more positive statement, it is necessary first to glance at the contributions of psychology to the controversy.

These 'modern thinkers' rely to a large extent for their conclusions upon this very important and rapidly developing branch of science; and say, quite rightly, that no religious system can stand for the future which does not take into account the new discoveries in this direction. They further add that an enormous number of phenomena hitherto considered as sanctions and evidences of supernatural religion have at last been accounted for by a greater knowledge of man's own inner nature, and that the miracles hitherto advanced by Catholics in support of their claims can no longer bear the weight rested upon them.

There is of course a very solid argument underlying these assertions, but an argument which it would be impossible to discuss within the limits of this paper. There are one or two observations to make, however, which affect the weight of the argument very considerably.

Up to fifty years ago it was commonly asserted by thinkers who were at that particular date 'modern,' that the phenomena alleged by Catholics to have been manifested at certain holy places, or in the lives of holy people, simply did not take place and never had taken place, because miracles were, obviously, impossible. It was a magnificent and beautiful act of faith to make, — an act of faith since it rested upon an unproved negative principle, and a universal principle at that, — but it was not science. For within the last fifty years it has gradually been discovered that the events did take place, and still take place, in every corner of the world. For example, the Church has observed for about two thousand years that every now and then a certain human being manifested every sign of being two persons in one, two characters within one organism; further she observed that the use of very forcible and dramatic language administered by authority, if persevered in long enough, frequently, but not infallibly, had the effect of banishing one of these apparent personalities. She called the first phenomenon 'Possession,' and the second 'Exorcism.' I suppose that there was no detail of the Church's belief more uniformly mocked than was this. Yet at present there is hardly a single modern psychologist of repute who is not familiar with these phenomena, and who does not fully acknowledge the facts. It is true that 'modern thinkers' give other names to the phenomena — 'alternating personalities' to the one, and 'suggestion' to

the other, — but at least the facts are acknowledged.

It would be possible to multiply parallels almost indefinitely. Communications made at a distance by other than physical means; phantasms of the living (called by the Church 'bi-location'), and of the dead; faith-healing; the psychical effect of monotonous repetition; the value of what the Church calls 'sacramentals,' that is, of suggestive articles (such as water) in which there is no intrinsic spiritual value; even the levitation of heavy bodies; even the capacity of inanimate objects to retain a kind of emotional or spiritual aroma of the person who was once in close relations to them (as in the case of relics) — all these things, or most of them, are allowed to-day, by the most materialistic of modern thinkers, if not actually to be established facts, at least to be worthy of very serious and reverent consideration. When men like Sir Oliver Lodge, Professors Richet, Sidgwick, and Lombroso are willing to devote the chief energies of their lives to the investigation of these things, it is hardly possible even for other scientists to dismiss them as nonsense.

Now, I am not concerned here with the discussion of the two main explanations given to these facts by Catholics on the one side, and 'modern thinkers' on the other; for each explanation rests on a theory of the entire cosmos. The Catholic who is quite certain that a supernatural world, peopled by personalities, lies in the closest possible relations with this, is perfectly reasonable in attributing phenomena of this kind to those relations. The 'modern thinker' who either does not believe in that supernatural world, or who thinks it indefinitely distant (whether in time or space), and is simultaneously absolutely certain that all the phenomena of this world arise from the powers of this world, is equally reasonable in his own superb act of faith. But it is surely very significant and suggestive to find that, whatever the theories may be, at least on the actual facts (professedly the particular province of the 'modern thinker'), the Church has been perfectly right and the 'modern thinkers' perfectly wrong; and that the Church has not only enjoyed through her 'Tradition' (which is another word for continuous consciousness) wider and longer experience, but has actually been more accurate in her observation.

Is it so entirely unreasonable to think that, since she has been right in her facts, she is at least entitled to some consideration with regard to her interpretation of them? For, after all, the Church is not so absolutely idiotic as some of her critics appear to think. She too is really quite aware of the failings of human evidence, of the possibilities of deception, fraud, and error. Her theologians, too, perfectly realize that it is often extremely hard to discriminate between objective and subjective energy, as her rules for the testing of alleged miraculous events show quite plainly. Yet I would venture to assert that not one out of every ten of her psychologist opponents has ever heard of, much less read, the very sensible and shrewd directions on these very points, laid down by Benedict XIV.

And if, finally, it could possibly be shown that the modern psychological theories are correct, and that these abnormal phenomena were, after all, produced by hitherto unknown powers in human nature, there would still remain for discussion the very grave question as to why it was that religion managed to control these powers when every scientific attempt to do so lamentably failed; why it is that even to-day 'religious suggestion' can accomplish what ordinary suggestion, even under hypnotism, cannot; and how it is that cer-

tain undisputed facts brought about at Lourdes can only partly be paralleled, certainly not equaled, by all the psychological experimenters in the world. Allow, even, for the sake of argument, that the childlike and pathetic faith in nature, shown by so many infidel doctors in the face of these problems, will one day be justified, and that all the cures of Lourdes will be capable of classification under the convenient term of 'law'; yet, even so, how is it that these doctors cannot, even now, reproduce the conditions of that 'law' and the consequent cures? It is surely very remarkable that in this instance, as in so many others, things hidden from the 'wise and prudent' are revealed to 'babes'; and that the rulers and representatives of the 'dark ages' managed, and manage, somehow or another, to control and use forces of which the present century of light and learning has only just discovered the existence.

Now, the facts mentioned are surely suggestive, not necessarily of the truth of the Catholic religion, but of the extreme likelihood that that religion, and not a benevolent Pantheism or Immanentism, is to form the faith of the future. Here is a religious society which is not only up to the present the one single religious force that can really control and unite the masses, but also the one single religious body with clear dogmatic principles which can attract at any rate a considerable selection of the most advanced and cultivated thinkers of the age. It is the easiest thing in the world to become an Individualist; it is always easy to believe in the practical infallibility of one's self; one only requires the simple equipment of a sufficiently resolute contempt of one's neighbor; but it is not very easy to believe in the infallibility of some one else. That requires humility, at least intellectual. The craving for an external authority is not, in spite of a popular and shallow opinion to the contrary, nearly so natural to man as a firm reliance upon his own. Yet here the fact remains of this continuous stream of converts into the most practically and theoretically dogmatic society in the world, of converts who through their education and attainments surely should be tempted, if any were tempted, to remain in the pleasant Paradise of Individualism and Personal Popery.

Next, there is the consideration of the undoubted tendency of academic minds to be blind to all data except those which fall under the particular science to which they have devoted themselves; faced by the very sensible and Catholic way of treating man as a feeling as well as a thinking animal, and of taking into account in the study of truth, not only matters of dry intellect, but those departments of knowledge to which access can only be gained by the heart. Thirdly, we glanced at the extraordinary vindication that Catholic experience has received, at least with regard to facts, from the most modern of all modern sciences.

There remain, however, several other signs of the future which must not be disregarded.

Mr. Charles Devas, in his brilliant book, *The Key to the World's Progress*, points out by an argument too long to reproduce here that, so far as the word progress means anything, it denotes that kind of development and civilization which only makes its appearance, and only is sustained, under the influence of Catholicism. He traces with great sociological learning the state of comparative coma in which 'ante-Christian' nations seem always involved; the exuberance of life, for both good and evil, that bursts up so soon as Catholicism reaches them (whether directly, as in the case of Africa and

Spain, or indirectly, by imitation, as in the case of Japan); and the activities of corruption that, together with the dying impetus of the old faith, keep things moving, so soon as Catholicism is once more abandoned, as in the case of France. In regard to both virtues and vices, the ante-Christian, the Christian, and the post-Christian nations are clearly and generically distinguished. The object of his book is to indicate the strong probability of the truth of a religion which exhibits these effects; but it is also of service in indicating the probability that that same religion should accompany and inspire progress in the future as it has in the past.

A large and very significant detail in this process lies in the effect of Catholicism on the family. Not only are Catholics more prolific than other nations (directly in virtue of Catholic teaching on the subjects of divorce and race-suicide), but the Church also is the one body that resolutely regards the family, and not the state or the individual, as the unit of growth. And it is simply notorious that where the family is overshadowed by the state, as in the case of Sparta, or by the individual, as in the case of every really autocratic despotism, no virtues of patriotism or courage can avail to save the country from destruction. It seems astonishing that our modern arm-chair philosophers seem unaware of the significance of all this with regard to the future of religion.

Another sign of the times surely lies in the province of Comparative Religion. Our more recent researches have taught us, what the Church has consistently known and maintained, that there are great elements of truth common to all religions. Once more our modern theorists have leaped forward enthusiastically, and acclaimed the discovery of this very ancient fact as a proof that Catholicism is but one among many faiths, and no truer than the rest. 'Here,' they say, 'are contemplation and asceticism in Buddhism; a reverence for the departed among the Confucians; the idea of a Divine Redeemer in Mithraic worship; and sacramentalism among the American Indians.' Very prudently they do not lay stress upon the eternal despair of Buddhism, the puerilities of the Confucians, or the religious brutality and materialism of the Indians. They select those elements of sanity and truth that are distributed among the various faiths of the world, those elements which appeal to *all men*, in some degree, and find in their diffusion an argument against the one faith that holds them all!

'Comparative Religion' has done, in fact, an enormous service to the claims of Catholicism. It has revealed to the world exactly that phenomenon which should be looked for, *ex hypothesi*, in a Divine Revelation, namely, that the creed which embodied that Revelation should contain, correlated and organized into a whole, all those points of faith of which each merely human system of belief can catch and reflect but one or two. For it is inconceivable that, if there is to be at any period of history a revelation from God, many points in that revelation should not have been anticipated, at least partly and fragmentarily, by groups of human minds for which, later, that revelation was intended. In rejecting Catholicism, then, our 'modern thinkers' are rejecting not merely one Western creed, but a creed that finds an echo of nearly every clause, under some form or another (from the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity down to the use of holy water), in one or another of all the great world-religions that have ever controlled the eternal hopes of men. And yet our 'modern thinkers'

seriously maintain that the religion of the future is to be one which contains none of these articles of what is, diffusedly, practically universal belief!

One last indication of the future of Catholicism lies in its power of recuperation. Not only is it the sole religion which has arisen in the East and has dominated the West, and now once more is reconquering the East; but it is also the one religion that has been proclaimed as dead, over and over again, and yet somehow has always reappeared. Once 'the world groaned to find itself Arian'; now Arius is enshrined in the text-books, and the Creed of Athanasius is repeated by living men. Once Gnosticism trampled on the ancient faith everywhere; now not one man in a hundred could write five lines on what it was that the Gnostics believed. Once the Turks overran Africa and Spain and threatened Christendom itself; now the nations trained by Christianity are wondering how they can best dispose of Constantinople. Nero thought he had crucified Christianity in Peter; now Peter sits on Nero's seat. Once Elizabeth disemboweled every seminary priest she could lay hands on, and established Protestantism in Ireland. Now Westminster Cathedral draws immeasurably larger congregations than Westminster Abbey, where Elizabeth lies buried; and Catholic Irishmen are dictating in an English Parliament how the children in English schools are to be educated.

At every crisis in the history of Christendom — at the captivity of Avignon, the appearance of Luther, and the capture of Rome in 1870 — it was declared by 'modern thinkers' to be absolutely certain at last that Catholicism was discredited forever. And yet, somehow or other, the Church is as much alive to-day as ever she was; and that, in spite of the fact that she is, in her faith, committed to the past and to doctrines formulated centuries before modern science was dreamed of.

Is there any other society in the world, secular or sacred, that has passed through such vicissitudes with such a burden on its shoulders, and survived? For it is a burden which she cannot shift. She cannot, at least, 'recast her theology' and drop unpopular or unfashionable dogmas (as can all sects which claim merely human authority), and yet live. Yet who can doubt that she is more of a force to-day than all the most accommodating denominations around her. She has lived, too, in the tumultuous rush of Western life, not in the patient lethargy of the East. She has struggled, not only with enemies in her gate, but with her own children in her own house. She has been betrayed over and over again by the treachery or wickedness or cowardice of her own rulers; she has been exiled from nearly every country which she had nursed into maturity; she has been stripped in nearly every one of her lands of all her treasures; she has finally seen her supreme sovereign on earth driven to take refuge in his own house by the children of the men whom she raised to honor. And yet on her secular side she has seen every kingdom of Europe rise and fall and rise again; she has seen a republic give birth to a monarchy or an empire, and an empire yield to a republic; she has seen every dynasty fall except her own; she has seen, in religious affairs, every 'modern' sect — whose one claim to efficiency lies in its modernity — fail to keep pace with herself who has the centuries on her shoulders; and she remains to-day the one single sacred and secular commonwealth which has faced the revolutions and the whirling religions of the West and has survived, with a continuity so unshaken that not one of her enemies can dispute it, and an

authority which they can only resent; she reigns even in this day of her 'discredit' over more hearts than any other earthly sovereign, and more heads than any philosopher of the schools; she arouses more love and obedience on the one side and more hatred or contempt on the other than the most romantic, the most brutal, or the most constitutional sovereign, sage, or thinker ever seen.

I called this characteristic of hers Recuperation. I call it now Resurrection, for this is the 'sign of the Prophet Jonas' to which her Divine Founder appealed. And yet our 'modern religious thinkers' are dreaming in their arm-chairs of another 'creed'!

# IN PRAISE OF POLITICIANS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

'I HAD as lief be a Brownist as a politician,' said bibulous Sir Andrew Ague-cheek. Sir Andrew expressed the sentiment of his class. Since the time when a little band of Brownists sailed away to Massachusetts Bay, the sect has come into better repute, but 'politician' is still used as a term of disparagement. And curiously enough, it is never so frequently used in this way as among the descendants of those Brownists who in the cabin of the Mayflower organized themselves into a 'body politic.'

European observers continually express surprise at the American attitude toward politics. In England, politics is the national sport. People follow each move with eager interest, and discuss the idiosyncrasies of the players. The debates in Parliament, with the thrust and counterthrust of keen wit, furnish entertainment for the kingdom. It is preëminently a gentleman's game, and success gives real distinction.

In America we do not exhibit such a sportsmanlike spirit. We take our political pleasures sadly. The average American citizen admits that politicians need watching, but it does not occur to him that it is as interesting to watch them as to watch a football game. There is a sinister suggestion in the phrase 'to play politics.'

There are several reasons for this lack of appreciation. For one thing, the rules which we have adopted make the game itself less interesting to the spectator than it is in some other countries. In the British Parliament a crisis may come at any time. An alert opposition is always waiting for a chance to turn the government out. A mistake has results that are immediate. There is a spectacular appeal to the country. In Washington a majority party may make the most stupid blunder, and nothing happens except that it goes on becoming more stupid. When the people come to the conclusion that it is in a permanently comatose condition, they decently remove it from its sphere of non-action.

The territorial magnitude of the United States makes it difficult to focus attention on any one place. In a compact country where the newspapers of the capital reach every part on the same

day, it is easy to become acquainted with all the principal contestants. The spectators have an unrestricted view of the field. But it is hard to interest the people of Maine and the people of Idaho in the same persons or policies. It takes an appreciable length of time for a wave of public opinion to cross the continent. The 'favorite son' of one state may have all the virtues necessary for a national hero, but it is a task of some magnitude and difficulty to advertise his existence to forty or forty-five oblivious commonwealths, especially if their attention is distracted by favorite sons of their own.

All this is but to say that the way of the politician is hard, but beyond this is the fact that his calling is not highly esteemed. A machine used in mixing cement is advertised as 'The Mixer that makes money.' The ordinary American would accept this as an adequate definition of a politician.

One learns after a while not to quarrel with the Dictionary. If a word falls into bad habits of thought and takes up wicked associations, it is usually impossible to reform it. There, for example, is the word 'villain.' It originally indicated a farm laborer. Poor fellow, he had a hard time and was more sinned against than sinning. But the gentry who sinned against him had more influence than he in making the language. Their grumblings against his shortcomings have been incorporated into English speech, and now we think of a villain as a very bad character — indeed one of the worst. My blood boils — philologically considered — when I think of the bundle of prejudices bound up in this single word. But what can I do about it? If at a meeting for the Uplift of Country Life I were to express my sympathy with all villains, and declare that I would like to return to the soil and do the work of a villain, I am sure my remarks would be misconstrued. If my speech were reported, I should lose membership in the Grange.

In this case we let the unfortunate word go, because we have another to describe the agricultural sons of toil. We can talk of 'churls' and 'villains' without any indignity to labor. The history of such words is instructive. First the word is descriptive of a class; then it becomes a term of reproach for that class; then the class emerges from the shadow of reproach and the word is left hanging in mid-air. It is a garment of dispraise left for evil-doers in general.

We might leave the word 'politician' to be used in the bad sense if we had another which we might use in a good sense.

The shifty, self-seeking politician has always been a well-known character. He stands in the same relation to serious politics that the shyster does to the profession of law, or the quack to medicine. Every army has its camp-followers, every living body its parasites. But in this case the lower has not only usurped the name of the higher, but has also obscured its function. The term 'politician' has been handed over to the political quack, and we have no name left by which to designate the regular practitioner. It is as if we had only one name for all who do business on the great waters, and were unable to discriminate between the merchant and the pirate.

We make an attempt to disguise our verbal poverty by speaking highly of the impeccable person whom we call a 'statesman.' But this lip-service is hollow. If you were to ask for a list of contemporary statesmen, you would be told that your inquiry is premature. The statesman is an historical character. His virtues are associated with obituaries. Moreover, the conception of a statesman does not include that

which is fundamental to the politician, namely, the ability to get himself elected.

We have borrowed from the Romans the term 'candidate,' or white-robed one. The Roman citizen announced his willingness to serve the Republic in an official position by appearing in a loose white toga. It was white to symbolize the candor of his nature, and was worn loose so that he might more easily display his scars. Our political prudery makes us shrink from the idea of open candidacy. The demure statesman of the popular imagination is supposed to act strictly on the principle that the office must seek the man. But we should hardly call one a politician who was not willing to meet the office at least halfway. He would say, 'My dear Office, I hear that you are seeking a Man. It is a pleasant coincidence, for here I am.'

Milton ventured to use the word 'politicaster' to indicate the person who stands to the real politician in the same relation that the poetaster does to the poet. He is one of the large and ambitious family of the Would-Be's. He imitates what he is incapable of understanding. Let us adopt the term politicaster, and then enjoy the experience of expressing our heartfelt admiration for the honorable and quick-witted gentlemen who bear without reproach the grand old name of politician; a name 'defamed by every charlatan, and soiled by all ignoble use.'

The politicaster shall be our scapegoat. We shall hurl at him all the familiar disparaging epithets, we shall put upon him all the shame of our cities and the disgraces of our legislatures, and send him into the wilderness. Then we may sit down and converse on the most interesting and important of all human affairs — politics — and on the men who choose politics as a lifework.

But because the poor politicaster is a sinner, we need not disdain to learn from him something as to the nature of politics. The dullest poetaster who ever put pen to paper can tell us something about verse. He knows, for example, that the lines begin with capital letters, and that they end with a rhyme, unless it be blank verse. All this is, as Carlyle would say, 'significant of much.' It indicates the important fact that poetry is in some way or other different from prose. Many scientific teachers of literature never find this out; the poetaster discovers it because he has been trying to make poetry, though he has hard luck.

So the politicaster is trying to be a politician according to his lights. He discovers that politics is different from some other things, as for instance from a Sunday School. This discovery fills him with such glee that he never tires of proclaiming it. He also discovers that politics is different from a Nervine Institute. He assures you that he is not in politics for his health. He is able to see that politics may be differentiated from Jurisprudence and Moral Science and many other excellent things. He learns that it may have an existence that is independent of the sister arts of Grammar or Elocution. He knows that in order to have 'influence' it is not necessary to thrill listening senates. Indeed, he has observed that, for the most part, senates do not listen. He resolves to practice the industrial virtues. While the Scholar in Politics is delighting the intellectuals who do not frequent the polls, the humble politicaster 'saws wood,' 'grinds axes,' and 'looks after his fences,' and 'rolls logs,' and walks softly in 'gum shoes.'

The Honorable George Washington Plunkett of Tammany Hall declared that he wished but one inscription to be placed upon his tombstone: 'He seen his opportunity and he took it.' Here you have the starting-point of all poli-

tics, good or bad. Opportunism is the protoplasm out of which all varieties are evolved. Politics consists not in making programmes, or in passing judgment on accomplished facts, but in seeing and seizing opportunities. Now, opportunities are kittle cattle. They do not stand around waiting to be taken home and brought up by hand. A man may be very honorable, and conscientious, and even erudite, and may never have seen an opportunity in his life. The politicaster is looking for small opportunities, for such pickings and stealings as a careless public may leave for those of his kind. The great politician is looking for great opportunities. He knows that he can do nothing till they come, but he must be prepared to recognize them instantly, and to grasp them in the brief moment when they are within his reach.

Said Abraham Lincoln, 'I claim not to have controlled events, but confess that events have controlled me. Now at the end of three years' struggle the nation's condition is not what either party or any man desired or expected.'

There spoke not the dignified statesman of the academic tradition who moulds events as the sculptor moulds his clay. Lincoln spoke as a high-minded, quick-witted politician, dealing, as every politician must, with the unexpected. Events happen. The politician happens along at the same time. Their encounter makes history. The man of science can prepare for his experiments in the laboratory. He can literally *make* experiments. Not so the politician. He cannot make an experiment, he *is* an experiment. And if he fails he is not sure that the public will care to make him again.

'Life,' said Marcus Aurelius, 'is not so much like dancing as like wrestling.' That is to say, the movements are not determined by music, but by the motions of an alert antagonist — it is catch as catch can. Abraham Lincoln and Marcus Aurelius and George Washington Plunkett would agree that politics consists, not in the acceptance of abstract formulas, but in being quick to catch opportunities. The difference of opinion would come in the answer to the question 'opportunities for what?'

Matthew Arnold, writing of Man and Nature, says,—

> Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more.
> And in that more lie all his hopes of good.

One may say that the good politician has all that the politicaster has and more, and in that more lies all his hope of winning the lasting admiration of mankind; but his high disinterested virtues must be built upon political virtues of the common sort. The politician must not be above his business. He must be 'a good mixer,' he must understand the meaning of loyalty to friends and comrades, he must have a shrewd sense of the difference between an accomplished fact and a work that it is desirable to accomplish, he must know the value and the limitation of organization, he must be sensitive to public opinion and must not confound it with the opinion of his own class. Dealing with human nature, he must know the strength of his materials, he must be quick-witted and patient and tolerant, and if he falls he must be able to pick himself up before other people know that he has fallen.

The work necessary for obtaining influence which the politicaster does furtively, the man who takes politics seriously does with noble and engaging frankness. Even log-rolling may be redeemed from its vulgar implications. After all, the old-time merry-making of the frontier furnished the best symbol of political action in a democracy. All the settlers gathered in the clearings to do together what no one could do alone. 'You help roll my logs and I will

help roll yours.' In this reciprocity in effort there was nothing unworthy. It is only when the bargain is underhanded and cannot be proclaimed in the light of day, that it becomes dangerous.

The good politician rolls his logs in public, and is not ashamed of his job. He needs the help of others, and he knows that others need his help. When a hundred honorable men come together, each with a purpose of his own, each must expect to yield something if he is to gain anything. It is likely that more than one good measure will be proposed, and if one is skillful, good measures may be made to help one another. Here, without any sacrifice of honor, is a wide field for good fellowship and tolerance. The austere, uncompromising patriot, whose mind is impenetrable when it is once made up, who is incapable of sympathizing with other men's aspirations, and who insists on all or nothing, is an egotist who does great service when he happens to be right. Unfortunately it often happens that he is wrong, and then his private conscience must be overcome by the common sense of the crowd.

The politicaster is a mere time-server. The politician also aspires to serve the time, but in more manly fashion. He must meditate long on the third chapter of Ecclesiastes: 'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: . . . a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; . . . a time to break down, and a time to build up; . . . a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; . . . a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.'

The politician's problem is to know when these times come around. There is no one to help him. He must be his own alarm-clock. It is of the nature of his calling that his duty is unpredictable. His conscience can keep no regular office-hours. It must be prepared at any moment for a hurry call. It must be 'to true occasion true.'

But what is the occasion? Does it demand boldness or moderation? Should he go slowly or with decisive swiftness? His political sagacity is tested by his dealings with facts which he cannot fully understand. It is not a written examination to which he is subjected when he has ample leisure to present his matured thought. He must be able to read the signs of the times at sight.

One reason why we are likely to speak slightingly of the ethics of the politician is that he can never exhibit his good qualities systematically. Benjamin Franklin tells us how he developed his character by choosing twelve virtues, and, for convenience in bookkeeping, practicing only one at a time. By giving a week to each virtue, he was able to get through four courses in a year, and still have some time to spare.

Franklin's method seems more adapted to his earlier life as a tradesman than to his later career as a politician. The politician cannot arrange his moral stock-in-trade in an orderly fashion, and have a special bargain-day for each virtue. When the Occasion demands bold action, it will hardly do to ask it to call again, as this week is devoted to Caution and General Benevolence.

That formal consistency which is so much admired in good society is not for him. A member of Parliament solemnly declared to the House, 'I take my stand on progress.' Whereupon Disraeli remarked, 'It occurs to me that progress is a somewhat slippery thing to take one's stand on.' The fact is that under such circumstances a dignified stand is hardly possible; the best one can do is to keep moving.

The politician must expect to be misunderstood by those who do not deal with his large and complicated

problems. His moral courage is tested by the way in which he meets the criticism of those who should be his friends, but who unfortunately are not. Cardinal Newman wrote, —

> Time was I shrank from what was right
> From fear of what was wrong.

He tells us how at last he cast aside that 'finer sense' and that 'sorer shame' because he learned that 'such dread of sin was indolence.'

It is a lesson that the high-minded politician learns. There is a moral indolence which manifests itself in dread of sin and of any personal contact with sinners. When any radical measure of reform is proposed, the reformer must be prepared to meet, not only the opposition of those whose selfish interests have been disturbed, but the opposition of good people who have been made uncomfortable by his revelations of unwelcome truth.

When he has overcome this two-fold opposition and has begun constructive work, he will meet the criticism of the pure idealists, who, seeing that he has done so much, now demand of him an impossible perfection.

I have always sympathized with Hercules. After each labor he would come home tired, but feeling that he had done a creditable day's work. Being human, — or at least half-human, — Hercules would wait for a bit of appreciation. At last he would say modestly, —

'I wrestled to-day with the Nemean lion and I rather think I got the best of him.'

'That's nothing,' would be the chilly answer. 'It is a mere temporizing with evil. While you are about it why don't you slay the Lernean hydra? A lion is a mere detail, the hydra is the thing.'

When he had come back from cleansing the Augean stables, he would be reminded that he had n't seized the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons, or brought the golden apples from the Garden of the Hesperides, or brought up Cerberus from Hades. He probably was afraid of the dog.

Such twitting on facts must be expected by every one who leaves the 'still air' of delightful studies 'to plunge into a sea of noises and hoarse disputes.' The politician deals confessedly with the Expedient. Now, it is the fate of the Expedient to be brought always into comparison with the Best. Indeed, the Expedient is a poor relation of the Best, — it is the Best Possible under the Circumstances. It is a superlative that has gone into business and must work for its living. It has to be a good manager in order to get along at all; and its rich relatives, the Absolute Bests of Utopia Centre, are always blaming it because it does not get on faster.

Because the politician is concerned with questions of expediency, it does not follow that his morality is less high than that of his critics. It only means that his moral problems are more complicated than theirs. He has not merely to satisfy his personal conscience, but to appeal to the consciences of those whose coöperation is necessary for any large undertaking. In every decision he has to consider the actual alternative, and assume responsibility for results. He has in mind, not a single circumstance, but always a train of circumstances.

As there is preventive medicine, so there is preventive politics. It deals with evils before they have time to develop. It treats causes rather than symptoms. The practitioner of preventive politics is looked upon with distrust by those of the old school. They treat the ills of yesterday according to well-known formulas, but it seems to them visionary to attempt to forestall the ills of to-morrow.

Because of its complexity, politics has often been treated as a black art. Indeed, its ways have at many times been devious and dark. But, like all other arts, its general trend is toward simplicity. The modern Boss, who prides himself on his Macchiavellian craft, and who seeks to accomplish results by indirection, is a quaint survival of a former order of things. His old-fashioned methods are those which were highly successful in the days before compulsory education and the daily newspaper and the telegraph and the telephone enabled the people to have that familiarity with their bosses which breeds contempt.

Macchiavelli based his statecraft on the assumption that deceit deceives. He informed his prince that it was necessary to cultivate the good-will of his people, for on this his power ultimately depended. Now, the people demanded of their rulers fidelity, friendship, humanity, and religion. Said the political adviser, 'It is unnecessary for a prince to have all these good qualities which I have enumerated, but it is very necessary to *appear* to have them.' He goes on to say that it would be a decided advantage not to have qualities which one should appear to have, as it would leave much greater freedom of action.

The art of politics as thus expounded is simplicity itself. It is to tell lies in such a manner as not to get found out till the lies have had time to do their work. Of course, a lie has its natural enemies who will eventually get the better of it; but if it has a sufficient start it will accomplish its purpose.

It will be seen that this method of statecraft depends for its success on a time-allowance. There must be a sufficient interval between the utterance of the political lie and its refutation. A lie must get itself believed by its victims for a long enough time to allow them to act upon it. Otherwise it is 'a vain thing for safety.'

Up to comparatively recent times these conditions existed. It might be months after an event happened before it was known to any but a little circle of the initiated. Under such conditions the arts of concealment flourished.

Among the English gentlemen of the seventeenth century there was none of nobler disposition than Sir Henry Wotton. He wrote with perfect sincerity,—

> How happy is he born or taught
> Who serveth not another's will,
> Whose armor is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his utmost skill.

But Sir Henry Wotton was also an accomplished diplomat, and on his way to Venice as ambassador of James I he gave his famous definition, 'An ambassador is an honest gentleman who lies abroad for the good of his country.'

Modern improvements in the means for the diffusion of knowledge have not brought about the millennium, but they have reduced the old statecraft to a condition of inglorious futility. 'The fine Italian hand' is now seen only in peanut politics. When a falsehood can be contradicted as soon as it is uttered, it has no longer sufficient capital on which to do a large business. The practical politician will ask, 'Why not tell the truth in the first place?'

Purists are always scolding because so many persons misuse the verb 'transpire.' We are reminded that an event does not transpire when it happens, but only when it becomes known to the public. There was a time when this was a very important distinction, but nowadays we are inclined to disregard it, because the two things are generally simultaneous.

An illustration of the change that has taken place within a very few years may be seen in the history of the campaign lie, known in American politics as the 'roorbach.' The name first be-

came current in 1844, when a mendacious statement, purporting to be taken from Roorbach's *Tour through the Western and Southern States*, was published with the intent to destroy Mr. Polk's chances for the presidency. Under conditions then existing, it was thought safe to launch this falsehood two months before the election. By 1880, when the Morey letter was sprung upon Garfield, the expectancy of life for the roorbach had been reduced to two weeks. At present the warning, 'Look out for roorbachs' does not appear till forty-eight hours before the voting begins. This alarming decrease in the longevity of the roorbach must convince even the most 'astute' politicaster that it is a bad risk.

Thanks to modern invention, the accomplished truth-teller is now more than a match for the most accomplished liar. There is an ever-widening field in which the honest man may show his utmost skill. But to win success in the field, he must deal with truth, not as a man of science but as a politician. It is not a thing to be analyzed, classified and put on the shelf. He is on the lookout for a truth that will be effective, a solid chunk that he can use as a missile. The more obvious it is, the better. His business is to give it initial velocity.

Modern democracy depends for its very existence on publicity. This is its armor of light, by which it is protected from its insidious foes. But while we all agree to this in the abstract, yet there lingers with us the feeling that publicity is vulgar. James Russell Lowell, stanch believer as he was in an ideal democracy, yet confessed that he was 'a born disciple of an elder time,' and instinctively shrank from the

> Self-maker with the prying eyes,
> This creature disenchanted of respect
> By the New World's new fiend, Publicity,
> Whose testing thumb leaves everywhere its smutch.

This scholarly fastidiousness must be overcome before we can do justice to those who do our greatest and most needed work. It is not to the disparagement of a public man to say that he enjoys the element in which he must work. A retiring disposition has a rare charm of its own, but it is not a political virtue. Everything must here be writ large, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err in regard to it. The revival hymn says, —

> Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone,
> Dare to have a purpose true and dare to make it known.

The private citizen may be content to have a purpose true; a politician must meditate in the night-watches over the best way of making it known. This requires a good deal of moral advertising. Self-assertion is here necessary. Pushing is frowned upon in polite society, but in politics one who is not inclined to push is likely to yield to the pull. Especially is this quality of personal aggressiveness needed when any advance movement is contemplated.

Said John Morley, 'Men are so engaged by the homely pressure of each day as it comes, and the natural solicitudes of common life are so instant, that a bad institution or a monstrous piece of misgovernment is always endured in patience for years after the remedy has been urged on public attention. No cure is considered with an accurate mind until the evil has become too sharp to be borne, or its whole force and might brought irresistibly before the world by its more ardent, penetrative, and indomitable spirits.'

That is but to say that a reformer with a genius for politics will sometimes deliberately resolve to do for a nation what otherwise could be done only by a sudden calamity too sharp to be borne. He determines to make himself unbearable. He hammers away at one point, and keeps himself before the

public in a way that may well offend the sensibilities of the Anti-noise Society.

Those who do not know what he is driving at naturally think of him as a robustious fellow who seeks 'to split the ears of the groundlings,' while he 'makes the judicious grieve.' But the analogy drawn from the theatre is misleading. He is not an actor seeking applause, he is a social engineer intent on developing power for a particular purpose. If the groundlings have the power, he directs his attention to them. As for the judicious, they will grieve anyway. They will get over it when they have time to see what it is all about.

A leader must not be too modest to lead. He must have some way of apprising his followers of his whereabouts. This is not for the satisfaction of personal vanity, but to accomplish results.

I can imagine Robin Hood saying politely to the Sheriff of Nottingham, 'My Lord Sheriff, you must pardon me for blowing my own horn. I assure you that I did not do it to draw your attention to myself. When I saw you riding through the forest, so well attended, my one desire was to be self-effacing. I would not wittingly have intruded my poor presence upon such a gallant company. But since this was not to be, I should like to present some stout gentlemen of my acquaintance who are more worthy than I of your lordship's attention. Ah! here they come skipping o'er the lea!'

In the higher ranges of politics, self-assertion, instead of implying egotism, indicates self-absorption in a great work. Cobden, when he was making a moral issue of the repeal of the Corn Laws, said, 'The only way in which the soul of a great nation can be stirred is by appealing to its sympathies with a true principle in its unalloyed simplicity. Nay, further, it is necessary for the concentration of a people's mind that an individual should be the incarnation of a principle.'

Here we come upon ground unknown to the politicaster. He who aspires to play politics in this heroic fashion must be above all paltry subterfuges. To incarnate a great popular principle, a man must have not only keen intelligence, but also a large heart and a vivid imagination. He must be a man of the people, and idealize the people. 'Here is that which moves in magnificent masses careless of particulars.'

He cannot understand it by putting 'his ear to the ground.' He must himself have a massive simplicity of character, and be moved by the same forces. He must be not only intellectually, but actually, a representative man.

One who would represent a commonwealth must realize what a commonwealth is. Let us take Milton's conception of it as 'a huge Christian personage, as compact of virtue as of body, the growth and stature of an honest man.' It may be objected that this is an ideal, and that the actual commonwealth may be neither Christian nor compactly virtuous. Leaving out, then, that which is qualitative, let us fix our minds on that which is quantitative. A commonwealth may not be more virtuous than an individual, but it is certainly bigger. If we conceive of it as a personage, we must think of it as a *huge* personage. It requires an effort of the imagination to comprehend it. A nation may commit great sins and be greatly punished, but it should not be charged with petty larcenies. The querulous critic who scolds it as he would a spoiled child, has not learned the primer of politics.

A commonwealth is not only big, but, at least in relation to its own citizens, it must be thought of as honest. This follows from its bigness. Dishonesty is the attempt of a part to obtain what belongs to another part or to the whole.

But it is hard to conceive of the whole as engaged in a deliberate robbery, for it has no one to rob but itself, and it must rob itself for its own benefit. The self-interest of a commonwealth is but interest in the common weal, and against this there is no law.

We may think of a commonwealth as a huge and honest personage who means well, but who has never made himself fully articulate. He manifests his more permanent ideas in laws and customs and social usages; but in dealing with the events of the passing hour, he must employ interpreters.

Like Belshazzar, he has his soothsayers, and Chaldeans, and magicians to interpret his dreams. They have long been with him, and are skilled in reading his habitual thoughts. But sometimes it happens that the huge personage has a new dream and has forgotten what it was. Then he calls his soothsayers, but the wise men only shake their heads. If he will kindly describe his dream they will tell him what it means. Which learned indecision makes the huge personage very angry. So he seeks out some one who has dreams of his own, whose soul has been stirred by vague forebodings of impending change.

Happy is the nation which in time of perplexity can find an interpreter who not only can read the handwriting on the wall, but can also see a way out. The old order, he says, changes; but if we act resolutely we may have part in the new order. It is a time when quick intelligence and courage point out the only safe courses.

Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes;
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

The hero in politics is one who has convinced the people that he possesses this higher prudence. They recognize him when he separates himself from the crowd of petty politicians, by sacrificing a small advantage that he may seize a large opportunity. He is the man they were looking for, they hail him leader, for he is the one who 'all alone stands hugely politic.' The master-strokes of policy have been made by such men. With popular sentiment behind them, they have been able to overturn the best-laid plans of those who have grown gray in the work of political manipulation.

But is not this hero-worship dangerous? Yes, all heroic exaltation is dangerous, but the danger is not to the hero-worshipers, but to the hero.

Those who are tremulous about the fate of the Republic have a distressing notion that free nations have often perished because some great citizen has been too much admired and trusted. The idea is that an innocent nation may be betrayed by its affections. It loves not wisely but too well. It trusts the fond professions of a friend of the people who betrays the confidence that he has gained, and straightway turns tyrant.

One hates to disturb such a pretty sentimental theory; but I have to confess to a great skepticism when I hear this lover's complaint. Nations 'have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' Nations have frequently tired of freedom and yielded themselves to tyrants, but not because of guileless trust in false professions. The tyrants did not gain their power by first inspiring the people with a love of liberty, and then suddenly using that power to enslave them.

Of course, we must expect to hear of Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon; they are always with us when we are asked to view with alarm any one whom the people delight to honor. But when we look more closely at these formidable personages, we find a singular consistency in their characters and careers. They deceived nobody,

least of all their contemporaries. Had Cato crossed the Rubicon, or Hampden driven out the Parliament, or Mirabeau proclaimed himself Emperor, we might have a clear case of breach of promise. But Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon did what might reasonably have been expected. In each case the hour had struck when the Man of the Hour arrived to do the work which awaited. People at the time were looking for just such a man as he.

But who believes that Washington, had he been capable of yielding to a foolish ambition, could have used the love and reverence of his countrymen to make him king? The proverbial complaint of the ingratitude of republics is an indication that popular enthusiasm is not primarily for a person but for a cause. So long as the person and the cause are associated, they share alike in the loyalty that has been awakened. But when they are disassociated, the person shrinks. The Irish people idolized Daniel O'Connell. But suppose at the height of his power over the affections of the people O'Connell had renounced the cause of Ireland. Instantly the figure of the Liberator would have vanished into thin air. The 'great' man who treats his greatness as if it were a private possession is speedily disillusioned by a change of fortune. His grandiose schemes come to naught, for, in Milton's sonorous phrase, he 'has rambled in the huge topography of his own vain thoughts.'

The fact is that there is no device for a referendum that can express more accurately the exact shadings of the popular will than the admiration for a great man. It is effective only so long as it is spontaneous. It is a popular initiative that is always safeguarded by the possibility of an immediate recall.

Here is a man after the people's own heart. He represents qualities which they share. He has won their confidence by doing in a conspicuous manner work which they believe ought to be done. Their power is behind him. But what if, once in the Seat of the Mighty, he decides to use his power for ends that they do not approve? All that we can say is that he has made a political blunder. He has forgotten that in a democracy the Seat of the Mighty is the Siege Perilous. The man through whose personality is expressed the aspiration of a great people is no longer his own master. He must be what people think he is, or he is undone. The Lost Leader is deemed a traitor, and yet his only treason is to the ideal which he has created in the minds of others.

To achieve a great reputation is to have an increase of power, but it is power moving only in one direction. The great man is swept along in the atmospheric currents of popular expectation. No one has yet invented a dirigible reputation.

When William Pitt accepted a peerage, he did only the usual thing. But he had forgotten the secret of his own power. Pitt was the great Commoner. Amid the welter of sordid interests he stood as the symbol of proud incorruptibility. When he became Lord Chatham, men seemed to hear the mocking cry of aristocratic placemen, 'He hath become one of us.'

Webster, in his speech of the 7th of March, 1850, made a plea for a compromise to save the Union, which was looked upon by his fellow senators as thoroughly statesmanlike. But from thousands of his followers who had most idealized him, and to whom he had been almost a demigod, came the bitter cry, 'Ichabod, the glory hath departed.'

So far from its being an easy thing for a popular politician to use his popularity according to his own wish, it is difficult to direct it in any way

whatever. Political strategy differs from military strategy in that there can be no concealment in regard to the objective. If the leader conceals his intentions, his followers become suspicious and desert him. The strategic retreat or the change of base is, therefore, a hazardous operation. Fabius, had he been in politics instead of war, would have found it well-nigh impossible to keep his forces together.

The skill of a great politician consists not in the ability to outwit his opponents, but in his ability to keep in check his more impetuous partisans without cooling their moral ardor. He must insist on doing one thing at a time, and yet so win their confidence that they shall believe that when that thing has been done he may be depended upon to take with equal courage the next necessary step. When he acts with prudence, he must see to it that his prudence is not mistaken for cowardice or sloth.

It was in his power of sun-clear exposition that Lincoln was preëminent. In his letter to Horace Greeley in 1862 he expounded his principles of political expediency in a way that could be 'understanded of the people.' 'My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and it is not either to save or destroy Slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about Slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I believe that what I am doing hurts the cause. I shall do more whenever I believe that doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors: and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.'

Here two things are made perfectly clear, the personal wish and the official duty. Abraham Lincoln, the man, wished every man everywhere to be free: let friend and foe alike be aware of this. But Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, had a task to which everything else must be subordinated. His sworn duty was to save the Union, and no ulterior desire could be allowed to interfere with that. To save the Union he needed the help of those who believed in the immediate abolition of slavery, and he needed the help of those who did not so believe. And he was able to receive the help of both, because he took both into his full confidence.

The tragic blunders of the era of reconstruction came from the lack of such magnanimous politics. Lincoln would have made no mystery of the duty of the day, and he would have made it clear that it was a new day. He would have called upon the men of the South and the men of the North to lay aside their animosities as things irrelevant, in order together to save their common country from new perils. It took the ordinary politician a quarter of a century to see what the great politician could see in an instant, — that the Civil War was over. What miseries were endured, and what injustices were done, because well-intentioned leaders lacked the quality of moral quick-wittedness!

If war is the game of kings, politics is the game of free peoples. There is no form of human activity which calls into play so many qualities at once, or

which demands the constant exercise of such energetic virtue.

'Like a poet hidden in the light of thought,' the politician's private conscience is hidden in the light of his public duty. He is himself a poet — a maker. He works not through words, but through the impulses and convictions of other men. His materials are the most ordinary — the events of the passing day, and the crude averages of unselected humanity. He takes them as they come, and remoulds them nearer to the heart's desire. Out of the conflicting aims of the multitudes of individuals, he creates the harmonies of concerted action.

To some the praise of politicians may seem but the glorification of worldly success. 'But what,' they ask, 'about the failures? The world acclaims the hero who marches to triumph at the head of a great people. But what of one who is far in advance of his own time, the lonely champion of unpopular truth who dies unrecognized by the world he serves?'

The answer must be that there are good and great men whom we praise for other qualities than those of the politician. Their high function it is to proclaim ideas that are not affected by the changing circumstances of their own day. They belong to the ages, and not to a single generation. Their fame is dateless.

But, on the other hand, we must recognize the fact that one may be in advance of his age and yet closely related to it, as an effective politician. The politician aims at success, but it is not necessary that the success should be personal. It is the final issue of the struggle which must be kept in mind.

The politician is quick to seize an opportunity, but it may be only the opportunity to make a beginning in a work so vast that it cannot be completed in his own lifetime. He may deliberately ally himself to the party of the future, and labor to-day for results that cannot appear till day after to-morrow. He may see that the surest way to the attainment of his ultimate purpose is through the ruins of his own fortunes, and he may choose to take that way.

In all this he is still within the range of practical politics, and is concerned with the adaptation of means to ends. He is dealing with the issues not of a day, but of a century. It is not safe to say that a politician has failed till the returns are all in.

As the true sequence of events becomes plain, History revises our judgments in regard to political sagacity. We begin to see who were the leaders, and who were the blindly led.

There have been martyrs who in the hour of their agony have been far-seeing politicians. They have been sustained not so much by a beatific vision as by their clear foresight of the public consequences of the blunder of their adversaries. They have calculated the force of the revulsion of feeling that was sure to follow an act of cruel injustice. It was in this mood that heroic Hugh Latimer watched the fagots that were being piled around him. 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

Latimer's words were justified by the events. Those martyr fires, manfully endured, determined the policy of the nation.

Here good politics and good ethics are one. No cause has ever triumphed through clever management alone. There is always need for the leader, who, without regard to what may happen to himself, is resolved to play the man.

# EMILIA

BY ELLEN ANGUS FRENCH

Halfway up the Hemlock valley turnpike,
In the bend of Silver Water's arm,
Where the deer come trooping down at even,
Drink the cowslip pool, and fear no harm,
Dwells Emilia,
Flower of the fields of Camlet Farm.

Sitting sewing by the western window
As the too brief mountain sunshine flies,
Hast thou seen a slender-shouldered figure
With a chestnut braid, Minerva-wise,
Round her temples,
Shadowing her gray, enchanted eyes?

When the freshets flood the Silver Water,
When the swallow flying northward braves
Sleeting rains that sweep the birchen foothills
Where the windflowers' pale plantation waves —
(Fairy gardens
Springing from the dead leaves in their graves) —

Falls forgotten, then, Emilia's needle;
Ancient ballads, fleeting through her brain,
Sing the cuckoo and the English primrose,
Outdoors calling with a quaint refrain;
And a rainbow
Seems to brighten through the gusty rain.

Forth she goes, in some old dress and faded,
Fearless of the showery shifting wind;
Kilted are her skirts to clear the mosses,
And her bright braids in a kerchief pinned, —
Younger sister
Of the damsel-errant Rosalind.

While she helps to serve the harvest supper
In the lantern-lighted village hall,
Moonlight rises on the burning woodland,
Echoes dwindle from the distant Fall.
Hark, Emilia!
In her ear the airy voices call.

Hidden papers in the dusky garret,
Where her few and secret poems lie, —
Thither flies her heart to join her treasure,
While she serves, with absent-musing eye,
Mighty tankards
Foaming cider in the glasses high.

'Would she mingle with her young companions!'
Vainly do her aunts and uncles say;
Ever, from the village sports and dances,
Early missed, Emilia slips away.
Whither vanished?
With what unimagined mates to play?

Did they seek her, wandering by the water,
They should find her comrades shy and strange:
Queens and princesses, and saints and fairies,
Dimly moving in a cloud of change: —
Desdemona;
Mariana of the Moated Grange.

Up this valley to the fair and market
When young farmers from the southward ride,
Oft they linger at a sound of chanting
In the meadows by the turnpike side;
Long they listen,
Deep in fancies of a fairy bride.

# THE NEW RESERVATION OF TIME

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

So far as I have observed, no attempt has been made to forecast the social effect of the various pension systems which are being put into operation for the retirement of the individual worker upon the approach of age. It is of course too early to judge of effects by results, and speculation is always liable to be errant. But it is quite evident that a new principle has been set at work in the social order, which invites careful study at many points. Society is fast becoming reorganized around the principle of a definite allotment of time to the individual for the fulfillment of his part in the ordinary tasks and employments. The termination of his period of *associated* labor has been fixed within the decade which falls between his 'threescore,' and his 'threescore and ten' years.

The intention of society in trying to bring about this uniform, and, as it will prove to be in most cases, reduced allotment of time for the ordinary lifework of the individual, is twofold. I am obliged to use the term 'society' in this connection; for when the state is not largely concerned in any changes in the social order, I know of no other collective term which so well expresses that general consent and approval, if not authority, through which such changes are effected. The first intention then of society in this matter is evidently to secure the greatest efficiency—in some employments the best quality of work, in others the largest amount. Society virtually notifies the individual that the time will come when it will account itself better off without his service than with it. More efficient workers will be in waiting to take his place. The workshop, whether manual or intellectual, must be run at a pace with which he cannot keep step. The second, and equally plain intention of society is to make some adequate provision in *time* for the individual worker before he becomes a spent force. It therefore creates for him a reservation of time sufficient for his more personal uses. Within this new region of personal freedom he may enter upon any pursuits, or engage in any activities required by his personal necessities or prompted by newly-awakened ambitions.

I am not now concerned with the results which society seeks to gain in carrying out its first intention. I think that the intention lies within the ethics of business, and that the results to be gained may be expected to warrant the proposed allotment of time. But what of the second intention of society? How far is it likely to be realized? What will be the effect of the scheme upon those now entering, and upon those who may hereafter enter, on the reservation of time provided for them? What is to be their habit of mind, their disposition, toward the reserved years which have heretofore been reckoned simply as the years of age? Will this change in the ordering of the individual life intensify the reproach of age, or remove it? Will the exceptional worker in the ranks of manual or intellectual labor, but especially the

latter, who feels that he is by no means a spent force, accept reluctantly the provision made for him, as if closing his lifework prematurely, or will he accept it hopefully, as if opening a new field for his unspent energies? And as for the average worker, to whom the change will doubtless bring a sense of relief, will he enter upon the new ' estate ' aimlessly, or ' reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly,' and withal in good temper and cheer?

These questions are vital to society, much more so in fact than they are to the individual himself. For if the changed order is accepted reluctantly or aimlessly, society will soon have on its hands a very considerable number of depressed and restless persons for whom some adequate social and spiritual provision must be made. Even if the earlier release from the compulsion of labor does not extend the period of life, the segregation of a retired class will attract public attention, and in time bring the individuals who compose it more distinctly into evidence. It must also be considered that the habit of early retirement from the regular occupations will be adopted by many to whom the principle of compulsory retirement does not apply. Indirectly this will be a consequence of the wider application of the principle. So that we may fairly assume that the new reservation of time, however it may have been provided, will soon come to represent a social fact of no little significance. The accumulating force of the 'reserves' will ultimately count for or against society.

It is manifest therefore that if this scheme of time, which is going into effect in our generation, is to give us the happiest social results, we must in some way create a habit of mind corresponding to the scheme, and supporting it. We must, that is, secure a revaluation of time at the period of declining values which shall make the reservation of time within this period a thing to be desired, and to be fitly utilized. Is such a habit possible, and can it be made natural? I believe that the habit is possible, and that it can be made natural. And if my conclusion should be accepted, I cannot see why this reserved decade should not contribute as much to the tone of society, and to many of its higher interests, as any previous decade.

Since I came into this way of reflection through recent personal experience, I make no apology for any personal references which may follow. It so happened that the date of my withdrawal from administrative work fell within two days of the time when I crossed over to the thither side of ' threescore and ten.' It was a coincidence which I had not noted, so that I had given no thought to the ' appropriate ' feelings with which one might be expected to enter upon this new territory. Having gone into residence without forethought or premeditation, what I am actually finding to be true is, that the life there is most stimulating and quickening, in spite of the fact that I am cut off from certain public activities, and put upon a reduced regimen for each day's work.

In asking myself the reason for this somewhat unexpected result, I have found what seems to me to be a sufficient answer in the new valuation of time which has come in with the change. It is surprising how easily and naturally one acquires the habit of revaluing time when the imperative occasion arises. It is also a grateful surprise to find how exhilarating is the feeling which the newly-acquired sense of the value of time creates. And yet why should not this be accepted as the natural result? Time has now become, in a very appreciable way, a freed possession. Various mortgages have been

cleared off. And if time may thus mean more to a man as he reaches the years which have been set apart for revaluation, why should it not be worth more to him? and if worth more to him, why should not the increment of value become the compensation of age?

The petition of the ancient Psalm of Life, that we be taught how 'to number our days,' is seldom if ever offered in the days of our youth or of our manhood. Perhaps we are wiser than we mean to be in thus deferring the study of time. What if we thereby make this the peculiar privilege of age, if not its high prerogative? What if the revaluation of time shall be found to yield more than any original values which we may have put upon it? Such questions as these naturally arise when we think of the advantages which may accrue to the individual from the proper use of this new reservation of time. We must allow ourselves, I think, to expect that this reservation of time will carry with it a revaluation of time.

What are some of the possibilities, lying within this period of reserved and revalued time, which are open to those who have been withdrawn from the ranks of organized or associated labor — open more evidently to those who have been withdrawn from the comradeship of intellectual work? I cannot pass over a certain satisfaction, if not enjoyment, which may come from the more conscious use of time. As I have already intimated, the unconscious use of time is for the most part the better use. Herein lies the freedom and the charm of youth — in the very prodigality of its use of time. Herein, too, lies the freedom and the power of the man who is his own master — the thinker, the professional worker, the man of affairs, who is not obliged to shut off work with eight or ten hours, at anybody's command. The right to work 'overtime,' which usually means the power to work without taking note of time, is a free and joyous right. It makes the difference, as any one knows who enjoys it, between work and the task.

Working 'on time' has the advantage which belongs to the virtues of punctuality and faithfulness, and it may be insisted upon in the interest of justice as well as of business, but it has its irritations. Even when the habit is self-imposed it may develop into an irritating self-consciousness. When the habit goes over into the miserly saving of time, it becomes like any other kind of miserliness, intolerable to a man's friends, if painfully enjoyable to himself. The people who oblige us to break through their petty routines and systems to get some necessary access to them, put a heavy strain upon friendship. But the consciousness of time which comes with the thought that certain years have been reserved and set apart for us is entirely different from any over-conscious use of time which may have gone before. It is rather the appreciation of a gift of which we want to know the full value.

'Numbering our days' means measuring their contents. The realized worth of a day now far exceeds the unrealized values of many days. One learns to anticipate and expect a day in its fullness. Of course in this closer estimate and appreciation of time there is no room for prodigality. The man living on reserved time cannot be a spendthrift; neither can he allow himself to become a miser, for the miserly habit will make him timorous and cowardly. The miser straightway begins to 'number' by subtraction, not by addition — one day less, not one day more to enrich the sum-total. The new economy simply takes due account of those lesser divisions of time which have been overlooked or undervalued. 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow'

may seem a ' petty pace ' for mankind, but it is quite fast enough for the man who is beginning to learn the secret of living in the day.

Living in the day, I say; for I count it a very great liberty to be allowed, as it is certainly a very great art to be able, to live in right proportion to the present. This liberty, and the art to use it, make up another of the rights and privileges which belong to those who have entered upon the reservation of time. Very few of us get much out of the present. We get the daily paper, the daily task with its environment, the passing word with a friend, and the hours of rest in the home. Our minds are set on the future. Our real world is a world of plans, of expectations, and of anxieties. We become disciplined to forethought and prevision. All this again is far better than that we should not live in the future. We are made to live that way in very large proportion. But we cannot believe that it was meant that our future should empty our present of so many of its rightful satisfactions.

Possibly there may be a tendency on the part of one who has been engaged in administrative work, especially in academic administration, to over-emphasize the amount of time actually spent in thinking for the future; but really the amount is very great. The details of the office take more time, but not more thought. Through all the day's work one is continually asking himself, what next? what better method of administration? what wider range, or more careful limitation, of instruction? what better adjustment of educational force to social and civic needs? what enlargement or what regulation of the freedom of students in the interest of character, or of efficiency? and, withal, what new sources of supply to meet the increasing demands of any given institution? The answer to these questions is not in abstract conclusions, but in very practical terms; in books and laboratories, in salaries, in dormitories, in standards and rules, in the development in various ways of the whole academic constituency. For this reason I have had occasion to say that the period of academic administration ought as a rule to close earlier, not later, than the period of instruction. When the time comes that an administrator can plan better than he can fulfill, it is not quite fair to his successor to leave plans for two, three, or five years for him to carry out. Each man who takes his place in a succession is entitled to the advantage of his own policy from the very beginning, or as nearly so as may be consistent with his obligations to the inheritance.

But making due allowance for the personal or professional equation, I revert to the satisfaction of recovering, or, it may be, of discovering one's rights in the present. It is something, for example, to feel that it is no longer a robbery of anybody's time to read beyond the headlines into one's daily paper, or to renew acquaintance with one's library, or to reopen the half-closed doors of friendship. This satisfaction however in the present is much more than the enjoyment of leisure, or of unhurried work. It brings us back again, with the advantage of a discriminating experience, into that receptive attitude to the world through which most of us began the intellectual life. Neither the aggressive nor the defensive attitude — the varying attitudes of business — can give us the best things which the world has to give. There are some things which we want, which we cannot earn or conquer; we must simply open our minds and let them in. And as we recover something of this receptive attitude we are surprised and pleased to find that the world has not been in so much of a hurry as

we have been. Men and things most worth knowing have been waiting for us. All that has been wanting is time for hospitality. One of the first things which I did, when I closed the door of the 'office,' was to order the back numbers of *The Hibbert Journal.* I was gratified to find how quickly the course of discussion running through these numbers could make connection with the mind of a belated reader.

The revaluation of time under the conditions which we are considering represents more than the conscious use of it, or the satisfaction of living again in closer relations with the present. The really significant thing about it is that it refreshens life by opening again the springs of choice. When we speak, as we so frequently do, of a man's lifework, we think of it as his chosen work. In so saying and thinking we bound the man in by the limitation of time, and by the compulsion of an early choice. The new reservation of time throws off the limitation, and gives another chance to the man who has done his assumed lifework, while the revaluation of time gives him the spirit and courage to take the second chance.

I think that it was a conceit of Hawthorne, though I have not been able to verify my remembrance, that some men ought to have as many as ten chances at life, through successive rebirths, to try as many careers. A given career, however well chosen, or strenuously pursued, or satisfying in its results, seldom expresses the whole man. And yet no man can afford to make his life a series of bold experiments. Every man must prove himself, and satisfy himself as well as he can, through one consistent lifework of achievement or sacrifice. But who would not welcome the opportunity to give some urgent, but untried, power the chance of a brief trial; or some avocation, made to serve as running-mate to the vocation, its own chance in the running; or some duty, which has been kept afar in some region of the outer life, the chance to come near and to feel for once the warmth of the heart?

The period of reserved and revalued time may certainly be used to make some amend for the stringency of our lives under the stress of the ordinary lifework. Contrast the utterances of two most gifted English authors whose last books are just now before us — Father Tyrrell and William De Morgan. Father Tyrrell writes to a friend, "I am always hurried to get things in before death overtakes me, and am restless while anything is unfinished that I have once begun. Could I feel secure of a year . . . but I always think that it may be in a week.' William De Morgan writes in the statement ' To His Readers Only,' ' When to my great surprise I published four years since a novel called *Joseph Vance,* a statement was reported more than once in some journals that were kind enough to notice it, that its author was seventy years of age. Why this made me feel like a centenarian I do not know, especially as it was five years ahead of the facts. . . . But in the course of my attempts to procure the reduction to which I was entitled, I expressed a hope that the said author would live to be seventy, and further that he would write four or five volumes, as long as his first, in the interim. To my thinking, he has been as good (or as bad) as his word, for this present volume is the fourth story published since then, and the day of its publication will be the author's seventieth birthday.'

I do not know that Father Tyrrell, had he lived on and gained assured health, would ever have entered into the possible freedom of age. The stringency under which he worked may have been in his nature, or in the nature of

his self-appointed task. The prolific authorship of William De Morgan shows the possibilities which await slumbering genius, and possibly latent talent, when at the approach of age it breaks away from the routine of business, and puts its newly acquired freedom to the test.

It may be said in the interest of almost any capable man that the time will come to him when a change in the subject-matter of his thought, or in the immediate object of his pursuit, may be desirable. No one can expect to compete with two generations. If one has been a successful competitor with the men of his own generation, let that suffice. Not only are the general laws of progress to be recognized, but also the changing fashions in ways of thinking and in modes of action. Every generation has the right to make experiments. The period for which any one may regard himself, or allow himself to be regarded, as an authority in any profession, is very brief. The seat of authority in the investigating professions is moving steadily backward from age. And in the more active callings, productive or executive, the advisory relations of age are growing more and more questionable. 'Old men for counsel' is becoming an outworn motto, because young men have, by virtue of their training, become sufficiently conservative. Facts like these are to be accepted. The relinquishment in due season of what may have been a rightful claim to authority, or the detachment of one's self from work which has fitly gone over into other hands, is a pretty sure indication that the mind thus set free is capable of achieving other results which may be in themselves desirable, and of possible advantage to society.

Assuming that the intellectual worker remains, upon retirement, in possession of his mental powers, there are at least three inciting moods which may lead him to undertake new work — the reminiscent, the reflective, the creative. Of course, intellectual work reaches far beyond books, covering an increasingly large area of business and affairs. Men of affairs, when they have withdrawn from public life, naturally become reminiscent, not under the desultory impulses of memory, but with a well-defined purpose. The reminiscent mood may be as constructive as any which can possess the mind. An actor in events extending over a wide territory, or through a long period, naturally wishes to relate them to one another, or at least to show the consistency of his own actions so far as he may have been concerned in them. He would, if possible, open a clear perspective into events which are about to become the material for history. He would like to have the events, and the men, of his generation known and estimated, as he knew and estimated them. Such a purpose as this must be carried out while all the mental processes are trustworthy — the mind free from prejudice, memory and imagination clear and sure, and the judgment sane. There are 'Reminiscences' and 'Autobiographies' which show as much mental grasp as any of the mental activities which they record. Occasionally they reveal a distinct literary quality when there had been no literary training, as was true in so marked a degree of the Memoirs of General Grant.

The mind that craves reflection may be the mind which has been driven at a rapid pace with a view to a fixed amount of production. I should suppose that the opportunity for the reflective mood would be grateful to most teachers, preachers, and editors — to all persons, in fact, who have been obliged to work for occasions, or to meet some regularly recurring demand. There are callings which in themselves train the mind to quick and decisive judgments.

There are other callings which presuppose and emphasize the communicating impulse. In any of these callings the individual has little chance to indulge in the reflective mood. Probably it is better for the public that he should not be able to fall into this indulgence. Certainly a change to the reflective habit of mind, as the controlling habit, would be fatal to success in the callings to which I have referred. But the limitations of one's calling in this regard may make all the more welcome the freedom to exercise unused powers. Subjects unwillingly put by because demanding the reflective treatment, or subjects which for this reason have been only partially considered, may be recalled and considered according to their proper demands. Not infrequently, I think, a rejected subject of this sort will prove to be, when recovered, an open door, through which one may pass into a wide region of new and fascinating thought.

I believe that I am warranted in admitting the creative mood to a place beside the reminiscent and the reflective, among the later privileges of the mind — not like these a distinctive privilege, but still a fit privilege. Creative work is not to be measured, like the ordinary work of production, by physical vitality. The creative process is subtle, quickened at hidden sources, and sensitive to outward suggestion. As no one can tell when it may end, so no one can tell when or how it may begin. It is in no sense impossible that a certain proportion of mind, set free from monotonous toil, may, when it recovers its elasticity, feel the originating impulse; or that the originating impulse which has been allowed free action may be perpetuated. Age does not necessarily mean mental invalidism. Examples to the contrary always have been, and are, in abundant evidence. What we have most to fear from the new allotment of time is, that some who have wrought all their lives under various kinds of outward compulsion will allow the creative impulse to lapse when the outward necessity for its action is past. But over against this liability lies the persistent craving of the mind for employment. I doubt if many would be willing to accept, for other than financial reasons, any proposed system of retirement if it were understood to carry with it cessation from work.

As I have before intimated, much of what I am saying in this paper applies particularly to intellectual workers. But what I am just now saying applies equally, if not more, to those who labor with their hands. I think that the average working man will sadly miss his 'job,' who is retired, in comparative health, from the ranks of organized labor at seventy; and especially if at sixty, the age proposed for the retirement of railroad employés. The morning whistle will sound a different note when it no longer calls him to the day's work. I anticipate no little difficulty in finding satisfactory employment for retired working men of sound health and of industrious habits. What will the trade-unions say to any relieving employments which may be provided for them, or which they may devise? Where is the 'open shop' to which they can have access?

Putting aside, however, the discussion of any of the 'labor questions' to which the various schemes of retirement may give rise, there is one very practical conclusion to be drawn from any discussion of the subject under consideration. If the reservation of time which is now being planned shall be carried out in any large way, it must inevitably produce a change in the present aim, and to a degree in the present methods, of education. We have been at work for nearly a generation under

the one dominating idea of training men for efficiency, meaning thereby the power to secure the largest possible material results within the shortest time. The chief means to efficiency has been specialization. We have set the individual man earlier and earlier upon the training for his specified task, broadening the immediate way, but closing divergent paths. We have reached the desired result. We have gained efficiency through specialization. The specialized man, presumably also a man of will-power, has become the type of the efficient man. But the argument for efficiency is the argument for more efficiency. The efficient man must constantly give place to the more efficient man, who in theory, and usually in fact, has had the more intense training. What is to happen to the supplanted man? When he has done the one thing which he can do to the best advantage of the business, what is he to do then? What is to be done with this increasing succession of second-best men in the industries and in business? Retirement, whatever may be the pension, and however early it may take effect, does not answer the question. We have been training men for ends chiefly outside themselves. We have not given them resources upon which they can draw when the outside ends have been accomplished. As the outward results are to be credited chiefly to education, the deficiencies in personal results, if any such appear, must be charged to its account. And if these are likely to appear, the remedy must be anticipated in education. It would be an unseemly thing to allow the charitably intentioned retirement of men from their work to result in the exposure of their personal deficiencies.

The failure of education to produce personal results commensurate with outward results is easily detected whenever it occurs. We have a striking example of this fact in the present contrast between the successful training of men in the art of making money, and the unsuccessful training of them in the art of spending money — the latter art being more personal than the former. When we pass beyond the use of money as capital, we are confronted by a vast amount of foolish and often shameless expenditure. Much of this expenditure should be attributed to ignorance rather than to viciousness — to a certain emptiness of mind in respect to taste or satisfying enjoyment. Even the capitalist who knows how to utilize money for large enterprises is quite apt to be deficient in the finer art of giving. The example of the late John Stewart Kennedy is most refreshing, in these days of delegated benevolence, in showing how a man of great fortune can be as capable of disposing of it as he was capable of making it.

It is evident that our present ideals and methods must be revised if we are to meet the social conditions which will come in with the new reservation of time. We must call back some of the current terms of modern education — efficiency, success, and even service — and reëndow them with a more personal meaning. We must of course continue to train the efficient, successful, and serviceable worker, but we must also make some sure intellectual and moral provision for the man himself who is expected to outlast the ' practical ' requirements of society. I do not attempt to forecast the type of man who can best fulfill what we are pleased to term his ' lifework,' and also be qualified to enter into the duties and privileges of the period of reserved and revalued time. Perhaps the changed order will evolve a larger and more complete type. It may be enough for us to recall and restore the man whom

> Business could not make dull, nor Passion wild:
> Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

# THE NERVOUS STRAIN

BY AGNES REPPLIER

'Which fiddle-strings is weakness to expredge my nerves this night.' — MRS. GAMP.

ANNA ROBESON BURR, in her scholarly analysis of the world's great autobiographies, has found occasion to compare the sufferings of the modern woman under the average conditions of life with the endurance of the woman who, three hundred years ago, confronted dire vicissitudes with something closely akin to insensibility. 'Today,' says Mrs. Burr, 'a child's illness, an over-gay season, the loss of an investment, a family jar, — these are accepted as sufficient cause for overstrained nerves and temporary retirement to a sanitarium. *Then*, war, rapine, fire, sword, prolonged and mortal peril, were considered as furnishing no excuse to men or women for altering the habits, or slackening the energies, of their daily existence.'

As a matter of fact, Isabella d'Este witnessed the sacking of Rome without so much as thinking of nervous prostration. This was nearly four hundred years ago, but it is the high-water mark of feminine fortitude. To live through such days and nights of horror, and emerge therefrom with unimpaired vitality, and unquenched love for a beautiful and dangerous world, is to rob the words 'shock' and 'strain' of all dignity and meaning. To resume at once the interrupted duties and pleasures of life was, for the Marchioness of Mantua, obligatory; but none the less we marvel that she could play her rôle so well.

A hundred and thirty years later Sir Ralph Verney, an exiled royalist, sent his young wife back to England to petition Parliament for the restoration of his sequestrated estates. Lady Verney's path was beset by dangers and difficulties. She had few friends and many enemies, little money and cruel cares. She was, it is needless to state, pregnant when she left France, and paused in her labors long enough to bear her husband 'a lusty boy'; after which Sir Ralph writes that he fears she is neglecting her guitar, and urges her to practice some new music before she returns to the Continent.

Such pages of history make tonic reading for comfortable ladies who in their comfortable homes are bidden by their comfortable doctors to avoid the strain of anything and everything which makes the game of life worth living. It is our wont to think of our great-great-great-grandmothers as spending their days in undisturbed tranquillity. We take imaginary naps in their quiet rooms, envying the serenity of an existence unvexed by telegrams, telephones, clubs, lectures, committee-meetings, and societies for harrying our neighbors. How sweet and still those spacious rooms must have been! What was the remote tinkling of a harp, compared to pianolas, and phonographs, and all the infernal contrivances of science for producing and perpetuating noise? What was a fear of ghosts compared to a knowledge of germs? What was repeated child-bearing or occasional smallpox, compared

to the 'over-pressure' upon 'delicate organisms' which is making the fortunes of doctors to-day?

So we argue. Yet in good truth our ancestors had their share of pressure, and more than their share of ill-health. The stomach was the same ungrateful and rebellious organ then that it is now. Nature was the same strict accountant then that she is now, and balanced her debit and credit columns with the same relentless accuracy. The 'liver' of the last century has become, we are told, the 'nerves' of to-day, which transmigration should be a bond of sympathy between the new woman and that unchangeable article, man. We have warmer spirits and a higher vitality than our home-keeping great-grandmothers had. We are seldom hysterical, and we never faint. If we are gay, our gayeties involve less exposure and fatigue. If we are serious-minded, our attitude toward our own errors is one of unaffected leniency. That active, lively, all-embracing assurance of eternal damnation, which was part of John Wesley's vigorous creed, might have broken down the nervous system of a mollusk. The modern nurse, jealously guarding her patient from all but the neutralities of life, may be pleased to know that when Wesley made his memorable voyage to Savannah, a young woman on board the ship gave birth to her first child, and Wesley's journal is full of deep concern because the other women about her failed to improve the occasion by exhorting the poor tormented creature 'to fear Him who is able to inflict sharper pains than these.'

As for the industrious idleness which is held to blame for the wrecking of our nervous systems, it was not unknown to an earlier generation. Madame Le Brun assures us that in her youth pleasure-loving people would leave Brussels early in the morning, travel all day to Paris to hear the opera, and travel all night home. 'That,' she observes, — as well she may, — 'was considered being fond of the opera.' A paragraph in one of Horace Walpole's letters gives us the record of a day and a night in the life of an English lady, — sixteen hours of 'strain' which would put New York to the blush. 'I heard the Duchess of Gordon's journal of last Monday,' he writes to Miss Berry in the spring of 1791. 'She first went to hear Handel's music in the Abbey; she then clambered over the benches, and went to Hastings's trial in the Hall; after dinner, to the play; then to Lady Lucan's assembly; after that to Ranelagh, and returned to Mrs. Hobart's faro-table; gave a ball herself in the evening of that morning, into which she must have got a good way; and set out for Scotland the next day. Hercules could not have accomplished a quarter of her labors in the same space of time.'

Human happiness was not to this gay Gordon a 'painless languor'; and if she failed to have nervous prostration — under another name — she was cheated of her dues. Wear-and-tear plus luxury is said to break down the human system more rapidly than wear-and-tear plus want; but perhaps wear-and-tear plus pensive self-consideration is the most destructive agent of all. 'Après tout, c'est un monde passable,' and the Duchess of Gordon was too busy acquainting herself with this fact to count the costs, or even pay the penalty.

One thing is sure, — we cannot live in the world without vexation and without fatigue. We are bidden to avoid both, just as we are bidden to avoid an injudicious meal, a restless night, an uncomfortable sensation of any kind, — as if these things were not the small coin of existence. An American doctor who was delicately swathing his nervous patient in cotton

wool, explained that, as part of the process, she must be secluded from everything unpleasant. No disturbing news must be told her. No needless contradiction must be offered her. No disagreeable word must be spoken to her. 'But, doctor,' said the lady, who had long before retired with her nerves from all lively contact with realities, 'who is there that would dream of saying anything disagreeable to me?' 'Madam,' retorted the physician, irritated for once into unprofessional candor, 'have you then no family?'

There *is* a bracing quality about family criticism, if we are strong enough to bear its veracities. What makes it so useful is that it recognizes existing conditions. All the well-meant wisdom of the 'Don't Worry' books is based on immunity from common sensations and everyday experience. We must — unless we are insensate — take our share of worry along with our share of mishaps. All the kindly counselors who, in scientific journals, entreat us to keep on tap 'a vivid hope, a cheerful resolve, an absorbing interest,' by way of nerve-tonic, forget that these remedies do not grow under glass. They are hardy plants springing naturally in eager and animated natures. Artificial remedies might be efficacious in an artificial world. In a real world, the best we can do is to meet the plagues of life as Dick Turpin met the hangman's noose, 'with manly resignation, though with considerable disgust.' Moreover, disagreeable things are often very stimulating. A visit to some beautiful little rural almshouses in England convinced me that what kept the old inmates alert and in love with life was, not the charm of their bright-colored gardens, nor the comfort of their cottage hearths, but the vital jealousies and animosities which pricked their sluggish blood to tingling.

There are prophets who predict the downfall of the human race through undue mental development, who foresee us (flatteringly, I must say) winding up the world's history in a kind of intellectual apotheosis. They write distressing pages about the strain of study in schools, the strain of examinations, the strain of competition, the strain of night-work, when children ought to be in bed, the strain of day-work, when they ought to be at play. An article on 'Nerves and Over-Pressure' in the *Dublin Review*, conveys the impression that little boys and girls are dangerously absorbed in their lessons, and draws a fearful picture of these poor innocents literally 'grinding from babyhood.' It is over-study (an evil from which our remote ancestors were wholly and happily exempt) which lays the foundation of all our nervous disorders. It is this wasting ambition which exhausts the spring of childhood and the vitality of youth.

There must be some foundation for fears so often expressed, though when we look at the blooming boys and girls of our acquaintance, with their placid ignorance and their love of fun, their glory in athletics and their transparent contempt for learning, it is hard to believe that they are breaking down their constitutions by study. Nor is it possible to acquire even the most modest substitute for education without some effort. The carefully fostered theory that school-work can be made enjoyable breaks down as soon as anything, however trivial, has to be learned.

Life is a real thing in the schoolroom and in the nursery, and children — left to their own devices — accept it with wonderful courage and sagacity. If we allow to their souls some noble and free expansion, they may be trusted to divert themselves from that fretful self-consciousness which the nurse calls naughtiness, and the doctor, nerves.

A little wholesome neglect, a little discipline, plenty of play, and a fair chance to be glad and sorry as the hours swing by, — these things are not too much to grant to childhood. That careful coddling which deprives a child of all delicate and strong emotions lest it be saddened, or excited, or alarmed, leaves it dangerously soft of fibre. Coleridge, an unhappy little lad at school, was lifted out of his own troubles by an acquaintance with the heroic sorrows of the world. There is no page of history, however dark, there is no beautiful old tale, however tragic, which does not impart some strength and some distinction to the awakening mind. It is possible to overrate the superlative merits of insipidity as a mental and moral force in the development of youth.

There are people who surrender themselves without reserve to needless activities, who have a real affection for telephones, and district messengers, and the importunities of their daily mail. If they are women, they put special delivery stamps on letters which would lose nothing by a month's delay. If they are men, they exult in the thought that they can be reached by wireless telegraphy in mid-ocean. We are apt to think of these men and women as painful products of our own time, but they have probably existed since the building of the tower of Babel, — a nerve-racking piece of work which gave peculiar scope to their energies.

A woman whose every action is hurried, whose every hour is open to disturbance, whose every breath is drawn with superfluous emphasis, will talk about the nervous strain under which she is living, as though dining out and paying the cook's wages were the things which are breaking her down. The remedy proposed for such 'strain' is withdrawal from the healthy buffeting of life, — not for three days, as Burke withdrew in order that he might read *Evelina*, and be rested and refreshed thereby; but long enough to permit of the notion that immunity from buffetings is a possible condition of existence, — of all errors, the most irretrievable.

It has been many centuries since Marcus Aurelius observed the fretful disquiet of Rome, which must have been strikingly like our fretful disquiet to-day, and proffered counsel, unheeded then as now: 'Take pleasure in one thing and rest in it, passing from one social act to another, thinking of God.'

# THE LADY ABBESS

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

Set a price on thy love. Thou canst not name so much but I will give thee for thy love much more. — ANCREN RIWLE.

I

THE economic paradox that confronts women in general is especially uncompromising for the lady. In defiance of the axiom that he who works, eats, the lady who works has less to eat than the lady who does not. There is no profession open to her that is nearly as lucrative as marriage, and the more lucrative the marriage the less work it involves. The economic prizes are therefore awarded in such a way as directly to discourage productive activity on the part of the lady. If a brother and sister are equally qualified for, let us say, the practice of medicine, the brother has, besides the scientific motive, the economic motive. The ardent pursuit of his profession will, if successful, make him a rich man. His sister, on the other hand, will never earn absolutely as much money as he, and relatively her earnings will be negligible in comparison with her income if she should marry a millionaire. But if she be known to have committed herself to the study of medicine her chance of marrying a millionaire is practically eliminated.

Apart from the crude economic question, the things that most women mean when they speak of 'happiness,' that is, love and children and the little republic of the home, depend upon the favor of men, and the qualities that win this favor are not in general those that are most useful for other purposes. A girl should not be too intelligent or too good or too highly differentiated in any direction. Like a ready-made garment she should be designed to fit the average man. She should have 'just about as much religion as my William likes.'

The age-long operation of this rule, by which the least strongly individualized women are the most likely to have a chance to transmit their qualities, has given it the air of a natural law. Though the lady has generally yielded it unquestioning obedience, she often dreams of a land like that of the Amazons, where she might be judged on her merits instead of on her charms. Seeing that in the world a woman's social position, her daily food, and her chance of children, depend on her exerting sufficient charm to induce some man to assume the responsibility and expense of maintaining her for life, and that the qualities on which this charm depends are sometimes altogether unattainable by a given woman, it is not surprising that exceptional women are willing to eliminate from their lives the whole question of marriage and of motherhood, for the sake of a free development, irrespective of its bearing on the other sex.

No institution in Europe has ever won for the lady the freedom of development that she enjoyed in the convent in the early days. The modern college for women only feebly reproduces it, since the college for women has arisen at a time when colleges in general are

under a cloud. The lady abbess, on the other hand, was part of the two great social forces of her time, feudalism and the Church. Great spiritual rewards and great worldly prizes were alike within her grasp. She was treated as an equal by the men of her class, as is witnessed by letters we still have from popes and emperors to abbesses. She had the stimulus of competition with men, in executive capacity, in scholarship, and in artistic production, since her work was freely set before the general public; but she was relieved by the circumstances of her environment from the ceaseless competition in common life of woman with woman for the favor of the individual man. In the cloister of the great days, as on a small scale in the college for women to-day, women were judged by one another, as men are everywhere judged by one another, for sterling qualities of head and heart and character.

The strongest argument against the co-educational college is that the presence of the male brings in the factor of sexual selection, and the girl who is elected to the class-office is not necessarily the ablest or the wisest, or the kindest, — but the possessor of the longest eyelashes. The lady does not often rise to the point of deciding against sex. The choice is a cruel one, and in the individual case the rewards of the ascetic course are too small and too uncertain. At no other time than the aristocratic period of the cloister have the rewards so preponderated as to carry her over in numbers.

In studying this interesting phenomenon we must divest our minds of the conventional picture of the nun. The Little Sister of the Poor is the product of a number of social motives that had not begun to operate when the lady abbess came into being. In fact, her day is almost over when the Poor Clares appear. Her roots lie in a society that is pre-feudal, though feudalism played into her hand; and in a psychology that is pre-Christian, though she ruled in the name of Christ.

The worship of Demeter the mother-goddess, which was one of the central facts of Greek religious life, spread and flourished in the west. Sicily, the granary of the ancient world, became naturally in legend the scene of the rape of Persephone and of the wanderings of her mother, the giver of grain to men. The Romans adopted the worship of this ancient hypostasis of woman's share in primitive culture, ranging it beside the cult of their own Bona Dea, and indeed sometimes confusing the two.

Catania was one of the places where the great festivals of the Lesser and the Greater Eleusinia were celebrated in spring and autumn with high devotion and with all the pomp of the rubric. The main features of the festivals were everywhere the same; the carrying, on a cart through the streets, of the symbolic pomegranate and poppy-seed, the great procession walking with torches far into the night to typify the search of the goddess for her child, the mumming, the ringing of bells, the exhibition of the sacred veil, the mystic meal of bread for the initiate, and the mystic pouring out of wine. At Catania, as Ovid tells us, these customary elements of the feast were supplemented by a horse-race.

Miss Eckenstein calls attention to the description, given early in the last century by the English traveler Blunt, of the festival of Saint Agatha as he saw it in Catania, — and, I may add, as it is celebrated there to this day. It begins with a horse-race, and its chief event, next to the mass, is a great procession, lasting into the night, in which the participants carry torches and ring bells as they follow a wagon which bears

the relics of the saint, among them her veil and her breasts, torn off by her persecutors. The saint has two festivals yearly, one in the autumn and one in the spring. It remains to point out that though it is disputed whether the breasts were or were not part of the ancient ritual, they are a likely enough symbol of exuberance. Also, 'Agatha' is the Greek word for 'Bona,' and does not occur as a proper name before the appearance of the saint. But the *Acta Sanctorum* knows all about Saint Agatha, a Christian virgin and martyr of Catania in the third century, and is able to give full details of her parentage and history, adding that her fame spread at an early date into Italy and Greece.

The process here visible went on everywhere as Christianity spread in Europe. The places, the persons, and the ritual of heathen worship were taken in bodily by the new religion, with a more or less successful effort at assimilation. Not only the classic cults of Greece and Rome, but the cruder religions of the barbarians of the north, were to be conciliated. And in all of these, classic and crude alike, the old status of woman was abundantly reflected. A purely patriarchal religion would not serve; the Virgin and the female saints became more and more necessary to bridge the chasm. It is not by accident that the festivals of the Virgin so often coincide with those of heathen deities, for in the seventh century Pope Sergius ordered that this should be so, as a matter of policy.

In the long centuries needed for the Christianizing of Europe, heathendom reacted powerfully on the new faith. Local saints everywhere are its work. In the early days a saint needed not to be canonized by Rome; it was necessary only that he should be entered in a local calendar, and the local calendar was in the hands of local dignitaries of the Church. Under pressure of popular demand, every sacred place in heathendom bade fair to have its saint, and many of these improvised saints were gradually fitted out with legends and historical relations. It was not until the twelfth century that Rome felt that the process had gone far enough and withdrew the power of canonization into her own hands.

Although the German tribes were already patriarchal in organization when they came in contact with the Romans, they carried abundant evidence in their traditions, their customs, and their cults, of an earlier social system. The queen of saga and of history, the tribal mother with her occult powers and her status of priestess to goddesses who were also tribal, the recognized existence of certain bodies of women outside the family, are all survivals of the mother-age, with its primitive culture and social organization.

With these various phenomena the Church dealt in various ways: roughly we may say that the tribal goddess she used as a saint, the priestess she banned as a witch, the unattached woman she segregated under a somewhat summary classification as either nun or castaway. There seems to be no doubt that we must regard the immense popularity of the convent in Europe in early times as largely due to the uneasiness of women under a patriarchal régime. We think to-day of the cloister as a refuge from the distracting liberty of secular life; it seems paradoxical, and yet it is apparently true, that the women of early Christendom fled from the constraint of home to the expansion of the cloister. Under patriarchalism the problem of the unassigned woman becomes one of considerable perplexity to herself and to society. A stigma is attached to her, which acts as a deterrent to rebels in the ranks. The 'loose,' that is, the

unattached, woman is sharply marked off from the lady, so that the choice lies between the constraints of social and economic dependence on the one hand, and social outlawry on the other. These considerations account for the fact that the nun of early northern Christianity was by no means a type of self-effacement, but was often a spirited and sometimes a lawless person; and that the abbess was more generally than not a woman of good birth, strong character, and independent ways. Sometimes she had tried marriage, sometimes she had condemned it without a trial. It offered little scope for the free development of women, but there were many women insisting on free development. To such the convent was a godsend, and we may almost say that the lady abbess is the successor of the saga heroine.

Monasticism as the Eastern world practiced it was by no means congenial in general to the Frankish habit of mind. The worn-out races embraced it as a refuge from the growing difficulties of life with which they had no longer energy to cope. The fresh races on the other hand had an immense amount of the will-to-live to work off before they in their turn should dwindle toward self-effacement, abnegation, and the meeker virtues. The men among the Franks felt no call to the cloister. There is no record that any Frankish prince entered a convent of his free will. For men the world was too full of opportunity. But maidens, wives, and widows of the royal house joined religious communities, not because they were spiritually unlike their men, but because they were like them. The impulse toward leadership which kept the men in the world sent the women out of it.

Radegund, founder of the convent of Poitiers, was fifth among the seven recognized wives of King Clothair. She was a princess of the untamed Thuringians, whom Clothair captured with her brother on one of his raids into the eastern wilds. She was a person of great spirit, and perfect personal courage. She was the sort of woman (her biographers say) who keeps her husband's dinner waiting while she visits the sick, and annoys him by her open preference for the society of learned clerks. When finally she made up her mind to leave her husband, she fastened upon an unhappy prelate, Bishop Medardus of Noyon, the dangerous task of sealing her from the world. 'If you refuse to consecrate me,' she said grimly, 'a lamb will be lost to the flock.' The Bishop quailed before the lamb, and Radegund entered the life at Poitiers that gave play to her great powers of organization, diplomacy, and leadership. Her nuns were her true spiritual children.

After her death, two rival claimants for the office of abbess contended even with violence. Leubover was the regularly appointed successor, but Chrodield, daughter and cousin of kings, heading a faction, attacked and put to flight the clerics who excommunicated her party. Gregory of Tours tells how Chrodield, having collected about her a band of murderers and vagrants of all kinds, dwelt in open revolt and ordered her followers to break into the nunnery at night and forcibly to bear off the abbess. But the abbess, who was suffering from a gouty foot, on hearing the noise of their approach, asked to be carried before the shrine of the Holy Ghost. The rebels rushed in with swords and lances, and mistaking in the dark the prioress for the abbess, carried her off, disheveled and stripped of her cloak. The bishops were afraid to enter Poitiers, and the nuns kept the district terrorized until the king sent troops to reduce them. Only after the soldiers had actually charged them, cutting them down with

sword and spear, was the neighborhood at peace. It was not with these ladies in mind that Wordsworth found the sunset-hour as 'quiet as a nun.'

The women-saints of England are all Anglo-Saxon; after the coming of the Normans there are no more of them. And these early saints were generally ladies of high degree. Hilda, the famous Abbess of Whitby, was grand-niece of Edwin, King of Northumbria. The first religious settlement for women in England was founded by Enswith, daughter of Edbald, King of Kent. This Christian princess was sought in marriage by a heathen King of Northumbria, whom she challenged to prove the power of his gods by inducing them miraculously to lengthen a beam. The suitor failed and withdrew. Enswith herself without difficulty caused a stream to flow up hill. Bede's statement that the ladies of his day were sent to the Continent to be educated is borne out by what we know of Saint Mildred, Abbess of Upminster in Thanet. She was sent as a girl to Chelles, where, among other adventures, she was cast by the abbess into a burning furnace for contumacy, but escaped unhurt. When she returned to England, she stepped from the vessel upon a flat stone which retained the print of her feet. Nay, more, says her chronicler, 'the dust that was scrapen off thence, being drunk, did cure sundry diseases.' A blood-fine being due her from Egbert, King of Kent, she was promised as much land as her deer could run over in one course, and the animal covered ten thousand acres of the best land in Kent.

We obtain a glimpse of the culture of the Anglo-Saxon nun by consulting the correspondence of St. Boniface, the friend of many cloistered ladies. They write to him in fluent Latin on many different subjects: one sends him some hexameter verses, another sends him fifty gold-pieces and an altar-cloth. One says, 'I prefer thee almost to all others of the masculine sex in affectionate love'; another 'salutes her revered lover in Christ'; yet another says, 'I shall always cling to thy neck with sisterly embraces.' Like other priests in all ages, the good bishop is greatly comforted in times of discouragement by the affection of his feminine admirers. He begs one of them to finish the copy of the Epistles of Peter which she had begun to write for him in letters of gold. He responds to all their philandering with advice and sentiment and little presents. The noble Edburga, abbess of a house in Devonshire which she freely left to reside in Rome, is 'his dearest lady, and in Christ's love to be preferred to all others of the female sex.' Nevertheless he does not approve of continental travel for Anglo-Saxon nuns, and writes to Cuthbert of Canterbury, 'I will not withhold from your holiness that it were a good thing if the synod and your princes forbade women, and those who have taken the veil, to travel and stay abroad as they do. For there are very few districts of Lombardy in which there is not some woman of Anglian origin living a loose life among the Franks and the Gauls. This is a scandal and disgrace to your whole church.'

The composite photograph of the correspondents of Boniface shows a lady as important as a man, as well educated and as economically free as a man, thoroughly understanding the politics of her time and taking a hand in them, standing solidly on her own feet and sweetening existence with the harmless sentimentalism so much used by men. She has contrived that love, if not banished from her life, should be a thing apart, not her whole existence.

The foundation of great abbeys like Thanet and Ely, Whitby and Barking,

was the result of the Anglo-Saxon social organization, which allowed women in some cases to hold real property; just as the existence of the female saint was due to the Teutonic estimate of the personal value of women. After the social ideas of the Normans became dominant, there were in England no more women-saints, and few more abbeys for women were founded. The new settlements for religious women after the Conquest were generally priories, and the prioress was of very inferior importance to the abbess. But though the abbess owed her existence to an earlier social system, she was rather strengthened than weakened by the application to her case of feudal principles. Being always a landlord and sometimes a very great one, she shared the prestige of the landlord class. She was in some cases of such quality as to hold of the king 'by an entire barony.' By right of tenure she had the privilege at one period of being summoned to Parliament. She drew two incomes, spiritualities from the churches in her jurisdiction, and temporalities from her lands. Her manors often lay in several different shires, at a considerable distance from the abbey. It was profanely said that if the Abbot of Glastonbury were to marry the Abbess of Shrewsbury, their heir would own more land than the king. This abbess had in her gift several prebends; in the reign of Henry I she found seven knights for the king's service, and she held her own courts for pleas of debts and the like. The great capacity for business necessary to conduct the affairs of so complex a position seems to have been possessed by the average abbess, for the property of the old houses at the time of the dissolution was in a very flourishing condition.

Among the Saxons on the Continent the aristocratic tone of the convent was fully as marked. Whole families of royal princesses took the veil, rather gaining the world than losing it by the step. As in England, the abbess was virtually a baron. She was overlord often of an immense property, holding directly from the king. Like a baron, she had the right of ban, she sent her contingent of armed knights into the field, she issued the summons to her own courts, she was summoned to the Reichstag, and in some instances she struck her own coins. The abbess was in close relations with the court and imperial politics. Matilda, Abbess of Quedlinburg, was twice regent for her nephew Otto III, dealt strongly in that capacity with the invading Wends, and summoned a diet on her own authority.

Under the presidency of great ladies of this type, the abbeys everywhere before the twelfth century were centres where the daughters of nobles might live a pleasant life and receive such education as the time afforded. The early nun was not even in form what we commonly think of by that name. She was not always bound by vows, nor distinguished by her habit, nor even required to live in a particular place. Originally she as often as not remained in the world, though dedicated to God. When she was attached to a convent it was difficult to find means to constrain her to stay in it. We have seen how Boniface wrote to Cuthbert on this subject. Eldhelm, in the eighth century, describes thus the dress of the nuns of his time: 'A vest of fine linen of a violet colour is worn, above it a scarlet tunic with a hood, sleeves striped with silk and trimmed with red fur; the locks on the forehead and temples are curled with a crisping-iron, the dark head-veil is given up for white and coloured head-dresses, which, with bows of ribbon sewn on, reach down to the ground; and the nails, like those of a falcon or sparrow-hawk, are pared to resemble talons.'

Bede records of the Abbey of Coldringham that 'the virgins who are vowed to God, laying aside all respect for their profession, whenever they have leisure spend all their time in weaving fine garments with which they adorn themselves like brides.' A twelfth-century document shows that at that time in Bavaria, Benedictine nuns went about as freely as monks, and wore no distinctive dress.

The phenomenon of the 'double monastery' formed in early days a deviation from the nunnery as we think of it. From the necessity of having priests at hand to minister spiritually to religious women, it seemed reasonable to make houses for nuns side by side with houses for monks, among whom there were always a certain number in orders. The problem that resulted was one of perpetual difficulty. How were the women to get just what they needed from the men, and no more? Saint Basil in his double monastery in Pontus had already been perplexed by difficult questions. May the head of the monastery (he asks) speak with any virgins other than the head of the sisters? When a sister confesses to a priest, should the mother of the monastery be present?

In Europe the double monastery was very popular; 'a chorus of athletes of God and of chaste virgins,' an early writer rapturously calls it. Architectural remains show us the various shifts different communities were put to, that unity and isolation might be harmonized, as in a hospital devoted to both diphtheria and smallpox. Often there were two churches in the monastery, one for the men and one for the women; but sometimes a common church was split by a wall just high enough to prevent the congregation on one side from having sight of the other. The two sets must not be able to talk with each other, — their voices might mingle only in 'recitation, song, groans or sighs.' The two houses were often separated by a common cemetery, for in death there is neither male nor female. In Spain it was permitted to certain monks to kiss the hand of certain nuns in greeting, but the occasions for this observance are strictly regulated. By the rule of Saint Fructuosus it is laid down that if a monk fall ill he must not lie in a monastery of nuns, lest his soul grow sick while his body grows well. Monk and nun may not eat together.

An odd form of double monastery was especially common in Spain and England, where a whole family would transform itself into a religious house, father and mother, children and servants, continuing to live together in their old relations with the new ones added. The motive in most cases seems to have been pecuniary: hereditary possessions could in this way be safeguarded by royal charter and the prestige of religion. Sometimes the husband did not himself take the tonsure, but merely had his wife made an 'abbess.'

In many of the double monasteries an abbess was at the head of all, both men and women. It was not unnatural that she should now and then try to exceed the limits set by the Church to the services of women. Sometimes she heard confession, and occasionally she excommunicated. Sometimes she was 'weighed down with anxiety for the account she will have to give at the day of judgment for her government of a cloister containing men and women of various ages.' All the early nunneries in England of which we have any evidence on the point were of this type, and without exception the whole establishment was ruled over by a woman. The most famous example is of course Hilda of Whitby, great lady, administrator, theologian, educator, and saint. We know very little of the personal

character of these women; the records are confined, for the most part, to their important acts of policy, their correspondence with princes and bishops, and the miracles they wrought. Every mention of them, however, carries an intimation of the aristocratic character of the profession. When the monk became an object of contempt at court, the nun was still in fashion. Her social position kept pace with that of the secular clergy rather than with that of her brother regulars. Her schools were for the daughters of gentlefolk; to have been bred in a convent was a mark of caste.

The coign of vantage from which the nunnery was able to despise the world was, however, not merely that of aristocratic association. A religious house was generally the home of order and regularity in a world of confusion, and a point of light in a twilit age. If St. Benedict had done nothing more than establish the eight daily canonical hours, he would have been a benefactor of Europe. The great moral value of regular hours is everywhere admitted to-day, and is built upon in the army, in the 'rest-cure,' in ships at sea, as well as in private life. When the prodigal determines to turn over a new leaf, he is pretty sure to have his watch regulated as one of the preliminary steps. The great superiority in social organization among men as compared with women is reflected in the fact that their watches are more apt to be right. The monastery has from the first, with a sure instinct of self-preservation, clung to the observance of the hours as the core of its life; and the rest broken by matins, lauds, and prime, has been made good by the mental repose secured through the twenty-four hours by accurate and minute division of time and frequent change of occupation.

On the productive side, the nun of the centuries before the twelfth is popularly best known by her artistic weaving and needlework. Scanty as are the remains of her art, they bear out to the full the praise lavished upon it by the old writers. In early times the blind walls of the basilica offered space for large hangings; when Gothic architecture removed the motive for these, the nuns concentrated upon vestments and the furniture of the altar. The famous cope of Sion, probably the handiwork of nuns, shows the excellence in design as well as in execution of early English work. Sometimes sentiment would allow an abbess to prepare a winding-sheet for a friendly abbot during his lifetime. So little do the fundamental ideas of men concerning life and death vary from age to age and from land to land, that Penelope of Ithaca expressed her respect for her husband's father by the weaving of the famous web that was to be his shroud, precisely as an abbess of Repton wrought a winding-sheet for St. Guthlac, and an abbess of Whitby prepared one for Cuthbert of Lindisfarne. Nor did the good ladies always confine their work to pious aims. One of the charges of the rebellious Chrodield against the Abbess of Poitiers was that she made a robe for her niece out of part of an altar-cloth. A Council of the eighth century decides that 'time shall be devoted more to reading books and chanting psalms than to weaving and decorating clothes with various colours in unprofitable richness.'

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the life of the cloistered lady was divided between devotion and needlework. As far as the records go, they show that she was free to try her hand at almost anything. Many a famous scribe developed in the nunnery, scholar and artist in one. Emo, abbot of a double Premonstrant house, not only encouraged his clerks to write, acting as their instructor, 'but taking

account of the diligence of the female sex' he set women who were clever at writing to the assiduous practice of the art. Famous for centuries were the illuminated transcripts of Diemund of Wessobrunn and of Leukardis of Mallersdorf.

When the Germans bombarded Strasburg in 1870 they destroyed (among other things) the manuscript and the only complete copy of the *Garden of Delights*, the *magnum opus* of Herrad, Abbess of Hohenburg. Fortunately, transcripts or copies of parts of it survive and have been piously collected, giving us a very vivid little picture of social life in the twelfth century. Herrad's nuns, according to her own pictures of them, wore clothes differing but little from those of world's women. The only uniform article of dress was a white turban, over which the veil was thrown, but the veil itself might be red or purple, while the dress was also various in color and apparently subject to the wearer's taste. Herrad's great work was written for the instruction of her nuns, and covers the history of the world, based on the Bible narrative. She digresses frequently into questions of philosophy, ethics, and profane learning. In discussing the decay of faith in connection with the Tower of Babel, she introduces a very respectful graphic presentation of the Seven Liberal Arts. Personified as women in twelfth-century dress, they are ranged around Philosophy, Socrates, and Plato, and there is nothing to warn the nuns against their charms unless it be the head of a howling dog carried by Dialectic.

The interest taken in the nunnery in natural science may be seen by reference to the encyclopædic *Physics* of Hildegard, Abbess of Rupertsberg, a complete *materia medica* of the middle age. Hildegard describes a large number of plants, animal and chemical substances, closing each description with a statement of the object's therapeutic qualities. We cannot say that her conclusions are always based on direct observation, for she has as much to say about the unicorn as about the pig. But she holds the sound conviction that 'devils' can be eliminated from the system by water-drinking, and displays in general so much common sense that it is clear her reputation for wonderful cures rested on a basis of scientific treatment. The care of the sick was always one of the duties of a religious house, where a light diet, regular hours, and a generally pure water-supply furnished better sanitary conditions than were always attainable in the world. Books such as those of Herrad and Hildegard presuppose a tradition of scientific interest, and the coöperation of intelligent pupils, as well as the stimulus of an appreciative public. A good deal of the work in each was probably done, as we should say to-day, in the seminar; and it is fair to infer from them a widespread intellectual interest and freedom among the pupils in the cloister.

Gerberg, Abbess of Gandersheim and daughter of the Duke Lindolf, the progenitor of the royal house of Saxony, was an excellent scholar and encouraged among her nuns the studies she had herself followed under the guidance of learned men. In the scholarly atmosphere of her abbey in the tenth century, the nun Hrotsvith produced the works which make her name memorable, not only among women but in the general history of literature. Her metrical legends and history of her own time have merits of their own, but they can be paralleled among the writings of other authors of the period. Her unique value is as a writer of Latin drama. From the close of classic times to the crude beginnings of the miracle-play, we know of no dramatic composition in Europe save the seven plays of

Hrotsvith. The first of the humanists, she has left us a full account of her admiration for classical literature, and her determination to make its glories serviceable to the pure in heart. After praising enthusiastically the work of Terence, she says, 'I have not hesitated to take this poet's style as a model, and while others honour him by perusing his dramas, I have attempted, in the very way in which he treats of unchaste love among evil women, to celebrate according to my ability the praiseworthy chasteness of godlike maidens. In doing so, I have often hesitated with a blush on my cheeks, because the nature of the work obliged me to concentrate my attention on the wicked passion of illicit love and on the tempting talk of the amorous, against which we at other times close our ears.'

Blush or no blush, this cloistered lady succeeded, like the chaste Richardson eight hundred years later, in causing virtue to undergo adventures of the interesting character that Terence and Fielding supposed to be reserved for vice. She anticipates Anatole France in treating the redemption of Thais by Paphnutius; Christian maidens repulse pagan lovers; the tragedy of martyrdom and the most realistic comedy relieve each other. Three virgins persecuted by Diocletian attract the eye of their gaoler; with the prospect of speedy death before them, they laugh with all their hearts at the spell put upon him, whereby he mistakes the kitchen for their chamber and fondles in his madness the pots and pans. Very thoroughly, and with the wide sweep that we are wont to call virile, did this lady deal with life and letters. Not her cloister, but the polite world of her time, was her public. As evidence of her continued prestige it is interesting to note that four hundred years after her death the Rhenish Celtic Society printed an edition of her dramas, and secured copyright by taking out what is believed to be the first 'privilege' issued by the Imperial Council.

II

The many influences that worked together to change men's views of life during the later middle ages were all reflected in the career of the lady abbess. Feudalism had seen her become a baron, strong individually and with the strength of her class. At times when intellectual interests prevailed, her leisure and resources had enabled her to take a manful part in the literary production and in the queer scientific investigation of her age. Her artistic achievements were, within their range, of a high order. But in her breast, as well as in the hard old social framework that supported her, solvents were at work. Considering under three of its aspects a force which had many more, we may say roughly that these solvents were: in religion, the rediscovery of Christianity which resulted in the foundation of the mendicant orders; in social philosophy, the recognition of the submerged; and in literature, mysticism and romance. All these ideas, which were destined to give a wonderful new value to life, were welcomed and furthered by the lady abbess, who could not foresee that her decadence was to be one of their by-products.

The profane love against which Herrad's virgins and martyrs fought was of the simple old pagan type. No emotional element was present in the heroine's breast to bring these dramas over into the class of the problem-play. But a very different conception of the love of men and women, one of the most profound psychological changes of the middle age, had become the motive of a graceful literature. When every lady in the world had her love-song, it

must not be supposed that the abbess would be without one. The mysticism of chivalry used the same vocabulary as the mysticism of religion. The knight's service to his lady, long, patient, and (theoretically) not too clamorous for reward, was a type of the impassioned service of monk or nun. A 'maid of Christ' asked Thomas de Hales to write her a song, and received the 'Love Rune,' which, with its lively lilt and gentle gayety, remains one of the glories of Middle-English literature. Its drift can be gathered from an artless translation of two or three stanzas:

The love of man lasts but an hour,
Now he loveth, now is he sad;
Now will he smile, now will he glow'r;
Now is he wroth, now is he glad.
His love is here, and now 't is yonder;
He loves till he hath had his will.
To trust him does not make him fonder;
Who trusts him is a zany still.

Where are Paris and Heleyne
That were so fair and bright of bloom?
Vanished are those lovers twain
With Dido out into the gloom.
Hector of the strong right hand
And Cæsar, lord of words enow,
Have perishèd from out the land
As speeds the arrow from the bow.

But the Lord Christ is introduced as the most desirable of lovers: —

Here is the richest man in land,
As wide as men speak with the mouth.
All are vassals of his hand,
East and west and north and south.
Henry king of all England
Holds of him and bends the knee.
Maiden, this lord sends command
He would fain be known to thee.

The *Ancren Riwle*, or Rule for Recluses, describes in courtly allegory the wooing of a maiden by the Lord of Heaven: 'There was a lady who was besieged by her foes within an earthly castle, and her land was all destroyed and herself quite poor. The love of a powerful king was, however, fixed upon her with such boundless affection that to solicit her love he sent his messengers one after the other, and often many together, and sent her trinkets both many and fair, and supplies of victuals, and help of his high retinue to hold her castle. She received them all as a careless creature with so hard heart that he could never get nearer to her love. What wouldst thou more? He came himself at last and showed her his fair face, since he was of all men the fairest to behold, and spoke so sweetly and with such gentle words that they might have raised the dead from death to life. And he wrought many wonders and did many wondrous deeds before her eyes, and showed her his power and told her of his kingdom, and offered to make her queen of all that he owned. But all availed him naught. Was not this surprising mockery? For she was not worthy to have been his servant. But owing to his goodness, love so mastered him that he said at last: "Lady, thou art attacked, and thy enemies are so strong that thou canst not without my help escape their hands that thou mayest not be put to a shameful death. I am prompted by love of thee to undertake this fight, and rid thee of those that seek thy death. I know well that I shall receive a mortal wound, but I will do it gladly to win thy heart. Now I beseech thee for the love I bear thee that thou love me at least after my death, since thou wouldst not in my lifetime." Thus did the king. He freed her of her enemies and was himself wounded and slain in the end. Through a miracle he arose from death to life. Would not that same lady be of an evil kind if she did not love him above all things after this?'

The literary nuns of the Abbey of Helfta were themselves minnesingers. Spiritual love in all its aspects was their theme. Ecstasy expressed itself in strains as strongly figurative as the Song of Solomon. Transforming love made the cloister-life to glow. Visions

became common among inspired nuns. Purity itself was impassioned. By the laws of chivalry, the knight's love for his lady was expressed in courtesy and kindness toward all the world. In the cloister also, devotion to the great lover expressed itself in tenderness for men.

The great monastic expansion of the twelfth century took a long step toward democracy in the cloister. The problem of the unattached woman of the lower class had become a menace to society. The great orders of Fontevraud and Prémontré, as well as many less famous, were organized in the interest of the helpless of all classes, and particularly of the lost woman. Of Fontevraud we are told that 'the poor were received, the feeble were not refused, nor women of evil life, nor sinners, neither lepers nor the helpless.' Thousands of women entered these orders. From a bull of 1344 it is to be inferred that there were at that time about four hundred settlements of Premonstrant nuns. All the women in these settlements were professed, and their lives were spent in constant labor, which ultimately brought worldly as well as moral profit. These orders spread rapidly and widely. They were in harmony with the general tendency of the age, both ideally and practically; for while they gave ease to the rising social conscience of the upper classes, they also helped the growth of skilled labor and trade organization among the lower.

We can best realize the contrast between the old nunnery and the new by noting two specific cases in England. In the middle of the twelfth century Mary of Blois, daughter of King Stephen, was abbess of the ancient foundation of Romsey, associated with many other royal and noble ladies. Upon the death of her brother William she became heiress of the County of Boulogne. Henry II thereupon overrode her vows, brought her from the cloister, and married her to Matthew, son of the Count of Flanders, who thus became Count of Boulogne. Mary's sister Matilda had a somewhat similar experience, and her convent breeding left her with a taste for letters and the ability to correspond in Latin with learned men. At the very time that these great ladies were exemplifying in Wessex the solidarity of interest between court and cloister, Gilbert of Sempringham was creating from humble beginnings his great settlements for the higher life, and his dwellings for the poor and the infirm, for lepers and for orphans. Gilbert was the son of a Norman baron by an English woman of low degree. He was educated in France and studied the great orders of the continent, with the result that when his growing foundation came to need a rule, he gave it one of wide eclecticism to meet the needs of canons and nuns, lay-brothers and lay-sisters. The simple life was to be lived at Sempringham, and to this art and letters seemed to be inimical. The rule declared pictures and sculpture superfluous, and forbade the use of the Latin tongue unless under special circumstances. A prior ruled the men, three prioresses the women, who were twice as numerous. The women performed the domestic work for the whole body, handing the men's meals through a hole in the wall with a turn-table.

But the humanitarianism that inspired Gilbert reached Matilda too, in spite of her classical education. A famous anecdote describes her girt with a towel and washing the feet of lepers. Her hospital of St.Giles in the East was for long the most important institution of its kind in England. 'Leprosy' was in the middle ages a summary term for many forms of disfiguring skin-disease. Fear of contagion was a comparatively recent motive for its isolation, which

originated in its loathsomeness to the eye. The care of the leper became a typical good work. His miserable lot as an outcast formed a special appeal to the new tenderness of heart, while his repulsiveness made his tendance an instrument for the new effort to be like Christ. Great ladies everywhere, generally convent-bred, renounced place and pleasure to serve the sick and the poor. Virchow remarks that the great family of the Counts of Andechs and Meran, famous for its philanthropy, practically extinguished itself by devotion. Its men joined the crusades or the church, its women entered the cloister, and after a few generations this powerful and widespread family perished of its virtues.

The mendicant orders, which realized what Plato had maintained, that he who is to serve society must have nothing of his own, held up an ideal absolutely at variance with the vested interests which the abbess had so ably administered. Side by side with the feudal strongholds of the church, the Poor Clares built their huts, bearing toward them somewhat the relation that the Salvation Army bears to a charitable millionaire. The Poor Clares had no time for culture and the arts. Love for God and man and the passion for service carried into the vow of poverty thousands of women from every class. Asceticism and silence were opposed as methods to comfort and scholarship. The ultimate deterioration of the mendicants did not come until they had induced the general change of ideas that was to be responsible for the Protestant Reformation.

The decay of the aristocratic monastery was doubtless a step in advance in the history of men, but it was a calamity for the lady, who was reduced to the old dilemma of the home or outlawry. Luther had a thoroughly Mohammedan notion of woman's status, — only as a wife and mother had she a right to exist. Her education became a matter of no importance, and virtually ceased. Even Fuller, the worthy seventeenth-century divine, who cannot be accused of a bias in favor of convents, said: 'They were good she schools wherein the girls and maids of the neighborhood were taught to read and work; and sometimes a little Latin was taught them therein. Yea, give me leave to say, if such feminine foundations had still continued, provided no vow were obtruded upon them, (virginity is least kept where it is most constrained,) haply the weaker sex, besides the avoiding modern inconveniences, might be heightened to a higher perfection than hitherto hath been attained.'

Without accepting Fuller's epigram, we may admit that the ideal of virginity was not always attained in the cloister; neither is justice always attained on the bench, nor valor in the army. Many a prioress besides Chaucer's may have had for her motto, 'Amor vincit omnia.' But the very persistence of the system would be strong evidence, if we had no other, that on the whole the cloister had the esteem of its contemporaries, and that the women who gave it tone were in general true to their calling, and made wholeheartedly the sacrifice in return for which they received freedom.

# CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS OF THACKERAY

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

For a man who has so signally 'retained after death the art of making friends,' Thackeray was viewed in his own day through a queer variety of spectacles. His character, upbringing, associates, opinions, and way of life, were all severely called in question. He was, I think, the most scolded of literary men; and especially was he scolded for the want (or concealment) of that heart which to us he seems to wear so conspicuously pinned to his sleeve. Looking now at that indulgent, uncle-like, and open-hearted countenance, with the benign spectacles and broken nose (resembling a child's), it is hard for us to understand the shuddering admiration, 'unmixed with love,' of those who read *Vanity Fair* in numbers, and who agreed with the London *Times* about the misanthropic character of 'The Kickleburys on the Rhine.'

FitzGerald might regard him with affection, even familiarity; but Carlyle and Charlotte Brontë thought him rather fierce and wild, with a good deal of the lion in his composition, and perhaps a little of the wolf. E. P. Whipple declared that he looked at life 'with a skeptical eye, sharpened by a wearied heart.' No wonder, then, if he found himself 'honestly forced to inculcate the dreadful doctrine that life does not pay.' 'His bearing was cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured . . . his *bonhomie* was forced, his wit biting.' This unflattering picture was drawn, to be sure, by the malicious pen of Edmund Yates; but it is supported in part by the reluctant descriptions of admirers of his genius. Most preposterous of all, he was said to 'spend a good deal of his time on stilts,' and to prove 'a disagreeable companion to those who did not care to boast that they knew him.'

These curious comments on the behavior of a particularly unaffected gentleman can best be explained, perhaps, by the hypothesis that Thackeray was occasionally the prey of a perverse humor, and indulged at times that Comic Spirit which was not then the presiding genius of drawing-rooms. Perhaps he sometimes replied to some unimpeachable sentiment in the grotesque vein his drawings so richly illustrate. At any rate, he was thoroughly lectured by all hands. 'His sentiment,' says the *Westminster Review* reproachfully, 'was seldom indulged.' His pathos 'leaves the eye unmoistened.' His was 'a cheerless creed, and false as cheerless.' No woman, continues this censor, would care to read *Titmarsh* and *Yellowplush*. It is true, 'the salutary influence of Dickens' has relieved the savage sharpness of his pen in later works; but still, 'from false taste, or a deeper infirmity, he gives prominence to blots, defects,' etc., and (worst of all) sees 'a comic aspect in wickedness.'

Ladies in particular averted their ringlets and drew aside their crinolines from contact with the cannibal. The Westminster reviewer was right: their ticklish sensibilities could ill endure

> That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

So great a 'moral disgust' did Harriet Martineau feel as she perused the early numbers of *Vanity Fair*, that she soon banished it from her shelves, and never (let us hope!) enjoyed the immortal description of Amelia folding the red sash before the battle of Waterloo. She sternly rebuked Thackeray for 'his frittered life, and his obedience to the call of the great.' He never could have known, she asserted, a good or sensible woman. Miss Mitford found him 'all cynicism, with an affectation of fashionable experience.' 'I have no affinities,' majestically declared Catherine Sedgwick, 'with this sagacity — no great admiration for this detective . . . detecting poison.' Mrs. Jameson undertook to speak for her whole sex. 'Every woman resents,' said she, 'the selfish inanity of Amelia. And then Lady Castlewood! Oh, Mr. Thackeray, this will never do!' Even the great Charlotte, with her freedom from drawing-room judgments, felt a grievance against Lady Castlewood, and indignantly resented the episode of the keyhole. 'As usual,' said she, 'he is unjust to women, quite unjust.' She, who had called him an eagle, a captain of reformers and regenerators of society; who had likened his sarcasm to Greek fire, and his denunciation to 'the levin branch,' found that in him, as well, which 'stirred her both to sorrow and to anger — his mocking tongue.'

Mrs. Ritchie, in one of her biographical introductions to her father's works, describes a little tour through Devonshire, on which she accompanied him in 1856. At Exeter they called upon one Madam Fribsby, 'a delightful old creature,' who entertained the warmest personal regard for Thackeray, but wasted no thought upon his pretensions as a novelist. 'All her enthusiasm was already bespoken. She reproached him with not having formed his style upon a different model, upon that of the greatest writer in the English language' — in short, upon Richardson's. 'Where, where can you show me books,' demanded Madam Fribsby, 'that compare with *Sir Charles Grandison*?'

Graver critics than the Exeter lady drew invidious comparisons between the heroines of Thackeray and those of Richardson. In the summer of 1859 *Fraser's Magazine* contained a serious estimate of English literature to date; in which, after beholding Scott bracketed with G. P. R. James, and both gently escorted along the road to probable oblivion, we are told that neither Dickens nor Thackeray really wrote novels! Their works were 'pseudo-novels,' or 'serial stories,' — 'not constructed on the principles of that art, wholly unknown to the ancients, which may be called the narrative-dramatic. . . . Mr. Thackeray's chief implement is the exposure of the littlenesses, meannesses, and vulgarities of his fellow-creatures.' These 'he renders with a forty-Pre-Raphaelite power, and anatomizes with a merciless delight. . . . To do this thoroughly, as Mr. Thackeray does it, is given to few'; but the reviewer thinks it rather a revolting task; and 'there is a good deal less love than admiration in our feeling toward the man who does it well.'

The fact is that this reviewer's enthusiasm, like that of Madam Fribsby, is 'all bespoken.' He too is infatuated with the Byrons and Grandisons. There is not, in his opinion, 'a tale in any language worthy to be put on the same shelf with *Clarissa Harlowe*.' 'The consummate art with which the characters are grouped, and the simple and masterly grandeur of their separate treatment' mark the work of 'an unrivalled genius.' As for Clarissa herself, 'perhaps even Shakespeare never drew a heroine more exquisite. A modesty so majestic . . . a girlish vivacity and

playfulness so indomitable . . . a smile so heavenly,' etc. — 'Where,' he well asks, 'where, *on paper*, shall we look upon her like again?'

What wonder that Amelia and Rebecca, making their bows to a public signed and sealed with the image of Clarissa, should fare ill at the hands of astonished reviewers? Nobody wanted a heroine to be lifelike; what was required was an 'exquisite' creature. *Vanity Fair* appeared in 1846–48. E. P. Whipple at once pronounced it, though touching on 'topics worn threadbare' and full of 'commonplace characters,' still, '*on the whole*' a clever and interesting book. But few critics were content thus to damn it with faint praise. Explosions of angry dissent greeted the portraits of Captain Dobbin and Amelia. We had been to the photographer's, and were not at all pleased with the proofs. Captain Dobbin was 'so ungainly as to be almost objectionable' to the *Westminster Review*, and Amelia was so weak that she quite 'wore out its patience.' The *Edinburgh Review* declined 'to worship such a poor idol of female excellence.' A deeper note of wrath was sounded in a great religious periodical. 'Woe to him who parts from his faith in mankind, and leaves us to conclude that nothing is real but folly and perfidy!'

The hisses which greeted Amelia and the captain on their first appearance had scarcely died away when they were echoed again by Taine, a quarter of a century later; and so late as 1895 Mr. Saintsbury declaimed, in true early-Victorian style, against the 'namby-pambyness' of the one, and the 'chuckle-headed goodness' of the other. To be sure, the *North British Review* took up the cudgels for Thackeray, pertinently inquiring 'why we call ourselves miserable sinners on Sunday, if we are to abuse Mr. Thackeray on weekdays for making us out something less than saints?' American critics, too, were generally more discerning. Lowell compared each of Thackeray's novels to 'a Dionysius ear, through which we hear the world talking.' Emerson with a sigh remarked, 'We must renounce ideals and accept London.' It was Mr. Stoddard who paid the finest compliment. 'Thackeray could not have written *Vanity Fair*,' 'unless Eden had been shining brightly before his eyes.'

The sentiment, 'somewhat slack and low-pitched,' and 'shallower than that of Dickens,' which had seemed to impatient readers so parsimoniously doled out in *Vanity Fair*, was a little more forthcoming, all agreed, in *The Newcomes* and *Pendennis*. Tennyson told FitzGerald that he liked the latter much; it was 'so mature.' E. P. Whipple, on the contrary, was 'depressed' by it; besides, it 'wanted unity and purpose.' Laura Pendennis was 'dull'; there was indeed 'a feeble amiability about all his best characters.' The *Chronicle* accused *Pendennis* of fostering a baneful prejudice against literary men. The author was said to be playing to popularity in thus belittling and ridiculing his confrères. Again the *North British Review* ventured to defend him. But Thackeray conducted his own defense very ably by saying that he only meant to inculcate the maxim that literary men should love their families and pay their tradesmen. 'I have seen,' he added, 'the bookseller whom Bludye robbed of his books.'

Surely the pleasantest comment ever passed on *Pendennis* was the anecdote told Thackeray by Dr. Kane: that in the Arctic seas he found a seaman crouched in the hold reading for hours; 'and behold, the book was *Pendennis*.' There is indeed something beguiling and engaging about Pen far above his cousin Clive. I once knew two young Southern ladies who habitually referred to 'Pen' as to a relation or old

family friend; and indeed I believe he was as much a member of their family as Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn are of ours.

Was it *Pendennis*, or *The Newcomes*, one wonders, which so 'cruelly' reminded Taine of 'Miss Edgeworth and Canon Schmidt'? The ever-entertaining Frenchman seems to have proved immune, at any rate, to the charms of Colonel Newcome, and could find nothing new in his heart after meeting that endeared gentleman. He found 'similar things in books with gilt edges, given as Christmas presents to children.' One might almost question, after reading this delicate sarcasm, whether M. Taine had ever been a child himself, and indeed whether he was accustomed to keep Christmas at any age.

Almost every one, however, had a good word and a soft heart for *Esmond* when it came out, 'looking,' as the author confessed, 'very stately and handsome in print.' Miss Martineau ceased scolding long enough to say that it was 'the book of the century.' Charlotte Brontë, having read the first volume, pronounced it (if Thackeray reported her correctly) 'admirable and odious.' Her own letters give substantially the same opinion. Mr. George Smith, the publisher, 'looking a mere boy,' came to Thackeray with a liberal check for *Esmond* before it was finished. Even M. Taine, who could resist Colonel Newcome, managed to take a fancy to Colonel Esmond, and excused the 'puerile details' of Thackeray's descriptions because he was 'listening to the old Colonel,' and could forget the author. The *Westminster Review*, to be sure, went on record as saying that the attempt to revivify Queen Anne's time was not altogether successful, and took Thackeray severely to task for making the Duke of Hamilton propose to Beatrix while (historically) he had a wife. Such strictures were very bearable, however well Thackeray must have known in his own heart that he had completely and gloriously succeeded in recalling Queen Anne's time unto all generations. But when this reviewer goes on to seek, and to think he finds, Esmond's prototype in William Dobbin, *and that of Beatrix in Blanche Amory*, will the judicious laugh or weep? The critic, however, mingles honey with his gall. *Esmond* may not be 'very successful,' but it is to Thackeray's other works what the *Bride of Lammermoor* is to all the rest of Scott's; the inference being, that both are black swans.

Thackeray's own opinion of Esmond was variable. 'Bore as he is,' he once said, 'I believe he will do me credit'; thus half humorously subscribing to Mr. Howells's subsequent opinion, that 'H. Esmond is an intolerable prig.' *The Virginians* he seemed to regard in much the same light. It was, he said, 'devilish dull.' But he had at the same time a fascinating plan in his mind, to lay a novel in the times of Henry the Fifth, peopled with the ancestors of the Warringtons, Pendennises, etc. 'It would be a most magnificent performance,' he declared, 'and nobody would read it.'

I find in contemporary opinions of Thackeray little or no comment on his style. Was it too transparent, too perfect and easy a fit for his thoughts, to be noticed? — or were readers too exasperated with Amelias and Lauras, — too occupied in resenting the idea that good and kind people are not always graceful and clever, — in a word, too vexed with the subject of the portrait, to notice the painting? The unparalleled ease with which Thackeray wrote certainly called no attention to itself. Like a piano in tune, or a body in health, its harmony might be taken for granted. When the plot mounted, the

style mounted with it; without panting, without hurrying, the language kept abreast of the most heightened situation; and when it sank again, it sank without a flutter. But ease and strength, fitness and mastery, but half describe that colorful, resourceful, incredibly lively and animated style. Mr. Max Beerbohm has been able to describe it. 'He blew upon his pipe, and words came tripping round him, like children, like pretty little children who are perfectly drilled for the dance; or else, did he so will it, treading in their precedence, like kings, gloomily.'

The sole exception to this general neglect of Thackeray's style is in the case of his lectures. A good deal was said, first and last, about his manner, method, and style in these. What reader of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* can forget Charlotte's own description of her attendance at one of these lectures while on a visit to her kind publisher in London? Talk of 'Persons one would Wish to have Seen'! Who would not choose (next to a Lincoln-Douglas debate) to have been present at that lecture, and heard Thackeray ask Miss Brontë's opinion of it at the close? Who would not have liked to see the *haut ton* of London, in hoops and beavers, draw themselves up in that audacious double column at the door, through which the little Yorkshire woman was compelled to pass, amid whispers of 'Currer Bell!'?

Miss Brontë's opinion of the lectures, when she gave it (for she did not give it to Thackeray, but to her dear friend Ellen in a letter), was a very favorable one. They were to her, aside from the notice she unwillingly drew upon herself, memorable and even agitating experiences. They were among the four most impressive things she saw and heard in London. Compared with her deep and serious impressions, the comments of Motley sound almost frivolous. He wrote to his wife of Thackeray's 'light-in-hand manner,' 'skimming over the surface of the time.' His appearance, Motley said, was that of 'a colossal infant.' His portraits of the four Georges were received without dudgeon, though thought by our historian to reflect severely upon the institution of kings. 'If he had shown up democracy or Southern chivalry thus before an audience of the free and enlightened, he would have been tarred and feathered on the spot.' Heartily weary though he was of lecturing before his second American tour was finished, Thackeray seemed to lose nothing of his ease and animation on the platform. He spoke as if from personal recollection both of the monarchs and of the humorists, and might almost have called his lectures 'Reminiscences.' Above all, he had the crowning charm of being actually in love with the period he described.

As Americans, we were very fond of Thackeray. We drew, it is to be feared, very pointed comparisons between himself and his predecessor on our platforms — Dickens. It was well known, before Thackeray came, that he did not intend to write a book about us. His letters from America, even when they criticize the dress of New York ladies, are all written in a pleased and friendly tone. 'He felt almost as much at home on Broadway,' says Mrs. Ritchie, 'as on the Brompton pavement.' It was in New York that he made the warmest of his American friends, — the family of the 'Brown House,' the Baxters, his letters to whom were some years ago collected into a volume. Boston, he said, was 'like a rich cathedral town in England — grave and decorous, and very pleasant and well-read.' (This in spite of the fact that 'some of the Boston papers call me a humbug.') Mr. Prescott he found 'delightful,' Mr. Ticknor was 'a great

city magnate and littérateur.' In another letter he speaks of 'jolly, friendly little Savannah.'

Surely in that day of condescending foreigners, no traveler more willing to please and to be pleased ever came to our shores. When the Providence lecture failed, he wrote that 'Nobody must lose money by me in America, where I have had such a welcome and hospitality.' We had, I think, but one grievance against him; and this has dwindled in the distance of years to the proportions of a midge's eyebrow. In an early chapter of *The Newcomes* he had preserved verisimilitude by alluding to the Father of his Country as 'Mr. Washington.' This liberty with our chief hero was for a moment resented by some of us rather warmly. We could not, of course, foresee the noble portrait of Washington which was later to be inserted in *The Virginians*. Let us be glad that it was so, and that, when Thackeray came over, no particular national obligation influenced us in our warm welcome. The success of his visit was, I think, rather a triumph for the little red schoolhouse. American books might not be read in Europe, but Americans had found time, while subduing the wilderness, to read both their own and European books. We knew great novels when we met with them. It was not at New Haven or Cambridge that Thackeray encountered the university magnate who had never heard of *Vanity Fair*. It was at Oxford!

# AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THACKERAY[1]

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE

Two or three days ago I happened to open a box of old papers which had been put away for many years, and from this wooden receptacle issued a burst of voices, of chords reaching from the past into the present, and sounding perhaps more clearly than when they were first struck. How suddenly and vividly, now and again, one realizes that nothing is past! That which is not over rings upon one's heart as if it came from some grateful certainty of the future. There were letters, reminders, scraps of half a century, and among them a stray page which I had written as a schoolgirl, by my father's desire. It was a page out of one of the lectures on the English Humorists — one from the lecture on Goldsmith, at the beginning of which my father used to quote Béranger's charming lines, which, as he says, almost describe the genius and the gentle nature of Goldsmith. It was easy to see why this special page had been preserved, for on the margin, beside the rough straggling efforts of the secretary, in my father's well-known delicate writing, is a penciled translation evidently jotted down at the moment; as I came upon it, it seemed like a sudden greeting. My impression is that he never read out the English translation here given, but he must have thought of doing so.

[1] Copyright, 1910, by Smith, Elder, & Company.

A Castaway

A castaway on this great earth,
A sickly child of humble birth
And homely feature,
Before me rushed the swift and strong;
I thought to perish in the throng,
Poor puny creature.
Then crying in my loneliness,
I prayed that Heaven in my distress
Some aid would bring.
And pitying my misery,
My guardian angel said he,
Sing, poet, sing!
Since then my grief is not so sharp,
I know my lot and tune my harp
And chant my ditty,
And kindly voices cheer the bard,
And gentle hearts his song reward
With love and pity.

*Ma vocation*

*Jeté sur cette boule,*
*Laid, chétif, et souffrant;*
*Etouffé dans la foule,*
*Faute d'être assez grand;*
*Une plainte touchante*
*De ma bouche sortit;*
*Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,*
*Chante, pauvre petit!*

*Chanter ou je m'abuse*
*Est ma tâche ici-bas.*
*Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse,*
*Ne m'aimeront-ils pas?*

There is a passage in a lately published memoir of Got, the great French actor, which concerns this particular song among the rest.

On July 20, 1845, Got writes as follows:—

'I had not seen the good Béranger [le bon Béranger] since last September,

at the time when I was engaged by the Comédie Française.

'This morning, in beautiful weather, I took my place in the Passy *accélérée* and found myself sitting beside a little old gentleman, who was already established in the far right-hand corner of the omnibus. We were starting, when another gentleman got in and sat down on the opposite seat. The two greeted each other and mutually inquired if they were going to the " Rue Vineuse."

'I then offered my place to the last comer so as to allow the two travelers to talk more conveniently. At the "Barrière des Bonshommes" I got out in order to walk up the hill in advance of the vehicle, and I proceeded straight ahead to pay my visit to Béranger.

'Madame Judith opened the door, and having made inquiries from her, I was at first afraid I might be in the way, and was proposing to withdraw — knowing how much the old master prizes his solitude — when from the door of his room I heard him calling to me to enter. He received me in the most affectionate way. He was sitting in his armchair, 'and he went on trimming his beard with scissors as was his wont.

'"And the verses, mon cher enfant," he said, — "is the muse returning to poetry? When are we to have a new drama from you?"

'"It is only too presumptuous of me to try to play other people's dramas — Write myself! — no, never again."

'"Nonsense! drunkard's promises " [serment d'ivrogne].

'"The confessions of an incapable man, a humble follower of poets — yes, a passionate follower of Molière, of Regnard, of you, dear master. . . . Je suis le ver de terre amoureux des étoiles."' . . .

'After a few minutes' more talk two cards were brought in.

'"Let them come in," said Béranger, and I rose to take leave; but with a friendly smile he signed to me to remain.

'Then entered my two companions from the *accélérée*, and Béranger warmly shook hands with them.

'"I come," said the second, the taller (who was not very tall), "to thank you for the visit you were good enough to pay Madame de Chateaubriand during my absence. On my way I had the good fortune to meet Monsieur de Lamennais." (You may imagine after this I did not budge — only listened with all my ears.)

'Literature, politics, fine arts — they talked of everything for half an hour; also of Messieurs de Balzac, Frédéric Soulié, and Alfred de Musset, and of the decorations which had been lately bestowed upon these gentlemen.

'Chateaubriand asks tentatively, "What do you make of his 'Ode to the Moon,' Monsieur de Béranger?"

'Béranger: "A joke, a quirk."

'Then Chateaubriand goes on to reproach Béranger for some of his own lines and for his leaning towards the Bonapartist party: "You wanted them back when you wrote," he said.

'"I! good heavens! I wanted nothing. I have only made songs so that they should be sung in France. It was France, not I, who wanted them back."'

Monsieur de Chateaubriand proceeded to attack many other things besides, but they have nothing more to do with my little quotation, which was only intended to lead up to 'Le bon Béranger's' saying, 'J'ai fait des chansons pour être chantées en France' — songs destined to be sung again and again, and recited in France, in Germany, in England, and by my father among the rest, for he loved all that was beautiful and unpretending.

# AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Among the most characteristic phenomena at the present time, in the United States, are the large gifts made to the public by the very rich. These prominent men seem to wish to share their riches either during their lifetime or after their death. The generosity of the American millionaire has become celebrated throughout Europe, and is considered by the Old World as singular as it is unique. In Europe, where there are many colossal fortunes, one might look in vain for persons who, like Americans, would spend so large a part of their means to further education and culture, to establish charitable institutions, to help the needy, and assist the government in carrying on public works. The very rich, in Europe, usually confine themselves to making bequests either to the poor or to some institution of learning. Indeed, this generosity on the part of Americans has been used as an argument against the higher classes, in certain European quarters, the American example being held up as a reproach.

There are Europeans — and their number is constantly increasing — who think that in Europe as in America the rich should spend of their substance for the public good. But the study of ancient history would modify this opinion. It shows that this generosity of the rich is a phenomenon belonging to a definite period of social evolution, in fact to the moment, in a flourishing and prosperous but young civilization, when the rich assume certain public functions which the State has not yet had time to inspect, to regulate, and to absorb.

If American millionaires have but few imitators in Europe at the present time, they may find numberless prototypes in the history of ancient Greece and of Rome. In Athens first, as later in the Roman Empire, — to mention only the two most famous countries of the ancient world, — education, charity, and public amusements, as well as public works, the construction of roads, temples, theatres, were in part left by the State to the generosity of the rich, who thus became an indispensable element in the general public welfare.

Among the inscriptions which have come down to us from the Roman world, and are collected in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, a large number refer to these donations. These are among the most important of the ancient inscriptions, since they help us to understand how extensive and systematic was this public benevolence throughout the Empire.

From Rome to the most distant frontier, in every city, large or small, are found inscriptions which record, often at some length, how a certain citizen gave while living, or at his death bequeathed, a stated sum to the city, either to construct or repair a building, or to distribute grain to the people in time of famine, or for a gift of oil for some festival, or to assure certain periodical public games, or to increase the city funds diminished by overexpenditure or unequal to present needs. Every city had then its millionaires,

its own small Carnegies, or smaller Huntingtons, whose gifts were necessary to the public weal, and to whom monuments were erected, remains of which have come down to us.

The Emperor himself was merely the leader, the most noted and generous of these rich givers, as Andrew Carnegie is to-day in America. Suetonius, for example, tells us of the sums that Augustus spent in his lifetime from his own private fortune for the public good, and in the famous *Monumentum Ancyranum*, the great inscription found in Asia, in which he gives a summary of his life, Augustus himself mentions many public gifts which he made with his own money. More than once he made up the deficit in the budget of the Empire; on one occasion he repaired, at his own expense, the Italian roads which had been recklessly destroyed during the civil wars; on numberless occasions he gave money for public works, to relieve suffering in time of famine, to promote public amusements, and for every form of benevolence customary at the time. These donations always came from his private fortune which he was free to use as he pleased, just as a rich American banker or manufacturer may to-day. These conspicuous gifts were, indeed, one of the means by which the imperial authority gradually established itself firmly over the Roman government, becoming the source of so much gratitude, interest, and hope, that it finally succeeded in acquiring a preëminent position in the state. But if the Emperor was the best-known and most generous of public benefactors, he was not alone. The great men of the Empire strove each to be first in following his example, and some were so lavish in their giving that they might truly be called the Morgans or Rockefellers of antiquity.

Among the best-known benefactors of the Empire was Atticus Herodes, a very rich Athenian of the second century of our era. The origin of his fortune is unknown; he probably belonged to one of those provincial families which accumulated immense fortunes during the first century of our era, which was one of rapid acquisitions. This Atticus devoted himself to learning, and became what was then called a rhetorician, a term corresponding nearly to what we now call a professor of literature; and, as one of the richest and most learned men of the Empire, he was a great friend of Antoninus Pius and of Marcus Aurelius. But more than for his learning and good taste is he famed in the social history of the Roman world for the profusion of his gifts in all parts of the Empire. In Athens he restored the ancient edifices and constructed new ones, and to other cities of Greece he gave theatres, aqueducts, temples, and stadia. Traces of this generosity are easily found in architectural remains, in inscriptions, and in references by writers; just as the name of an American millionaire may be on hundreds of buildings in all parts of America.

Among the largest and most beautiful buildings in Rome are those which were given to the people by prominent citizens. The wonderful Pantheon in the heart of the city was built at his own expense by Agrippa, the friend of Augustus, and is thus as much due to the personal munificence of one man as Carnegie Hall in New York City. And Agrippa was inspired by the same civic zeal which has inspired Carnegie. The one structure and the other, from the point of view of the period in which they were built, embody the same idea, the desire of a wealthy citizen to have the whole people share with him the advantage of his wealth.

Ever since my earliest investigations in Roman history, my attention

has naturally been attracted to this social condition in which the rich, by their liberality, take it upon themselves to shoulder a portion at least of the public burden; but I was never able to comprehend the system until after my visit to America, where I saw colleges and school buildings erected, hospitals founded and supported, museums and universities endowed, and other institutions assisted, by wealthy men. In Europe, where the State absorbs these functions almost entirely, guarding them jealously, and almost excluding any intervention of private individuals, it is much more difficult to comprehend a social condition in which this private generosity is at once possible and necessary; much more difficult to grasp its advantages and disadvantages, and the ways and means for explaining it.

The truth is that the lavish giving of the rich is but a single aspect of a noticeable phenomenon in which America is nearer the ancient world than Europe is; a second is her minimizing of the bureaucratic side of public life. In the ancient world a bureaucracy which even distantly resembled the constitution of present-day Europe could be found only in some of those Græco-Asiatic monarchies founded by Alexander in the last period of Greek supremacy. In the most brilliant days of Greek and Roman history, on the other hand, we find states in which all public functions, even the executive, are elective; and in which, therefore, all the organs of the State are periodically changed by the electoral body. The necessity for professional differentiation and the technical preparation for certain executive functions was so little regarded, that even military commanders and magistrates were appointed by popular vote. One cannot indeed imagine a social constitution more at variance with that of Europe to-day, where all executive functions are in the hands of a specially trained and carefully graded bureaucracy dependent upon the State, and over which the people have but slight control. In Europe one becomes a general or a judge because he has studied the art of war or jurisprudence in schools designed for that purpose, and not because a majority of the electors think best to bestow the office upon some person who has pleased them more than another.

It is this very difference that creates one of the greatest obstacles to the understanding of the ancient world by European historians. I believe, for instance, that herein lies one of the weakest points in Mommsen's history. Accustomed to the working of a bureaucratic government, it is difficult for European historians to comprehend the administration of states in which officials are changed periodically, and in which professional distinctions do not exist; they are prone to conceive of the ancient state after the model of the modern European state, and to attribute to it the same virtues and the same defects. They are unable to understand it, and so represent both its weakness and its strength in a false light.

This difficulty is not so great for an American, especially for a citizen of the United States. It is true that the principle of professional specialization is much more highly developed in American society than it was in ancient society. Modern civilization is far too complex to admit of applying the elective principle indiscriminately to all public offices. What reasonable being would consent to-day, even under the purest form of democracy, to elect an admiral by universal suffrage? Nevertheless there are states of the Union in which many public offices, such as the judiciary and the police commissionerships, — filled in Europe by com-

petitive examinations,—are elective. Thus again we find a likeness in American conditions to those in ancient society.

This is why a citizen of New York can more easily comprehend certain aspects of the life in ancient Rome or Athens than a citizen of London or of Paris can, particularly as regards the rapid recurrence of elections which involve many interests. In Europe it is difficult to imagine what the election of magistrates really was in ancient Rome, since to-day the election of public bodies, municipal or parliamentary, in no way corresponds to the ancient forms; it is only consultative or legislative bodies which are now elected; the executive power is but indirectly affected, since it is vested in a bureaucracy whose members may not be changed from one day to another. As a result, public interest, except under very extraordinary circumstances, is only lukewarm. In America, on the other hand, there happens what happened in the ancient world: elections are habitually important, and even the chief executive, whose acts involve such varied and important interests, is often changed.

In many legal details, likewise, I have found ancient Rome reappearing in the United States: for example, in the power possessed by magistrates. In the eyes of Europeans the right of the American judge to issue injunctions seems most blameworthy, and contrary to the spirit of the times. To Europeans, used to the judicial administration of a strictly bureaucratic state in which the bureaucracy is permanent, and, while subject to no control or oversight, cannot act outside the strict limitations of the law, this discretionary power of the American magistrate seems an instrument of intolerable tyranny. A very intelligent European who had lived for a long time in the United States, but who had nevertheless preserved his European point of view, said to me one day, 'In this country there is a tyranny far exceeding that of any European tyranny; it is the tyranny of the judicial power.'

A historian of the ancient world is better able to comprehend this apparent contradiction. The injunction is nothing more nor less than the *edictum* of the Roman magistrate, the power which he possessed, in common with the American judge, to issue such orders to the citizens as he deemed necessary for the protection of justice and the rights of the public,—orders which were obligatory upon the citizens, even if not based on any written law.

In those countries in which the elective principle, when applied to public offices, tends to weaken the action of the State, the magistrates should remain unhampered by the limitations of the law, especially in extreme cases. Under such circumstances the magistrate is, to a certain extent, looked upon as the personification of the law and of the State, and in an emergency, when the highest interests of the citizens are involved, he supplements the law where it may be insufficient. Such was the conception of offices and public officials held by the Romans, a conception which has altogether disappeared in the bureaucratic states of Europe, where the official is merely a faithful servant who administers the law according to the letter.

A remnant of the Roman idea is found in America, although in a modified form, where the members of all those committees upon whom the electoral body has conferred power for a limited period have, in the exercise of this power, a liberty of action which to many Europeans would seem almost autocratic. This I believe to be one of the reasons why it is on the one hand very difficult for Europeans to under-

stand the ancient world, and on the other too easy for them to misunderstand American institutions, and to apply to them arbitrarily those conceptions of liberty and democracy which we consider as the proper criteria for judging states. As there are European jurists who have asserted that the ancients never knew the real meaning of liberty even in the most democratic republics, so there are those who maintain that the constitutional governments of Europe represent a higher degree of liberty than the arbitrary republics of America. These opinions show that once more in its general outline the political constitution of the American republics more nearly resembles that of the ancients than do the constitutions of the European states of to-day.

A thorough study of ancient history is an excellent preparation for entering speedily into the spirit of American institutions; and conversely, living in America, or at least knowing it thoroughly, ought to be an excellent preparation for the study of ancient history.

## A FIXED IDEA

BY AMY LOWELL

What torture lurks within a single thought
When grown too constant; and however kind,
However welcome still, the weary mind
Aches with its presence. Dull remembrance taught
Remembers on unceasingly, unsought
The old delight is with us but to find
That all recurring joy is pain refined,
Become a habit, and we struggle, caught.
You lie upon my heart as on a nest,
Folded in peace, for you can never know
How crushed I am with having you at rest
Heavy upon my life. I love you so
You bind my freedom from its rightful quest.
In mercy lift your drooping wings and go.

# ON FOOT IN THE YOSEMITE

BY BRADFORD TORREY

When flocks of wild geese light in the Yosemite, Mr. Muir tells us, they have hard work to find their way out again. Whatever direction they take, they are soon stopped by the wall, the height of which they seem to have an insuperable difficulty in gauging. There is something mysterious about it, they must think. The rock looks to be only about so high, but when they should be flying far over its top, northward or southward as the season may be, here they are once more beating against its stony face; and only when, in their bewilderment, they happen to follow the downward course of the river, do they hit upon an exit.

Their case is not peculiar. Dr. Bunnell, in his interesting account of the discovery of the Valley, describes the ludicrous guesses of his companions and himself as to the height of the rock known since that day as El Capitan. One 'official' estimated it at four hundred feet. A bolder spirit guessed eight hundred, while Dr. Bunnell, waxing very courageous, raised the figure to fifteen hundred. The real height is thirty-three hundred feet. The fact seems to be that the eyes of men and geese alike are unaccustomed to such perpendicular altitudes. A mountain three thousand feet high is a thing to which they are more or less used, but a vertical surface of anything like the same elevation stands quite outside of all ordinary experience. El Capitan is nothing but a cliff, and a cliff — well, any goose knows what a cliff is like. Rise about so far, and you are over it.

For myself, I sympathize with the geese. The rock was in sight from my tent-door for eight weeks, and grand as it was at first, and grander still as it became, I could never make it look half a mile high. It was especially alluring to me in the evening twilight. At that hour, the day's tramp over, I loved to lie back in my camp-chair and look and look at its noble outline against the bright western sky. Professor Whitney says that it can be seen from the San Joaquin Valley, fifty or sixty miles away; but I am now farther away than that several times over, and I can see it at this minute with all distinctness — not only the rock itself, but the loose fringe of low trees along its top, with the after-glow shining through them. There would be comparatively little profit in traveling if we could see things only so long as we remain within sight of them.

Comparatively little profit, I say; but in absolute terms a great profit, nevertheless, for any man who is an adept in the art of living, wise enough to value not only his life, but the days of his life. It is something to spend a happy hour, a happy week or month, though that were to be the end of it. And such a two months as I spent in the Yosemite! Let what will happen to me henceforth, so much at least I have enjoyed. Even if I should never think of the place again, though memory should fail me altogether, those eight weeks were mine. While they lasted I lived and was happy. Six o'clock every morning saw me at the breakfast-table, and

half an hour later, with bread in my pocket, I was on the road, head in air, stepping briskly for warmth, and singing with myself over the anticipation of new adventures. I might be heading for Eagle Peak or Nevada Fall, for Glacier Point, or where not. What matter? Here was another day of Sierra sunlight and Sierra air, in which to look and look, and listen and listen, and play with my thoughts and dreams. Who was it that said, 'Take care of the days, and life will take care of itself'? Others, men and women, old and young, were setting forth on the same holiday errand; as we met or passed each other we exchanged cheerful greetings; but for my part I was always alone, and, let it sound how it will, I liked my company.

Such a feast of walking as the two months gave me! I shall never have another to compare with it. The Valley itself is four thousand feet above sea-level, and many of my jaunts took me nearly or quite as much higher. If the trails were steep, the exhilaration was so much the greater. At the worst I had only to stop a minute or two now and then to breathe and look about me, upward or downward, or across the way. There might be a bird near by, a solitaire by good luck, or a mountain quail; or two or three fox sparrows might be singing gayly from the chaparral; or as many pigeons might go by me along the mountain-side, speeding like the wind; or, not improbably, a flock of big black swifts would be doubling and turning in crazy, lightning-like zigzags over my head. Who would not pause a minute to confer with strangers of such quality? And if attractions of this more animated kind failed, there would likely enough be broad acres of densely-growing manzanita bushes on either side of the way, every one of the million branches hanging full of tiny bells, graceful in shape as Grecian urns, tinted like the pinkest and loveliest of seashells, and fragrant with a reminiscence of the sweetest of all blossoms, our darling Plymouth mayflower. Yes indeed, there was always plenty of excuse for a breathing spell.

I began with reasonable moderation, remembering my years. For two or three days I confined my steps to the valley-level; walking to Mirror Lake, whither every one goes, though mostly not on foot, to see the famous reflections in its unruffled surface just before the sunrise; to the foot of Yosemite Fall, or as near it as might be without a drenching; and down the dusty road to Capitan bridge and the Bridal Veil.

For the time I was contented to *look* up, pitching my walk low but my prospect high, as some old poet said. For that, the cliffs, the falls, and the wonderful pines, cedars, and firs, many of them approaching two hundred feet in height, afforded continual inducement. Sentinel Rock loomed immediately behind my tent, a flat, thin, upright slab, — so it looks at a front view, — for all the world like some ancient giant's gravestone, three thousand feet in height. It was the first thing I saw every morning as I glanced up through the ventilator in the gable at the head of my bed, and the first thing that I thought of one night when an earthquake rocked me out of my sleep.

Eagle Peak, nearly four thousand feet above the Valley, peeping over the heads of its two younger brothers, was directly opposite as I stood in my door; while I had only to move out of the range of a group of pine trees to see the greatest (at that season) of the four principal falls: the Yosemite, that is to say, with its first stupendous free plunge of fifteen or sixteen hundred feet, a height equal (so my Yankee-bred imagination dealt with the matter) to that of six or seven Bunker Hill monuments standing

end on end. It was grandeur itself to look at, — grandeur and beauty combined; and to my unaccustomed ears what a noise it made! As I started out for my first stroll, on the noon of my arrival (May 11), a black cloud overspread the sky in that quarter, from which came at intervals a heavy rumbling as of not very distant thunder. A passer-by, however, when I questioned him about it, said, —

'No, it is the fall.'

And so it proved, some momentary shifting of the wind seeming now and then to lift the enormous column of water from the cliff, and anon let it down again with a resounding crash. This peculiar thundering sound, I was told, would be less frequent later in the season, when the warmer days would melt the mountain snow more rapidly, and the bulk of the water would be so increased that no ordinary wind could lift it. This, also, was shown to be correct, paradoxical as it had sounded, — the more water, the less noise. And after all, when I came to consider the subject, it was only giving a new twist to an old proverb, 'Still waters run deep.'

My first considerable climb was an unpremeditated trip to the top of Nevada Fall. I took the trail at the head of the Valley, close by the Happy Isles, some three miles from camp, with no intention of doing more than try what it might be like; but an upward-leading path is of itself an eloquent persuasion, and, one turn after another, I kept on, the ravishing wildness of the Merced Canyon, and the sight and sound of the Merced River raging among the rocks, getting more and more hold upon me, till all at once the winding path made a short descent, and behold, I was on a bridge over the river; and yonder, all unexpected, only a little distance up the foaming rapids, through the loveliest vista of sombre evergreens and bright, newly leaved, yellow-green maples, was a fall, far less high than the Yosemite, to be sure, but even more graceful in its proportions (breadth and height being better related), and so wondrously set or framed that no words could begin to intimate its beauty. I looked and looked (but half the time must be attending to the mad rush of the river under my feet), and then started on. If this was Vernal Fall, as to which, in my happy ignorance, I was uncertain, then I must go far enough to see the Nevada.

The trail carried me about and about, past big snowbanks and along the edge of flowery slopes, with ever-changing views of the mighty canyon and the lofty cliffs beyond, till after what may have been an hour's work it brought me out upon a mountain shoulder whence I looked straight away to another fall, higher and wilder by much than the one I had lately seen. Here, then, was the Nevada, to many minds the grandest of the great four, as in truth it must be, taking the months together.

Now there was nothing for it, after a few minutes of hesitation (still considering my years), but I must keep on, down to the river-level again, after all this labor in getting above it, and over another bridge, till a final breathless, sharper and sharper-angled zigzag brought me to the top, where I stood gazing from above at an indescribable, unimaginable sight, — the plunge of the swollen river over a sheer precipice to a huddle of broken rocks six hundred feet below.

I happened to be fresh from a few days at Niagara, and moreover, I was a man who had all his life taken blame to himself as being unwarrantably, almost disgracefully, insensible to the charm of falling water. Nobody would ever stand longer than I to muse upon a brook idling through meadows or

gurgling over pebbles down a gentle slope; and the narrower it was, the better it was, almost, given only some fair measure of clearness, movement enough to lend it here and there an eddying dimple, and, most of all, a look of being perennial. I hold in loving recollection two or three such streamlets, and at this very minute can seem to see and hear them, dipping smoothly over certain well-remembered flat boulders, and bearing down a few tufts of wavering sweet-flag leaves. Yes, I see them with all plainness, though the breadth of a continent stretches between them and this present dwelling-place of mine, where near mountains half circle me about and the Pacific surf dashes almost against my doorstep, but where there is never a sound of running water all the long summer through. Often and often I say to myself, —

'If there were only one dear Massachusetts brook, to make the charm complete!'

But with all this, as I say, I had always, to my own surprise, made strangely small account of our boasted New England cataracts; pleasant to look upon they might be, no doubt, but hardly worth much running after. And now these falls of the Merced and its larger tributaries had taken me by storm. Indeed they are altogether another story; as little to be compared with anything in New Hampshire as Flagstaff Hill on Boston Common is to be set beside Mount Washington. Merely a difference in degree? Yes, if you choose to put it so; but such a difference in degree as amounts fairly to a difference in kind. Imagine the Merrimac tumbling over the face of a ledge five hundred, six hundred, fifteen hundred feet high! And the Yosemite Fall, be it remembered, after its first plunge of fifteen or sixteen hundred feet, makes at once two others of four hundred and six hundred feet respectively. In other words, it drops almost plumb from an altitude nearly as great (as great within six hundred feet) as that of the summit of Mount Lafayette above the level of Profile Notch. And furthermore, it is to be considered that the water does not slip over the edge of the awful cliff, but comes to it at headlong speed, foaming white, having been crowded together and rounded up between the rocky walls of its steep and narrow bed, exactly as the Niagara River is in the rapids above the whirlpool, — which rapids are to my apprehension, as I suppose they are to most men's, hardly a whit less astounding than the Horseshoe Fall itself.

This wild outward leap it was that most of all impressed me when more than once I stood at the top of the Yosemite Fall, amazed and silent. But that was some time later than the day now spoken of, and must be left for mention in its turn.

I had heard before coming to the Valley, and many times since, that the one place excelling all others — of those, that is to say, immediately above the Valley wall, and so falling within the range of ordinary pedestrians — was Glacier Point; and now, having given my legs and wind a moderate preliminary test, I inquired of the camp-manager how difficult the trail to that point might be, as compared with the one I had just gone over.

'I should call it twice as difficult,' he said, 'though not so long.'

The answer surprised, and for the moment almost discouraged me. Age was never so inopportune, I thought.

'But anyhow,' said I, 'there is no law against my having a look at the beginning of the way and judging of its possibilities for myself.'

And the very next morning, being apparently in good bodily trim, and certainly in good spirits, I made an early start. The trail offered at least

one advantage: it began at my door, with no six miles of superfluous valley road such as the previous day's jaunt had burdened me with. As for its unbroken steepness, that, I reasoned with myself, was to be overcome by the simple expedient of taking it in short steps at a slow pace.

Well, not to boast of what is not at all boastworthy (Mr. Galen Clark, ninety-five years old, — may God bless him, he was always showing me kindness, — had made the descent unaccompanied the season before, though you would never hear him tell of it), I reached the Point in slow time, but without fatigue, the hours having been enlivened by the frequent presence of some jovial members of the California Press Club, trailing one behind another, who by turns overtook and were overtaken by me (the tortoise having sometimes the better of it), till every fresh encounter became matter for a jest. We arrived in company, cutting across lots over the hard snow near the top, and then there was no taking of no for an answer. Three of the men were set upon going out upon the celebrated overhanging rock — three thousand feet, more or less, over empty space — to be photographed, and, would he or would n't he, the old 'Professor,' as with friendly impudence, meaning no disrespect, they had dubbed him, must go along and have his picture taken with the rest. And go along the old professor did, keeping, to be sure, at a prudent remove from the dizzy edge, though he flattered himself, of course, that only for not choosing to play the fool, he *could* stand as near it as the next man. This pleasing ceremony done with, I was left to go my own gait, and then my enjoyment of the marvelous place began.

A good-natured and conversable young driver, who had picked me up one day on the road, quizzed me as to what I thought about the origin of the Valley; and after I had tried to set forth in outline the two principal opinions of geologists upon the subject, not suspecting what a philosopher I had to do with, he informed me that he took no stock in either of them. He cared nothing for Whitney or Le Conte or Muir. No subsidence theory or glacial theory for him. *He* believed that the place was made so to start with, on purpose that people might come from all parts of the world and enjoy it. And to-day, as I moved about the rim of Glacier Point for the first time, I was ready to say with equal positiveness, if with something less of serious intention, — This place was made for prospects.

If I doubted, I had only to look at the level green valley, with the green river meandering through it; at the wall opposite, so variously grand and beautiful, from El Capitan to the Half Dome; and, best of all, at the Merced Canyon, as seen from the neighborhood of the hotel, with my two falls of the day before in full sight across it, and beyond them a world of snowy peaks, a good half of the horizon studded with them, lonely-looking though so many, and stretching away and away and away, till they faded into the invisible; a magnificent panorama of the high Sierras, minarets and domes, obelisks and battlemented walls; such a spectacle as I had never thought to look upon. It was too bad I could not spend the night with it, to see it in other moods; but when I was informed that the hotel would be open before many days were past, I consoled myself with the promise of another and a longer visit.

I was better than my word. Four times afterward I climbed to the Point, once by the 'long trail,' *via* Nevada Fall (which, with the afternoon descent over the short trail added, really made some approximation to a day's

work), and altogether I passed six nights there, taking in the splendors of the dawn and the sunset, and, for the rest, ranging more or less about the snowy woods. One afternoon (May 23) we were favored with a lively snow-storm of several hours' duration, with a single tremendous thunder-clap in the midst, which drove three young fellows into the hotel-office breathless with a tale of how the lightning had played right about their heads till almost they gave themselves up for dead men; and when the clouds broke away little by little shortly before sunset, the shifting views of the canyon, the falls, and the mountain summits near and far, were such as put one or two amateur photographers fairly beside themselves, and drove the rest of us to silence or to rapturous exclamation according as the powers had made us of the quiet or the noisy kind. Whatever we poor mortals made of it, it was a wondrous show.

Thrice I went to the top of Sentinel Dome (eighty-one hundred feet), an easy jaunt from the hotel, though just at this time, while attempting it in treacherous weather, with the trail, if there be one, buried under the winter snow, a young tourist became bewildered and lost his life — vanished utterly, as if the earth had swallowed him. The prospect from the summit is magnificent, if inferior, as I think it is, to that from the hotel piazza; and the place itself is good to stand on: one of those symmetrical, broadly rounded, naked granite domes, so highly characteristic of the Sierras, and of which so many are to be seen from any point upon the Valley rim. Some agency or other, once having the pattern, seems to have turned them out by the score.

One day I looked down into the Fissures, so called, giddy, suicide-provoking rents; and more than once, on the Wawona road, I skirted two of those beautiful Sierra Nevada meadows, so feelingly celebrated by Mr. Muir, and so surprising and grateful to all newcomers in these parts. At this moment one of them was starred with thousands of greenish-white marsh marigolds — *Caltha leptosepala*, as I learned afterward to call them, when good Mr. Clark produced, out of his treasures new and old, for my enlightenment, a much-desired copy of Brewer and Watson's *Botany of California*.

After the two trails thus 'negotiated,' to speak a little in the Western manner, there remained one that by all accounts was steeper and harder still, the trail to Yosemite Point, or, if the walker should elect to travel its full length, to Eagle Peak. As to the Peak, I doubted. The tale of miles sounded long, and as the elevation was only seventy-eight hundred feet, substantially the same as that of Glacier Point, it appeared questionable whether the distance would pay for itself.

'Oh, the trail is n't difficult,' a neighborly-minded, middle-aged tourist had assured me (he spoke of the trail to Yosemite Point only); 'we made it between breakfast and luncheon.'

But they had made it on horseback, as came out a minute later, which somewhat damaged the argument. Difficult or easy, however (and if there had been forty, or even twenty, less years in my pack, all this debate concerning distances and grades would have been ridiculous), to Yosemite Point I was determined to go. Once, at least, I must stand upon the rocks at the top of that stupendous fall, at which I had spent so many half-hours in gazing. And stand there I did, not once, but thrice; and except for the Glacier Point outlook, which must always rank first, I enjoyed no other Yosemite experience quite so much. So I speak; yet sometimes, while loitering downward in the late afternoon,

I sang another song. 'After all,' I thought, 'these are the best hours. And really there is no reaching any final verdict in matters of this nature, so much depending upon mood and circumstance.'

I was walking in the shade of a vertical cliff so near, so high, so overpowering in its enormous proportions, that I often felt it to be more impressive than El Capitan itself; and, walking thus in deep shadow, I looked out upon a world of bright sunlight: the fall at my side ('Oh, I say,' an enthusiastic, much-traveled man had exclaimed in my hearing, 'it beats Niagara. Yes, sir, it beats Niagara!'), every turn of the path bringing it into view at a new angle, and, as it seemed, to increased advantage; the shining green valley, with its jewel of a river; and yonder, up in the sky, all those illuminated snowy Sierra peaks. Well, I could only stop and look, and stop and look again, rejoicing to be alive.

As for Eagle Peak, with its two or three extra miles, before the business was over (after the way thither became dry enough to be passable without wading) I had paid it four visits. The Peak itself offered no transcendent attraction, but the trail proved to be at once so comfortable and so very much to my mind, that, once at the end of the sharp zigzags, and on the level of the river above the fall, it seemed impossible not to keep on, — just this once more, as I always said; such pleasure I took in the forest of stately pines and firs, the multitude of wild flowers by the way, and in another and more extensive of those fair mountain meadows (natural grassy meads, green as emerald, shining in the sun amidst the dark evergreen forest), along the border of which the winding trail carried me. In this were no marsh marigolds, but instead a generous sprinkling of sunbright buttercups, while a pool in the midst was covered with lily-pads and yellow spatter-dock lilies, — old New England friends whose homely faces were trebly welcome in these far-off California altitudes.

I never approached the meadow — which melting snowbanks all about still rendered impossible of dry-shod exploration — without pleasing anticipations of deer. They must frequent it, I thought; but I looked for them in vain. The curiously distinctive slow drum-taps of an invisible Williamson sapsucker, a true Sierran, handsomest of the handsome, were always to be counted upon; swallows and swifts went skimming over the grass; robins and snowbirds flitted about; but if deer ever came this way, it was not down for me to find them.

At the end of the trail, after a tedious gravelly slope, where I remember a close bed of the pretty mountain phlox, with thin remnants of a snowdrift no more than a rod or two above it, there remained a brief clamber over huge boulders, with tufts of gorgeous pink pentstemon growing in such scanty deposits of coarse soil as the desolate, unpromising situation afforded; the scantier the better, as it seemed; for this clever economist is a lover of rocks, if there ever was one. It was to be found in all directions, in the valley and on the heights, but never anywhere except in the most inhospitable-looking, impossible-looking of stony places. And out of a few grains of powdered granite it manages somehow to extract the wherewithal not merely upon which to subsist, but for the putting forth of as bright a profusion of exquisite bloom as the sun ever shone upon.

The outlook from the topmost boulder of this Titans' cairn, for it looked like nothing else, was commanding, — valley, river, and mountain, — but to me, as I have said, the Peak was mainly of

use as the conclusion of a walk through an enchanting Sierra forest; for I, no less than my fellows, have yet to outgrow the primitive need of 'a place to go to,' even when I go mostly for what is to be enjoyed by the way.

So much for what might be more strictly accounted as climbs to the valley rim. More wearisome, perhaps, because quite as long, while without the counterbalancing stimulation which a mountain trail seems always, out of its own virtue, to communicate, were an indefinite number of jaunts to Inspiration Point (hateful name!) and into the forest a mile or two beyond. Precisely why I expended so much labor upon the long miles of this dusty uphill road, it might be troublesome to determine; but here, also, there were so many things to be looked at, and so many others to be hoped for, that the going thither about once in so many days grew little by little into something like a habit. Between the moist riverbanks and the dry hillside, what a procession of beautiful and interesting wild flowers the progress of the season led before me! And if many of them seemed to be the same as I had known in the East, they were certain to be the same with a difference: dogwood and azalea (azalea hedges by the mile); tall columbines and lilies; yellow violets and blue larkspurs; salmonberry and mariposa tulips; an odd-looking dwarf convolvulus, not observed elsewhere; the famous blood-red snow-plant, which there was reported to be a heavy fine for picking; and whole gardens of tiny, high-colored, fairy-like blossoms, kind after kind and color after color, growing mostly in separate parterres, 'ground-flowers in flocks,' and veritable gems for brightness, over which, in my ignorance, I could only stand and wonder.

Of birds, as compared with plants, the walk might offer little in the line of novelty, but such as it did offer, taking old and new together, they were always enough to keep a man alive: a pair of golden eagles, for instance, soaring in the blue, — a display of aviation, as we say in these progressive days, fitted to provoke the most earthbound spirit to envy; a pair of violet-green swallows, loveliest of the swallow tribe, never so busy, hastening in and out of an old woodpecker's hole in a stunted wayside oak; tiny hummingbirds, of course, by name Calliope, wearing the daintiest of fan-shaped, cherry-colored gorgets, true mountaineers, every soul of them, fearless of frost and snow, if only the manzanita bells would hold out; and, in particular, a sooty grouse, who nearly put my neck out of joint before — after a good half-hour, at least — I finally caught sight of him as he hitched about in his leafy hiding-place near the top of a tall pine tree, complaining by the hour. *Boom, boom, boom, boo-boom, boom, boom*, so the measure ran, with that odd grace note invariably preceding the fourth syllable, as if it were a point of conscience with the performer that it should stand just there and nowhere else. A forlorn, moping kind of amorous ditty, it sounded to me; most unmusical, most melancholy, though perhaps I had no call to criticize.

> Hark, from the pines a doleful sound,
> My ears attend the cry,

my old-fashioned, orthodox memory fell to repeating, while the hollow, sepulchral notes grew fainter and fainter with distance as I walked away. Yet I might appropriately enough have envied the fellow his altitudinous position, if nothing else, remembering how grand and almost grown-up a certain small Massachusetts boy used to feel as he surveyed the world from a perch not half so exalted, in what to his eyes was about the tallest pine tree in the world, up in his father's pasture.

The most curiously unique of Yosemite plants, to my thinking, is the California nutmeg tree, *Torreya Californica*. I ignore, for good reason, the different generic designation adopted in some books more recent than the work of Brewer and Watson. So far as my word goes, my distinguished ——th cousin shall not be deprived of his one genus. Mr. Clark, who remembered Dr. Torrey's and Dr. Gray's visits to the tree, and whose sympathetic account of the affectionate relations subsisting between these two scholars was deeply interesting, instructed me where to look for the nearest examples, at a point below the Cascades, — some eight miles down the El Portal road, — and I devoted a long day to the making of their acquaintance.

It was the twentieth of June, the weather had turned summerish, and the road, which had been as dusty as possible — a disgrace to the nation that owns it — five or six weeks before, when I entered the Valley, was by this time very much dustier. But the river, hastening from the mountains to the sea, was close at my side, garrulous of thoughts and fancies, histories and dreams, and between it and the birds, the trees, and the innumerable wild flowers, I must have been a dull stick not to be abundantly entertained. An ouzel, fishing for something on the flat, inclined surface of a broad boulder in midstream, just where the rapids were wildest, was compelled to spring into the air every minute or so as a sudden big wave threatened to carry it away. It seemed to be playing with death; once fairly caught in that mad whirl, nothing could save it. Again and again I looked to see it go, as the angry waters clutched at it; but it was always a shaving too quick for them. Syringa and calycanthus ('sweet-shrub' — faintly ill-scented!) were in blossom, and the brilliant pink godetia — a name which may suggest nothing to the Eastern reader, but which to an old Californian like myself stands for all that is brightest and showiest in parched wayside gardens — never made a more effective display; and all in all, though I had walked over the longer part of the same road within twenty-four hours, the day was a pure delight. If it gains a little something in the retrospect, it is all the more like a picture, — which must be framed and hung at a suitable distance before we truly see it.

The trees of which I had come in search were recognizable at a glance: the leaves, of a remarkably vivid green, bearing a strong resemblance to those of the hemlock, but sharp as needles, as if to cry 'Hands off!' the flaky gray bark, most incongruously like that of some kind of white oak; while the green fruits, prettily spaced ornamental pendants, were really for shape and size not a little like nutmegs: a surprising crop, surely, to be hanging amid such foliage. The largest of the few examples that I saw (they grow plentifully along the road a little farther down, and may be picked out readily from a carriage-seat, as I discovered later) might have been, I thought, about fifty feet in height.

This tree (the species, I mean), whose only congeners are found in Florida, China, and Japan, may be considered as one of four that lend a notable distinction to the Californian silva, the others being the Torrey pine, the Monterey pine, and the Monterey cypress. No one of them occurs anywhere in the world outside of California, and the nutmeg is the only member of the quartette that ventures more than a few miles inland. Stranded species we may assume them to be, formerly of wider range, but now — how or why there is none to inform us — surviving only within these extraordinarily narrow limits.

I alluded to myself just now as an old Californian, and so far as my standing in the Yosemite is concerned I might have said, without jesting, that by the time I had been there three weeks I had come to be regarded as one of the oldest inhabitants; the ordinary stay of visitors being so niggardly brief, — two or three days, perhaps, upon an average.

One man, it is true, gave me what I had to confess might be, in his case, a valid reason for brevity. A Southern gentleman he was, as I should have divined at once from the engaging, softly musical quality of his voice. He began with some question about a squirrel, — which had surprised him by running into a hole in the ground, — and after a word or two more called my attention to two or three wild roses which he carried in his hand. They were fragrant, he said; had I ever noticed it? And when I remarked that I should have expected them to be common in Tennessee, he explained that at home he never went to places where such things were to be looked for. He had discovered the perfume of wild roses as Thoreau discovered the sweetness of white-oak acorns, I thought to myself, and so far was in good company. Then he told me that he had arrived in the Valley on the noon of the day before, had found it grand and beautiful beyond all his dreams, — 'ravishing' was one of his words, — and was going out again, not of necessity but from choice, that very afternoon. I manifested a natural surprise, and he explained that he 'did n't wish to lose the thrill.' He had seen the picture once and, consciously or unconsciously, was following Emerson's advice never to look at it again. So this time, too, he was in excellent company.

For my part, I cannot afford to be so sparing in my use of good things. My æsthetic faculty, it would appear, is less prompt than other men's. Its method is not so much an act as a process. In the appreciation of natural scenery, at all events, as I have before now confessed, I am not apt to get very far, comparatively speaking, on the first day. I must have time, — time and a liberal chance for repetition. And in the Yosemite, which is as rich in modest loveliness as in spectacular grandeur, a fact of which too little is made, I know perfectly well that there are countless beauties which I have never seen (more and more of them were coming to light up to my very last day), as well as countless others that I should rejoice to see again, or, better still, to live with. Give me the opportunity, say I, and I will cheerfully risk all danger of disillusion, or, as my Southern friend of the wild roses more feelingly expressed it, the 'loss of the thrill.'

# A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD[1]

## BY GIDEON WELLES

### VII. FRUSTRATING THE PRESIDENT'S POLICIES

*Monday, February* 18, 1867.

The session of the Senate on Saturday continued through the night and until 6.30 yesterday morning. The subject under consideration was the establishment of military governments over the Southern states. A bill to this effect was introduced by Thad Stevens from the Reconstruction committee, and was carried through the House under his management and dictation. Very few attempt to endorse or justify the measure, yet all the radicals and most of the Republicans voted for it. There is very little firmness or moral courage in the House. The members dare not speak nor act according to their convictions. Indeed their convictions are feeble, and there is little sincerity in them.

In the Senate, Wade, Sumner & Co. undertook to force through the bill at the Saturday's session. A stand was made by the minority against such precipitate and unreasonable legislation on so important a measure. Various amendments were offered and voted down, but at length, on Sunday morning, Mr. Sherman offered a substitute which was adopted. It is in one or two respects less offensive than the House bill, but is still an outrage upon the Constitution, the rights of the people, and the rights of the states. Sumner was violent, and, Grimes tells me, more savage when Sherman's substitute was adopted. He left the Senate in a rage. Grimes and Sumner, though both radicals, are not friends or on speaking terms. Of course, Grimes is enjoying Sumner's disappointment.

Stevens, Boutwell, and the extreme radicals are as indignant as Sumner, and will make fight against the bill in its present shape and likely secure amendments. The Republicans, though disliking and mistrusting each other more and more each day, are not yet prepared to break. There is no shrewd man among the Democrats to take advantage of or manage their rising differences, or to lead his own party wisely.

Seward and Stanton confuse and bewilder the mind of the President, prevent him from pursuing a straightforward and correct course and from taking and maintaining a bold, decisive policy. They are weakening the executive power daily, and undermining the constitutional fabric. Seward acts as usual from no fixed principles, but from mere expediency; not with a design to injure the President or to help the radicals. He tries to resuscitate, vitalize, and perpetuate the old Whig party, and to undo and destroy the Democratic party, each for the glory of Seward. Stanton is deep in the radical intrigues, but contrives to get along with and to use Seward and his superficial wisdom, and is so far suc-


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cessful as to keep his place, although the President knows his mischievous designs and purposes.

The country is in poor legislative hands, and the prospect is sadly foreboding. The Constitution and the great principles of union and free government on a federal basis are disregarded.

*Friday, February* 22, 1867.

The politicians in and out of Congress have been busy for several days on the subject of governing the Southern states. Sherman's amendment went down to the House, was disagreed to and some abominable additions were made. Partisans, and factions, and fanatics, and demagogues were each and all at work. Finally a bill was adopted, establishing military governments and martial law in and over those states. Where Congress gets the power to do these things no one attempts to point out. The Members of Congress evidently confound martial law with military law, and know no distinction. Congress has the undoubted right to enact military laws for the government of the land and naval forces; but martial law exists and is in operation where there is no law. The will of the military officer in command is supreme. He can order court-martials or military commissions to try citizens as well as soldiers, but citizens cannot be tried by military law.

Martial law abolishes jury trials; Congress cannot abolish them. Martial law may abridge freedom of speech and of the press, but Congress cannot. When there is a Congress or legislature to enact laws, there can be no martial law. It would be a solecism. Yet this radical Congress has undertaken to enact martial law. In other respects the bill is subversive of government, destroys titles, and introduces chaos.

The President as commander-in-chief of the army and navy exercised the power — which devolved upon him when the rebellion was suppressed, and the military forces occupied the rebel states; when there was no law, and chaos reigned — of appointing provisional governors and ordering other measures to establish order and system and re-introduce law. Congress could not do this. It had no authority or power. All its powers are derived from the Constitution, the organic law; but when martial law prevails municipal law is suspended.

To-day the President laid this bill, and also the one respecting the tenure of office, before the Cabinet. The bill for the military government of the states was the only one considered. On this there was the usual uncertainty. No one of the Cabinet advised the President to approve the bill but Stanton. He said that though he would have framed the bill differently and altered it in some respects, he should give it his sanction, and advised the President to give it his approval.

Following him, I wholly dissented, and plainly and directly advised the President to put his veto upon it.

Reverdy Johnson,[1] the senatorial trimmer, gave his vote in the Senate for this infamous bill.[2] Stanton quoted him as an example and an authority. How long will the President be able to go on with such an opponent at his council board?

*Monday, February* 25, 1867.

I read some suggestions on the Tenure-of-Office bill to the President. They were prepared in response to an opinion of the Attorney-General some months since, but are applicable to the

[1] Senator from Maryland.

[2] 'No law so unjust in its policy, so direful in its results had passed the American Congress since the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854.' — Rhodes, vol. vi, page 23.

bill. The President was pleased with them. I also left with him some views on the bill for the military government of the Southern states. These views, which relate to the strange plan of enacting martial law by Congress, chimed in with his opinions.

On taking the paper the President alluded to the cabinet council on Friday and the pitiful exhibition which Stanton made of himself, and wondered if Stanton supposed he was not understood. The sparkle of the President's eyes and his whole manner betokened intense though suppressed feeling. Few men have stronger feeling; still fewer have the power of restraining themselves when evidently excited.

I remarked that it was but part of the drama which had long been enacting and asked what was to be the condition of things, if impeachment were pressed and an attempt to arrest him was made. This subject the President himself had brought forward at the Friday meeting. Seward and Stanton wished to give it the go-by, though each had his own theory. Seward said it was not wise to anticipate such a thing, — to discuss it even among ourselves, — had an anecdote to tell, and his experience on the McCracken correspondence. I differed with him and thought it both wise and prudent to be prepared for an emergency which was threatened, and had been undoubtedly discussed. Others agreed with me, the President earnestly. Thus pressed, Seward said it might be considered a law question, coming particularly within the province of the Attorney-General whenever it came up, but if the Attorney-General should advise the President to submit to an arrest before conviction he would demand the immediate dismissal of the Attorney-General. I asked if the demand would be made on legal or political grounds. Stanton tried to evade the matter; did not believe that impeachment would be pursued; the session is near its close, etc.

The President was evidently not satisfied with this treatment of the subject when we had our conversation on Saturday, and was now a good deal indignant. But whether he will make any demonstration in that direction remains to be seen. I have little expectation that he will, although had I not previously had similar strong intimations without any result, I should from his expressive manner have expected a change.

[The Tenure-of-Office Act, designed to frustrate President Johnson in any attempt to carry out the policies of his administration, provided that the consent of the Senate should be necessary to the dismissal of any officer who had been appointed by and with the consent of that body.]

*Tuesday, February* 26, 1867.

At the Cabinet the subject of the Tenure-of-Office bill came up. It had been postponed at the request of the Attorney-General on Friday. He said he had not read it until to-day, but he required no time to express his unqualified condemnation of it. In this the whole Cabinet were united. Stanton was very emphatic, and seemed glad of an opportunity to be in accord with his colleagues. The President said he was overwhelmed with many pressing matters which must be disposed of, and he would be glad if Stanton would prepare a veto or make suggestions. Stanton asked to be excused, for he had not time. The Attorney-General said it was impossible for him to do the work. The President turned to Seward, who said he had not recently given these subjects attention, but he would take hold if Stanton would help him.

The President suggested that both the war and navy must help in this matter, and McCulloch expressed a special desire that I should participate. I saw that Seward was not taken with that proposition. Some general discussion followed, and before we left, Seward spoke across the room to Stanton and requested him to call and enter upon their duties; but no invitation was extended to me. The President turned to me and in an undertone remarked that I had given this subject a good deal of thought and he reckoned I had better prepare a paper. I told him I would have no objection to contribute to the document, but it had gone into hands that seemed willing to grapple with it, and I apprehended after what had been said that they would do it justice. If, however, anything was wanted of me, I would be ready to contribute at any time.

*Wednesday, February* 27, 1867.

I called on the President to-day with a brief communication to the House of Representatives, declining to furnish certain information which had been called for at the instigation of a claim agent, which response I thought had better pass through the President. The ante-rooms were very much crowded. In the council room, at the President's table, was a gentleman busily writing, who did not lift his head while I was in the room, but who, I am confident, was Judge Jeremiah Black. My interview with the President was necessarily brief, for I saw he was engaged and none were admitted. I have no doubt that Black is assisting in preparing the veto message on the military government bill, stating some of the legal objections.

*Friday, March* 1, 1867.

Seward and Stanton have prepared and handed to the President the veto message on the bill for the Tenure of Office. They did not see fit to submit it to me, and I hesitated whether to inform the President of the fact. Amidst other multitudinous duties he supposes, I have no doubt, that I have participated in and revised the message. On the whole concluded to say nothing unasked.

[The Reconstruction Act, passed over the President's veto, divided the ten Southern states into five military districts under military governors. The seceded states were to be restored to their place in the Union whenever a convention of delegates elected by the male citizens of whatever race or color, except those disfranchised for participation in the rebellion, should frame a constitution; provided that this constitution, being ratified by the people and approved by Congress, should be put into operation, and the legislature thereby elected should adopt the Fourteenth Amendment.]

*Saturday, March* 2, 1867.

The President is greatly pressed with business. Sent in to-day his two vetoes. That on the establishment of military governments over the ten states was received with deep interest. The opinions of a majority of the Republicans are undoubtedly against the principles of the bill, but they have not the independence and moral courage to act in conformity to their convictions and confront the radicals. Party subjection overpowers them. Thad Stevens and the discipline of the caucus is potent.

In the Senate, as in the House, party dominates over country. Fear comes over the feeble-minded who comprise nearly one-half of the Senate. If two or three hesitated, the recent extraordinary course of Reverdy Johnson decided them to submit to the demands of party. Johnson knows and says the

bill is unconstitutional and wrong, yet he violates his oath and votes for it. His justification is that the radicals, in their fury, will impose harder terms if these are not accepted, and he wants the country to have repose. It is known, however, that his son-in-law is an earnest candidate for the office of district attorney of Maryland, and he could not, under existing circumstances, expect to be confirmed by this Senate were the President to nominate him. This apostasy of Johnson will insure the son-in-law's confirmation, provided he gets the nomination; and Reverdy, to say nothing of other malign influences, fancies that his position as senator, and one of the judges of the President in case of impeachment, will secure the selection.

[The radicals had now a thoroughly disciplined two-thirds majority in Congress. The Reconstruction Act was, on this day, passed over the President's veto; and on the following Monday the Tenure-of-Office Act was also passed.]

*Sunday, March* 3, 1867.

Spent two or three hours at the President's this morning. McCulloch and Browning called for me. Seward and Randall were there. The President was calm, but I thought more dejected than I had almost ever seen him. Not that he expressed himself despondingly, but his air and manner were of that appearance, — perhaps it was because he had but little sleep, for he spoke of transactions past midnight.

While the President was absent for a short time in the library, Browning remarked that he felt disturbed by the state of things. How, said he, is Grant? Does any one know his opinions, and what stand he takes?

Seward said he would know to-morrow at two P. M., or perhaps at two P. M. on Tuesday. Browning pricked up his ears and opened his eyes. How, enquired he, shall I know? 'Why,' replied Seward, 'Benjamin F. Butler will be sworn in by that time, and his animosity towards Grant is so much greater than it is towards the President that he will make his opinions known and understood upon the floor of the House. When that is done you will all understand where Grant stands.'

The President said he had last night, after one o'clock, a letter from Reverdy Johnson requesting that his son-in-law, Ridgely, might be nominated district attorney. This, the President remarked, was about as cool a piece of assurance as he had ever witnessed. It does not surprise me. What will the President do?

*Monday, March* 4, 1867.

Went at half-past nine to the Capitol. The President directed the Cabinet to meet at that time. I called at the Executive Mansion on my way and found the President very busy. He had signed all the bills sent him save three. One was the army appropriation bill, the second section of which, as well as some others, was objectionable, so much so that I could not advise him to sanction it. Another was the woolens bill, which I had not examined, but which McCulloch thought the President had better sign with a protest.

*Wednesday, March* 6, 1867.

I was with the President on a little business and Stanbery was present at the early part of our interview. The subject of yesterday's decision on the powers of the brigadiers was introduced by S[tanbery], who said he had not a shadow of a doubt in regard to it, — he thinks Stanton and his friends have overshot the mark.

After Stanbery left, the President continued the conversation on the same topic, and if he intended to en-

force an unconstitutional law in regard to the importance of selecting the right men for military governors, I urged him to be certain in regard to his men for those positions, and to have an interview with each before giving them orders. He assented fully.

I then alluded again to the condition of things here in Washington. In the event of the radical leaders succeeding in their intrigue to procure an impeachment, the first step, after impeachment should be voted, would be to order his arrest. If he was not prepared to submit to an arrest, was he prepared to meet it? Whom could he confide in? Who of the military men, or of the War Department, would stand by him, against an order issued by Congress, or the Senate as a court under the signature of the Chief Justice, commanding his arrest? I had on two or three occasions, I remarked, introduced this topic, not that it was pleasant or interesting to me, but it was important to him and the country. Once he had himself brought forward the subject, but a direct and positive answer by the Cabinet or some of the Cabinet had been evaded by some of the members.

The President said yes he was aware of it, but he would bring the subject to a decision next Friday. I told him that it was in my opinion due to himself, although Mr. Seward had said it was not best to anticipate.

But it has been the misfortune, the weakness, the great error of the President to delay,—hesitate before acting. It has weakened him in public estimation, and given the impression that he is not strong in his own opinions. Yet I know of no man who is more firm, when he has once taken a stand. But promptness, as well as firmness, is necessary to impress public confidence.

[The Thirty-ninth Congress expired by limitation on March 4th. At its expiration the new Congress, in accordance with an act previously passed, assembled in extraordinary session.]

*Thursday, March* 7, 1867.

The radicals are divided in opinion on the subject of impeachment, and also as to the adjournment. Some wish a continuous session, some wish to adjourn to May, others until October or November. The Senate seem determined to adjourn over until the fall, while the extreme radicals wish to continue in session, although there is no business requiring their presence. But they desire to administer the government and impeach the President. Not that he has committed any wrong, or that any offense can be stated; but they have had a committee searching the country to find, if possible, some mistake, some error, some act, which can be construed into a political fault and thus justify his removal, because he is an obstacle in the way of radicalism.

*Friday, March* 8, 1867.

After the meeting, or the regular session, was over, McCulloch reached over the table, at the end of which the President was sitting, I being as usual on his left, and Browning came and seated himself on the opposite side and said something in a low tone which I did not hear, or which passed out of my mind in consequence of what subsequently occurred. He said it (his suggestion, whatever it was) would check the impeachment movement. The President replied hastily, 'I will do nothing to check impeachment, if there is any wish to press it. I am tired of hearing allusions to impeachment. God Almighty knows I will not turn aside from my public duties to attend to these contemptible assaults which are got up to embarrass the administration. Let the House go forward and

busy themselves in that matter if they wish.'

There are rumors as to the persons to be selected as military governors, and I think the President is, unfortunately for himself, consulting with General Grant. How far Grant confers with Stanton I know not, nor does the President, if he confers at all. That Grant may be biased by Stanton and [Advocate-General] Holt, with whom he has constant, intimate intercourse is not improbable. However, my impression has been that Grant is himself rightly disposed, though there are some things which indicate subtlety and duplicity.

*Saturday, March* 9, 1867.

Law of Indiana, who was a member of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses, called on me, being on a visit to Washington. We have been good friends from our first acquaintance. He said he had just paid his respects to the President and reminded him of an incident. In the summer of 1861, he L[aw] was at the Burnett House in Cincinnati on his way to Washington in pursuance of the call of President Lincoln for an extra session. He had just finished his meal, breakfast I think, and came out on the piazza, when a troop of horse, both riders and animals somewhat jaded, rode up, and opening in line, a citizen, in dusty citizen's dress, came forward and dismounted. That man, exhausted and covered with dust, was Andrew Johnson, a senator from Tennessee, on his way to Washington under the call of the President, and the military authorities had despatched a troop of horse to escort and guard him across the State of Kentucky. 'I little thought,' said Law, 'that I should ever hear Andrew Johnson denounced as a rebel, or a sympathizer with rebels; that partisan malice would ever accuse him of want of fidelity to the Union; but God only knows what we are coming to in these radical times. Such a patriot as Johnson,' said Law, with tears running down his cheeks, 'a man who has suffered and done so much, deserves better treatment from his countrymen.'

*Friday, April* 5, 1867.

President called the Cabinet to a special session at nine A. M., relative to notice given him of a motion which was to be made to the Supreme Court for an injunction on him and general order to stay proceedings under the military bill for constructing the rebel states. Attorney-General was directed to object to the motion, — the President, as the representative of the United States, cannot be sued.

General Butler called on me yesterday, ostensibly on some little matter of business. When it was disposed of, he asked whether he was to congratulate or condole with me on the result of the Connecticut election. I replied that I was gratified at the result and, of course, had no need of consolation, that I congratulated myself and others on what had taken place. This opened the subject of our public affairs, on which we had a pretty free and apparently unreserved conversation, though he is neither frank nor reliable. He is not, I perceive, satisfied with his position, nor with his treatment by a portion of the radicals. I spoke of the election as being favorable to the President, whose policy I approved — the policy had commenced with Mr. Lincoln, and I believed it correct. I asked wherein he could except to it. He said that perhaps Congress should have been consulted; he thought so. I enquired by what authority Congress could intervene? — Congress was the legislative not the executive department of government. [It] had none but granted powers, and when was the power conferred on Congress to construct or de-

stroy a state? He answered there is no grant, but it grew out of the war — the rebel states were conquered states. The President had no more power than Congress.

'Therein,' said I, 'we differ. I hold, as did Mr. Lincoln and as does Mr. Johnson, that when Lee and Johnston surrendered, martial law prevailed from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and the President, as commander-in-chief, had the undoubted right under the war power to govern those states, temporarily, and to bring order out of chaos. He could have turned the matter over to General Grant and other military subordinates, but he preferred to do it himself. He appointed a provisional governor, first in North Carolina and subsequently in other states, as you, General Butler, being in chief command in the Gulf, appointed Deming provisional mayor in New Orleans. Mr. Lincoln had no intention of calling on Congress to assist in this matter. Every one knew this, who had any knowledge of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Colfax was here on the day of his death to bid him good-bye, for he was intending to cross the plains and be absent until October. As Speaker he would not have absented himself had there been any intention of convening Congress.

'Then,' said I, 'these military despotisms over the states — the assembling of the state governments — I don't see, General, how you, if a democratic Republican, can sanction such measures.'

'I had nothing to do with them,' said he. 'They were enacted before I took my seat.'

'But,' said I, 'you are identified with that party and those acts.'

'Begging your pardon, I do not endorse those acts nor approve them. I am not identified with them, nor responsible for them.'

I remarked that I was glad to hear him say so.

'Why,' he asked, 'does not the President test them? Why does he submit to such laws and attempt to carry them out? He declares them unconstitutional. If so, they are no laws. Why does he obey them?'

I called his attention to the constitutional requirement, that he should see all laws faithfully executed.

'But it is no law,' said Butler, 'the President says it is no law. He is one of the departments of the government and must decide for himself. If, however, he wants to get a decision from the court, there is no difficulty. Let a suit be instituted in Virginia and brought at once before the Supreme Court now in session.'

He then went on to detail the modus operandi.

On the whole I am satisfied that Butler is dissatisfied.

*Wednesday, April* 17, 1867.

My time has been so occupied that I could make no record of daily occurrences in this book. Important events have occurred; some of the details should have been jotted down.

The Senate continues in session, rejecting the nominations which the President sends in, not that the nominees are not competent and faithful, but because they are his friends and support his measures. Some of the Senators declare they will vote to confirm no man who is not a radical. Dixon tells me that Sumner made his boast, in extra session, that he had allowed none but radicals to be appointed to any office in Massachusetts, where the Senate has a voice. I have little confidence in Randall as P[ost] M[aster] G[eneral], under such circumstances. He gives in, trims, lacks vim and strength if nothing else. I apprehend his course has some influence on McCulloch, who,

loaded down with the financial difficulties, wants to conciliate. It requires some courage to meet a not overscrupulous body of men clothed with authority, and who, if they choose, can embarrass the government without financial accountability. The President has held his own very well, considering his surroundings. Seward he probably consults most, and Seward has, as Mr. Clay said of him, 'no convictions.' [He] is an egotist and selfish aspirant. Randall, whose confirmation is understood to have been secured by pledges to radical senators, is greatly under Seward's influence, and the President cannot, with his reticence, avoid committing errors with such advisers. The result is that the President is appointing more enemies than friends, and his administration is thereby weakened.

*Saturday, May* 4, 1867.

The Judiciary Committee of the House has re-assembled in Washington to pursue enquiries and see if they cannot obtain something on which to impeach the President. No facts, no charges, no malconduct, are known or preferred, for the slip-slop of Ashley was long since discarded, but a standing committee is advertised and has assembled to ascertain whether something cannot be found which may be tortured or twisted against the President, whom they cannot induce to go with them in their revolutionary schemes, and who is, consequently, in their way. A more scandalous villainy never disgraced the country.

*Tuesday, June* 4, 1867.

The Judiciary Committee have, by a vote of five to four, decided against impeachment, but by a strict party vote passed a resolution of censure against the President. A more shameless and disgraceful proceeding than this whole impeachment conspiracy has never been enacted. For many months a committee, composed mostly of extreme partisans, has been in session with extraordinary powers to send for persons and papers, and with the public treasury and an army of public scavengers to assist them to find, if possible, some act or transaction, or expression, which would justify or excuse an arraignment of the chief magistrate. His public and his private acts have been scanned, his household affairs, his domestic life, his bank-accounts, his social intercourse, as well as all his speeches, conversations, and doings as a man and President have been scrutinized. Failing in their intrigue, scandal and defamation have been set to work to palliate these outrageous proceedings. Most of the members of the Cabinet, and I believe all but myself, have been summoned before this committee, as well as his private secretaries and members of his family. Why I was spared, I know not. I have an impression and intimations in fact that Stanton proposed and ordered I should not be called. Both he and Seward, in a conversation which took place as to disclosing proceedings in Cabinet, thought the matter might be got along with by answering pretty fully all questions that were put without any allusion to the fact whether it was or was not a cabinet subject. I doubted whether it was right to disclose what had occurred in Cabinet, to such a committee, — perhaps to any one at present.

*Friday, June* 7, 1867.

Admiral Farragut went home today. He has been my guest for a week. Gave him yesterday his orders to the European squadron and he expects to sail within a fortnight. In bidding him good-bye I was more affected than he was aware, and I perceived that he was to some extent similarly affected. We have both reached that period of

life when a parting of two years may be a parting forever on earth. Circumstances have brought us together and we are under mutual obligations. I selected him for important duties and he proved himself worthy of the trust and confidence. In addition to his great, unsurpassed service to the country, he has given just fame to my administration of the navy, and I honor him for his unnecessary modesty as well as for possessing the heroic qualities which I expected. I trust we may live to meet again on earth and enjoy memories of the past. If not, God's will be done. I esteem the choice of Farragut to command the Gulf squadron the most judicious and best selection which could have been made in the entire service. I consider him the great hero of the war, and am happy in the thought that I was the means of carrying him to the head of his profession where he had an opportunity to develop his power and ability.

*Saturday, June* 8, 1867.

The President and party returned to-day from North Carolina. All appears to have passed off well.

There is much talk and feeling in regard to Sheridan's movements, which are arbitrary, tyrannical, and despotic. His removal of Wells, the poor governor of Louisiana, is justified by most of the radicals, although it is an outrage on our laws and institutions. The trimming course of Wells and his want of honest character palliates Sheridan's conduct, which, however, is wholly indefensible.

*Thursday, June* 27, 1867.

Montgomery Blair has become quite indifferent in regard to the fate of President Johnson. Says he is completely under the dominion of Seward and Stanton, who have demoralized him, that the President has listened to them until he has become nervous and apprehensive, without resolute courage to carry out or maintain his conviction, and that he is in constant dread of impeachment.

Blair is shrewd and observing, though of strong prejudices. He thinks it absolutely necessary to revive the Democratic party and its organization in order to rescue the government from centralizing hands. This has been the policy of himself and some others for some time past. The policy has its disadvantages as well as advantages. One cause of the failure of the Union movement [1] a year since was the attempt to bring forward as leaders and candidates those Democrats who had made themselves obnoxious for their extreme partisanship, and especially their opposition to the measures of the government for the preservation of the Union. The people were not disposed to invest 'copperheads,' rebel-sympathizers, and rebels, with power while the soil was yet wet with the blood of patriots; and Blair and others injure themselves at this time in pressing forward prematurely that class of persons. In the conversation to-day, we spoke of Grant in connection with the presidency, and from present indications I expressed the opinion that he was disposed to be a candidate, and if so, he would probably be elected. Blair said he could not be if he was the radical candidate. I said Grant would endeavor to be the army and union candidate; [that] without much political intelligence or principle, he had party cunning and would strive to be a candidate but not strictly a party candidate; that the radicals did not want him, but they could not help themselves nor perhaps could Grant. They felt that they must nominate him in order that they might succeed; he felt

[1] A political movement in support of Johnson's policies.

that he could not reject their candidacy, if they took him up, but really prefers the Democrats to the Republicans.

Blair has been and still is friendly to Grant, but perceives that G[rant] is becoming alienated from old friends and getting in with new ones, and it rouses his opposition. I asked whom he would have for a candidate in opposition to Grant. He said he cared not who it was. 'Nor I,' was my reply, 'but whom can you present?' He said McClellan. 'That,' said I, 'insures defeat. The people will not, and I think ought not to, rally under him.'

*Friday, June* 28, 1867.

A committee is in session to enquire into the ordnance transactions of the War and Navy Department, composed of as unprincipled a set of scoundrels, with scarcely an exception, as is in Congress. I have told Wise, Chief of Ordnance in Naval Bureau, to give them every facility for enquiry; if he, or any one, had done wrong I desired it should be exposed.

*Saturday, June* 29, 1867.

The President and party are expected home to-day. They have had, apparently, a pleasant tour. Too much speaking, but less than in the Chicago jaunt last year.

*Sunday, June* 30, 1867.

Called this morning on the President and congratulated him on his safe return, in apparently improved health. He was very cordial, disposed to talk. Was not fully posted on occurrences and events of the last ten days. Talked of Sheridan, of Congress, of Stanbery's opinions, etc. In regard to Stanton, he expressed himself convinced that he had played a part for himself, had an understanding with the violent radicals, had embarrassed the administration and thwarted its policy — and he was surprised that Stanton should persist in holding on to his place, and mixing with us. I remarked it was now of little consequence. He had so managed with the radicals as to cripple the administration until it was powerless, and he might remain on to the close, or he might leave soon. The President assented, presumed Stanton intended to be a candidate.

*Wednesday, July* 10, 1867.

The loose, reckless violence, and inconsiderate action of Congress, make it irksome and painful for me to read their proceedings. How little regard have the members for their oaths and their country's welfare! The worst principles of tyranny and outrage, they avow and encourage. The President is coarsely, falsely and vindictively assailed by leaders as well as by followers, who are secretly prompted. The Constitution and its limitations are ridiculed and contemned.

Senator Wade equivocates and backs down from his recent aggressive speech. Instead of a step in advance as he boasted, he takes a step to the rear.

A curious letter in the New York *Herald*, reciting a conversation and certain avowals of Thad Stevens, is attracting attention, and he, to-day, on the floor of the House, made remarks on the letter. Almost all which this vicious old man does is premeditated, dramatic, and for effect. The letter was, evidently, carefully prepared by himself. Not that he wrote it, but the correspondent had the catechism and answers furnished him. Stevens is perhaps a worthy leader for such a party — the 'Great Commoner.'

*(To be continued.)*

# A LETTER TO MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN

BY CHARLOTTE PRENTISS HARDIN

If it is true that no lady in Society would ever speak of her daughter as Miss Peggy, and if a previous knowledge of that fact entitles one to a position in the above-mentioned Body, I feel that at this moment I should be covered with confusion upon finding myself addressing in person a gentleman who has never been presented to me, and of whom I know nothing except his name and the fact, gleaned from an examination of covers, that he is classed in the Public Library as 823D, according to a system which I have been assured is simple, but which I have never been able to fathom. It is true that, in order to do so, I should be obliged to ask somebody about it, or even read a book about it. I prefer, however, to leave the subject wrapped in mystery, together with so many others connected with the great Public Library; as for instance, why they always say, 'Please leave your umbrella to be checked,' and you say, 'I am only going in the shelves a moment,' and they take the umbrella from you and say, 'No matter, it must be checked'; and when you come for it in, say, three minutes, just to show that you meant what you said, it is impossible to get the knot untied and the check must not be torn; or else you lose the check and have to send for the Librarian whose Aunt lives in the next street but one from you, and who would naturally be able to vouch for you.

But this has nothing to do with what I wanted to tell you, which is, that you have made me wish that I could offer a belated apology to a story that I read a long time ago. I remember writing one of my first College Essays on this book, and denouncing it because the Author would not remain in the background, but persisted in saying what he thought about this and that. A newly acquired thirst for UNITY (vide Thompson's *Aids to Literary Criticism*) drove the members of the class to a most insulting attack on the book. This, it seemed, was filled with the Author's Personality; and we were assured by Thompson that such Personalities were not desirable, as interfering with the Progress of the Plot. Upon looking back I can see that it was the fault of the Author's Personality, or possibly my fault. Certainly not that of the book. If the Personality had been of the proper strain, all would have been well, in spite of Thompson.

What for instance should we do without your Personality? Not to say that your plots and characters are entirely unsatisfactory; but we like to hear what you have to say; we do not skip you. Which is the highest form of compliment. The most we say is that you are unconventional; but after reading some of the late works of Mr. Chesterton, we are rather in doubt as to whether or not you are not really conventional. For Mr. Chesterton, who is himself a most conventional person, tells us that Conventions are not the dead stiff things we used to think them. Not at all: they are alive and bristling, full of good red blood and ready to shed it all upon attack, at the same time

retaining all of their good red blood in order to enable them to continue being re-blooded. This seems — But you will understand; it is really quite simple, and we have only to go on saying so very fast, and other things also, so as not to stop: such as, that Shaw is absurdly transparent; and that children should not be scorched to make them dread the fire, for fear that later on some injudicious parent may strangle its offspring in order to make it careful to avoid running risks which might terminate in fatal accidents.

You are not to think that I am running down Mr. Chesterton; I have a great admiration for him in his balanced moments, which are many, and more beautifully balanced than those of almost any other contemporary writer; so that, besides the inner meaning, we get the pleasure of that even sensation produced by seeing an Acrobat on a tight-rope; and when he (Mr. C.) does tip over the balance, he is usually brilliantly incomprehensible, and so it is all right and as it should be. And so let me get on to something else, which is some more about Public Libraries.

Of course, you know that they buy You and paste a strip of paper across the front cover saying 'Seven-Day Book,' and charge two cents a day overdues and no reduction made on account of Holidays as you should have allowed for that; and under no circumstances can it be renewed even on another ticket. This *is* sometimes a disadvantage, as you must know, dear Mr. De Morgan, that your books are occasionally long; in fact, I found written at the end of one of them in a flowing hand, 'A sweet story, a little long.'

These notes, by the way, are very interesting to one who has frequented the P. L. for years. One gets so that one can tell from the passages marked what kind of party the reader has been. Impassioned passages (not to be found in your works), such as, 'Ethel, I adore the ground your tiny feet have trod,' — this marked once with a pencil, lightly, indicates a spinster and some old sweet love-affair. Two heavy pencil-marks give away the secret of some lovesick Miss; while the gentleman so entangled never uses a pencil, but scores heavily with his thumb-nail, leaving marks all through the following thirty pages, to the bewilderment of the next reader. This thumb-nail method, by the way, is used by the best people, but never on Seven-Day Books: one finds their approval streaked along passages of Maeterlinck, — preferably passages containing an Uplift. Those of this class who use a pencil have something to say, often a clever comment; one hopes the Librarian will not find it. But for such illuminating comments as 'Sweet,' 'Just like R. H.,' 'How True,' etc. — one must turn to the Seven-Day Books.

I have often thought that it is unfair to such a writer as the author of the *Yellow Car* or the *Brass Bag* to be placed upon the same shelf with You (the Capital letter not conveying a misleading sense of your importance, but seeming a respectful mode of address). Think of the down-lift (if up, why not down?) of Miss Gladys Mae Harrison, when she opens your book and reads about Pope and Chappell and the Appropriateness of — was it Jonah? (I have returned the book.) Not even the hint of a ghost-story will lure her a line further; naturally she bangs the book to, and shoves it back on the shelf between *Pam Decides* and *The Secret Agent*, and goes off for one of the good old regulars, old numbers of favorite authors that can be kept two weeks and renewed for Hilda to read. For all Seven-Day Books are not golden: and there is so much of Gladys Mae!

However, I must tell you that your books are very well thumbed, covers

loose, and so on, which is very comfortable and gratifying. I fancy the fact that they are not marked is due to your genial method of diffusing your Humor in even quantities throughout your books; so that one huge nail-mark would be needed. Or it may be that we (Society and the Lower Classes alike) are most inclined to mark passages that appeal to our sentiment. We read aloud the funny ones, but put a little mark by the others. Do you remember what Sudermann's Princess says of her ideal woman? — 'A quiet, peaceful woman who would treasure a secret little joy like the apple of her eye, who would know nothing of the world except what she wanted to know, and who would have the strength to make her own choice when it pleased her.' I have marked that; and I have n't marked any of your books. But it is a case of not Cæsar more, nor Rome more. As I said, you are all spread out, like Honey over a generous slice of bread, for fear that some one might get an unsweetened bite. And sometimes your ether is so fine an essence that all who read may not breathe. I am quite sure that there are some passages that my Cousin Sarah, who dotes upon your works, has n't fathomed at all, — just skipped. It all depends upon one's sense of the Inappropriate — the delicately Inappropriate. Not Malapropisms: something far more delicate than that. And your funny things never snigger at themselves; which some very funny things of other Authors are unable to resist doing.

We like you very much, Mr. De Morgan; and we hope that you will not stop. We like your beery parties too; there are not many of them, by the way, that are not 'Somehow Good.' When people are so bad as to be horrid, you refuse to be intimate with them. Take Lavinia Straker, for example. We are terribly afraid that she is Nohow Good; and *you* were afraid about her too. We could n't get you to take us upstairs in her house; the farthest we could get was her drawing-room, and we felt that even that was musty. You as good as said that you did n't care to investigate; the fine profile was enough; and, like Hans Andersen's Elfin Maiden, poor Lavinia could n't turn around, because she was hollow behind.

Somebody has told me that you lack form, meaning (upon pressure) a certain kind of hanging togetherness that we inherit from the Works of the Ancients, who wrote no novels. (This again seems — But no matter.) It is true that you often work havoc with Time, and skip us over relentlessly from one period of the Plot to another and then back, like little girls (boys can't do it) who jump the rope and cry 'Faster,' and call for Pepper, Salt, and Vinegar. Intervals of weeks are nothing to you, and we hate to think of the well-meaning, conscientious persons whom you have mixed up: one saying, 'Was this before his father died?' and the other saying 'No, after,' and both having to get out the book and look it up, and neither being satisfied that the other was right after all. But these readers are of the kind to be late for breakfast and say it was the fault of the clock, when they had never wound it at all and knew perfectly well that they had n't; and you know that they never do hear the alarm anyway: in other words, incompetent and unreliable witnesses, and therefore subject to dismissal at pleasure.

But to continue: it was Unity of Form, I believe, that I was told you were lacking in. For the purposes of argument, we are willing to admit the skin of the offense; but a deeper consideration will discover nothing wrong. You have, it seems, scorned to be palpably consecutive; and in this we discern conformity with a higher ideal of

Unity. Discarding curls, patches, high heels, and gewgaws in general, — discarding even a limb or so and no end of fingers and toes if necessary, — you infuse us at once into the circulation of the Corpus Humanum, so that we may pass through the Heart, and feel how healthily it throbs, and testify to the fact that the Liver is living too high and the Lights are dull. For the Corpus Humanum is not in good working condition; oh dear, no! But the Heart is there, and things will probably mend, and at any rate we are right there and can see for ourselves. This stripping process resolves itself into a sort of innocent nudity suggestive of Ancient Art (I am glad that we managed to reach back to the Ancients somehow; they do lend respectability) and makes for a Unity of its own. *Simplici myrto nihil allabores;* throw away the rose-crowns and let us look at these things quietly and sanely. And sedulous you are, too, in your own way and with your own materials; even if seeming to flout Old Father Time and a few other indispensable things, none of which matter in the least.

A Letter to a Dead Author is considered no offense (I add wisely, in intention; we all admire Cæsar and he is none the worse), and the pardon of a Living Author should be freely granted to one who tries to approach him on his own ground: keeping by necessity strictly to the edges, and approaching only in so far as may be done by substituting periods where semi-colons are looked for, and semi-colons for periods; by avoiding any too precise balance of phrase or too pedantic cast of thought; and by not trying to frighten away average readers. It is not out of place to put it to you frankly: would you rather be written to and told that you had a high ethical sense of the underlying good in humanity; or would you not? And do you think that the Editor would favor such a treatment? (This is an important question.) It seems so much more natural to speak to you in terms of yourself.

Pardon being granted, I conclude without more ado that I may be so personal as to tell you that your books are a strong justification of fiction. For unless one is a Great Mathematical Genius, or a Student of Old French, or a Biblical Critic, or something else extremely wonderful in some particular Line that wipes out all others (a Line being granted for this special case the unusual property of wiping out) — unless one is something unspeakably Superior, one ought not to do without fiction. I have seen people of more than average culture who went in for serious reading, — as if anything could be more serious than a Problem Novel! — and who ended by drying up. Perhaps they would have dried up at any rate; but I am convinced that a little well-chosen fiction would have renewed their sap and made them Human — which is something we are all supposed to be, but are not. I will go further than saying that your books are full of wisdom, and say (may I drop the trick, being in earnest?) that you yourself must be very wise. You have fared through the first stage of existence, which refuses to be crushed by the knowledge of Death; and are bravely on in the last, which will not be overpowered by the knowledge of Life. You have looked for honey, and have found it in the carcass of the lion: and after long gazing upon Death, the rose has seemed of a more tender pink.

All of this I infer in you: and you have put it into Fiction and made it a part of History. For Fiction is indeed History, not of fact, but of the imagination. It relates and shows not only what has happened, but what may at any time happen; and is the mirror wherein each man may see reflected

his countenance, his manners, and often his moral life. Fortunate is the nation that possesses a fiction in which this last is portrayed. Civilization beholds itself at arm's length, and may judge of the justice and the wretchedness of its virtues. Here may our vices wear other men's garments, and preach to us in the inner region where we secretly admit them after having indignantly denied them in public. In this private council alone are we willing to be censured for past errors, and to pledge our manhood to renewed efforts. Such is the power of the literature of the imagination. The dilettante may forever smear his canvas with leering rakes and smirking virgins: one figure lovingly outlined by the master's hand speaks eternally to the world.

# THE QUARTER

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

My windows command the Quarter, and what they do not overlook, Augustine does.

Some people might think there could not be much to overlook, for the Quarter is as quiet and secluded as the old Inns of Court. J. likes to boast that if he is in London he is not of it, and that he lives the simple life with Charing Cross just round the corner.

The 'full tide of existence' sweeps by, seldom overflowing into the Quarter, which is one of the most difficult places in all the town to find, for those who do not know the way. Only two streets lead directly into it from anywhere, and they lead directly nowhere out of it again; nor do the thousands who pass in the near Strand as much as see the dirty courts and dark alleys which are my short cuts, much less the underground passages which serve the same purpose — the mysterious labyrinth of carpenters' shops and warehouses and vast wine-cellars, grim and fantastic and unbelievable as Ali Baba and the whole Arabian Nights, burrowed under the Quarter, and approached by tunnels so picturesque that Géricault made a lithograph of one when he was in London, so murderous that to this day they are infested with police who greet you with a flashing bull's-eye. Altogether, the Quarter is a 'shy place,' full of traps for the unwary. I have had friends, coming to see me for the first time, lose themselves in our underground maze; I have known the crowd, pouring from the Strand on Lord Mayor's Day, to get hopelessly entangled in our network; but, as a rule, nobody penetrates into it except on business or by chance.

For all that, there is a good deal to see in the Quarter. It is never dull, as I watch it from my high windows. To the front I look out on the Thames: down to St. Paul's, up to Westminster, opposite to Surrey, and, on a clear day, as far as the hills. Trains rumble across the bridges, trams screech and clang along the Embankment, tugs, pulling their line of black barges, whistle and snort on the river. The tide brings with it the smell of the sea and, in winter, the great white flight of

gulls. At night, myriads of lights come out; and always, at all hours and seasons, there is a sense of movement and of life: always I seem to feel the pulse of London, even as I have its roar in my ears.

To the east I look down to streets of houses black with London grime, still stately in their old-fashioned shabbiness, as old as the eighteenth century, which I have read somewhere means the beginning of the world for an American like myself.

To the west, I tower over a wilderness of chimney-pots, for our house is built on the edge of a hill, not very high, though the London horse mistakes it for an Alpine pass, but high enough to lift our walls on this side, sheer and cliff-like, above an amazing collection of tumbled, weather-worn, red-tiled roofs and crooked gables sticking out at unexpected angles, that date back I am not to be bullied by facts into saying how far, and that stretch away, range upon range, to loftier houses beyond; they, in their turn, overshadowed by the hotels and clubs on the horizon, and, in among them, an open space with the spire of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields springing up out of it, white and beautiful by day, a pale shadow by night — our ghost, we call it.

And most wonderful of all is the expanse of sky above and around us, instead of the tiny strip framed in by the narrow street, which is the usual share of the Londoner. We could see the sun rise every morning behind St. Paul's, if we were up in time, and of course if there were a sun every morning in London to rise. Over the river, when fog and mist do not envelop it as in a shroud, the clouds, the big, low, heavy English clouds, float and drift and scurry and whirl and pile themselves into mountains with a splendor that might have inspired Ruskin to I do not know how many more chapters in *Modern Painters* had he lived in the Quarter.

Behind our collection of tumbled roofs and gables awry, the sun — always provided there is a sun — sets with a dramatic gorgeousness that, if it were only in any remote part of the world, the Londoner would spare himself no time nor trouble to see; but because it is in London it remains a spectacle for us to enjoy by ourselves.

And the wonder grows with the night; the river, with its vague distances and romantic glooms and starlike lights, losing itself in mystery, and mystery lurking in the little old streets with their dark spectral mass of houses, broken by one or two spaces of flat white wall, and always in the distance the clubs and hotels, now castles and cathedrals, and the white tapering ghost pointing heavenward. With so stupendous a spectacle arranged for my benefit, is it any marvel that much of my time is spent at my window? And how can I help it if, when I am there, I see many things besides the beauty that lured us to the Quarter and keeps us in it?

Hundreds of windows look over into mine; some so far off that they are mere glittering spots on a rampart of high walls in the daylight, mere dots or points of light after dusk; some always as carefully curtained as if the 'Drawn Blinds' or 'Green Shutters' of romance had not stranger things to hide from the curious. But others are too near and too unveiled for what goes on behind them to escape the most discreet. In what does go on there is infinite variety, for the Quarter, like the Inns of Court, is let out in offices and chambers and flats, and the house that shelters but one tenant is the exception, if indeed it exists. All these windows, and the people I see through them, have become as much a part of

my view as the trains and the trams, the taxis and the tugs.

I should think the last days of the Quarter were at hand if, the first thing in the morning, I did not find the printer hard at work at his window under one of the little gables below; or if, the last thing at night, I missed from the attic next door to him, the lamp of the artist, who never gets up until everybody else is going to bed; or if, at any hour I looked over, people were not playing cards in the first-floor windows of the house painted white, or frowsy women were not leaning out of the little garret windows above, or the typewriter were not clicking hard in the window with the white muslin curtains and the pot of flowers, or the manicurist not receiving her clients behind the window with the disreputable yellow blinds. I should regret even the fiery, hot-tempered little woman who jumps out of the roof window immediately below us, like a jack-in-the-box, and shakes her fist at us every time Augustine shakes those unfortunate rugs which are perpetually getting us into trouble with our neighbors. I should think the picture incomplete if, of an evening, the 'diners-out' were to disappear from behind the windows of the big hotel, though nothing makes me more uncomfortably conscious of the 'strangely mingled monster' that London is, than the contrast between them lingering over the day's fourth banquet, and the long black 'hunger line' forming of a winter morning just beside Cleopatra's Needle and waiting in dreary patience for the daily dole of bread and soup.

I cannot imagine the Quarter without actors and actresses in possession of dozens of its windows, the attraction to them less its associations with Garrick than its convenient proximity to the principal theatres; or without the Societies, Institutes, Leagues, Bureaus, Companies, Associations, and I know not what, that undertake the charge of everything under the sun, from Ancient Buildings to Women's Freedom; or without the clubs, where long-haired men and Liberty-gowned women meet to drink tea and dabble in anarchy, where more responsible citizens propose to re-fashion the world and mankind, and, incidentally, British politics; where, in a word, philanthropists of every pattern fill the very air of the Quarter with reform, until my escape from degenerating into a reformer despite myself seems a daily miracle, and the sham Bohemianism of the one Club willing to let the rest of the world take care of itself becomes almost a virtue.

It is probably the seclusion, the cloistral repose, of the Quarter that attracts the student and the scholar. Up at my windows, the busy bee would be given points in the art of improving each shining hour. In every direction I turn I am so edified by the example of hard work that I long for the luxury of being shocked by idleness. Behind the window I look down into, at right angles from the studio, the Scientist in white apron, superintending a litter of bottles and retorts and microscopes, is always industriously examining germs, oblivious to everything outside — which for too long meant, among other things, the shower of soft white ashes and the evil greasy smoke and the noxious odors sent up by the germs through his chimneys into our studio; nor could the polite representations of our agent that he was a public nuisance rouse him from his indifference. It was only when J. protested, with an American energy effective in England, that the germs ceased to trouble us and I could bear unmoved the sight of the white-aproned Scientist at his window.

In the new house with the flat roof the Inventor has his office, and I am

sure it is the great man himself I so often see walking gravely up and down among the chimney-pots, evolving and planning new wireless wonders, and I am as sure that the solemn St. Bernard who walks there too is his, and, in some way it is not for me to explain, part of the mysterious machinery connecting the Quarter with the rest of the world.

Plainly visible in more rooms than one, bending over high drawing-tables, not only through the day but on into the night, are many architects; for the Quarter has ever been in favor with them since the masters who designed it years ago made their headquarters in our street, until yesterday, when the young man who is building a town hall for the County Council moved into it; though, had the County Council had its way, there would be no Quarter now for an architect to have his office in. Architectural distinction, or picturesqueness, awakes in the London official such a desire to be rid of it that, but for the turning of the worm who pays the rates, our old streets and Adam houses would have been pulled down to make place for the brand-new municipal building which, as it is, has been banished out of harm's way to the other side of the river.

Busier still than the architects are the old men who live in the two ancient houses opposite mine, where the yellow brick just shows here and there through the centuries' coating of grime, and where windows as grimy — though a clause in the leases of the Quarter demands that windows should be washed at least once a month — open upon little ironwork balconies and are draped with draggled lace curtains, originally white, but now black. I have no idea who the old men are, or what is the task that absorbs them. They look as ancient as the house, and so alike that I could not believe there were three of them if, every time I go to my dining-room window, I did not see them all three in their chambers, two on the third floor, to the left and right of me, one on the floor below about halfway between, — making, J. says, an amusing Japanese pattern.

Each lives alone, each has a little table drawn up to his window, and there they sit all day long, one on an easy leather chair, one on a stiff cane-bottomed chair, one on a hard wooden stool — that is the only difference. There they are perpetually sorting and sifting papers from which nothing tears them away, there they have their midday chop and tankard of bitter served to them as they work, and there they snatch a few hasty minutes afterwards to read the day's news. They never go out unless it is furtively, after dark, and I have never failed to find them at their post, except occasionally on Sunday morning, when the chairs by the tables are filled by their clothes instead of themselves, because, I fancy, the London housekeeper, who leaves her bed reluctantly every day in the week, but who on that morning is not to be routed out of it at all, refuses to wake them or to bring them their breakfast. They may be solicitors, but I do not think so; they may be literary men, but I do not think that either; and, really, I should just as lief not be told who and what they are, so much more in keeping is mystery with the grimy old house where their old days are spent in endless toiling over an endless task.

If the three old men are not authors, plenty of my other neighbors are, as they should be out of compliment to Bacon and Pepys, to Garrick and Topham Beauclerk, to Doctor Johnson and Boswell, to Rousseau and David Copperfield, and to any number besides who, in their different days, belonged to or haunted the Quarter and made

it a world of memories for all who came after. I have authors on every side of me: not Chattertons undiscovered in their garrets, but celebrities wallowing in success who might be the better for neglect. Young enthusiasts come begging for the privilege of gazing from my windows into theirs. I have been assured that the walls of the Quarter will not hold the memorial tablets which we of the present generation are preparing for their decoration. The 'best sellers' are issued, and the Repertory Theatre nourished, from our midst.

The clean-shaven man of legal aspect, who arrives at his office over the way as regularly as the clock strikes ten, who leaves it as regularly at noon for his lunch, and as regularly in the late afternoon closes it for the day, is the Novelist whose novels are on every bookstall and whose greatness is measured by the thousands and hundreds of thousands into which they run. He does not do us the honor of living in the Quarter, but comes to it simply in office-hours and is as scrupulously punctual as if his business were with briefs rather than with dainty trifles lighter than the lightest froth. No clerk could be more exact in his habits. Anthony Trollope was not more methodical. This admirable precision might cost him the illusions of his admirers, but to me it is invaluable. For when the wind is in the wrong direction and I cannot hear Big Ben, or the fog falls and I cannot see St. Martin's spire, I have only to watch for him, to know the hour; and in a household where no two clocks or watches agree as to the time, the convenience of this is not to be exaggerated.

My neighbor from the house on the river front, next to Peter the Great's, who often drops in for a talk and whom Augustine announces as *le Monsieur du Quartier*, is the American Dramatist, author of the play that was the most popular of the season last year in New York. I should explain perhaps that Augustine has her own names for my friends, and that usually her announcements require interpretation. For instance, few people would recognize my distinguished countryman, the Painter, in *le Monsieur de la Dame qui ne monte jamais les escaliers;* or the delightful Lady Novelist, in *La Demoiselle aux chats;* or it is wiser not to say whom, in *le Monsieur qui se gobe*. But I have come to understand even her "fine shades," and when she announces *les Gens du Quartier*, then I know it is not the American Dramatist, but the British Publicist and his wife who live in Garrick's house, and who add to their distinction by dining in the room where Garrick died.

The red curtains a little farther down the street belong to the enterprising Dane, who, from his chambers in the Quarter, edits the Danish *Punch*, — a feat which, I cannot help thinking, though I have never seen the paper, must be the most comic thing about it. In the house on one side, the Author who is England's most distinguished man of letters to-day and who has become great as a novelist, began life as an architect. From the house on the other side, the Poet-Patriot-Novelist of the Empire fired or tried to fire, the little Englanders with his own blustering, knock-you-down Imperialism, and bullied and flattered them, amused and abused them, called them names they would not have forgiven from any other man living, and could not easily swallow from him, and was all the while himself so simple and unassuming that next to nobody knew he was in the Quarter until he left it.

The British Dramatist close by, who conquers the heart of the sentimental British public by sentiment, is just as unassuming. He is rarely without a

play on the London stage, rarely without several on tour. He could probably buy out everybody in the Quarter, except perhaps the Socialist, and he can lose a little matter of sixteen thousand pounds or so and never miss it. But so seldom is he seen that you might think he was afraid to show himself.

'You'd never know 'e was in the 'ouse, 'e's that quiet like. Why, 'e never gives no trouble to nobody,' his housekeeper has confided to me.

He shrinks from putting his name on his front door, though, by this time, he must be used to it staring at him in huge letters from posters and playbills all over the world. Perhaps it is to give himself courage that he keeps a dog, who is as forward as his master is retiring, and who is my terror. I am on speaking terms with most of the dogs of the Quarter, but with the Dramatist's I have never ventured to exchange a greeting. I happened to mention my instinctive distrust, one day, to a friend who has made the dog's personal acquaintance.

'He eats kids!' was my friend's comment. Then he added, 'You have seen dozens of children go up to the Dramatist's room, have n't you?'

'Yes,' I answered, for it was a fact.

'Well, and have you ever seen one come down again?'

And if you will believe it, I never have.

A door or so from the Dramatist, but on the opposite side of the street, the Socialist's windows face mine. I cannot, with any respect for truth, call him unassuming; modesty is not his vice. It is not his ambition to hide his light under a bushel, — or rather a hogshead; on the contrary, as he would be the first to admit, it could not flare on too many housetops to please him. When I first met him, years before we again met in the Quarter, the world had not heard of him, but he was quite frank in his determination that it should; though to make it hear, he would have to play a continuous solo on his own 'cornet' until he impressed somebody else with the necessity of playing it for him. Besides, he has probably never found other people as entertaining as himself, which is an excellent reason why he should not keep himself out of his talk and his writing — and he is talking and writing all the time. His is a familiar voice among the Fabians, on public platforms, and at private meetings, and for a very little while it was listened to by bewildered Borough Councilors. He has as many plays to his credit as the British Dramatist, as many books as the Novelist, and I recall no other writer who can equal him in the number and length of his letters to the press. As he courts, rather than evades, notice, I doubt if he would be embarrassed to learn how repeatedly I see him doing his hair and beard in the morning and putting out his lights at night, or how entirely I am in his confidence as to the frequency of his luncheon-parties and the number of his guests. Were I not the soul of discretion, I could publish his daily *menu* to the world, for his kitchen opens itself so aggressively to my view that I see into it as often as into my own.

For that matter, I have under my inspection half the kitchens in the Quarter, and the things I witness in them might surprise or horrify more than one woman who imagines herself mistress in her own house. I have assisted at the reception of guests she never invited; I understand, if she does not, why her gas and electric-light bills reach fabulous figures; I could tell her what happens when her motor-car disappears round the corner — for, seedy and down-at-heels as the Quarter may appear, the private motor is

by no means the exception among the natives. Only the other day, when the literary family, who are as unsuspicious as they are fond of speed, started in their motor for the week-end, they could have got no farther than the suburbs before the cloth was laid in their dining-room, their best china, silver, and glass brought out, flowers, bottles and syphons in place, and their cook at the head of their table 'entertaining her friends to luncheon.' The party were lingering over the fruit when suddenly a motor-horn was heard in the street. There was a look of horror on all their faces, — it really was Augustine who first saw it, — a wild leap from the table, and, in a flash, flowers, bottles and syphons, china, glass, and silver were spirited away, the cloth whisked off, chairs set against the wall. As the dining-room door closed on the flying skirt of the last guest, the cook looked out of the window, the horn sounded again, and the motor was round the corner in the next street, for it was somebody's else, and the literary family did not return until the appointed hour.

The Socialist, who deals in paradox and the inconsequent, also has his own car. Now that Socialism is knocking at our doors, the car tooting at his, come to fetch him from his town house to his country house or off to the uttermost ends of the earth, toots reassurance into our hearts. Under such conditions we should not mind being Socialists ourselves. However, he does make one protest against individualism in which I should not care to join him, for he goes shares in his personality and has perpetrated a Double in the Quarter, a long lean man, with grizzled red hair and beard, who is clothed in brown Jaegers, whose face has the pallor of the vegetarian, and who warns us of the manner of equality we may expect under the Socialist's *régime*. I dread to think of the complications there might be, were the Double not so considerate as to carry a black bag and wear knee-breeches. A glance at hands and legs enables us to distinguish one from the other, and to spare both the inconvenience of a mistaken identity.

The Double, like the old men opposite, remains one of the mysteries of the Quarter. Nobody can explain his presence in our midst, nobody has ever spoken to him, nobody can say where he comes from with his black bag in the morning, where he goes with it in the evening, or even where he stops in the Quarter. I doubt if the Socialist has yet, like the lovers in Rossetti's picture, met himself, for surely no amount of Socialism could bear the shock of the revelation that must come with the meeting.

If many books are written in the Quarter, more are published from it, and the number increases at a rate that is fast turning it into a new Paternoster Row. I am surrounded by publishers: publishers who are unknown outside our precincts, and publishers who are unknown in them save for the names on their signs; publishers who issue limited editions for the few, and publishers who apparently publish for nobody but themselves; and, just where I can keep an eye on his front door, *the* Publisher, my friend, who makes the Quarter a centre of travel and a household word wherever books are read, and who uses his house as a training-school for young genius. More than one lion now roaring in London served an apprenticeship there; even Mr. Chesterton passed through it, and I am always encountering minor poets or budding philosophers going in or coming out, ostensibly on the Publisher's affairs, but really busy carrying on the Quarter's traditions and preparing more memorial tablets

for its overladen walls. The Publisher and his wife live a few doors away, where they are generously accumulating fresh associations and memories for our descendants in the Quarter. To keep open house for the literary men and women of the time is a fashion among publishers that did not go out with the Dillys and the Johnsons, and an occasional Boswell would find a note-book handy behind the windows that open upon the river from the Publisher's chambers.

Associations are being accumulated also by the New York Publisher, who, accompanied by his son, the Young Publisher, and by his birds, arrives every year with the first breath of spring. It is chiefly to artists that his house is open, though he gives the literary hallmark to the legacy of memories he will leave to the Quarter. I cannot understand why the artist, to whom our streets and our houses make a more eloquent appeal than to the author, has seldom been attracted to them since the days when Barry designed his decorations in the 'grand manner' for our oldest society's lecture-hall, and Angelica Kauffmann painted the ceiling in Peter the Great's house, or since the days later on when Etty and Stanfield lived in our house. Now and then I come across somebody sketching our old Watergate or our shabby little shops and corners, but only the youth in the attic below has followed J.'s example, and our studio continues the exception in the Quarter; the show place it ought to be for the beauty of river and sky framed in by the windows.

But to make up for this neglect, as long a succession of artists as used to climb to Etty's chambers visits the New York Publisher in the quiet rooms with the prints on the walls and the windows that, for greater quiet, look away from our quiet streets and out upon our quieter backs and gables. Much good talk is heard there, and many good stories, and by no means the least good from the New York Publisher himself. It is strange that, loving quiet as he does, he should, after the British Dramatist, have contributed more to my disquiet than anybody in the Quarter: a confession for which I know he will think I merit his scorn. But the birds it is his fancy to travel with are monsters, compared to the sparrows and pigeons who build their nests in the peaceful trees of the Quarter, and I am never at ease in their company.

I still tremble when I recall the cold, critical eye and threatening beak of his favorite magpie; nor can I think calmly of his raven whom — in an access of mistaken hospitality — I once invited to call with him upon William Penn. William had never seen a live bird so near in his all too short life, and what with his surprise and curiosity, his terror and sporting instincts, he was so wrought up and his nerves were in such a state that, although the raven was shut up safe in a cage, I was half afraid he would not survive the visit. I have heard the New York Publisher say of William, in his less nervous and more normal moments, that he was not a cat, but a demon; the raven, in my opinion, was not exactly an angel. But thanks to the quality of our friendship, it also survived the visit and, in spite of monstrous birds, strengthens with the years.

It is not solely from my windows that I have got to know the Quarter. Into my Camelot I can not only look, but come down without webs flying out and mirrors cracking; and better still, I might never stir beyond its limits, and my daily life and domestic arrangements would suffer no inconvenience. The Quarter is as 'self-contained' as the flats advertised by

the real-estate agent. Every necessity, and many luxuries into the bargain, are to be had within its boundaries. It may resemble the Inns of Court in other ways, but it does not, as they do, encourage snobbishness by placing a taboo upon the tradesman. We have our own dairy, our own green-grocer, our own butcher, though out of sympathy with Augustine I do my marketing in Soho. At one corner our tobacconist keeps his shop, at another our tailor. If my drains go wrong, I call in the local plumber; when I want a shelf put up or something mended, I send for the local carpenter; I could summon the local builder were I inclined to make a present of alterations or additions to the local landlord. I but step across the street if I am in need of a commissioner of oaths; I go no farther to get my typewriting done. Were my daily paper to fail me, the local gossip of the Quarter would allow me no excuse to complain of dearth of news; the benevolent would exult in the opportunity provided for benevolence by our slums where the flower-girls live; the energetic could walk off their energy in our garden, where the County Council band plays on summer evenings. There is a 'public' for our loungers, and for our friends a hotel — the house below the hill, with the dingy yellow walls that are so shiny white as I see them by night, kept from time immemorial by Miss Brown, where the lodger still lights himself to bed by a candle and still eats his meals in a coffee-room, and where Labor Members of Parliament, and South Kensington officials, and people never to be suspected of having discovered the Quarter, are the most frequent guests.

More than this, the Quarter has its own population, so distinct from other Londoners that I am struck by the difference no farther away than the other side of the Strand. Our housekeepers are a species apart, so are our milkmen behind their little carts. Our types are a local growth. Nowhere else in London could I meet anybody in the slightest like the pink-eyed, white-haired, dried up little old man, with a jug in his hand, whom I see daily on his way to or from our public-house; or like the middle-aged dandy who stares me out of countenance as he saunters homeward in the afternoon, a lily or a chrysanthemum, according to the season, in one hand and a brown-paper bag of buns in the other; or like the splendid old man of military bearing, with well-waxed moustache and well-pointed beard, whose Panama hat in summer and fur-lined cloak in winter have become as much fixtures in the Quarter as our Adam houses or our view of the river, and who spends his days patrolling the terrace in front of our frivolous club or going into it with members he happens to overtake at the front door; where his nights are spent, no native of the Quarter can say.

Nor is any other crowd like our crowd that collects every Sunday evening as St. Martin's bells begin to ring for evening service, that grows larger and larger until streets usually empty are packed solid, and that melts away again before ten. It is made up mostly of youths to whom the cap is as indispensable a symbol of class as the silk hat farther west, and young girls who run to elaborate hair and feathers. They have their conventions which are strictly observed. One is to walk with arms linked; a second, to fill the roadway as well as the pavement, to the despair of taxicabs and cycles endeavoring to toot and ring a passage through; a third, to follow the streets that bound the Quarter on its four sides and never to trespass into others. How the custom originated, I leave it to the historian to decide. It may

go back to the Britons who painted themselves blue, it may be no older than the Romans. All I know with certainty is that the Sunday evening walk is a ceremony of no less obligation for the Quarter than the Sunday morning parade in the Row is for Mayfair.

We are of accord in the Quarter on the subject of its charm, and the advantage of preserving it, — though on all other subjects we absolutely disagree and continually fight. I have heard even our postman brag of the beauty of our Terrace and the fame of the architects who built it more than a century and a half ago, though I do not believe that as a rule London postmen could say who built the houses where they deliver their letters, or that it would occur to them to pose as judges of architecture. Because we love the Quarter we watch over it with unceasing vigilance. We are always on the look-out for nuisances, and alert to suppress them. In fact, if not in name, we constitute a sort of League for the Prevention of Dirt and Disorder in the Quarter.

There is a distinct understanding that, in an emergency, we may rely upon each other for mutual support, which is the easier as we all have the same Landlord and can make the same Agent's life a martyrdom until the evil is remedied. The one thing we guard most zealously is the quiet, the calm, conducive to work. We wage war to the death against street noises of every kind. No 'German Band' would be allowed to invade our silent precincts. The hurdy-gurdy is anathema; I have always thought the Suffragettes' attempt to play it through our streets their bravest deed. If we endure the bell of the muffin-man on Sunday and the song of the man who wants us to buy his sweet lavender, it is because both have the sanction of age.

We make no other concession, and our severity extends to the native no less than to the alien. When, in the strip of green and gravel below my windows, the members of our frivolous club took to shooting themselves with blank cartridges in the intervals of fencing, though the noise was on the same miniature scale as their rifles, we overwhelmed the unfortunate Agent with letters until a stop was put to it. When our Territorials, in their first ardor, chose our catacombs for their evening bugle-practice, we rose as one against them. Beggars, unless they ring boldly at our front doors and pretend to be something else, must give up hope when they enter the Quarter. For if the philosopher thinks angels and men are in no danger from charity, we do not, — least of all the lady opposite, to whom almsgiving in our street is as intolerable as donkeys on the green were to Betsy Trotwood. One of my friends has never dared to come to see me, except by stealth, since the day she pounced upon him to ask what he meant by such an exhibition of immorality when all he had done was to drop a few pennies into the hand of a small boy at his cab-door, and all he had meant was a kindly fellow feeling, having once been a small boy himself.

We defend the beauty of the Quarter with equal zeal. We do what we can to preserve the superannuated look which to us is a large part of its charm, and we cry out against every new house that threatens discord in our ancient harmony. Excitement never raged so high among us as when the opposite river banks were desecrated by the advertiser, and from shores hitherto but a dark shadow in the shadowy night, there flamed forth a horrid tout for Tea. We had endured much from a sign of Whiskey farther down the river, — Whiskey and Tea are Great Brit-

ain's bulwarks, — but this was worse, for it flared and glared right into our faces, and the vile letters, which were red and green one second and yellow the next, ran in a long line from top to bottom of the high shot-tower. In this crude light, our breweries ceased to be palaces in the night, our *campanili* again became chimneys. Gone was our 'Fairyland,' gone our 'River of Dreams.' The falling of twilight gave a hideous jog to our memory, and would not let us forget that we lived in a nation of shopkeepers. The Socialist, part of whose stock-in-trade is perversity, liked it, or said he did; but the other tenants were outraged, and an indignation meeting was called. Four attended, together with the Solicitor and the Surveyor of the estate, and the Publisher, who took the chair. It was of no use. We learned that our nerves might be shattered and our eyes offended, that our joy in the miracle of night might be destroyed forever, but if we could prove no physical harm, legal redress would be denied to us, and our defiance of the Vandal must be in vain. And so there the disgraceful advertisement remains, flaring and glaring defiance at us from across the river, the one serpent in our paradise.

## WHISTLER

(*At the Metropolitan Museum*)

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

So sharp the sword, so airy the defense!
As 't were a play, or delicate pretense;
So fine and strange — so subtly-poisèd, too —
The egoist that looks forever through!

That wingèd spirit — air and grace and fire —
A-flutter at the frame, is your desire;
Nay, it is you — who never knew the net,
Exquisite, vain — whom we shall not forget!

# A SEA CHANGE

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

PECKHAM, with his wife and Miss Mellish, was walking along the shore, calling Miss Mellish's attention to the rock-structure of the coast, watching with his restless eye for marine specimens at the margin of the water.

Mrs. Peckham could not feel any great enthusiasm for kelp or sea-lettuce, hermit-crabs, or limpets; but Miss Mellish, in her room at the hotel, had a comprehensive collection of stones and shells which Peckham had gathered for her, and which she intended to utilize in an illustrated lecture to her pupils in Troy after her return in the autumn.

The brisk breeze, as Peckham had been at pains to ascertain, was blowing straight from Brazil; the white sails of catboats dotted the water, which shimmered, the tenderest of blues; farther out to sea, a string of black coal-barges moved slowly to the westward.

'Ah!' Peckham exclaimed suddenly, his eye having caught sight of a bit of treasure. 'A finger-sponge!'

He sprang nimbly forward to get the treasure, and Miss Mellish in her eagerness half followed him.

'Look out!' he cried. 'You'll get wet!'

His agility saved him from the wave that rolled in larger than its fellows, and Miss Mellish also saved herself from the threatened catastrophe, lifting her skirt a trifle with a motion that was precipitate but maidenly.

Mrs. Peckham indulgently waited while this little comedy played itself out, and then walked on with her companions, who had become absorbed in the curious structure of the sponge.

Mrs. Peckham, in her dress, was pleasantly addicted to soft fabrics and cool colors. She had put on a little middle-aged plumpness; but, aside from that, the years had dealt lightly with her. There were but few threads of gray in the brown hair that curled above her forehead; her comfortable face had become fuller, her features less delicate with the passage of time. Miss Mellish's features, on the contrary, had become more delicate as the years passed. She retained the girlish air which maiden ladies often retain all their lives long. She carried herself very erect, looked whomever she talked with straight in the eye with her earnest gray eyes, and walked with a business-like briskness that contrasted strongly with Mrs. Peckham's indolent motions. Peckham, himself, was nothing but briskness from top to toe. There was not an ounce of superfluous flesh in his anatomy; his fifty years had not brought him a single gray hair. At the present moment, the youthfulness of his appearance was increased by his gray flannels and his outing shirt with a flowing tie; the sea-tan on his lean face heightened the blue of his eyes.

The three had been intimate friends in their early days in Troy, although they had not seen as much of each other afterwards as they always said they wanted to. In fact, away back in Troy, it had been a question with Peckham which one to ask to share his name. Possibly the election had fallen

to Clara because it was easy, somehow, to tell her that he loved her. Emma Mellish was the kind of girl it would be hard to tell a thing like that to. Evidently other men had experienced the same difficulty that Peckham had experienced.

Never having told his love, it had the charm of the unexpressed; the memory of his early attachment was sweetly sad, like a pale, pathetic ghost; but during the present sojourn, the ghost, to Peckham's vague disquiet, had assumed something of the hue of life. Emma's old attraction for him seemed to have come back; and although the relation was absolutely tacit, Miss Mellish was perfectly aware of it, and Mrs. Peckham felt it the most keenly of them all.

Toward many things Miss Mellish's attitude was tacit; she felt rather than thought that Clara Peckham, through her absorption in domestic duties, had missed the higher things of life, and had rendered herself incapable of meeting her husband on the intellectual plane where he was happiest and most at home; and Mrs. Peckham, on the other hand, pitied Emma for her state of single-blessedness and for the necessity that had driven her to teaching school, little dreaming that moulding immature minds was the most fascinating interest in Emma Mellish's life.

Peckham's attitude toward everything was of a masculine simplicity. He was devoted to his business, the manufacture of a smoke-consuming device of his own invention, which had prospered beyond his fondest hopes; he loved his three daughters and his one son, who, in obedience to the universal instinct to scatter, were now enjoying the summer in four separate watering-places, unconsciously seeking their mates; he loved his home; and, until the visit to Eastport Harbor, he had thought that he loved his wife.

His existence in the city had fallen into a routine which delighted his orderly mind. All day he was busy at his factory in lower Manhattan, inventing improvements in his smoke-consuming device, experimenting with recalcitrant fuels, watching his sales grow. Every evening he spent in his old-fashioned house on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, reading scientific books or the *Brooklyn Eagle*, unless his wife and he attended a symphony concert at the new Academy of Music or listened to a lecture of the Brooklyn Institute. Peckham preferred the Brooklyn Institute lectures; and Mrs. Peckham preferred the symphony concerts; but, as good Brooklynites, they attended both.

This routine was broken by Mrs. Peckham herself. The children, having grown up and dispersed for the summer with the friends of their generation, left Mrs. Peckham to concentrate the expression of her maternal instinct on her husband. She said he was getting thin and wearing himself out in his business; she insisted that he take a long vacation; and Miss Mellish having mentioned in a letter that she purposed spending the summer at a charming resort in a corner of the Massachusetts coast, the Peckhams joined her at Eastport Harbor.

Peckham found the enforced idleness of the place the hardest work he had ever done. The life led by his fellow guests at the hotel perplexed him; it seemed to have no meaning. Neither Miss Mellish nor his wife nor himself were sea-bathers or dancers; but Mrs. Peckham was placidly content to sit on the veranda, talking and tatting with other ladies similarly engaged; and Emma Mellish found great enjoyment and inspiration in long walks amid the wide, wonderful spaces of sea and sky.

She was very fond of landscapes; and the hand that did n't hold her para-

sol generally held some treasured volume closed at a choice passage on her slender forefinger. She had brought with her a formidable collection of books, ranging from *The Sea Beach at Ebb-tide* to *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*. *The Sea Beach at Ebb-tide* had been Peckham's salvation; later he had made a thorough investigation of the only local industry, poultry-raising; but at the end of a month, he felt that he was sufficiently informed as to marine growths, the respective merits of White Brahmas and Rhode Island Reds, and the advantages of incubators over the natural method.

The trio approached the bathing-pavilion. It was eleven o'clock, the fashionable hour. Practically all the guests of the hotel were in the pavilion, or on the sands, or in the sea. Babies played with their tin pails and shovels; mothers, in light, summery dresses, sat on the sand under gay parasols; stout, middle-aged men, looking strangely vulnerable and of an unhealthy whiteness in their bathing-suits, went down to the water for a gasping plunge and a quick, shivery return; children with the charming slenderness of infancy, excited, happy, frightened, ventured into the water until it reached their knees.

Four or five bronzed young men had improvised a game of pitch-and-toss, umpired by a frenzied fox-terrier; a youth and maiden, just emerged from the water, were running a race for the sake of circulation and the fun of it; other youths and maidens who had not yet entered the water lay on the beach, covering each other with sand with an air of intimacy and unconventionality possibly more apparent than real. The surf was dotted with bobbing heads and flashing arms; shouts and laughter rose from it, and now and then a scream of delighted terror. The tonic breeze from Brazil blew on bathers and spectators alike; even the most timid spectator was enjoying an involuntary bath of the August sunshine.

Peckham viewed this scene with a certain disquiet; he knew there was no reason why he should disapprove of it, and yet he could n't give it his approval. He felt a strange nostalgia, sad, uncomfortable, seductively sweet. He wanted to plunge into the ocean, he wanted to join the game of pitch-and-toss, he wanted to run a foot-race, he wanted to be buried in the sand.

Neither Emma nor Clara considered this scene as curiously as Peckham did. Indefatigable Miss Mellish announced her purpose to continue her quest for marine treasures along the beach; and Mrs. Peckham remarked that she was somewhat tired, and would seek the shelter of the hotel veranda; she was not overfond of uncomfortable positions on the shifting sands. Peckham would have preferred to remain to watch the bathers or to accompany Miss Mellish in her quest, — during his sojourn at Eastport Harbor he had not been alone with Miss Mellish for ten minutes, — but with that invisible chain connecting married people, he turned his back alike on the bathers and Miss Mellish, and went with his wife to the hotel.

This structure, directly back of the bathing-beach, had originally been a large farmhouse, but in adapting itself to its new destiny had thrown out several heterogeneous extensions that followed the conformation of the low, granite ledge, so that, in passing from one part to another, guests were forced either to go down two steps or to go up three. There was a broad modern veranda across the front of the main building, giving a view of the bathing-pavilion, the beach, the sea; and Mrs. Peckham without undue haste selected a comfortable rocking-chair, and drew her tatting utensils from her pocket.

The veranda was deserted; even the man from New Haven with incipient locomotor ataxia had managed to shuffle down to the beach.

Mrs. Peckham had nothing to say to her husband, and said it; Peckham had as little to say to his wife. He had never noticed until this visit to Eastport Harbor how little he and his wife had to say to each other when alone. Early in his married life, he had tried to interest her in the technical side of his business, but she never waxed enthusiastic over grate-bars or drafts, although she was interested in the financial side of his affairs. Peckham was not a smoker, nor had he been initiated into the mysteries of tatting, so that at the present moment he could express his native energy only by sitting in a rocking-chair and rocking with more or less vehemence.

This exercise, however, could not suffice him long. After a moment or two, he went to his room and returned with a book he was reading with a mystified interest. It was a copy of *Man and Superman* which Miss Mellish had loaned him from her comprehensive collection.

He had reached the fourth act, the stirring climax of the play, and as he sat beside his wife, who continued placidly to tat in silence, Peckham read with increased interest and diminished mystification. Tanner's views of marriage, expressed with an abounding eloquence, echoed and made articulate his own feelings.

Peckham was accustomed to turn to his wife in any moral perplexity; his speech and her silence usually clarified his views; and he now turned to her to express the ideas brought into his mind by *Man and Superman*. He craftily attenuated his thoughts, however.

'This fellow, Shaw, has written rather a suggestive book. It's really a book against marriage, and there's really something in it.'

'Yes?' said Mrs. Peckham, continuing her tatting.

'He says that a married man decays like a thing that's served its purpose; he describes husbands as greasy-eyed. He says that when a man marries, he renounces romance and freedom.'

'And do you believe that?'

Mrs. Peckham looked at her husband with serious, sagacious eyes. Under her gaze, his own eager eyes dropped.

'Well, a married man does give up his freedom. I felt that this morning.'

'Why, what did you want to do this morning that you could n't do?'

Peckham searched his mind a moment.

'I wanted to stay on the beach; I wanted to go in bathing.'

'Why did n't you, then?'

'Because I thought it my duty to come up here with you.'

Mrs. Peckham's face had not lost its look of seriousness; and after the little pause that followed, she said slowly and gravely, 'Robert, I want you to feel free to do whatever you want to do.'

This ready permission irritated Peckham, he could not tell why. He got to his feet with one of his quick motions.

'Well, I *will*,' he said sulkily, and he put his hat on and walked away from her.

He had scarcely stepped off the veranda, however, before the irritation and the sulkiness vanished. Instead, he felt grateful to his wife for her ungrudging sanction. He thought what a good wife she was, and how much he cared for her. Her sanction had been formulated in the most general terms, and his expedition was without any definite objective; but the vagueness only added to the adventure of it. Wonderful possibilities seemed to lurk, invisible, in the golden air; he felt a lightness, as of a physical burden lifted

from his shoulders; he felt somewhat as he had when, during his days of courtship, he took his joyous way to Clara's house.

Insensibly, he had strolled toward the beach and the bathing-pavilion. The matrons, the children, the youths and maidens, the brawny young men, the frenzied fox-terrier, were still sporting on the shore; but, strangely enough, Peckham now felt no desire to join them. It was sufficient for him to realize that he was no longer an alien, to recognize a kinship with the matrons, the children, the fox-terrier, the youths and maidens who, in the clairvoyance of his mood, he now perceived were lovers distilling precious drops of happiness from the most commonplace of external acts. They were all part of his great adventure, and he was part of theirs.

Peckham felt a kinship also with the sea, the sky, the sands; and, turning his back on the surf-bathers and the sun-bathers, he walked along the beach. He was exhilarated by being alone; everything was familiar, but yet he looked at everything with a curious, new interest; the arching breakers, the pebbles rounded by the waves, bleached bits of Irish moss, the white, empty shells of sea-clams.

His was a solitary figure, more neutral in its gray flannels than the sands themselves, moving with slightly accelerated pace past the heaps of seaweed, piled beyond the reach of the envious waves against the time the farmers should come with their oxen to spread it on the land; past the crazy huddle of fishermen's boathouses; and finally into the curve of beach where the dunes began, gigantic waves of sand, apparently as stationary as the waves of water were restlessly mobile, in reality constantly shifting and throwing into the wind their foam of sand in spite of their backing of beach-grass, tough, lustrous, sharp as swords.

This neutral figure, now moving rapidly, unconsciously approached a second figure, vivid and perfectly quiescent, the figure of a lady seated on the beach under a red parasol which gave to the stretch of sand a touch of color as charming as the tiny splash of vermilion in certain pictures.

Miss Mellish, her book closed on her finger, gazing at the ocean in a pleasurable frame of formless musing which she feared might have a tendency toward moral relaxation, did not notice Peckham's approach; and she started when he suddenly appeared beside her, and, sitting down without speaking, shared with her the hospitable shadow of her parasol. She, on her part, did not speak; but signified her welcome by leaning a trifle toward him so as to give him a larger share of the circle of shade.

He was warm from his walk; his face was slightly flushed; as he took off his narrow-brimmed soft felt hat, the impress of the hat-band was left on his clustering, dampened hair. He had all the appearance of having come post-haste in search of her; he was obviously alone; but Miss Mellish instinctively placed these impressions in her large department of tacit things. What she did permit herself was the reflection that he looked very handsome. The impress of the hat-band had the effect of an antique fillet; his lean, eager face seemed more than ever to have been refined in the fire of thought. These innocent reflections, however, had a certain result; and a slight flush came to Miss Mellish's face.

'I've just finished reading *Man and Superman*,' said Peckham.

These words, to Miss Mellish, contained the prophecy of a clarifying discussion consonant with the scenic solitude around them, the whole ocean before them, the dunes behind them, the

empty beach stretching as far as eye could see on either hand; to Peckham, they fell with a leaden sound. Since leaving his wife, his thoughts had been winged and wordless; now, with the simple remark, 'I've just finished reading *Man and Superman*,' they seemed stricken in mid-flight.

In the responsive silence of the land, the responsive sounding of the sea, in the immensity of his mood, the sense of isolation from the common world of men, any spoken word of his would be a profanation. There came back to him the memory of sweet-scented early summer evenings in Troy when he had sat with Emma Mellish on the veranda, listening to high things. He forgot his children, his fifty years, his smoke-consuming device; he remembered only that he was alone with Emma; and the knowledge that his wife had authorized his expedition played through his emotions like a lambent flame.

He turned toward Miss Mellish and put his arm around her.

This action, performed half involuntarily, he had subconsciously prefigured as the crown and climax of his expedition; also subconsciously he had prefigured the coolness and the comfort he felt whenever he put his arm around his wife's plump waist; so that to have his arm meet a straight, stiff, resisting surface was a disillusion and a shock.

Miss Mellish's face had gone whiter than the sands and then almost as crimson as her parasol. She neither spoke nor turned her head; and almost instantly Peckham withdrew his lax arm from her waist.

'Well, I guess I'd better be getting back to the hotel,' he said, feeling like a schoolboy and rising awkwardly to his feet. 'Clara will wonder what has become of me.'

Still Emma Mellish neither spoke nor turned her head. Gazing straight before her at the tossing waste of waters, she was contemplating the ruins of her most cherished ideal.

Peckham took his way back slowly, with bent head. The beach had suddenly become merely dry sand, the sea merely wet water. He idly noted the objects cast up by the waves, broken lobster-pots covered with green slime, empty flasks, and the empty hemispheres of oranges thrown from passing steamers; and it seemed that he was as sordid and slimy as they. For Tanner and his tirades, he felt a contempt mingled with anger. Peckham could n't understand the mood in which he had left his wife. It had been like the effect of some insidious drug; but even in his present reaction, it still wore something of the fascination of the forbidden.

When he reached the bathing-beach, he found that the matrons and babies, the youths and maidens, had departed; in the surf, only a few strong swimmers still splashed in their incomprehensible sport. The fox-terrier patrolled the deserted beach, indomitably hopeful that the fun was not all over. He ran to Peckham and looked up at him, cocking his head on one side inquiringly. For an instant, the man and the dog gazed at each other, neither of them speaking.

Behind the pavilion, a belated youth was dousing a belated maiden under the shower-bath. She squealed and jumped from one leg to the other, while the youth grinned at her, showing teeth as long and strong as an ape's. This couple were evidently not lovers; they were merely silly and vulgar. Peckham reflected how repulsive girls looked in wet bathing-suits.

Back of the pavilion, on its granite ledge, the hotel looked down at him like an accusing face with a hundred eyes; and toward it Peckham turned his obedient steps. Somewhere within it, his wife was waiting for him; and

he experienced the bitter truth that a single false step always brings with it a train of consequences. How could he confess to Clara? Could he conceal his dereliction, like some husbands he had heard of?

Like the beach, the veranda was deserted. The bathers were engaged in beautifying themselves for land-conquests; soon, in duck skirts and flannel trousers, they would begin to gather on the veranda to wait with an idle, preprandial impatience for the big brass gong to shiver the air with its savage summons to the midday meal. Peckham's reluctant feet led him indoors and upstairs.

Clara, in a dressing-sack, was seated before the bureau in their room, making one of the innumerable little votive offerings to her person that women are continually making. Even after all his married years, these votive offerings remained mysterious, supererogatory, charming. The reflection of her face in the mirror gave Peckham the mute welcome married people find sufficient for their need.

Clara had the faculty of endowing the most casual dwelling-place with a sense of home. A vase of asters brightened the table she had improvised into a sewing-table; photographs of his son and his three daughters, pained and disillusioned, looked at him from the wall.

'Clara,' said Peckham, 'I've just put my arm around Emma Mellish.'

He had expected he hardly knew what; not, at any rate, that his wife would continue her toilet in silence and apparent calm.

'I walked up the beach,' he went on, 'and found her sitting there, and sat down beside her. Before I knew it, I had my arm around her, but I took it away at once. She did n't like it, and I did n't like it.'

He paused, and then, as his wife continued silent and engaged, he added desperately, 'It's mighty lucky, Clara, that I'm not a susceptible man.'

Mrs. Peckham put the finishing touch to her toilet. She got up and turned toward him with a laugh. It was not an angry laugh, or a mocking laugh; it was a smiling laugh, — kindly, comprehending, sympathetic. Clara, he knew not why, often laughed at things he said; and often, without understanding, he joined her. He did so now with rather a tremulous chirrup that seemed a solvent of all his trouble.

He went to his wife and put his arm around her. The comfortable, plump waist to which he was accustomed seemed like home, like a haven from perilous seas. Without realizing it, he felt as if she were his mother; realizing it thoroughly, she felt as if he were her child.

'Clara,' he said, 'I want to get back to business; I want to get back to Brooklyn. We ought to open the house. Henry and the girls will be coming home after Labor Day.'

Mrs. Peckham, with a little answering pressure, disengaged herself from him to complete her preparations for the midday meal.

'Very well,' she said, 'I'll pack the trunks this afternoon.'

A grateful realization of her multitudinous ministrations swept over him.

'I'll help you pack them,' he said in the magnanimity of the moment.

# VEGETATION

BY ROBERT M. GAY

'VEGETATION, the process, act, or state of vegetating.' —DICTIONARY.

IN the season of the year when 'the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell,' man feels vegetable stirrings within him. He takes to salads. He meditates on a lettuce-leaf. His thoughts turn with longing to greens; the dandelion of the lawn, the sorrel of the woods, the cress of the garden or stream, pale endive or chicory, long-leafed romaine or cos, each is in its turn a poem, a moment's monument. A green pepper becomes the quintessence of all that's green; in it the coolness of a New England spring is married to the pungency of a tropical summer. All winter the red of fire or flannel has been grateful; now the colors that thrill him are green and blue. All winter he has been an animal, and, like the animals, has probably longed to hibernate; but in the spring the vegetable part of him awakes. The sap-serum in his veins has become choked with over-fed red corpuscles as a trout-brook is choked with watercresses in late summer. He unconsciously longs to become sappy. Even the carnivores, the cats and dogs, may be detected eating grass. They, through domestication, have become more or less vegetable, too.

We have hit here upon a great discovery and would not have it slighted. Man's physical make-up is two-fold, — animal and vegetable. The primitive man was wholly animal; the most highly civilized man inclines to become vegetable. That this is true is shown by a startling array of facts, as, for instance, the spread of vegetarianism, and the 'back to nature' craze. The first instinct of the animal is to build itself a house. From the clam to the philosopher, all animals grow, steal, find, or build houses. In the vegetable world it is different. Who ever heard of a turnip or a chrysanthemum growing a shell, building a nest, or hiding in a cave? No. As a race the vegetables, since the primeval ooze, have been of the open air; and man, without knowing why, is taking to sleeping out-of-doors, playing golf, studying nature, in his blind way blaming it all on the pursuit of health, whereas it is really the eternal vegetable in him asserting itself.

We have been accustomed to say that the primal season awakens a longing for liberty, for the 'open road,' to 'get close to nature.' We have been on the wrong track. The truth is that the vegetable part of us, which is more or less deciduous, has been down-trodden and oppressed for months and now responds to the burgeoning of the outside world; it, too, sprouts and buds and leafs.

The higher the nature of the individual, the more it approximates the vegetable. Does an animal aspire? Does he worship the sun? Is he patient, long-suffering, meek? Not unless he subsists upon a vegetable diet. Behold the mild-eyed cow, how she sits under a tree, ruminating not only her cud but thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. But, you say, the bull also lives on grass and yet is not

especially mild-eyed. We can only suppose — for of what good is a theory unless the facts can be made to fit it? — that the bull's surprising antics, boosting fishermen over fences and snorting defiance of red petticoats, are all a fraud, a pretense of an irritable temper assumed in order to impress the mild-eyed cow under the tree. That she is privately laughing at him, we may be sure, if the custom of human ladies in the presence of their spouses' thunderings is an indication. You object again that, if the cow is really a vegetable, we are ascribing to vegetables a sense of humor. And why not? Does not M. Maeterlinck, in his book on the intelligence of flowers, prove conclusively that that ill-smelling orchid about which he waxes so eloquent has a sense of humor? She plays a practical joke of the meanest description upon every bee that is unfortunate enough to poke his nose into her nectary. For, before he knows it, he is sliding down a greased board, and plumps into a pool of stagnant water out of which he cannot scramble without coating his furry back, in which he takes such pride, with a dusting of pollen. He may be recompensed for his disarray by the exhilaration of shooting the chutes, but the orchid might at least provide him a boat.

There used to be a notion that the difference between the animal and the plant was due to sensation and volition in the former. But M. Maeterlinck and others have disposed of all that nonsense. They tell us that the plants 'which appear so placid, so resigned, in which all seems acquiescence, silence, obedience, meditation, are, on the contrary, prodigious examples of insubmission, courage, perseverance, and ingenuity.' Surely, such traits indicate sensation and volition with a vengeance. Time was when to call a man a vegetable was to incur a thump, and to vegetate was a term of contumely, carrying an image of a slothful body and a blank mind. We were told that it is not growing like a tree that doth make man perfect be. But all that was the fruit of inadequate knowledge. To-day, to call a man a parsnip or a pumpkin may be the most delicate of compliments; for who can say what prodigies of 'insubmission, courage, perseverance, and ingenuity' those humble and maligned vegetables may be displaying every day? However, until the light of knowledge has spread further, it may be as well to keep to the older though less subtle forms of flattery.

We have said enough to show that there is nothing humiliating in being a vegetable. Those of us in whom the elements are balanced can experience only vaguely, in the salad days of spring, the joys of vegetation, yet we can at any rate have the fun of classifying our friends. To this end it is important to adopt a nomenclature and distinguish symptoms. Those in whom the animal is the dominant element and the vegetable is recessive, — to employ the most approved Mendelian terminology of the day, — we shall call *zoögens;* those in whom the vegetable component is dominant and the animal recessive, we shall call *vegetals.* The classification of the human race as bromides and sulphites, propounded some time ago by a brother philosopher, was a creditable performance enough, but in no way affects ours, which is of a profounder — indeed, we may say with all modesty, of an ultimate — sort. Charles Lamb's division into borrowers and lenders is also witty, but entirely unscientific; the fact that he does not use a single Latin or Greek term speaks for itself.

We have now, therefore, an apparatus which will save us from the jeers of the men of science, and we can re-

turn to our main argument. Observers have recently come to the conclusion that, in the last analysis, the only difference between the animal and the plant is that the former can take a walk and the latter cannot. Here we strike at the root of the matter in its human application. In his extreme form, the zoögen is a tramp; the vegetal, a loafer. No insult is intended. Wilhelm Meister tells us that

> To give men room to wander in it,
> Therefore is the world so wide.

But Emerson replies,

> That each should in his house abide,
> Therefore is the world so wide.

These two declarations seem at first glance to contradict, but if we remember that Wilhelm Meister was a zoögen and Emerson a vegetal, all becomes clear. The zoögen exhausts his animal spirits by footing it round the habitable globe, or that fraction of it which his pocketbook and family cares will permit; while the vegetal has no animal spirits and therefore lets his soul do the traveling. The supreme vegetals of the world are the East Indians; and of them chief are the Brahmans, and of them, the adepts or mystics who sit on Himalayan crags and vegetate so successfully that their souls are said to catch an occasional peep at karma, whatever that may be. This is carrying the thing rather too far, however; for, although we have not before noted the fact, a man may vegetate so thoroughly that he becomes mineral; in other words, like the Irishman's horse that learned to live without eating, he ups and dies. Temperance in all things is best.

As one would naturally suppose, the zoögens and vegetals have a hearty contempt for one another. A Chinaman's opinion of an Occidental will give you the idea. Read Wordsworth to a thorough-going zoögen and hear his snorts of disdain. And then turn to *Peter Bell* and hear what the poet has to say of a man to whom a primrose is nothing but a primrose. It is really hardly fair, for perhaps Peter was an authority on donkeys. If he could not expound the Vedas of the violet, it may be that the Koran of the kangaroo or the Talmud of the titmouse was an open book to him. Is it any wonder that the zoögens call all vegetals mystics or symbolists, if nothing worse? This mutual distrust may be due to hereditary instincts, survivals of a long line of vegetal ancestors eaten by ancestral zoögens. Is it any wonder if the vegetal suffers from 'obstinate questionings,' 'blank misgivings'? Does the rabbit tremble in the presence of the fox, or the hen in the shadow of the hawk? All that these small deer desire is to be let alone; and this is the prevailing wish of the human vegetal.

Of course, the zoögens accuse the vegetals of being passionless, not realizing that there is a vegetable passion quite as manifest in some people as animal passion in others. It is true that the vegetals are by nature celibate, in the accepted sense. Yet when the heat of the day has passed and dewy dusk settles over the landscape, who shall say what recondite and mystical soul-unions the vegetal may delight in, — idyllic as a *fête champêtre* by Watteau, innocent as the matings of fairies in the forest of Arden, when

> Daphne hath broke her bark, and that swift foot,
> The angry gods had fastened with a root
> To the fixed earth, doth now unfettered run
> To meet the embraces —

of her human lover? You and I, poor vegeto-zoögens, cannot see her white limbs flash by in the moonlight; her kisses, soft as the kisses of remembered love, are not for us; her breath is only the wind in the leaves, her voice only the murmur of the tired earth sighing in sleep.

Women are by nature more vegetal than men. We enter here a field of speculation which angels might fear to tread. Let us hasten to qualify our statement by saying that women used to be more vegetal than men. Of late years, whether because of a change of diet or by some obscure natural law of compensation to offset the growing vegetality of man, they have become more and more zoögenic. That marvelous patience which used to fill us with wonder has left them. They are decidedly on the go. Theirs no longer vegetally to reason why; theirs zoögenically to do or die. That what they do or why they should die is of no particular consequence, is the first mark of the zoögen. It was long ago discovered that it is fatal for a zoögenic man to marry a zoögenic woman, and as long as men were zoögenic they took good care that women should be vegetal; they accomplished this very simply, by making woman sit still. She had no alternative but to vegetate. Is it any wonder that, now she 'hath broke her bark,' men are bewildered? Suppose the whole world of plants should suddenly take to its heels, putting into them all the store of energy hoarded up during eons of inaction. Would there not be a pretty kettle of fish? The zoögenic man loved the vegetal of the opposite sex quite as much as he hated that of his own. Such a wife was restful. As for the wife who can beat him at his own game, — but perhaps we had better change the subject.

In the phrenology of the vegetal the bump of acquisitiveness is totally lacking. As we have said, he wants to be let alone. If he have money, he will never be let alone. In his extreme development he eats merely to live. Like a true plant, he takes what is within reach and is satisfied. Suppression of the body may result in a flowering of great thought, as prize chrysanthemums are grown in small pots. His soul revolts against rich food and overeating and, if you seek him in a restaurant, you may find him in a corner with a bottle of claret and a lettuce salad; but the chances are that you will not find him. Go into the park or out into the country. There he is beside a brook making a pretense of fishing, or sitting on a rail-fence, or lying in the warm shade, as motionless, as elemental, as the rocks and trees. If you speak to him, you will find him mild-mannered, rich in lore, loquacious and musical as a brook. 'What he knows, nobody wants,' but little cares he. He knows, nobody better, that the most interesting things in this world are the most useless. He has mastered the priceless secret of wasting time.

The true vegetal is not fat, as might be supposed; but, like Cassius, hath a lean and hungry look. Perhaps the best example of him in literature is Lewis Carroll's old man a-sitting on a gate. He is humorously sketched, it is true, but if we substitute for his dreams of mechanical invention speculations on Man, Nature, and God, questionings why 'Nature loves the number five, and why the star-form she repeats,' we have the typical vegetal: all the wistful earnestness of the man, all his physical patience and spiritual yearning, his bodily attenuation and plumpness of soul.

The discerning reader has long since seen that all that we call temperament or personality is a matter of the admixture of these two elements. The various temperaments found in men and women form a long chain, with pure zoögen at one end and pure vegetal at the other, while the vegeto-zoögens and zoö-vegetals lie between. The middle terms look upon the ends as types of genius, while each end looks upon the other as insane. It would require the compass of a book to study and

formulate all the intricacies of the system. It is enough to indicate the law, and leave the drudgery to the zoögens.

Now that we know what genius is, we can readily understand some of its peculiarities: for instance, why pure geniuses totally lack a sense of humor and yet are so funny to normal people. Humor is nothing but the ability to see the constant quarrel which is going on in man between his animal and vegetable natures. We who are of the middle series and therefore partake of both, are able to see the struggle between debasement and aspiration, thrift and extravagance, industry and laziness, and all the other countless contraries that flesh is heir to. Usually this is amusing; but when it becomes extreme, it is either tragic or ridiculous. Sancho Panza is pure vegetal of the ignoble sort, as his master is of the noble. The pathos as well as the humor of Don Quixote lies in the spectacle of a vegetal trying for all he is worth to be a zoögen. The fact that neither he nor Sancho sees anything the least bit funny in their antics simply proves the truth of our observation that the extremes of our human series lack the humorous sense. For the first requisite of genius is that it shall take itself seriously; and herein lies the solace of those of us who may regret that we were not born geniuses. Think of the fun we should have missed!

The zoögen who chances upon this treatise will read a page or two and throw it aside; the vegeto-zoögen will think he is called upon to take the whole thing humorously and will dutifully smile, even laugh. But your vegetal will know that every word is profoundly true; he will see nothing funny in it; the probability is that he will be moved to tears, because he has at last found an interpreter. He will see himself as in a glass and no longer darkly. After millenniums of misconstruction, misapprehension, misinterpretation, he has been given his due.

Think of the joy this will bring to the hearts of the countless Rip van Winkles, Izaak Waltons, Sir John Falstaffs, Scholar Gipsies, who have been persistently maligned by the extreme zoögens as lazy good-for-nothings. Poor inoffensive mortals, whom their very nature precludes from defending themselves with their fists or in print; loved of birds and beasts and little children; creatures of the woodland vista, the checkered shade, the bee-haunted orchard, the sedge-lined brook; shy hermit-crabs or caddis-worms of the *genus homo;* the zoögens have long had the laugh on you, but your day is dawning. The true inwardness of your philosophy will be revealed.

In a nation of indefatigable and fractious zoögens you have slept your naps and dreamed your dreams and reared your iridescent air-castles, — even occasionally published your books, which have invariably startled the world. In a nation whose one verb has been To Do, you have consistently done nothing. You have taken time to be happy. You have let the body rest, that the soul might grow. Yours has not been to build sky-scrapers, but temples of thought; not cantilever bridges, but the spans of dreams. Take heart! The time will come when there will be nothing left to do. The zoögens will all perforce either become vegetals or explode; and you, shy harbingers of the dawn, will then come into your own. In that dim future your effigies will be set up in the market-place (then overgrown with weeds), and before them will be burned incense of juniper berries and balm-of-Gilead buds; their brows will be crowned with chaplets of honeysuckle and sweet bay, and their feet laved with libations of elderberry wine mingled with the sugary sap of the maple.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## MY ARMORY

GEOGRAPHICALLY speaking, my armory is a railway journey of full six days from the cheerful little sanctum on the second floor back, at 4 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts. For the lovers of the *Atlantic*, to whom this sanctum connotes so much of pleasure and reflection, our own *Pou Sto* is frequently measured by its distance from this common centre of friendly interchange. And so, Genial Brother of the Club, I would arm you courteously across a space of something over three thousand miles, across the border-line of the States, far up into the northwestern part of a country which acknowledges another form of government.

Were not our journey magically swift, you would find much to interest you on the way; and were we on observation bent, you would find your account also in the picturesque life of this very distant and very recent West. That is another story which I shall tell you when we chat again. But now we are on Aladdin's carpet, and you are permitted to know only that we are very far from Boston, and in the midst of a world too busy to dream, and too new to love the things of Eld. Good Sir, do these wooden sidewalks and muddy streets and box-like houses seem a trifle crude to you? Pray, be not disheartened. Here is a door ajar. Come with me into the Armory.

Ah, Sir, be not surprised at these rich carven panels, and at the rafters of ancient oak. Rather forget what is outside of that door; forget even that the door itself, which is unmistakably hewn oak within, looked like painted pine without. Let your forgetting be comprehensive, Good Sir, and make yourself at home. That song of Will Shakespeare's —

> Tell me where is Fancy bred,
> Or in the heart or in the head? —

which we can hear faintly tinkled on a spinet to a right Elizabethan air — that song shall magic us wholly away from the outside world. The good Poet was speaking of Love, no doubt; but we shall interpret his fancy as we choose, while you look with me along the walls of this mine Armory.

Here now is my wall of Swords. A goodly array, is 't not? I see you gaze with interest upon that long blade that heads the line. No wonder that you admire it, for the pommel and haft are all of precious stones. Time was, as a good book tells us, it gave light like thirty torches, but its brightness is somewhat dimmed in these froward times. You recognize it now, but are puzzled, mayhap, to find it on these walls. True, Sir, it has not been wielded in battle since that sad day when Sir Bedivere took it up and bound the girdle about the hilts, and threw it as far into the water as he might. But it was not wholly lost; for I found it in a certain glorious summer of my boyhood, and ever since it has hung there upon the wall, where the broken light from yonder narrow window touches it as with the ray of an autumn sunset. I shall not soon be parted from it.

And the sword beside it? 'T is the one that the young Galahad lightly plucked from the fleeting stone, and placed in the waiting scabbard by his side. Look you at the pommel adorned with jewels, and read the writing

wrought thereon with subtle letters of gold: 'Never shall man take me hence but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight in the world.' Fair and untarnished is the blade, for all that the young knight slew with it the Seven Deadly Sins. View it ye may, but you nor I nor any of our modern fellowship may touch that spotless steel.

And the sword beyond it, with the blunted edge? 'T is Durendal, which Count Roland, in his death-agony, sought vainly to break upon the stone. Charlemagne girded the sword upon him, and with it Roland conquered many a fair province, and slew many a foul Paynim. When Roland entered the Pass of Roncesvalles, he wished a wish which binds us even as we look upon it now. These words he spoke: 'For his liege lord a man ought to suffer all hardship, and endure great heat and cold, and give both his blood and his body. I will smite with Durendal, my good sword that the King gave me. If I die here, may he to whom it shall fall say, This was the sword of a goodly vassal.' And it is only by the meed of this tribute that Durendal is kept there upon the panel.

And next it, you observe, hangs Halteclere, which Oliver bore — the good and trusty sword that had not its fellow under heaven save only Durendal. It is good to see them hanging side by side, as if the loyalty of their masters still vibrated through the steel. Are they thinking, I wonder, of that heart-stirring cry which Roland uttered to Oliver at Roncesvalles: 'I will smite with Durendal my sword, and do thou, Comrade, lay on with Halteclere. Through many lands have we carried them, and with them have we conquered many a battle. No ill song must be sung of them.'

They are the treasure trove of later years, Good Sir, and there beneath them are two crossed weapons without which the little group would be incomplete. One is Joyeuse, the sword of the great Charles himself. Richly jeweled it is, and encased in the golden hilt is the tip of the spear with which Our Lord was pierced upon the Cross. And the sword of brown steel which lies across it is Almace, with which the good Bishop Turpin slew some four hundred Paynims at Roncesvalles.

But I see that your eye is fixed upon that broad blade with the strange runes graven in it. 'T is Balmung, which Wieland forged and gave to Siegfried. And with it you see the other two swords of Siegfried's: Gram, the sword of Grief, and Mimung, the blade which Wittich lent to him. And there too is Flamborge, the sword of Maugis, which I have hung so that its point leans over to kiss the blade of Balmung. The great Wieland forged them both, and their well-wrought runes croon together of their ruddy past.

There are other swords adown the wall which are good to look upon — Chrysaor, the sword of Artegall, and Graysteel, and Graban the Grave-digger, and Blutgang the Blood-letter, and Quernbiter, the footbroad sword of King Haakon, and Brinnig the Flaming, which Hildebrand bore — their very names are heartening. But I should detain you too long, were we to stop before each one.

Rather turn we to the opposite wall, where you perceive the sweet confusion of armor and spears. That great shield which seems to crowd the very rafters — look well upon its intricate tracery: the earth and the sky and the sea, and the sun and the moon and all the stars; and two cities withal, one irradiated with the light of peace and one beclouded with the shadow of war; and the vineyard, with its merry youths and maidens and the boy playing on a harp of gold and singing a pleasant

song; and round about the shield the river of Ocean. Yes, in truth, 't is none other than the shield of Achilles, which Hephæstus wrought him. And there beside it are the corselet brighter than fire and the helmet ridged with gold. And sloping athwart the armor — for you will observe that it is too long to stand erect — is the mighty spear that Cheiron cut on the top of Pelion to be the death of many. Yes, Sir, you are quite right; 't were as much beyond our puny power to lift that royal weapon, as to draw the stout bow which arches the space beyond. Odysseus brooked no rival in that feat, you remember.

And no less worthy of your view are those two sturdy shafts which tower side by side on yonder panel. The nearer one with its ebon staff, which Bladud made by magic art of yore, was wielded by the fair Britomart. The farther, of celestial temper, the mighty Ithuriel bore. Why are they placed side by side? Ah, Sir, 't is a dreamer's whim. Mayhap the causes in which they were wielded were not unlike. Nor is it wholly by chance that yon white shield with a red cross in the midst hangs near the two spears. The shield was Galahad's.

And now, Sir, I will not detain you longer from the unreal world of every-day affairs which lies beyond the door. Perchance some other day, if you will deign to visit me, we may go together to an ante-room where we shall look upon Antony's sword, Philippan, and Cæsar's yellow blade, Crocea Mors, and the much-dinted iron helmet of Cromwell, and the pathetically tiny suit of armor which a zealous smith wrought for a Stuart kinglet. And perchance too we may peer for a moment into a recess behind a panel, where Don Quixote's basin helmet, and Falstaff's pudding shield, and the arms of Hudibras, lie gathering oblivious dust.

Ah, Sir, I am sorry to see you go, for it is a rare privilege to renew mine ancient rapture in my Armory with a congenial spirit. Moreover, there is a chill in the air outside. But here, Sir, allow me to offer you this old cloak which lies upon the window-seat. Do not despise it for its antiquated look, for it hath an excellent history. Jack the Giant-killer received it from his uncle in Cornwall. It is the cloak of Invisibility.

## THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

We were bound for Italy, hence in nowise peculiar, though the sun of the south beat hot with its summer promise, and it promised a summer of heat. But our gallant passengers were not recruited from the feverish who bustle from end to end of hotel-piazzas in search of evasive breezes, and drown protesting in the first hot wave. One, still young, was for Egypt; another for Palestine and rejoicing to run his race; a third for the parched Sicilian slopes; but most of us were satisfied to begin with the blaze of Italian June, and we thought ourselves brave enough.

I feared the heat of the sun no more than the rest, yet I somehow pitied my companions, for the face of each was set with a firm resolve, which, if I guessed aright, meant determination to enjoy the coming hot experience to the full, to achieve a thoroughly concentrated form of recreation. They would make the most of poor Italy. They were making the most of her already; for about lay books of every weight and fatness, and Baedeker — even redder than usual — blistered in the sun. The steamer-chairs gathered together in impassable barriers; the worried faces bent over the flapping of charts and maps took on a look of habitual anxiety. Yes, they were planning the campaign; they would cram the minutes tight.

And even then the golden minutes came and passed over the blue Medi-

terranean, if those passengers had but stopped to heed. We had left the tawny bulk of Gibraltar and the gleaming vision of the tanned Sierras, ranging snow-streaked, beyond the yellow shore. The feel of land was all around, for it lay now on the south, so near that a tired bird flew over from Africa to bring us a greeting from the desert behind the dim coast-hills. The steerage babies crowed happy in the warm air, as the boat dipped lightly on the clear sea; and the young men danced to the flute, glad at the hope of home.

I was content to watch the blue slowly heave above the rail and slowly sink from sight, startled only by the quick flash of a rising fin or a distant glimpse of porpoises discreetly curving in line. But for my friends? Ah, they would not have heard, even had old 'Triton blown his wreathed horn!' They were poring over their 'works' of travel, and, as I strolled about, I read the titles: *Walks in Rome*, *Walks in Venice*, *The Road in Tuscany*. It was all so worthy and so conscientious that I felt a pang as of a remembered duty, and the call of the mild sea sounded a note less comfortable.

'Alas,' thought I, 'are we to be so agile in the promised land? Always the road? Must we always be walking?' And like a cloud forward I saw looming ahead the momentous summer of my fellows. They would descend into the chilliest crypt; they would charge through the longest gallery; they would crowd into three short weeks the comprehension of Italy's three worlds, and never miss a train, but pass on, like Alexander and 'bonnie Leslie,' 'to spread their conquests farther.'

Frankly I admired this zeal of exploration. I knew it for the same spirit which drew our undaunted forefathers westward across the great water. They saw 'this to be the only thing in the world that was left undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate.' But even as I was ruefully descending to burrow for books in my turn, I felt that 'this quest was not for me.'

And there came a rash thought, growing straightway to a possibility of unchartered freedom. Could this weight of duty be only the fabled Old Man of the Sea himself, type of all unnecessary loads borne for conscience' sake? This was a very likely place to meet him. If he were to be dislodged, it must be at once, before he had become adjusted to my shoulders.

A shake, and he was off! 'Once more I saw the ocean green,' unhaunted by the phantom of enormous activities. Yes, I was neither Æneas, nor Hannibal, nor Gibbon. I knew it and I did not mind. I would not 'do' Italy at all, this Italy so amply competent to 'do' itself. Only for my pleasure would I walk in Rome, only at my fancy take the 'road in Tuscany.' I might miss half the porphyry from Hadrian's villa, might never see the 'best ten paintings,' but at least in this land of flowered pergola, and shimmering olive shade, I should have the liberty of quiet. So perhaps even to me might come a whisper from the voice of immemorial days, or a glimpse of some ancient presence now grown timid.

And in Italy I kept to my privilege, asking from her store only pictures warm for my keeping: of her ripening summer, her ancient shades of ancient greatness, her prodigal holiday of living color as precious as all her graves.

They are but the common scenes familiar to the sight of all who wander, but seldom shall we find traveler so graceless as to turn from a memory of his own Italian summers without the wish of thanks, —

'Benedetto sia l' giorno e 'l mese e l' anno
E la stagione e 'l tempo, e l' ora e 'l punto
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco.'

### CLUBS AMONG THE CUBS

'MOTHER, I don't think it's fair!'

Jack burst into the room and dumped himself on the lounge.

'What is n't fair?' said his mother.

'I got up a club with Ned and Tommy, and they 'lected me president, and then I just went into the house for a minute, and while I was gone they 'lected Tommy president!'

About half the history of the world is typified in this incident, and about three quarters of the history of politics. But the aspect of it that particularly struck me when I heard the story was the extreme youth of the protagonist. Jack was seven years old. It seemed to me that things were beginning early.

As always happens, once my attention was directed to the matter, other little incidents of a similar nature began to present themselves to my notice. Six-year-old Paul was taking me for a walk up the farm-lane.

'That 'th where they 'nithated me,' he lisped, trying to give his momentous words the air of a careless aside.

'They what?' I asked, surveying the gray rock half buried in huckleberry bushes.

'Nithated,' said Paul slowly.

'What 's that?' I asked again.

I was really very stupid, but children bear a great deal from grown-ups.

'Why, don't you know?' said Paul patiently. 'You put your hand on it, and hold the other hand up, and then you thay — I muth n't tell you what you thay, becauthe you 're not a member; and, anyway' — this was added with a far-away look — 'I gueth I've forgotten what it wath.'

'So you 're a member? What is it? A club?'

'A thothiety, — the D. L. S.'

'What does that mean?'

'That 'th a thecret. It 'th a thecret thothiety.'

'Oh, I see. And what do you do? Is that a secret too?'

'Oh, we have meetingth — we don't do very much — 'thept when there 'th thomebody to 'nithate.'

'And that happens rather often, I suppose,' I suggested.

'Ye-e-th,' doubtfully. 'They 'nithated me latht week.'

'And who else is in the society?'

'Willie and Kate. They have two other thothieties, but I'm only in thith one.'

While I was still brooding over this conversation, I picked up a slip of paper in a friend's house, and, without realizing that I was intruding on mysteries, read as follows: —

DEAR LILLIE —

I am going to get up another club Its called the S T S If you come over after school I will tell you what it means You can join it and Billy is in it Then we can conect up with the other clubs, and have an afilliation

Yours truly

JAMES BURTON

I was deeply impressed with this document, especially with the 'afilliation' idea, and I inquired into the ages of the persons involved in the scheme. James is nine years old, Lillie is seven, Billy is eight. Evidently we are in an organizing age, and the new generation is not going to be left behind.

Lately, with the desire of finding out something about these matters from another set of witnesses, I have been sounding various parents on the subject. As soon as I mention the word 'clubs,' I am sure to see some sort of vivid expression flash up in the face of my interlocutor. Sometimes it is amusement, and there follows a funny story about some of the school societies; sometimes it is sarcastic; sometimes it is rather desperate. One mother confesses that she has forbidden her

little daughter to belong to any school club whatever; one father has sent his boy away to boarding-school to escape the problems and dangers of the high-school secret societies. Obviously, I have stumbled upon a live issue, and one that is puzzling wiser heads than mine.

Puzzled I surely am. In 'my day' there were baseball clubs for the boys, and sewing or cooking clubs for the girls, and there an end, with no secret societies at all. Moreover, the baseball clubs really played baseball, and the sewing and cooking clubs really sewed and cooked, or tried to. But that was long ago. In those days, too, the club life of the grown-ups was correspondingly simple: a charitable sewing society for the ladies, where they met to sew and talk; a club for the men, where they smoked and talked politics or science or whatever interested them; and for men and women together, a euchre club, and perhaps a 'literary' club.

But the plot has thickened. We are beset by clubs on all sides, and one of the chief problems of life, if I can trust my observation, seems to be how to keep out of the wrong ones and get into the right ones, while, with regard to the officering of them, the predicament of the martyr Jack may be taken as typical. I have even been assured, by a very high authority indeed, that most clubs are started by people who have a craving to be president of something, and who therefore get up a club to meet this 'long-felt want.' Moreover, it is apparently a widespread desire, this wish to 'conect up' with other clubs and make an 'afilliation.' If, then, the old cocks — and hens — are crowing and cackling after this fashion, what else is to be expected of the young ones?

But I have no intention of drifting into an argument. I am merely observing, and wondering how it is all going to come out. Being, in general, no friend to repressive measures, I have a feeling that it will do little good to prohibit clubs and secret societies among the children. I should rather favor letting them go on, if they must, but giving them something really to do. Societies that chiefly 'hold meetings,' and 'initiate,' seem to my plain mind to be in need, not so much of repressing, as of being given a job. And meawhile, I confess that I am sorry for Jack, I admire James, and I am proud that I know Paul and Lillie.

## ON SAYING THANK YOU TO EDITORS

PERHAPS because I am the shyest of novices in the cloisters of literature, perhaps because I was taught from a babe to say 'Please!' and 'Thank you,' I am always impelled to speak out a very genuine and very much surprised gratitude to the editors who occasionally accept the frail offspring of my pen. From my side, the relationship of editor and writer seems rude almost to barbarism. To receive a kind letter of critical appreciation, — to receive also, presently, a neat check that means a trip to the city or a wider margin of extra delights for several weeks, — all in a glum silence, is wrong. The only witness, indeed, that the letter and the check ever came to me, is my greedy indorsement of the latter; while the joyful gleam and ambitious leap forward into fresh fields of hope and achievement go unrecorded as an hour of stupid sleep.

It is such a wonderful thing, to me, that my works should ever be accepted by a proud-spirited magazine. Not because what I write is not good enough! Of course, what I write seems, from one point of view, entirely excellent to me. I suppose I should n't write it if it did n't. But I realize that solely in the fact of its being *my own* does the

virtue lie. What banners blow in that line of poetry, for me! What leaves are murmuring druid things! What souls of men long dead are calling mysteries to me over the dark! But it is only I that hear them, for they are mine, my dreams, my little singing words. How can they tell their secrets to an alien ear? It seems impossible that what I write should say in the least degree what I dream; and so I am astonished when the cool and crowded minds that keep the magazines astirring find my verses or my plain speech worthy of print (and the check). Each time that something is accepted, it is as if I had been climbing a great hill, and with a sudden effort and reaching out of friendly hands, had gained the top and looked forth across fair regions. 'Oh MY!' I gasp. 'I did it that time: but the next hill—I can never get up that! This was the last: I shall never, never see the view beyond that farther ridge. Yet this is good!' and I sit down for a minute to breathe and contemplate. But before very long the lure of the horizon draws me to my feet, and I must journey away, till, amazingly, I am climbing the next hill, and the next, always without faith, and always with deep, shy joy at the conquest of the summit. Indeed, I do not often conquer. Most literary hills have slippery sides, and there are some all wrought of glass, whose glittering crests only the strong wings of genius can gain.

Such being my attitude toward my work and its success, it seems to me only ordinary good manners to recognize those who help me up the hills. I thank the policeman who steers me across Piccadilly or Broadway, although he has merely convoyed my body in safety through the hurly-burly of a minute. And shall I be dumb to the escorts of my spirit up the Parnassian heights?

But is it proper? That is what I am most desirous of knowing. Do the editors think a person very boresomely naïve if he or she writes a scrap of a note to say, 'I am glad you liked my verses,'—'Thank you for taking my story,'—'Your criticism of my essay was a great help to me'? Do they grin, as much as to reply, 'My dear verdant young friend, *we* don't want your thanks. We take your stuff because it happens this once to be the sort that makes the magazine sell, and we don't care a hang about you or your prim, earnest little schoolboy and schoolgirl courtesies. Please indorse your check and get a new hat or a new waistcoat: you probably need them; and correct your proof nicely when we send it to you, maybe in two or three years,—and then leave us alone, for we have bigger things to think about than whether you feel obliged to us or not. It is really embarrassing to have you around, all serious and round-eyed and thankful.'

Now if the editors feel like that, far be it from me to abase myself before them. Yet, if they are not quite human and quite kind, they would not write us such long and pleasant words of explanation, admonition, even praise. And being human, might they not bear with a little gratitude? It may come to pass, on a day in the far whirling of the future, that such as I shall grow arrogant and high and cool, and that the editors will fall at our feet and beg us with tears and gold to favor them. A humorous thought! But now — bless Heaven and the glad hazardous adventure of unsated Life — it is not so with me. Very humbly, though very gayly and proudly, I am moved to say, 'I thank you!'

# 'THE MAN ON THE BRIDGE' AGAIN

## A COMMUNICATION

[The paper entitled 'The Man on the Bridge,' dealing with dangers and difficulties in the management of transatlantic liners and published in the May issue of the *Atlantic*, has been made the subject of such unusual controversy that space is given to the following letter from the author of the paper. — THE EDITORS.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

SIR: — After reading in twenty-six different papers a variety of denials and criticisms by agents and officers of various steamship lines, called forth by my article in the May *Atlantic*, entitled 'The Man on the Bridge,' I wish to add a few facts and comments pertinent to the discussion.

Let me first attend to the statement of the agents, for they are floundering in the deeper water. To a deep-sea officer who knows his profession, their ignorance seems complete, and there is a reason for it. In ten years' experience with steamship agents, I have never known an agent to be in evidence aboard a liner except at the hours of arrival or departure. Of the normal conditions on board ship when in dock, or of the state of things at sea, he knows nothing at first hand. My article charged that liner officers were overworked. The chorus of agents stated that they were not. Specifically, Mr. Charles P. Sumner, agent for the Cunard Line, stated that the Cunard officers are on duty for four hours, and off for eight hours. He omitted, however, to state the very material fact that such heavenly watches as these are kept on Cunard steamships only when the vessels are well clear of the land, and dangers are at their minimum. The Cunard agent furthermore prudently omitted from his denial any reference to what I said about the strain officers are subjected to when leaving dock on the morning tide before sailing-day. In my remarks, I kept well within the margin of truth, and stated times and duties which upon investigation would prove to be strictly correct.

I regret that the Cunard agent did not see fit to enter into illuminating detail, and state that on the passenger steamers of his company only six officers are carried, against seven of the White Star Line. The public may know that many of the White Star Atlantic passenger steamers are only half the size and speed of the big Cunard fliers, and yet even these smaller steamers carry one more officer than the Cunard complement. The public, however, does not know that White Star officers do not handle mail and baggage, as is the Cunard practice. These duties are attended to by post-office officials and a baggage-master, thus relieving an officer from something like 20 hours' continuous strain when approaching the land, in addition to his bridge-duties and station-work incidental to arrivals and departures. Why, then, is the additional officer carried on White Star ships? Surely not because he is necessary. Possibly from philanthropy. Furthermore, why is the new president of the Cunard Company now making inquiry into the strain certain officers

are required to stand? Now that he has begun to take the public into his confidence, perhaps the Cunard agent would be good enough to explain all of these matters.

In my article, I stated that officers and masters were sometimes on duty for from 20 to 70 hours at a stretch. I said on duty, and not on the bridge, as some of my critics have ingenuously supposed. I stated clearly that, in addition to bridge-watches, the various unnecessary duties performed by officers at sailing-time made up the total. It was specifically of captains that I said that during fog they may sometimes have to remain on the bridge for over 70 hours. In regard to this statement, let me quote from the New York *World* the words of three captains interviewed by that paper on the subject of my article.

Captain Cannon of the S. S. Minnetonka stated that 'he had never heard of a captain being obliged to remain on the bridge for 30 or 40 hours at a stretch.'

Captain Wettin of the S.S. George Washington stated that 'he had often been 30 and even 40 hours on the bridge at a stretch, but was not unfit for duty.'

Captain Dahl of the Friedrich der Grosse stated that 'he had been even four days on the bridge, and was alert and wide-awake all that time.'

Contrast this first statement with the second. Contrast both with the last. Remember also that liner-masters are generally past middle life. Many of them are well over sixty. Medical opinion on this point would prove valuable, both to the companies and to the public. Suppose we put the question thus: —

'Is a man of about sixty years a proper person to be intrusted with the safety of some 3000 souls, after standing in foggy weather on the bridge in a watch like Captain Dahl's, — *over four days*, — in damp foggy weather with the whistle at his ear screaming continuously?'

I notice that of the liner officers, captains alone give their views. It is a pity that subordinate officers also were not interviewed. Ask a White Star mate if his two hours on watch and four hours off allow him a healthful and continuous sleep. Ask a Cunard mate if my statements are exaggerated. Question them about leaving dock on a morning tide the day before sailing.

I do not wish to leave these charges relative to overwork without mentioning the subject of vacations. I have yet to see any officer of any English liner who was in a position to state that he ever got two weeks' consecutive leave on full pay. On shore even office-boys get their week-ends off, in addition to two weeks' leave annually; while aboard ship officers, even after being away a full year, are as often as not called down to the dock on Sunday to shift ship. Instead of leave of absence when in home port, not to speak of annually, certain officers have to keep watch on a cold ship in winter, and often for 24 hours are left absolutely without food. While superintendents, stewards, cooks, butchers, and shore-clerks, can come aboard liners when in dock, and partake of hot food, the officers in their quarters receive none. Of course, if they wish to do so, they can place themselves under an obligation to the ship's butcher or cook, but a gentleman of the service prefers to go hungry. I speak from experience.

In my paper, I brought up this topic of vacation particularly with reference to the officers on the Mauretania, saying that on certain occasions they only got 24 hours' leave ashore to visit their families after a voyage. Curiously enough, the last time they were in port, they, as well as the officers of the

Lusitania, had better reliefs than have been known since either ship was put into commission. To use an Americanism, has my *muckraking* had anything to do with it? I am very much inclined to think so.

Veer now to log-faking and cutting corners. All the steamship agents interested, with a single honorable exception, agreed that log-book faking is impossible. One agent sagely pointed out that it is an offense punishable by law. Now, there is a brief catechism which I should like to put to these agents: —

'Do you know the difference between the official log and the chief officer's log?'

'Do you know that the chief officer's log-book is never called for by the British Board of Trade except in cases of collision or stranding? Copy-logs are sent in to the companies' marine superintendent after the completion of each voyage, and these are copied from the chief officer's log by a junior officer.'

Agents who have never heard of these familiar facts will be interested to learn the difference between the official log-book and the chief officer's log-book. The official log contains entries relating to births, deaths, accidents, loggings of crew, desertion, draught, times of arrival and departure, etc. *The noon position, whether by observation or dead reckoning, is never entered in the official log-book.*

The chief officer's log will contain many of the above entries, and in addition the course and distance made, course and distance to steer, latitude and longitude at noon by observation and dead reckoning, revolutions of propeller, compass-course steered, wind and weather conditions, etc.

Now, if the chief officer's log stated that his ship was in latitude 42.18 N, longitude 62.52 W, on a certain day, who is to say that the ship was not in that position, and how could any official arrive at such a conclusion? The course and distance steered from the position of the day before would place the ship exactly where the entry placed her, and no agent will, I imagine, dispute this.

The truth is that log-book faking across the Atlantic is the easiest thing in the world, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no risk is involved — it only means the stating of a lie, and nothing more, claims on the underwriters seldom being made.

The faking of log-books is by no means confined to the officers of transatlantic liners. The detestable practice of many shipowners now carrying insurance, in order to have their repairs made at the expense of the underwriters, is an occurrence well recognized. Let me quote from a plain-spoken contemporary: —

'There are firms known who, from one year's end to the other, hardly ever pay for the repairs due to the natural deterioration of the ships under their management, nothing being too small or too big to be entered in the log-book as due to some cause or other wherewith they can recover from the insurance; and yet a big item for repairs is usually included in each balance-sheet issued to the shareholders, and as they are audited by chartered accountants, it is only reasonable to suppose that there are vouchers to prove same.

'Now, in the majority of these cases the superintendent is an engineer, and he is responsible to the managing owner for all the repairs both to the hull and engines, and has, therefore, both the mate's and engineer's log-books at his command. After a visit down below, where the engineer points out the various repairs that are necessary, he strolls round the deck with a mate, and soon has a list of repairs that would

make a ship-repairer's mouth water. But, alas! only a few are executed. Unfortunately for the superintendent, there are some things that do not come within the scope of "engines badly strained," "bearings running hot," "condenser choked," etc. These, consequently, must be repaired and are paid for with the money received for those that are not done, but come under the comprehensive term of "insurance." '

Let me also quote a copy of log entries written out by an engineer-superintendent for a writer in the *Nautical Magazine*, a publication of Glasgow. The entry is written in Hamburg, and is designed to cover the facts for a fake stranding on a passage round to the Bristol Channel: —

'(Date and time) — Weather foggy; engines eased to half-speed and soundings taken.

'. . . m. — Weather still foggy; stopping at frequent intervals to take soundings.

'At . . . m. — Ship took the ground heavily. At once put engines "Full astern" and kept them going astern until . . . . when worked them "Full ahead," and then "Full astern," working also continuously from port to starboard, and kept doing this and pumping out water-ballast until vessel floated at . . . m.

'While ashore something struck the propeller heavily. After floating and getting ship on her course, sounded all round and found water in all bilges on both port and starboard sides, fore and aft. Pumped this out. On passage to . . . found all tanks leaking badly into bilges. Steering engine working badly, being apparently strained.'

Simply fill in the blanks, mail to the underwriters' agent, and there you are!

Returning, however, to the immediate question of transatlantic passages, I have remarked that there was one agent who very frankly admitted that cutting corners was commonly practiced. The following is quoted verbatim from the *Evening Post*, New York, April 29: —

'The head of another large transatlantic line, who did not wish his name to be used, remarked that it was true that some of the ocean liners took short cuts. He said that the charge had been made before, and that it had been proved in one case where a steamship company was obliged to retract the record it had given out. He also declared that it was quite possible for captains to go out of their courses without being detected, and that in so doing, they gained considerable time. They also endangered the lives of those on board.'

Just as the captains were not agreed on the question of overwork, so the agents disagreed as to short cuts. It would be well for their purpose to scan old log-books and find out for themselves how often positions by observation are entered when vessels are approaching the 'corner.' It is remarkable how much dull and cloudy weather is perpetually hanging round this corner, and how many dead-reckoning positions are entered just there, and how daily runs always seem to be a little bigger in that vicinity.

Of course the reader must remember that there is the Gulf Stream setting one north, and the engineers want colder water for their vacuum too, so a short cut helps in more ways than mileage alone.

There are two ships in the Cunard service whose passage records are interesting in this connection. They are sister ships, and between their speeds there is not ¾ of a knot difference, but one habitually arrives from 20 to 24 and sometimes 30 hours ahead of the other. Now the ship which makes the quicker passage may carry more hard

coal, and she may strike better weather, but surely this disparity could not be maintained, voyage after voyage, purely through accidental causes. Tides may help one and hinder the other; stokers and engineers of one may be skilled and on the other raw, but in time these advantages would surely be equalized. The faster ship frequently docks on Wednesday afternoon, and the slower one sometimes as late as Friday morning.

Now, if it were possible, instead of following the southern track westbound, Fastnet to Sandy Hook, to follow the northern without fear of detection, thus saving 109 miles, the great divergence between the ships would cease. One meets only freighters in the northern direction at the time vessels are supposed to be on the southern track, and even they are few. If freighters chance to know of the tracks, they know nothing of when they are to be followed and by which vessels. Will not the saving of 165 miles by following the northern and westward laid track instead of the southern and eastern — Boston to Fastnet — have a little to do with the great difference in the average speeds of the two vessels?

There is absolutely nothing to keep any vessel from following the northern track mentioned, whether steering east or west. Admitting that the early vessel has ¾ of a knot faster speed than the late vessel, her average speed will net her 133.4 miles on an eight days' passage at 14 knots per hour. This, plus 165 miles gained by shortened corners, equals 298.4 miles, which at the rate of 14 knots means 21.3 hours steaming time. Furthermore, it is possible to slice an hour's run off the northern corner, and adding it to 21.3, we have a gain of 22.3 hours, steering east, which almost amounts to a day's run. It is possible, indeed, to go still farther north by passing Sable Island to the southward and keeping out of signal range when nearing Cape Race. If we footed up all these items, they would I fear, account for the 'milk in the cocoanut' if applied to the two vessels spoken of.

It is only fair to add that to follow the Cape Race course is dangerous on account of the greater number of icebergs met with, as well as on account of the dreaded Virgin Rocks. Suppose, however, a ship left the great circle track at a point in latitude 46.07 N, and in longitude 36.58 W, and picked up the rhumb-line track at a point in latitude 41.00 N, and longitude 63.28 W. How much distance would she save? 47 miles. Again, suppose she departed from the track a little more to the eastward, in latitude 46.38 N, and longitude 35.27 W, and steered a straight course to position latitude 40.49 W, longitude 66.20 W, on the rhumb-line course. The saving would be 56 miles, the official distance between the points being 1440 miles, and the distance actually traveled 1384. This saving would make quite a little difference in the average speeds of two vessels, one of which followed the track religiously, while the other made one of her own. The 56-mile cut is not considered a big one by daring captains.

Now, my critics point out that if a vessel were seen off the track, she would be reported as early as possible. I ask who is going to report the vessel which left the track in latitude 46.38 N, and longitude 35.27 W? Captains of liners? What are they doing there? Looking for the track? No, in this instance there would be no reporting. It is only when a man nibbles at cutting corners on the homeward-bound southern and northern routes, and edges close to the outward tracks, that he is seen and reported, maybe, by a captain who does keep to the track. There are many men I know of, who steer every mile of

the official distance: but these men, if they carry mails, usually have complaints made against them, at least on the British side, by the post-office officials. Their times of arrival are compared with those of a ship nearly matched in speed, etc. Then, again, builders do not care to see a man in charge of a fast ship which lags behind one built in a rival yard. A man who cuts corners and runs full speed in fog, is a man who advertises both his line and the yard which made his ship. There is no suspicion of graft here, but simply of satisfaction, official and personal, if the man in command is making smart passages, and of dissatisfaction if he is not.

In my paper I charged that masters and officers of liners were underpaid. Will any of the critics who denied my charge mention a single instance of any transatlantic liner captain receiving a salary of $5000 a year? Transatlantic liners are nearly three times larger than the liners of fifteen years ago, and they carry twice the amount of mail and twice the number of passengers, and yet the salaries of masters, instead of increasing, have decreased proportionately. Possibly the commodores in the best German and English liners may occasionally reach $4000. The great majority of masters range between $2000 and $3000 — this according to seniority. Most masters on liners carrying over 3000 souls do not reach even $2000 a year. The pay of the chief officers of the biggest liners afloat never exceeds and seldom reaches $1400 per annum. The seventh officer receives for his expensive training and his diplomas, the princely sum of $35 a month, while his initial expense on costly uniforms will be about $150. This deduction leaves him a balance of $270 for his first year's services.

It is not a fair reply to these charges, that the laws of supply and demand regulate salaries. Those who engage in a career on the sea, start in their profession as mere boys, and the artificial barriers which separate the seaman from the landsman effectually prevent the great majority of seamen from getting preferment ashore. A wage that would keep body and soul together and afford a little margin for the decencies of life would seem to be good policy, but it is one which is not embraced by any line afloat.

One important point in my article seems to have been neglected by all my critics. The matter of habitual speed in foggy weather met with no denial. Perhaps the Republic incident is too recent. Perhaps also the charge proves itself, for ships come and go with clock-like regularity, fog or no fog.

I have tried to answer my critics with candor, but I have not felt at liberty to mention names. The reasons why are obvious. I know my facts, and I believe they cannot be impugned. In closing, I should like to state once more that my charges are not directed against any particular company, ship, or master. I should like again to emphasize the fact that many masters carry out the letter of the law and of the company's regulations, but these men do not always get the credit which is their due. The supposed 'crack' skipper has better fortune!

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES TERRY DELANEY.

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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## THE LADIES' BATTLE

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

I

One fact concerning the woman-suffrage movement is plain to all who have watched that movement: that is, the superficial and inadequate manner in which the matter has been discussed on both sides. The suffragists, in their spoken and published utterances, reveal that, while they propose a stupendous governmental change, they have little knowledge of the fundamentals of government, the evolution of representation, the history of politics, or the genesis, scope, and meaning of suffrage. In their treatment of the subject, they hopelessly confuse political, philanthropic, socialistic, and economic questions; nor do they seem able to discriminate between objects of national and those of state or municipal regulation. They have shown no grasp of the principles of government; few suffragists, perhaps, could explain, offhand, why the House of Representatives has a Committee on Foreign Affairs, and the Senate has a Committee on Foreign Relations. Yet such things are among the alphabet of representative government, and to attempt enormous governmental changes without knowing this alphabet is like trying to work the integral and differential calculus without knowing the ground-rules of arithmetic.

The objectors to woman suffrage have not always given logical or practical reasons against it. They feel an instinctive dislike to the overturning of the social order which woman suffrage would work, but they have reasoned little more than a person reasons who runs indoors from a hailstorm. The inconveniences of remaining exposed to a hailstorm are so plain that few persons work the matter out logically; they act on instinct, which, unlike reason, makes no mistakes. Still, if an effort were made forcibly to expose persons to hailstorms, a dozen conclusive reasons might be found why they should go indoors. Mr. William Dean Howells says that he has heard many appeals against woman suffrage, but that he has never heard any reasons against it; yet there are compelling reasons against it. They have not been much in evidence, because the debate has been chiefly in the hands of women whose knowledge of governmental principles is meagre.

Both sides — whether for or against — have assumed that the revolution would be over when a woman could walk up to the polling-booth and deposit a ballot in the box. It is at this

point, however, that the revolution would begin. It is true that limited suffrage prevails in twenty-two states, and full suffrage in four, — Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah, — and still there is no general revolution. But it must be remembered that in the states where there is limited suffrage, women have shown a general indifference to exercising suffrage, while the experiment in the four crude and sparsely settled states in which there is full suffrage affords no adequate test for full suffrage in great centres of civilization, and in vast and crowded communities, with immense and diversified interests.

Wyoming is a state of cowboys and cattle-ranges. Idaho is dominated to a great degree by the Mormon Church, which has ever been the good friend of woman suffrage, and the most powerful advocate it has yet had. In Utah, the women-voters, under the lead of Mormonism, have voted steadily in favor of polygamists and law-breakers, who have been sent to Congress, in defiance of the law, by the votes of women. In Colorado, the most civilized of all the suffrage states, the suffrage experiment has not been entirely successful, as will be shown further on. The near view of suffrage does not seem to help it. During the last fourteen years, California, South Dakota, Washington, and Oregon have all defeated suffrage amendments to their constitutions.

II

There are two basic principles opposed to woman suffrage. A basic principle works with the merciless mechanism of a natural law, like gravitation, and is indeed a natural law. It may be violated for a time, just as a stick may be thrust in the cogs of a machine, but the machine will not work until the stick is removed, and is sure to be damaged by the performance. True, it is not only the suffragists who have defied a basic principle: it is within the memory of living men that the government of the United States, through some of its ablest and most experienced legislators, violated every principle of constitutional government, of common sense as well as common justice, by placing the ballot in the hands of recently emancipated slaves who could neither read nor write, and were without property.

By the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, in five states of the Union, all power and property were handed over to the combined vice and illiteracy of those states. By the Fifteenth Amendment, a coach and horses were driven through the Constitution of the United States by an attempt to compel the granting of the same civil rights to the recently emancipated slaves only a few generations removed from cannibalism, as to the highest type of the Caucasian race with a thousand years of civilization behind it. If civilization could be destroyed by legislative enactment, it would have been destroyed in the five Southern states which were thus delivered over to anarchy. But civilization cannot be destroyed by legislative enactment. It may be grievously injured, and frightful disorders and lasting wrong may follow; but the basic and natural law will always, in such dreadful events, rise above the statute law and civilization will maintain itself at all costs.

The reason against the enfranchisement of women bears no relation whatever to the reason for the practical disfranchisement of the Negro which now prevails throughout the Southern states. It may rather be compared to the disfranchisement of all the citizens of that district which has the highest percentage of literacy of any district in the country, and the highest percentage of individual wealth, and in which

the government disburses three hundred and seventy-two millions of dollars a year in wages. This is the District of Columbia, containing a population of 343,005 souls. No citizen of the District has a vote. The experiment of giving these citizens votes had been fully tried, when, less than forty years ago, two of the greatest jurists of the age, the late Senator Thurman of Ohio, and former Senator Edmunds of Vermont, carried through, without division of party, a scheme of disfranchising every citizen in the most intelligent municipality in the country. Two reasons were given for this. One was to prevent the Negroes from voting, and the other was the belief that it was better there should be no political representatives at the seat of Federal government except Federal representatives.

In this case, as from the beginning of representative government, the ballot was recognized, not as a right, but as a privilege, which could be withheld from intelligent qualified persons, as well as from the unqualified. As Senator Elihu Root, one of the greatest living jurists, has tersely put it, "But if there is any one thing settled, it is that voting is not a natural right, but simply a means of government."

III

The two basic reasons against woman suffrage are as follows: —

First, no electorate has ever existed, or ever can exist, which cannot execute its own laws.

Second, no voter has ever claimed, or ever can claim, maintenance from another voter.

In the suffrage states these basic laws are for the moment nullified.

Concerning the first of these propositions, a voter must have two qualifications. First, he must, except in occasional individual instances, be physically able to make his way to the polls, against opposition if necessary; and, second, he must be able to carry out by force the effect of his ballot. Law consists of a series of Thou-shalt-nots, but government does not result until an armed man stands ready to execute the law. Force converts law into government. In civilized countries there are three methods of converting law into government — fine or compensation, imprisonment, and death. For all of these, physical force is necessary. To create an electorate unable to use physical force, is not, as the suffragists seem to think, merely doubling the present electorate. It means pulling out the underpinning, which is force, from every form of government the world has yet known.

Besides the two essential qualifications of a voter, there are many other desirable ones. Education is desirable, but not essential. The possession of education and intelligence does not enable women to force their way to the polls or to execute laws created under female suffrage. The spectacle of one half the electorate unable to execute a single law it has made, or even to deposit its ballots without the assistance of the other half, is a proposition so fantastic that it is difficult to attack it seriously.

The trouble would begin with the mere attempt of women to deposit their ballots. A dozen ruffians at a single polling-place could prevent a hundred women from depositing a single ballot. There can be no doubt that this means would be used by the rougher elements, and that the polls would become scenes of preordained disorder and riot. In addition to this rowdyism, respectable women would have to face the class that is not respectable, a thing appalling to modest women. The respectable women might invoke the law, but they could not enforce it. They

would be dependent upon that moiety of men who might be willing to assist them. The constabulary has always proved totally inadequate to maintain order at the polls when there was a determined effort at disorder; and there is in the American nation a fixed hostility to the employment of troops at polling-places. It is a fact, probably unknown to the suffragists, that every administration which has ever passed a force bill, or even made a serious endeavor to do so, has lost the House of Representatives at the next election. This has given rise to the axiom that an electorate which cannot protect itself is not worth protecting, and the country is better off without it than with it. This principle has worked unerringly since the foundation of the Republic, and is in itself the natural protection of the ballot.

Supposing the ballots of women, however, to have been deposited by the indulgence of men, women will surely be called upon to legislate for men upon subjects of which no woman has ever had, or ever can have, any practical experience. True, men now legislate for women. But there is no trade, profession, or handicraft, of which women have a monopoly, and in which no man has any experience. It has often been pointed out that women could not, with justice, ask to legislate upon matters of war and peace, as no woman can do military duty; but this point may be extended much further. No woman can have any practical knowledge of shipping and navigation, of the work of trainmen on railways, of mining, or of many other subjects of the highest importance. Their legislation, therefore, would not probably be intelligent, and the laws they devised for the benefit of sailors, trainmen, miners, etc., might be highly objectionable to the very persons they sought to benefit. If obedience should be refused to these laws, who is to enforce them? The men? Is it likely they will? And if the effort should be made, what stupendous disorders would occur! The entire execution of the law would be in the hands of men, backed up by an irresponsible electorate which could not lift a finger to apprehend or punish a criminal.

Great questions would arise concerning national defense and internal protection. The votes of women, not one of whom would be called upon to share the hardships of a military life, might decree that a hundred thousand soldiers would be sufficient in a case where the men from whom these soldiers would be recruited would say that two hundred thousand were needed. By providing only half that number, those men might be sent to their destruction. Would they go? And if they refused, who is to make them go? Where would be the justice in allowing women a voice, and an utterly irresponsible ballot, on this subject? In municipal affairs, the men might decide that a city needed for its protection a police force of fifteen hundred men; the women, not one of whom would be called upon to risk her life as a policeman risks his, might conclude that a thousand men would be enough, and those thousand men would have to face odds with which it would require fifteen hundred men to deal; and awful disasters might result. But suppose the police refuse to meet these odds. Again, who is to make them do it? A considerable proportion of men are unable to do military or constabulary duty. To add to this irresponsible percentage among men the whole feminine electorate, would be to reduce the responsible electorate to a minimum.

In a recent magazine article, Mrs. Clarence Mackey, a leading suffragist, advances with much gravity the proposition that influence such as women now possess, without responsibility, is a

very bad thing. She proposes to substitute the authority of the ballot in place of influence, but still without responsibility. If influence without responsibility is dangerous, authority without responsibility must be a thousand times more dangerous. It is, in fact, the most dangerous thing on earth. The logic of the suffragists is not always equal to that of Aristotle.

IV

The second basic principle against woman suffrage — that one voter cannot claim maintenance from another voter — would deprive married women of any claim for support from their husbands; and in all questions concerning women, wives and mothers must be considered first. From the beginning of representative government it has been recognized that when a man acquires a vote he gives up all claim to maintenance except upon public charity. On attaining his majority, a man loses all claim to maintenance, not even his own father being called upon to maintain him for another day. In the case of daughters, the unwritten law, which is always much more strictly obeyed than the written law, has decreed that the father, if able, shall maintain his adult daughters as long as they remain unmarried. The exceptions to this law only prove the rule. Under the present dispensation, the status between husbands and wives is, practically, that the husband has the vote and the wife has the property. In lieu of a vote, the law has given the wife enormous property privileges which, of course, are totally inconsistent with the possession of a vote. The law of property between husband and wife may be broadly stated as follows: —

The wife on her marriage does not become responsible for any debts owed by her husband before marriage; the husband on marriage becomes in many states responsible for every debt owed by the wife before marriage. The wife is the sole possessor of her own estate; the husband is not, and never has been, the sole possessor of his own estate unless there is a pre-nuptial contract. He cannot alienate his wife's dower, either in his lifetime or by his will. A husband's courtesy-right in his wife's estate by no means corresponds in value with the wife's dower-right in his estate. A wife is not liable for her husband's debts; a husband may not excuse himself from paying his wife's debts, even on the ground that they were contracted without his knowledge, or even against his prohibition.[1] The law compels him to pay those debts of his wife which are reckoned justifiable and in proportion to the husband's income and station in life. A married woman is entitled to her own earnings; a married man is not, and never was, entitled to his own earnings. The law compels him out of them to give adequate support to his wife and minor children. The woman seeking divorce from her husband can compel him to pay her counsel fees, and to give her alimony if she be the innocent party, even if he marry again, and this alimony continues until the former wife's death or remarriage. She can also compel her former husband to provide for the support of the minor children. A husband seeking divorce from his wife cannot force her to pay his counsel fees or secure alimony from her, or, if she be guilty, force her to support the minor children, although the wife may be wealthy and the husband may be penniless.

It may be said in passing that this over-indulgence on the part of men toward women in divorce laws is to a great degree responsible for the divorce evil. In most states, the laws

[1] Provided such debts are contracted for necessities of life. — THE EDITORS.

concerning the property privileges of women seem to be embodied sentimentalism; and in some, the husband appears to have no rights which the wife is bound to respect. In Georgia, a recent legislature proposed to add to the gift of all of a man's property to his wife, that it should be a felony in the State of Georgia for a man to 'defame' a woman. These delightful Knights of La Mancha omitted to define what constitutes defaming a woman.

One fact is admitted, however, by every person familiar with the rudiments of the common law — that all property privileges must be resigned at once by every woman who acquires a vote. This must be done as a matter not only of justice, but of necessity, for no voter can claim maintenance from another voter who may cast a vote which may not only impair, but even destroy, the power of the first voter to support the second voter. The wife, for example, may be a free-trader, and the husband a protectionist. The wife may, by her single vote, cause tariff changes that would enormously impair the husband's power of supporting her. This impairment may be done in a more direct manner by the wife of an official. She may by her vote reduce his salary, or even cause his office to be abolished entirely, thereby leaving him without an income. To say that wives would always vote for their husbands' financial interests is to accuse women of absolute and complete corruption. So it will be seen that, following an unbroken precedent which is founded upon a basic principle, a wife, on acquiring a vote, would have to give up all claim to maintenance upon any one whomsoever, except upon public charity; or she may be compelled, as in Utah, to support her husband.

But how can a woman, the mother of minor children, do without maintenance from her husband? It is the law of nature, as well as of custom, that the man should be the bread-winner of the family; and he is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The few instances to the contrary only prove the rule. How many mothers with young children are capable of self-support? If, however, she becomes a voter she must take her place with all the voters, and abandon all claim to maintenance upon anybody. Where would the rights of the children come in? Who would be responsible for the support of minors?

In the attempt to adjust the property rights between a husband and wife, both of whom are voters, and the minor children, chaos must result. It is a problem never before presented upon a considerable scale, and is practically incapable of adjustment; that is to say, the litigation which would result would swamp ten times as many courts as exist in the United States today. It would present unknown complications in the transfer of property, in the making of contracts, in the carrying on of business, in every transaction in which a married man or a married woman was a party. It would be necessary to wipe out most of the common law, 'the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence.' No lawyer or financier living would undertake to prophesy the result, except stupendous loss to women and a cataclysmal confusion and destruction of values.

At this point comes in the most startling feature of the suffragists' campaign. It might be imagined that the very first thing to be settled is: 'How does the acquisition of a vote affect the property privilege of women?' Until the suffragists are prepared to answer this question satisfactorily, it is difficult to see how they can ask votes for women. Now, so far as

their printed utterances go, not one single word on this vital and stupendous point has been spoken by any suffragist. At their annual meetings, this subject has never been mentioned.

As a matter of fact, women in the suffrage states have their property privileges very much curtailed, and are liable for the support of their husbands in certain contingencies — a thing unknown in states without woman suffrage. Whether these facts and questions are kept in the background for fear lest, if they are brought forward, the whole suffrage body may be stampeded, or whether the suffragists themselves do not know that the inevitable consequences of acquiring a vote mean a loss of property privileges, cannot be stated. Judging, however, from this indifference to basic principles, the suffragists do not know that they will lose any property privileges by becoming voters.

The suffragists, however, have adopted as a principle a strange fallacy, — not found in any system of government on this planet, — that the payment of taxes entitles the taxpayer to vote. The phrase 'Taxation without representation is tyranny' has been wholly misunderstood by them. It is indeed a misleading phrase, especially to persons unfamiliar with governmental principles. But it was never meant or taken in the sense that the payment of taxes carried with it a vote. It did not refer to individuals at all, or to an enlargement of the electorate. There is not the smallest evidence to show that the colonies ever sought or desired parliamentary representation, and the subject was never mentioned except to be dismissed. As Sydney George Fisher says, in his *Struggles for American Independence*, 'It is to be understood that they [the American Colonies] did not ask for representation in Parliament. They declared it to be impossible. . . . They always insisted that representation was impossible.'

The phrase, as originally used, referred to what were really international relations. The suffragists think it meant that nobody should pay taxes who had not a vote. This notion would have made the founders of the Republic smile — for, as a justice of the Supreme Court once calmly reminded an indiscreet advocate, 'It may be assumed that the Supreme Court of the United States knows something.' It knows there is no essential relation between taxation and representation. It knows that, if this principle proclaimed by the suffragists were adopted, the public income would stop.

It must be remembered that taxation, in its inception, meant protection; that is to say, property-owners paid in order to have their property protected. In any event, a woman's property as well as a man's must be protected by a man. If her rights are infringed, she has the same redress that men have — the power of the courts, with men to carry the mandate into effect, because no woman can carry any law into effect. The property is taxed, and not the individual. Nobody has proposed that the property of minors should be exempt from taxation. In the District of Columbia with its 343,005 inhabitants, no man has a vote, but no man has had the assurance so far to ask exemption from taxation. The entire Army and Navy of the United States, including the officers, the best educated body of men in the country, are practically disfranchised through difficulty in establishing domicile, and for other reasons. Yet army and navy men are required to pay taxes just as much as civilians.

The idea that taxation carries with it a vote is peculiarly ludicrous when employed by suffragists from the South. There is probably not one

of them to be found who advocates restoring the franchise to the two million Negro voters, increased by two more millions of ignorant Negro women-voters; but the Southern suffragists have not so far proposed to exempt the ten million Negroes in the South from taxation. But if no one should be taxed who has not a vote, then these ten million Negroes should be exempt from taxation; also all lunatics, minors, and criminals; all army and navy officers and men; all the inhabitants of the Territories and of the District of Columbia.

The twelve hundred thousand foreigners who are added annually to our population would also be exempt from taxation for at least five years — the shortest time, under our present naturalization laws, in which an alien may become a voter. But this would only be the beginning of the exemption. Citizenship cannot be forced upon any man, and immigrants might choose to remain aliens, and no doubt would, in order to escape taxation. Sad to say, great numbers of American citizens would cross the Canadian border and become loyal subjects of King George, and exchange their citizenship for exemption from taxes. If Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan should choose to become aliens, they would be exempt from taxation. Vast foreign corporations would be represented by a few individuals, who would remain aliens and pay no taxes. There are a few states where an alien cannot hold real estate, but there are many other forms of property which are taxed, and in most of the states a foreigner may own anything he can pay for, and he is taxed from the moment he acquires it. To differentiate between voluntary and involuntary aliens would be to call the whole population of the United States into court.

The proposition that taxation without representation is an injustice would no doubt be enthusiastically supported by every scoundrel among men in the United States of America. If a man by reason of crime were deprived of his vote, or by not having the educational qualifications which are usually required, he would also be exempt from taxation. In fact, if taxation without representation be adopted as a principle of government, nobody need pay taxes who does not want to, and the number of persons who really want to pay taxes is, unfortunately, small.

V

There can be no doubt that a wave of suffrage has swept over the world in the last few years. Besides what has been done in America, Australia and Finland have adopted full suffrage for women; and Sweden, Denmark, and New Zealand have limited suffrage in various forms. It is alleged that full suffrage in Australia and Finland has not worked well, but the experiment is too recent to be very valuable. And it must be remembered that no women have the property privileges of American women. In England, it would be unjust to confound the section of law-abiding and dignified, if mistaken, suffragists with the shrieking and savage mobs that make one shudder at the thought of intrusting them with the vote. It brings to mind the stern words of the late Queen Victoria, the first sovereign on earth who ever understood, maintained, and observed a constitution, and who in the sixty-four years of her reign had more governmental experience, more practical knowledge of politics than any woman who ever lived, — 'The Queen is most anxious to enlist everyone who can speak or write in checking this mad, wicked folly of "Woman's Rights" with all its attendant horrors.'

This illustrious lady was celebrated for knowing what she was talking about.

The present Liberal Government has shown a singular vacillation concerning the frenzied English women who rioted for suffrage. Less than a year ago the London police were using dog-whips upon them. Now, the non-partisan committee appointed by Prime Minister Asquith has reported a bill giving the franchise to women-householders in their own right, and those occupying at their own expense domiciles of a certain value. The bill has already passed its second reading, and may possibly be adopted at the present session of Parliament. With the example of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States before us, there is no reason to suppose that the British Parliament may not do something equally irrational. As in that case, Parliament may yield to the clamors of a frantic mob; but when a legislature does that, it always has to pay a fearful price. Also, Parliament is as likely as any American legislature to mistake a minority for a majority. For it must not be forgotten, that according to the suffragists' own showing, woman suffragists are in a minority in every one of the twenty-six states in which they have full or limited suffrage, except in Utah. In that still polygamous state, woman suffragists have a majority.

VI

It must be said, however, of American suffragists in the past, that their course has generally been one of dignity and decorum. A few painful absurdities have been committed, like Miss Anthony's *Woman's Bible*, which was an effort to edit the Bible so that it might become a suffragist document. This attitude of dignity on the part of the suffragists has been recently disturbed by that strange psychic law which makes violence contagious. The shocking conduct of a part of the English suffragists has not been without its evil effect on American suffragists.

At the forty-second annual meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association, in Washington in April, 1910, the suffragists carried on a street campaign which was not without humorous aspects. Women, standing up in motors, would represent pathetically their miserable situation without the ballot, and make passionate appeals for a vote to men who themselves had no votes. The official proceedings and speeches showed a lamentable want of legal and governmental knowledge. One lady announced, 'We will make a noise until we get a vote.' This singular sentiment was applauded, in apparent forgetfulness that the only creature who gets what it wants by making a noise is a baby. Another delegate publicly advocated race-suicide, giving the perfectly logical reason that women could not attend properly to public affairs and look after their families as well. On the day when their petition was presented in the Senate, the galleries were crowded with suffragists, who became so noisy that the presiding officer, Senator Kean of New Jersey, was obliged to announce that if the disorder did not cease the galleries would be cleared.

The most shocking impropriety of all was the public insult to President Taft when he was their invited guest. The President yielded to strong pressure, and on the evening of April 15 made a short address to the suffragists assembled at the Arlington Hotel. The President spoke with courtesy and dignity, but on his making some guarded reference to the dangers attending the extension of the franchise, the suffragists proceeded to make history

by hooting and hissing the President of the United States. This has never before occurred in the history of the country. No matter how hostile a crowd might be, or of what low elements it might consist, the President of the United States has always been treated with respect. A number of the suffragists, realizing their frightful blunder, sent a letter of apology to the President. The action, however, was not unanimous. At no time during the meeting was there any discussion, or even allusion to any changes which might result in the property privileges of women in the event of acquiring a vote. Many strange ideas of government, however, were presented. A brilliant and prominent advocate of woman suffrage gave the following as its chief objects:—

'Woman suffragists stand for sanitation, education, and the uplift of six million working women in the United States.'

A very slight analysis of this formula will show many fallacies.

First, is the universal fallacy on the part of the suffragists that all women will vote alike, and will vote right.

Second: neither sanitation nor education can be the first or even the most important object of government. Good laws well administered, a pure and competent judiciary, internal order, national defense, and many other things, must take precedence of sanitation and education. Neither sanitation nor popular education was known to the founders of the Republic; yet these founders added more to the forces of civilization than any group of sanitarians or educators that ever lived.

Third: neither sanitation nor education is a national affair, but both are the business of states and municipalities.

Fourth: sanitation and education are already well attended to by men, and as large a share of the public income is devoted to them as the people will bear.

Fifth: the proposition that one-half the electorate of the country shall devote its energies to the uplifting of six million working women in the United States is a bald proposition to create a privileged class. This is a thing abhorrent to republican institutions, and is the line of demarkation between republics and monarchies. There is not, and never can be, a line on any statute book in the United States, regulating work and wages between private individuals. Any proposition to that effect is socialism run mad. There is a socialistic association, highly favored by suffragists, to bring about that no shop-girl shall work for less than four dollars a week. It is only just to the well-meaning but ill-informed women who have gone into this movement, to say that their unfamiliarity with governmental problems is the reason that such a grotesque association exists. The innocent blunders of equally well-meaning and ill-informed suffragists in New York City have involved them in violations of law, and several of their leaders were indicted in June, 1910, for boycotting and conspiracy.

Suffrage is neither a philanthropic scheme nor an economic measure, but a registering machine. The stock argument of the suffragists has ever been, that the suffrage would enable a woman to get the same pay for the same work as a man. What they probably mean by this is, that a woman working the same number of hours at the same employment as a man, should receive the same pay. But it has been tested, and needs no test, that the work of women for the same time at the same employment as men is not so good in quality or quantity, and for obvious reasons. A woman cannot stand physical effort and nervous strain as a man can; nine hundred and ninety-nine wo-

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men out of every thousand go into work with the fixed intention of abandoning it at the first possible moment; a woman at the period of her greatest energy is liable at any moment to make a contract of marriage, which vitiates other contracts; and women are less amenable to discipline than men.

Suffrage would not increase the physical strength of women; it would not keep them at work if they had a good opportunity to escape from it; it would not prevent them from marrying if they wished to; and it would not make them any more amenable to discipline. Suffrage will not enlarge the scope of women's employments. It will not enable them to climb telegraph poles, or to construct battleships, or to build sky-scrapers. It will have no effect upon either their work or their wages, work and wages being entirely controlled by the law of supply and demand.

VII

As to the actual working of woman suffrage, one community alone — Colorado — affords a full and fair test, after more than thirty years of suffrage, under conditions more nearly resembling these in older civilizations. In that time, charges that the Colorado electorate, as well as those of the other three suffrage states, was peculiarly corrupt, have been brought forward alongside of the counter-claim by the suffragists that Colorado led in reform the great procession of states. In 1904 came the celebrated contested election case of Bonynge *versus* Shafroth in the First Congressional District of Colorado, containing the city of Denver. This case was investigated during the second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress (H. R. report, No. 2705). The methods prevailing in the Colorado electorate were there fully and officially set forth. In this case, the certificate of election had been given to Mr. Shafroth, but it was contested by Mr. Bonynge, and the ballot-boxes were brought to Washington and opened in the House of Representatives.

The ballot-boxes disclosed a state of corruption comparable only with the worst days of reconstruction in the South. Out of a total of nearly nine thousand ballots cast, six thousand were fraudulent. In this orgy of fraud and forgery, the women-voters held their own gallantly. It was found that bogus ballots had been placed in the boxes, and in many cases that six or eight or ten of these bogus ballots were folded together in such a way that they could not have been voted separately or legally. The handwriting experts testified that all these bogus ballots had been filled in by four persons, one of them a woman; that this woman had numbered hundreds of these bogus ballots, and had them placed in the ballot-boxes. On page 23 of the report, it will be noted that the polling-list contained 422 names, and was in the handwriting of a woman clerk of the poll. On page 24 it was shown that this woman voted three times, and she also wrote in the party designation for many of the ballots. On the same page it is shown that another woman signed the certificate in two places purporting to have been signed by two other clerks. Certificates in a poll-book, purporting to be signed by each of the judges, were found to be in the handwriting of a woman, a clerk of the poll. On page 5 it is stated that although the names of seventy-five women appear on a poll-list, the committee found but two ballots on which the party name at the top appears to be in the handwriting of women.

This gives a slight idea of the corrupt methods prevailing among the women-voters of Colorado. The whole exhibition was such that Mr. Shafroth

did what has never before been done in the history of a contested election case in the Congress of the United States. He rose and formally resigned the seat which had been given him upon the prima facie evidence of the certificate of election. Colorado has but three congressional districts, and in the First District is the city of Denver. Therefore, the state of affairs prevailing in the First Congressional District may be reasonably taken as representing one-third of the electorate of Colorado, and that the wealthiest and most enlightened third. No wonder that Judge Moses Hallett, for twenty-seven years United States District Judge for Colorado, and previously Chief Justice of Colorado as a Territory, said in an interview in the Denver *Republican*, on April 6, 1902:—

'There is a growing tendency on the part of most of the better and more intelligent of the female voters of Colorado to cease exercising the ballot. If it were to be done over again, the people of Colorado would defeat woman suffrage by an overwhelming majority.'

As to the alleged purifying effect of women-voters on politics, it is not indicated by the following Associated Press dispatch, dated Denver, May 17, 1910:—

'That Denver has gone "wet," seems assured by the returns received up to eight o'clock to-night. Betting on a "wet" majority is two to one, with very little "dry" money in sight.' The final 'wet' majority was two to one.

This comes from the oldest and most civilized centre of woman suffrage. From Utah, the only state in which woman suffragists have a majority, came on the 10th of June, 1910, the following Associated Press dispatch from one of the principals in a proposed prize fight, which had been prohibited in California by Governor Gillett:—

'Salt Lake City can handle the fight, and it can be put on July 4th'—prize-fighting not being illegal in Utah.

The introduction of the woman-suffrage question into politics in the last two or three years has already made difficulties. Men, being the arbiters, have naturally and wisely kept, in general, out of the discussion. It has been mainly carried on by women, who must, of course, settle it among themselves, for it has been shown that men are willing to grant the ballot to women as soon as it is proved that a majority of women want it — and often long before this is proved. Whenever it has come to a test of numbers and political management between the suffragists and the anti-suffragists, the latter have secured an easy and overwhelming victory.

In 1894, a strong effort was made by the suffragists in New York State to have the Constitutional Convention of that year adopt a woman-suffrage amendment. The opposition was not aroused until the amendment appeared to be certain of a majority of votes. Then a rapid campaign was organized, a delegation of women went to Albany, and by masterly tactics they succeeded in having an amendment tacked on to the bill, making voting compulsory. In a few weeks the anti-suffragists defeated the result of twenty-five years of effort on the part of the suffragists.

In Massachusetts the anti-suffragists were brilliantly successful in the matter of the so-called Referendum of 1895. The Massachusetts Legislature passed a bill, submitting to the men-voters, and to the women-voters entitled to vote for school committees, the question whether municipal suffrage should be granted to women. The suffragists sought to avoid the test and appealed to the governor to veto the bill after it had passed. Both sides went actively into the campaign. The anti-suf-

fragists, with great intelligence, decided to remain away from the polls, while exerting all their influence against the proposed measure. The votes of the men and the women were kept separate. The result was a majority of 100,000 men opposed to the bill. Out of an estimated number of 575,000 women of voting age, only 22,204 voted in favor of the bill. In 47 towns, not one woman's vote was recorded in favor of it, and in 138 towns the suffragists secured in each 15 votes or less; 864 votes were cast against it.

This illustrates a fact very important for legislators to recognize — the insignificant number of suffragists in the whole body of women. At the National Woman Suffrage convention in April, 1910, a petition bearing the names of four hundred thousand women asking for suffrage was presented to the Congress of the United States. When it is recalled that there are about twenty million women of voting age in this country who have not asked for a change, it will be seen that the commotion made by the suffragists bears a very small relation to their numbers.

The idea of forcing suffrage, with all its attendant complications, and the sacrifice of property privileges, and changing the whole status of forty-five million women and girls and girl-children at the bidding of four hundred thousand, is in itself a monstrous proposition. If the suffragists believe that suffrage would be advantageous to women, they are justified in urging women to ask for it. But to demand of men that the status of ninety-five per cent of the women of the country be wholly changed at the solicitation of five per cent, certainly shows an admirable hardihood.

IX

The suffragists have said repeatedly that if a suffragist amendment to the Constitution were adopted, no woman need vote who did not wish to vote. This is equivalent to saying that if a sixteenth amendment, authorizing polygamy, were adopted, no one need practice polygamy who did not wish to do so. Nevertheless, it would change the status of every woman in the United States. Opposition to suffrage does not mean that women should not study public affairs, and take an intelligent interest in them. If women would read the proceedings in Congress and inform themselves upon state and national affairs, it would broaden their minds immensely, and there would be fewer suffragists. It would also add to their charms, because they could take a sympathetic interest in those public questions in which most men are more or less engaged. It was this ability to meet men on their own ground that gave the women of the French *salons* their power. Those glorious French women enchanted by their grace, their sweetness, and their exquisite femininity, and they ruled by virtue of their intellect and their profound knowledge of affairs. American women could, by the same means, exercise equal power.

The suffragists are quite correct in asserting that there are certain public questions in which women have a larger stake, and have probably a better knowledge, than men. One of these questions is divorce and remarriage. It is not overstating the fact to say that divorces in the United States, by their numbers and by the methods through which they are procured, have reached the point of a national leprosy. Perhaps the most important contributing cause has been the extraordinary indulgence shown to women by the divorce laws, which unfortunately make divorce cheap and easy, and force the husband to pay for it. There is always a demand for a uniform divorce law throughout the country, but the diffi-

culties in the way have so far prevented any serious attempt to pass such a Federal law.

It has also been conceded for many centuries that women are the chief beneficiaries of monogamy, and the chief sufferers by lax marriage and divorce laws. The proposition need only be stated to prove itself — that the limiting, if not actual wiping out, of divorce is the greatest question, not only of the family, but of the state, before the women of this country. But it is a striking and vital fact, that so far as the suffragists are concerned, they have avoided, in all their public and printed utterances, the slightest allusion to, much less condemnation of, divorce. And yet their fixed contention has ever been, that woman suffrage represents purification and reform!

It would be vain for the suffragists to say that divorce cannot be checked, and even abolished. In South Carolina there is not, and never has been, any divorce; but a husband and wife, in extreme cases, may get all the relief which is necessary by a legal separation. Among the twelve million Catholics in the United States there are no divorces, and very few legal separations. In all of the Protestant denominations there are found numbers of earnest clergymen who decline to remarry divorced persons. In the Episcopal Church, especially, a band of conscientious and far-seeing men exists who take the only ground which has so far proved tenable: that no divorced person should remarry; that neither the guilt nor the innocence of the divorced persons can be considered; that a certain percentage of innocent persons must suffer in the operation of the most beneficent laws; and that the only thing to be considered is the greatest good of the greatest number.

So far, however, from the suffragists showing any antagonism to divorce, there seems to be a close relation between suffrage and divorce. It would be interesting to figure out the percentage of divorced women among the suffragists. Some of their most prominent leaders are divorced women. In the four suffrage states, all the causes for divorce exist that are recognized in the non-suffrage states, and special causes which are peculiar to the suffrage states. For example, the last census (1900) shows that six women in Utah were divorced by their husbands for non-support.

The statistics of divorce show that the rate is practically higher in the four suffrage states than in any other states of the Union. There are five that have a higher rate of divorce than the suffrage states; but in three of these there are large Negro populations which furnish an enormous percentage of divorces. In Texas, for example, which has a larger percentage of divorces than any other state in the Union, the Census Bureau estimates that seventy-five per cent of divorces are granted to Negroes. In the other two states, in which there are very few Negroes, the divorce statistics show that the percentage of outsiders becoming temporary residents in order to obtain divorces, brings the rate for natives actually below that of the four suffrage states, in which the percentage of outsiders seeking divorce is small.

In addition to leading the country, practically, in divorces, these four states show that this abnormal rate of divorce prevails under conditions which are usually adverse to divorce. It is agreed among sociologists, and is proved by statistics, that divorce in general follows wealth, luxury, a highly artificial mode of life, and complex social conditions. In the four suffrage states, however, the general mode of life is simple and the social conditions primitive. These circumstances enhance very much the prob-

able connection between suffrage and divorce. If suffrage gives any encouragement to divorce, that is enough to condemn it in the eyes of all political economists, all sociologists, all publicists, and all who love honor and decorum.

I ask pardon for introducing a personal note. My excuse is that I may help to disprove the fallacy that it is the woman who works that would profit by the ballot. I was but little past my twenty-first birthday when, on the strength of having earned about seven hundred dollars by my pen, I rashly assumed the support, by literature, of my family. The rashness, ignorance, and presumption of this can only be excused by the retired life I had led in the library of an old Virginia country-house, and in a community where conditions more nearly resembled the eighteenth than the nineteenth century. That I succeeded was due to tireless effort, unbroken health, a number of fortunate circumstances, and above all, what I am neither afraid nor ashamed to say, the kindness of the good God.

In the course of time, I became, through literature alone, a householder, a property-owner, a taxpayer, and the regular employer of five persons. My experience, therefore, has been more varied than that of most women, and I know something of the interests both of the woman who works and the property-owner, the taxpayer, and the employer. I can say with positiveness that there never was a moment when the possession of a vote would not have been a hindrance and a burden to me. I had no claim on any man whatever to help me fight my way to the polls; after I had voted I could not enforce my vote. I should have become involved in controversies which might have impaired my earning capacity; and there would have been the temptation, ever present to the weaker individual, of voting to please my employers. From this I was happily exempt.

These considerations, great in any woman's case, would have been enormously increased in the case of a wife and the mother of a family, with all the sacrifice of property privileges and confusion of political and family relations which would have resulted. I admit that I should peculiarly dislike being divorced by a husband for non-support, as the six ladies were in Utah.

But none of the disadvantages of the ballot for me which I have mentioned, exist for men. They can fight their way to the polls, and enforce their votes; the controversies, which are so disastrous and undignified for women, are by no means so among men. In short, men have certain natural qualifications as voters which women have not, and never can acquire, and are perfectly adapted to working the great registering machine called suffrage.

In conclusion, it is my earnest hope and belief that the sound good sense of American women will defend them from suffrage, and protect their property privileges, their right to maintenance from their husbands, and their personal dignity. And if the women of this country will unite upon any true reform, such as the abolition of divorce, I believe their power to be so great that they can carry through measures which thinking men desire, but cannot effect without the assistance of women. I believe that the most important factors in the state are the wives and mothers who make of men good citizens to govern and protect the state, and I believe woman suffrage to be an unmixed evil.

# THE UNITED STATES AND NEUTRALIZATION

BY CYRUS FRENCH WICKER

When the future historian comes to review the first decade of our twentieth century he may indeed be puzzled, but if he is fair to us he will recognize some of the difficulties under which our world-troubles and world-problems are being worked out. He will see that we are living, not in an ideal state of world-sympathy, but divided among many independent nations separated one from the other by commercial and political differences, and by the strong barriers of national patriotism. The persistent conception of world-empire seems at length to have given way before a number of communities intent upon their separate national existences, and uniting only to preserve a balance of power among themselves or to prevent any one from obtaining predominance over the rest. In our own decade this separation has been still further emphasized by tariff walls and colonial preferences, by carefully stimulated patriotisms, and, especially, by an enormous increase in the military and naval armaments of each country. The nations have become less subject to outside coercion, at the cost of an intolerable burden of militarism which has overrun the world.

The price of peace in battleships and cruisers, in coast-defense and dock-yards, in armies, arsenals, and maintenance, has become the destructive plague of the civilized world. England has spent in the past year a third of a billion upon her army and her navy. The United States, great peace nation that we are, with a continent's work to do and millions of acres to be reclaimed and utilized, spent one hundred and ten million dollars on our navy alone; and in twelve years we have increased our standing army three-fold. Four hundred millions from our revenues are pledged annually in pensions for past wars or in preparation for wars to come, while a bill to create an Appalachian forest reserve at the cost of a single battleship, a bill which would save double its cost to the nation each year in preserving timber and water-supply and soil, has failed three times, as being too expensive to be undertaken. In France, the financial situation is yearly more hopeless and alarming. Military debts and the expenses of new armaments absorb three-fifths of the entire national revenue. Germany has borrowed the money for her new navy, and thrown the burden on the coming generation; the empire which started life with a credit of a billion dollars is now, after forty years, bearing the burden of a debt more than twice as large. The total expenditure of the world last year upon entirely unproductive armaments by sea and land is not far short of two billion dollars.

This burden is not borne by great and wealthy nations alone. Other countries of lesser resources, and without even hereditary enemies, are arming themselves to the teeth against a possible attack by any nation whatsoever. We read that Norway and Sweden are building navies, that Argentina and Brazil have ordered Dreadnoughts and their attendant cruisers and boats of

supply. Not knowing what particular nation to fear, the nations of the world are preparing themselves each against the strongest, and the taxpayer looking about him is informed by the military and naval authorities that in the still further increase of armaments rests his only security from uneasiness and alarm.

Kipling has written a poem that is a terrible satire on our modern civilization. Dives, in hell, agrees in return for liberty to maintain peace on earth. He establishes headquarters in the money-centres, lends funds wherewith to purchase arms, and binds the nations so heavily in the bonds of debt that no one of them can afford to fight.

> Behold the pride of Moab! For the swords about his path
> His bond is to Philistia, the half of all he hath;
> And he may not draw the sword until Gaza give the word,
> And he gain release from Askalon and Gath.

It is a sordid peace at best, of uncertain duration and, like all things connected with the devil and his ministers, enormously expensive. With the masses of our populations never more averse to war or more generally ignorant of fighting, we are competing in providing ourselves with the most deadly and most expensive weapons in unprecedented quantities. If there is some better way of maintaining our peace, our possessions, our national individualities, and our Christian ideals, than by arming more and more until the nations, already crippled in their industrial and humanitarian development, lead each other down a senseless race to bankruptcy, it is time we thought it out and found it.

In the realization of peace, three methods have been tried. The first of these has been to secure peace by means of international conventions. From these have arisen the Red Cross Society, providing relief from the actual sufferings of war, and protection for those engaged in the care of sick and wounded; the Open Door in China, that the commercial nations of the world may share equally in future opportunities for trade and commerce with the Orient; and finally the establishment of arbitration as a permanently available resource in international difficulties. But none of these measures has put a stop to competitive military preparations. In spite of our Peace Conferences, in spite of the Open Door and the permanent Board of Arbitration sitting at The Hague, each year has seen a steady increase in the sums expended upon military and naval armaments, together with burdens of taxation and mortgages upon the future never before contemplated.

The second method, that of an international agreement for the limitation of armaments, was proposed about eight years ago. It was thoroughly discussed at the last Peace Conference, and, after being blocked there by Germany, has since been frankly and almost universally abandoned as impossible. Admiral von Koester, late commander-in-chief of the German battle fleet, clearly expressed the attitude of the militarists on this point in his recent speech at Kiel: —

'I have read with interest all the articles published on the subject,' said he, 'and I have not found one that offered any practical proposal. We ought to disarm! In the first place we will take the doctrine that only the absolutely stronger can disarm. He, however, will not do so. Then the vanquished can disarm. About the hardest condition which the conqueror can impose is when he says to the vanquished: "Disarm!" And we Germans know best of all what that means, when we remember the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the conditions imposed upon us then.

'We now come to the third principle: international disarmament. This must be an international agreement among all peoples. Do you believe that this is at all possible? For such a purpose there would have to be a permanent congress, which would be perpetually calculating in this fashion: "From to-day you have the right to build so many ships. Now, you may build another torpedo-boat because your economic interests have grown, your exports have risen so-and-so much." I consider that disarmament can only mean the paralysis of free development.

'There is, as Professor Harms has shown, a fourth principle of disarmament, — disarmament based on alliance. Now, if one wants an ally one must be up to the alliance standard of power. To comply with that rule a nation must bring something with it into the alliance, — an army or a fleet. If it has neither, and brings nothing with it, then it is not worth acceptance as an ally. But even alliances are not of eternal duration. Alliances appear to-day and are gone to-morrow, and the political horizon changes constantly from day to day. Even if ships can be quickly built, the organization, the building up of the system, is a thing that requires many years. Therefore, even in the case of an alliance, one would still need, in order to provide for the eventuality of fresh complications, to build and arm a fleet and to carry it to its full development.

'There can be no practical value in any proposal for international disarmament.'

And so Germany continues to pile up battleships and taxes, and other nations of necessity follow her lead.

Conventions have done much to promote peace and coöperation among civilized nations, but they have never affected a military appropriation or delayed the laying of a single keel. Increases in armaments must continue so long as they remain competitive. But we have examples of nations which are withdrawn from competition in warlike preparations, the armies of which are never called into action; these nations are protected by the guarantee of their neighbors in secure and honorable peace. There is a third method in the realization of peace, and a means for disarmament which Admiral von Koester did not mention. It is disarmament by neutralization.

Neutralization is the imposition by international agreement of perpetual neutrality over land and water. Its purpose is the removal of objects of international dispute by placing them forever outside of the realm of war, which is lessened by their extent. Since the Congress of Vienna in 1815, neutralization has maintained Switzerland in independence, integrity, and unviolated neutrality down to this day. In 1831 the same protection was extended to Belgium, and in 1867 to Luxembourg, with what effect in reducing the burdens of defense and minimizing the danger line of invasion, any garrison-card of the German or French army will show. Permanent neutrality was applied first to entire states lying between hostile neighbors, but soon it was recognized that points of dispute between nations and objects of attack in time of war were no longer in great part the territories of states themselves, but provinces and colonial possessions, and, most of all, the commercial advantages resulting from the exclusive possession of them. There followed the neutralization of Savoy, the Ionian Islands, the Basin of the Congo, and finally the permanent neutrality of the Suez Canal as an international waterway. In neutralization has lain a remedy ready to our hand, of which we have only slowly realized the power.

In removing lands and waterways forever from the field of possible war we may effectively check the growing menace of militarism, renew the abandoned work of disarmament, and meet the needs even of the armed and colony-holding nations of to-day.

What shall be the part played by the United States in the future of neutralization?

In the first place, the United States recognizes, or is interested in maintaining, its provisions in three different parts of the world. It joined with the principal commercial nations in the Treaty of Berlin of 1885, which recognizes the neutrality and the freedom to commerce of the entire basin of the Congo River; and it was the only power present at that conference to propose the permanent neutralization of all that part of Central Africa.

With regard to the Panama Canal, in 1901 there was signed with Great Britain the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which, while abolishing the unpopular Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, affirmed for any inter-oceanic canal which shall be built across the isthmus the same provisions which govern the neutrality of the Suez Canal as established by the Treaty of Constantinople in 1888. By this it is agreed to maintain: —

1. Freedom of transit in time of war or peace to all vessels of all nations.

2. Freedom of the Canal and its terminals from blockade.

3. A code of procedure for war-vessels entering and leaving the Canal.

4. That there shall be no fortifications along the route.

This treaty with England, which however does not amount to complete neutralization, since it is an agreement between two nations only, further provides that the Canal is to be safeguarded and maintained in neutrality by the United States alone, and consequently is a compromise between neutralization and complete American control.

Since the beginning of the year, we have seen still a third instance of interest in neutralization in the proposal of the Secretary of State to neutralize the Manchurian railways. Whether that proposal is premature or not is undecided. At any rate, it is in conformity with the increased possibilities of neutralization, and with our recognized foreign policy in the past. It was the policy of the late Secretary Hay to urge the united action of all influential countries in maintaining the Open Door of trade in China. It is the policy of the present Secretary to accomplish the same end by uniting the *commercial* nations, and those with surplus money to invest, such as the United States, Japan, England, Germany, and France, in the building and control of international railways in the East, and thus assuring the Open Door by means of a union of their common commercial interests.

The control of the Manchurian railways is certain to be of no little importance in the future of that country. We are thoroughly aware of the tendency of railway interests to dominate the financial and political activities of a state; and if at some future time the various commercial nations which now control portions of the Manchurian railways should decide to separate their interests, China would be in the greatest danger of being divided as the result of an international misunderstanding. Neutralization of the railroads would at once and forever remove this danger.

But a far more important question than the future of Manchurian railways lies before the people of the United States. Militarism is destructive of better things, and many a loyal American is questioning what occasion the United States may really have for its continued extension. We need not fear invasion; we have no hereditary

enemies. If we ask any American why our naval expenditure last year was one hundred and thirty million dollars, and why our standing army, which in 1898 was twenty-five thousand men, — about the size of the London police force, — is now nearly four times that number, he will answer that it is to guard the Philippines. That is true, and if questioned closely as to what good is to come to America from them, and from the two hundred million dollars spent upon their subjugation and defense, and whether the average citizen is ten cents richer by their possession, he will probably say, 'What can we do with them? Japan would get them if we let them go.' But if our presence there is doing us little appreciable good, and, by stirring up our neighbors and wakening China to the presence of an armed foreign power in close geographical relation to her own shores, is doing us positive harm, why not deal with them some other way?

Unless we are really entered upon a career of conquest, — such as characterized empires before us and results in prefectures and dominion over races not our own, — it is time we faced the question fairly: Is there need for our maintaining a double navy, obviously in excess of what is necessary for the protection of our citizens abroad and our country at home, and of further exciting the distrust and jealousy of the East, if we can by neutralizing the islands, and without loss of sovereignty, place them in a position of permanent neutrality?

We are a great nation, the greatest nation to-day of those bordering on the Pacific Ocean, and the future of that ocean lies largely in our hands. We can if we will make it an area of strained relationships, of latent hostilities, and keep it so by expending our resources in competitive armaments against the developing East. And we can neutralize the Philippines, and reduce our navy at once to its proper sphere of home-protection, and make the Pacific in truth a peaceful sea. The effect upon our relations with the East will be instantaneous. If we may believe our returned travelers, the people of China are not hostile and warlike, but peace-loving and industrious, and are being 'blooded' to Western ideals of self-protection and competitive armaments only under the pressure of battleships and territorial aggressions. If this is to continue, we may well fear, as Mr. Jefferson says, in the *Delusion of Militarism*,[1] a meeting with China on a battlefield where numbers — with a little training in rifle-practice — outweigh the graces of a Christian heart, and the spiritual attainments of two thousand years.

The Philippines can be neutralized; not indeed as Switzerland has been neutralized, but as provinces and islands have been neutralized in the past. They are our property, and we can neutralize them, with the consent and coöperation of the great powers of the world, without losing our sovereignty over them, and without lessening in any way our power or our duty to keep order, to build schools, and to maintain a stable and reasonable government. But we must be prepared to give up something, because while they are our property they are possible points of attack, and we cannot retain exclusive privileges if we throw the responsibility for their defense upon the world.

What would be the situation in the Philippine Islands if they should become internationally guaranteed in permanent neutrality? Something may be learned from examples of neutralization in the past: Switzerland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Congo; and most of all from the position of Savoy and the Ionian Islands, because they are

[1] In the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1909.

not states themselves, but neutralized parts of an otherwise unneutralized whole. We know, for example, that no revenue may be exacted from a neutralized province in time of war, nor may soldiers be levied there, nor may material of a contraband nature be shipped from there to the parent country. We know too that the parent state can neither cede a portion of the neutralized province, nor grant an exclusive right to a coaling station within it, nor permit a passage or occupation by foreign troops. On the other hand, the state may maintain open coaling stations, and keep sufficient troops of its own in the province to maintain security and order, and if necessary to preserve the neutrality of the province by force of arms.

As to the demolition of fortifications there is no fixed rule. Five fortresses of Belgium — Ath, Mons, Menin, Philippeville, and Marienbourg — were demolished by the Treaty of 1831, and most of the others have since been razed. All the fortresses of Corfu were demolished in accordance with the treaty of its neutralization. Switzerland however retains her fortresses, and doubtless owes her inviolability to the fact. They seem to have been reserved because of the importance of the Swiss passes to any one of her neighbors at war with another power, and in case the advantage to be gained might lend inducement to a breach of neutrality. In the Philippines, with the exception of forts necessary to ensure the absolute neutrality of the harbors, no such need for fortifications exists, and their absence would afford the less occasion for a military seizure of the islands.

The greatest difficulty and the point where, if anywhere, the proposal for the neutralization of the Philippines would be likely to fail, is with the tariff. No proposition for their neutralization can be made that does not first fairly meet and answer that objection. There can be no exclusive tariff advantages between the United States and the neutralized Philippine Islands. This is because their value lies neither in the right to spend money and men upon them, nor in the right to build their schools and to maintain government. It lies in their commercial worth, and the extent to which they can be made to furnish exclusive markets for the manufactures of a nation, and an exclusive source of raw materials with which to supply them. We cannot neutralize the Philippines and reserve their markets to ourselves; or at least we cannot count on the continued coöperation of the great commercial nations if we insist on so doing. It is true that there is precedent to the contrary. Savoy is included commercially within the frontiers of France, and Luxembourg was neutralized and yet allowed to join a customs union of the German States. But the markets of Savoy and Luxembourg are of small importance, and the commercial life of small states might be entirely destroyed if it were not for some relaxation of the rule. In order to effect the neutralization of the Philippines there is little doubt that we should have to offer to the cooperating powers the same commercial opportunities in them which we insist upon in China, namely, the Open Door and equal privileges of trade.

But, after all, are we so inefficient that we cannot hold our own in open markets? An Open Door is all our American policy has ever required of the East. In any case we may well question whether closed trade is worth the price of two fleets, of strained and uncertain relations with the East, and of possible and unnecessary wars.

Only one more question remains. We have certain moral duties over the islands and the people which the God

of Battles put into our hands. We are still responsible for their peace, for their stable government, for their education, and for the continuance of all those duties which we assumed in haste and have since performed so well. Neutralization will make no difference in our power to continue that work. It is our American purpose, the extent of which is misunderstood abroad. It will become clear under neutralization.

Neutralization of the Philippines cannot be accomplished by ourselves alone. To be effective it must be guaranteed by many world-powers, each of which must agree, not only to respect, but also to maintain, the permanently neutral condition of the islands. As the French writers put it, they must *respecter et faire respecter* that neutral character. Therein lies the whole difference between neutrality and neutralization. Any state may declare itself neutral, or obtain through its impartial attitude toward belligerents the general recognition of its neutral character. But neutrality is a transient condition, and a merely neutral state can at any time cease to be neutral and engage in the war. The neutrality of a neutralized state, attained by international agreement, is permanent, and results in its entire exclusion from all hostilities whatsoever except in its own defense.

Could we rely on such an international agreement being sustained? Again we must look to history. Switzerland was neutralized by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and since that time her territory has been entered only once by foreign soldiers, and then only to lay down their arms and receive her neutral protection. With Belgium and with Luxembourg the result has been the same. On December 3, 1870, Prince Bismarck addressed his famous note to the powers, declaring that as Luxembourg was obviously incapable of maintaining its neutrality against a possible invasion of troops hostile to Germany, he considered that its neutrality need no longer be regarded; yet Luxembourg remained inviolate throughout the war. Again, in 1871, although he announced to Austria and England that if the army of MacMahon, then retreating toward French territory, should violate the treaty and pass through neutral Belgium he himself would also violate that territory to oppose him, neither he nor the French general ventured across the neutral line. It is worth noticing, too, that England at the very outbreak of hostilities sent notes to both France and Prussia stating that she was ready to maintain impartially the neutrality of either neutralized state by force of arms. There is little danger, under the guarantee of four great powers, that the Philippines would fail to enjoy unmolested peace, or that the step then taken would not soon be followed by others, assuring still further the peace of the Pacific and the lesser need for armaments and war.

Neutralization is still a new subject, less than a hundred years old. *Disarmament* by neutralization is an idea of our own decade, but the only way remaining by which disarmament can be effected, and the senseless and ruinous competition in armaments stopped. The problem is facing not only America, but all the world; for neutralization now lies deeper than mere self-interest. Selfishness may have been responsible for the neutralization of the early states, but the neutralization of a colony in the interests of world-peace is undertaken with higher motives and with other aims. Neutralization means freedom in international intercourse. It is the expansion of the doctrine of the Open Door, and an attack on the doctrine of restricted and exclusive trade.

The conviction is growing among

thinking men that the time for intelligent coöperation between the nations is not far away, and that if four great nations — the United States, Japan, Great Britain, and Germany — should unite in affirming the integrity and perpetual neutrality of any part of the world, their example would be followed gladly by all the others.

There is a peculiarly American opportunity lying before us in our relations with the Philippine Islands. We wish neither to retain them in permanent subjection, nor to surrender them to foreign control. It is practical to neutralize them, and by so doing remove the possible misunderstanding with which our presence there is regarded. For ourselves neutralization leads to a decrease in our armaments, and the direction of our resources to far more reasonable ends. To others it would offer an example of relief from the menace of militarism, and point the way to new opportunities for friendly coöperation in the avoidance of war. Who knows but that South America would follow the Republic of the North and, by proposing neutralization throughout her diverse states, lead the nations yet nearer to the distant goal of universal peace?

# THE SILENCE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

## I

In a car of the Naples express a mining expert was diving into a bag for papers. The strong sunlight showed the fine wrinkles on his brown face and the shabbiness of his short, rough beard. A newspaper cutting slipped from his fingers; he picked it up, thinking, 'How the dickens did that get in here?' It was from a colonial print of three years back; and he sat staring, as if in that forlorn slip of yellow paper he had encountered some ghost from his past.

These were the words he read: 'We hope that the set-back to civilization, the check to commerce and development, in this promising centre of our colony may be but temporary; and that capital may again come to the rescue. Where one man was successful, others should surely not fail? We are convinced that it only needs — ' And the last words: 'For what can be sadder than to see the forest spreading its lengthening shadows, like symbols of defeat, over the untenanted dwellings of men; and, where was once the merry chatter of human voices, to pass by in the silence —'

On an afternoon, thirteen years before, he had been in the city of London, at one of those emporiums where mining experts perch before fresh flights, like sea-gulls on some favorite rock.

A clerk said to him, 'Mr. Scorrier, they are asking for you on the telephone — Mr. Hemmings of the New Colliery Company.'

Scorrier took up the wire.

'Is that you, Mr. Scorrier? I hope you are very well, sir; I am — Hemmings — I am — coming round.'

In ten minutes he appeared, — Christopher Hemmings, secretary of the New Colliery Company, known in the city — behind his back — as 'down-by-the-starn' Hemmings. He grasped Scorrier's hand — the gesture was deferential, yet distinguished. Too handsome, too capable, too important, his figure, the cut of his iron-gray beard, and his intrusively fine eyes conveyed the courteous invitation to inspect their infallibilities. He stood, like a city 'Atlas,' with his legs apart, his coat-tails gathered in his hands, a whole globe of financial matters deftly balanced on his nose. 'Look at me!' he seemed to say; 'it's heavy, but how easily I carry it! Not the man to let it down, sir!'

'I hope I see you well, Mr. Scorrier,' he began; 'I have come round about our mine. There is a question of a fresh field being opened up — between ourselves, not before it's wanted. I find it difficult to get my Board to take a comprehensive view. In short, the question is: Are you prepared to go out for us, and report on it? The fees will be all right.' His left eye closed. 'Things have been very — er — dicky; we are going to change our superintendent. I have got little Pippin — you know little Pippin?'

Scorrier murmured, with a feeling of vague resentment, 'Oh! yes. He's not a mining man!'

Hemmings replied, 'We think that he will do.'

'Do you?' thought Scorrier. 'That's good of you!'

He had not altogether shaken off a worship he had had for Pippin; 'King' Pippin he was always called, when they had been boys at the Camborne Grammar School. 'King' Pippin! the boy with the bright color, very bright hair, bright sable elusive eyes, broad shoulders, little stoop in the neck, and a way of moving it quickly like a bird; the boy who was always at the top of everything, and held his head as if looking for something further to be the top of.

He remembered how one day 'King' Pippin had said to him in his soft way, 'Young Scorrie, I'll do your sums for you'; and in answer to his dubious 'Is that all right?' had replied, 'Of course — I don't want you to get behind that beast Blake, he's not a Cornishman' (the beast Blake was an Irishman not yet twelve). He remembered, too, an occasion when 'King' Pippin with two other boys fought six louts and got a licking, and how Pippin sat for half an hour afterwards, all bloody, his head in his hands, rocking to and fro, and weeping tears of mortification; and how the next day he had sneaked off by himself, and, attacking the same gang, got frightfully mauled a second time.

Thinking of these things he answered curtly, 'When shall I start?'

'Down-by-the-starn' Hemmings replied with a sort of fearful sprightliness, 'There's a good fellow! I will send instructions; so glad to see you well.' Conferring on Scorrier a look, — fine to the verge of vulgarity, — he withdrew.

Scorrier remained seated, heavy with insignificance and vague oppression, as if he had drunk a tumbler of sweet port.

A week later, in company with Pippin, he was on board a liner.

The 'King' Pippin of his school days was now a man of forty-four. He awakened in Scorrier the uncertain wonder with which we look backward at our own uncomplicated teens. Staggering up and down the decks in the long Atlantic roll, he would steal a look at his companion, as if he thereby expected to find out something about himself. Pippin had still 'King' Pippin's bright, fine hair, and dazzling streaks in his short beard; he had still

a bright color and suave voice, and what there were of wrinkles suggested only subtleties of humor and ironic sympathy. From the first, and apparently without negotiation, he had his seat at the captain's table, to which on the second day Scorrier too found himself translated, and had to sit, as he expressed it ruefully, 'among the bigwigs.'

During the voyage only one incident impressed itself on Scorrier's memory, and that for a disconcerting reason. In the forecastle was the usual complement of emigrants. One evening, leaning across the rail to watch them, he felt a touch on his arm and, looking round, saw Pippin's face and beard quivering in the lamplight.

'Poor people!' he said.

The idea flashed on Scorrier that he was like some fine wire instrument, that records sounds.

'Suppose he were to snap!' he thought. Impelled to justify this fancy, he blurted out, 'You're a nervous chap. The way you look at those poor devils!'

Pippin hustled him along the deck. 'Come, come, you took me off my guard,' he murmured, with a gentle, sly smile; 'that's not fair.'

He found it a continual source of wonder that Pippin, at his age, should cut himself adrift from the associations and security of London life, to begin a new career in a new country with dubious prospect of success.

'I always heard he was doing well all round,' he thought. 'Thinks he'll better himself, perhaps. He's a true Cornishman.'

The morning of arrival at the mines was gray and cheerless; a cloud of smoke, beaten down by drizzle, clung above the forest; the wooden houses straggled dismally in the unkempt semblance of a street, against a background of woods — endless, silent woods. An air of blank discouragement brooded over everything; cranes jutted idly over empty trucks; the long jetty oozed black slime; miners with listless faces stood in the rain; dogs fought under their very legs. On the way to the hotel they met no one busy or serene except a Chinee who was polishing a dish-cover.

The late superintendent, a cowed man, regaled them at lunch with his forebodings; his attitude toward the situation was like the food, which was greasy, sad, and uninspiring. Alone together once more, the two newcomers eyed each other sadly.

'Oh, dear!' sighed Pippin. 'We must change all this, Scorrier; it will never do to go back beaten. I shall not go back beaten; if I do you'll have to carry me on my shield'; and, slyly, 'Too heavy, eh? Poor fellow!' Then for a long time he was silent, moving his lips as if adding up the cost. Suddenly he sighed, and grasping Scorrier's arm, said, 'Dull, are n't I? What will you do? Put me in your report, "New Superintendent — a sad, dull dog — not a word to throw at a cat!"' And as if the new task were too much for him, he sank back in thought. The last words he said to Scorrier that night were, 'Very silent here. It's hard to believe one 's here for life. I feel I am. Must n't be a coward, though!' And brushing his forehead, as though to clear from it a cobweb of faint thoughts, he hurried off.

Scorrier stayed on the veranda, smoking. The rain had ceased, a few stars were burning dimly; even above the squalor of the township the scent of the forests, the interminable forests, brooded. There sprang into his mind the memory of a picture from one of his children's fairy-books — the picture of a little bearded man on tiptoe, with poised head and a great sword, slashing at the castle of a giant. It re-

minded him of Pippin. And suddenly, even to Scorrier, — whose existence was one long encounter with strange places, — the unseen presence of those woods, their heavy, healthy scent, the little sounds, like squeaks from tiny toys, issuing out of the gloomy silence, seemed intolerable, — to be shunned from the mere instinct of self-preservation. He thought of the evening he had spent in the bosom of 'down-by-the-starn' Hemmings's family, when receiving his last instructions — the security of that suburban villa, its discouraging gentility; the superior acidity of the Misses Hemmings; the noble names of large contractors, of company promoters, of a peer, dragged with the lightness of gun-carriages across the conversation; the autocracy of Hemmings, rasped up, here and there, by some domestic contradiction. It was all so nice and safe — as if the whole thing had been fastened to an anchor sunk beneath the pink cabbages of the drawing-room carpet!

Hemmings, seeing him off the premises, had said with secrecy, 'Little Pippin will have a good thing. We shall make his salary —— pounds. He'll be a great man — quite a king. Ha — ha!'

Scorrier shook the ashes from his pipe. 'Salary!' he thought, straining his ears; 'I would n't take the place for five thousand pounds a year. And yet it's a fine country'; and with ironic violence he repeated, 'a dashed fine country!'

Ten days later, having finished his report on the new mine, he stood on the jetty waiting to go aboard the steamer for home.

'God bless you!' said Pippin. 'Tell them they need n't be afraid; and sometimes when you're at home think of me, eh?'

Scorrier, scrambling on board, had a confused memory of tears in his eyes, and a convulsive hand-shake.

## II

It was eight years before the wheels of life carried Scorrier back to that disenchanted spot, and this time not on the business of the New Colliery Company. He went for another company with a mine some thirty miles away. Before starting, however, he visited Hemmings. The secretary was surrounded by pigeon-holes, and finer than ever; Scorrier blinked in the full radiance of his courtesy. A little man with eyebrows full of questions, and a grizzled beard, was seated in an arm-chair by the fire.

'You know Mr. Booker,' said Hemmings, — 'one of my directors. This is Mr. Scorrier, sir, who went out for us.'

These sentences were murmured in a way suggestive of their uncommon value. The director uncrossed his legs, and bowed. Scorrier also bowed, and Hemmings, leaning back, slowly developed the full resources of his waistcoat.

'So you are going out again, Scorrier, for the other side? I tell Mr. Scorrier, sir, that he is going out for the enemy. Don't find them a mine as good as you found us, there's a good man.'

The little director asked explosively, 'See our last dividend? Twenty per cent; eh, what?'

Hemmings moved a finger, as if reproving his director. 'I will not disguise from you,' he murmured, 'that there is friction between us and — the enemy; you know our position too well — just a little too well, eh? "A nod's as good as a wink."'

His diplomatic eyes flattered Scorrier, who passed a hand over his brow, and said, 'Of course.'

'Pippin does n't hit it off with them. Between ourselves, he's a leetle too big for his boots. You know what it is when a man in his position gets a sudden rise!'

Scorrier caught himself searching on the floor for a sight of Hemmings's boots; he raised his eyes guiltily.

The secretary continued, 'We don't hear from him quite as often as we should like, in fact.'

To his own surprise, Scorrier murmured, 'It's a silent place!'

The secretary smiled.

'Very good! Mr. Scorrier says, sir, it's a silent place; ha — ha! I call that very good!' But suddenly a secret irritation seemed to bubble in him; he burst forth almost violently, 'He's no business to let it affect him; now, has he? I put it to you, Mr. Scorrier, I put it to you, sir!'

But Scorrier made no reply, and soon after took his leave. He had been asked to convey a friendly hint to Pippin that more frequent letters would be welcomed. Standing in the shadow of the Royal Exchange, waiting to thread his way across, he thought, 'So you must have noise, must you — you've got some here, and to spare.'

On his arrival in the New World he wired to Pippin, asking if he might stay with him on the way up country, and received the answer, 'Be sure and come.'

A week later he arrived (there was now a railway) and found Pippin waiting for him in a phaeton. Scorrier would not have known the place again; there was a glitter over everything, as if some one had touched it with a wand. The tracks had given place to roads, running firm, straight, and black between the trees under brilliant sunshine; the wooden houses were all painted; out in the gleaming harbor amongst the green of islands lay three steamers, each with a fleet of busy boats; and here and there a tiny yacht floated like a sea-bird on the water.

Pippin drove his long-tailed horses furiously; his eyes brimmed with a subtle kindness, as if according Scorrier a continual welcome. During the two days of his stay Scorrier never lost that sense of glamour. He had every opportunity for observing the grip Pippin had over everything. The wooden doors and walls of his bungalow kept out no sounds. He listened to interviews between his host and all kinds and conditions of men. The voices of the visitors would rise at first — angry, discontented, matter-of-fact, with nasal twangs, and guttural drawls; then would come the soft patter of the superintendent's feet crossing and recrossing the room. Then a pause, the sound of hard breathing, and quick questions — the visitor's voice again, again the patter, and Pippin's ingratiating but decisive murmurs. Presently out would come the visitor with an expression on his face which Scorrier soon began to know by heart, a kind of pleased, puzzled, helpless look, which seemed to say, 'I've been done, I know; I'll give it to myself when I'm round the corner.'

Pippin was full of wistful questions about 'home.' He wanted talk of music, pictures, plays; of how London looked, what new streets there were; and, above all, whether Scorrier had been lately in the West Country. He talked of getting leave next winter, asked whether Scorrier thought they would 'put up with him at home'; then, with the agitation which had alarmed Scorrier before, he added, 'Ah! but I'm not fit for home, now. One gets spoiled; it's big and silent here. What should I go back to? I don't seem to realize.'

Scorrier thought of Hemmings.

''T is a bit cramped there, certainly,' he muttered.

Pippin went on as if divining his thoughts. 'I suppose our friend Hemmings would call me foolish; he's above the little weaknesses of imagination, eh? Yes; it's silent here. Sometimes

in the evening I would give my head for somebody to talk to; Hemmings would never give his head for anything, I think. But all the same, I could n't face them at home. Spoiled!' And slyly he murmured, 'What would the Board say if they could hear that?'

Scorrier blurted out, 'To tell you the truth, they complain a little of *not* hearing from you.'

Pippin put out a hand, as if to push something away. 'Let them try the life here!' he broke out; 'it's like sitting on a live volcano — what with our friends "the enemy" over there; the men; the American competition. I keep it going, Scorrier, but at what a cost — at what a cost!'

'But surely letters?'

Pippin only answered, 'I try — I try!'

Scorrier felt with remorse and wonder that he had spoken the truth. The following day he left for his inspection, and while in the camp of 'the enemy' much was the talk he heard of Pippin.

'Why!' said his host, the superintendent, a little man with a face somewhat like an owl's, 'd' you know the name they've given him down in the capital? "the King" — good, eh? He's made them "sit up" all along this coast. I like him well enough; good-hearted man, shocking nervous; but my people down there can't stand him at any price. Sir, he runs this colony. You'd think butter would n't melt in that mouth of his; but he always gets his way; that's what riles 'em so; that and the success he's making of his mine. It puzzles me; you'd think he'd only be too glad of a quiet life, a man with his nerves. But no, he's never happy unless he's fighting, something where he's got a chance to score a victory. I won't say he likes it, but, by Jove, it seems he's got to do it. Now that's funny! I'll tell you one thing, though — should n't be a bit surprised if he broke down some day; and I'll tell you another,' he added darkly, — 'he's sailing very near the wind, with those large contracts that he makes. I would n't care to take his risks. Just let them have a strike, or something that shuts them down for a spell — and mark my words, sir — it'll be all u-p with them. But,' he concluded confidentially, 'I wish I had his hold on the men; it's a great thing in this country. Not like home, where you can go round a corner and get another gang. You have to make the best you can out of the lot you have; you won't get another man for love or money without you ship him a few hundred miles.'

And with a frown he waved his arm over the forest, to indicate the barrenness of the land.

## III

Scorrier finished his inspection and went on a shooting-trip into the forest. His host met him on his return.

'Just look at this!' he said, holding out a telegram; 'awful, is n't it?' His face expressed a profound commiseration, almost ludicrously mixed with the ashamed contentment that men experience at the misfortunes of an enemy.

The telegram, dated the day before, ran thus: 'Frightful explosion New Colliery this morning, great loss of life feared.'

Scorrier had the bewildered thought, 'Pippin will want me now.'

He took leave of his host, who called after him, 'You'd better wait for a steamer! It's a beastly drive!'

Scorrier shook his head. All night, jolting along a rough track cut through the forest, he thought of Pippin. The other miseries of this calamity at present left him cold; he barely thought of the smothered men; but Pippin's struggle, his lonely struggle with this

hydra-headed monster, touched him very nearly. He fell asleep and dreamed of watching Pippin slowly strangled by a snake; the agonized, kindly, ironic face peeping out between two gleaming coils was so horribly real that he awoke. It was the moment before dawn; pitch-black branches barred the sky; with every jolt of the wheels the gleams from the lamps danced, fantastic and intrusive, round ferns and tree-stems, into the cold heart of the forest. For an hour or more Scorrier tried to feign sleep, and hide from the stillness and overmastering gloom of those great woods. Then softly a whisper of noises stole forth, a stir of light, and the whole slow radiance of the morning glory; but it brought no warmth; and Scorrier wrapped himself closer in his cloak, feeling as though old age had touched him.

Close on noon he reached the township. Glamour seemed still to hover over it. He drove on to the mine. The winding-engine was turning, the pulley at the top of the head-gear whizzing round; nothing looked unusual.

'Some mistake!' he thought.

He drove to the mine buildings, alighted, and climbed up to the shaft-head. Instead of the usual rumbling of the trolleys, the rattle of coal discharged over the screens, there was silence. Close by, Pippin himself was standing, smirched with dirt. The cage, coming swift and silent from below, shot open its doors with a sharp rattle. Scorrier bent forward to look. There lay a dead man, with a smile on his face.

'How many?' he whispered.

Pippin answered, — ' Eighty-four brought up — forty-seven still below,' and entered the man's name in a pocket-book.

An older man was taken out next; he too was smiling; there had been vouchsafed to him, it seemed, a taste of more than earthly joy. The sight of those strange smiles affected Scorrier more than all the anguish or despair he had seen scored on the faces of other dead men. He asked an old man how long Pippin had been at work.

'Thirty hour. Yesterday he were below; we had to nigh carry mun up at last. He's for goin' down again, but the chaps won't lower mun.' The old man gave a sigh: 'I'm waiting for my boy to come up, I am.'

Scorrier waited too; there was fascination about those dead, smiling faces. The rescuing of those who would never again breathe went on and on. Scorrier grew sleepy in the sun.

The old miner woke him! 'Rummy stuff this here choke-damp; see, they all dies drunk!'

The very next to be brought up was the chief engineer; Scorrier had known him quite well, one of those Scotsmen who seem born at the age of forty and remain so all their lives. His face — the only one that wore no smile — seemed grieving that duty had deprived it of that last luxury. With wide eyes and drawn lips, he had died protesting.

Late in the afternoon the old miner touched Scorrier's arm, and said, 'There he is — there's my boy!' And he departed slowly, wheeling the body on a trolley.

As the sun set, the gang below came up. No further search was possible till the fumes had cleared. Scorrier heard one man say, 'There's some we'll never get; they've had sure burial.'

Another answered him, ''T is a gude enough bag for me!'

They passed him, the whites of their eyes gleaming out of faces black as ink.

Pippin drove him home at a furious pace, not uttering a single word. As they turned into the main street, a young woman starting out before the horses obliged Pippin to pull up. The

glance he bent on Scorrier was ludicrously prescient of suffering. The woman asked for her husband. Several times they were stopped thus by women asking for their husbands or sons.

'This is what I have to go through,' Pippin whispered.

When they had eaten, he said to Scorrier, 'It was kind of you to come and stand by me! They take me for a god, poor creature that I am. But shall I ever get the men down again? Their nerve 's shaken. I wish I were one of those poor lads, to die with a smile like that!'

Scorrier felt the futility of his presence. On Pippin alone must be the heat and burden. Would he stand under it, or would the whole thing come crashing to the ground? He urged him again and again to rest, but Pippin only gave him one of his queer smiles.

'You don't know how strong I am!' he said.

## IV

He himself slept heavily; and, waking at dawn, went down. Pippin was still at his desk; his pen had dropped; he was asleep. The ink was wet; Scorrier's eye caught the opening words: —

'Gentlemen, — Since this happened I have not slept. . . .'

He stole away again with a sense of indignation that no one could be dragged in to share that fight. The London Board-room rose before his mind. He imagined the portentous gravity of Hemmings, his face and voice and manner conveying the impression that he alone could save the situation; the six directors, all men of common sense, and certainly humane, seated behind large turret-shaped inkpots; the concern and irritation in their voices, asking how it could have happened; their comments: 'An awful thing!' — 'I suppose Pippin is doing the best he can!' — 'Wire him on no account to leave the mine idle!' — 'Poor devils!' — 'A fund? Of course: what ought we to give?'

He had a strong conviction that nothing of all this would disturb the common sense with which they would go home and eat their mutton. A good thing too; the less it was taken to heart the better! But Scorrier felt angry. The fight was so unfair! A fellow all nerves — with not a soul to help him. Well, it was his own look-out! He had chosen to centre it all in himself, to make himself its very soul. If he gave way now, the ship must go down! By a thin thread, Scorrier's hero-worship still held. 'Man against nature,' he thought, 'I back the man.' The struggle in which he was so powerless to give aid became intensely personal to him, as if he had engaged his own good faith therein.

The next day they went down again to the pit-head, and Scorrier himself descended. The fumes had almost cleared, but there were some places which would never be reached. At the end of the day all but four bodies had been recovered.

'At the day of judgment,' a miner said, 'they four 'll come out of here.'

Those unclaimed bodies haunted Scorrier. He came on sentences of writing, where men waiting to be suffocated had written down their feelings. In one place, the hour, the word 'Sleepy,' and a signature. In another, 'A. F. — done for.'

When he came up at last Pippin was still waiting, pocket-book in hand; they again departed at a furious pace.

Two days later Scorrier, visiting the shaft, found its neighborhood deserted — not a living thing of any sort was there except one Chinaman poking his stick into the rubbish. Pippin was away down the coast to engage an engineer; and on his return Scorrier had

not the heart to tell him of the desertion.

He was spared the effort, for Pippin said at once, 'Don't be afraid — you've got bad news? The men have gone on strike.'

Scorrier sighed: 'Lock, stock, and barrel.'

'I thought so — see what I have here!' He put before Scorrier a telegram: —

'At all costs keep working — fatal to stop — manage this somehow.

'HEMMINGS.'

Breathing quickly, he added, 'As if I did n't know! "Manage this somehow" — a little hard!'

'What's to be done?' asked Scorrier.

'You see I am commanded!' Pippin answered bitterly. 'They 're quite right; we *must* keep working — our contracts! Now I'm down — not a soul will spare me!'

The miners' meeting was held the following day on the outskirts of the town. Pippin had cleared the place to make a public recreation-ground, a sort of feather in the company's cap; it was now to be the spot whereon should be decided the question of the company's life or death.

The sky to the west was crossed by a single line of cloud like a bar of beaten gold; tree-shadows crept toward the groups of men; the evening savor, that strong fragrance of the forest, sweetened the air. The miners stood all round amongst the burned tree-stumps, cowed and sullen. They looked incapable of movement or expression. It was this dumb paralysis that frightened Scorrier. He watched Pippin speaking from his phaeton, the butt of all those sullen, restless eyes. Would he last out? Would the wires hold? It was like the finish of a race. He caught a baffled look on Pippin's face, as if he despaired of piercing that terrible paralysis. The men's eyes had begun to wander.

'He's lost his hold,' thought Scorrier; 'it's all up!'

A miner close beside him muttered, 'Look out!'

Pippin was leaning forward, his voice had risen, the words fell like a whiplash on the faces of the crowd: —

'You shan't throw me over; do you think I'll give up all I've done for you? I'll make you the first power in the colony! Are you turning tail at the first shot? You're a set of cowards, my lads!'

Each man round Scorrier was listening with a different motion of the hands: one rubbed them, one clenched them, another moved his closed fist, as if stabbing some one in the back. A grisly-bearded, beetle-browed, twinkling-eyed old Cornishman muttered, 'A'hm not troublin' about that.'

It seemed almost as if Pippin's object were to get the men to kill him; they had gathered closer, crouching for a rush.

Suddenly Pippin's voice dropped to a whisper: 'I'm disgraced! Men, are you going back on me?'

The old miner next Scorrier called out suddenly, 'Anny that 's Cornishmen here to stand by the superintendent.'

A group drew together, and with murmurs and gesticulations the meeting broke up.

In the evening a deputation came to visit Pippin; and all night long their voices and the superintendent's footsteps could be heard. In the morning, Pippin went early to the mine. Before supper the deputation came again; and again Scorrier had to listen hour after hour to the sound of voices and footsteps, till he fell asleep. Just before dawn he was awakened by a light. Pippin stood at his bedside.

'The men go down to-morrow,' he said. 'What did I tell you? Carry me home on my shield, eh?'

In a week the mine was in full work.

## V

Two years later, Scorrier heard once more of Pippin. A note from Hemmings reached him asking if he could make it convenient to attend their Board meeting the following Thursday. He arrived rather before the appointed time.

The secretary received him, and, in answer to inquiry, said, 'Thank you, we are doing well, — between ourselves, we are doing very well.'

'And Pippin?'

The secretary frowned. 'Ah, Pippin! We asked you to come on his account. Pippin is giving us a lot of trouble. We have not had a single line from him for just two years!'

He spoke with such a sense of personal grievance that Scorrier felt quite sorry for him.

'Not a single line,' said Hemmings, 'since that explosion; you were there at the time, I remember! It makes it very awkward; I call it personal to *me*.'

'But how —' Scorrier began.

'We get — telegrams. He writes to no one, not even to his family. And why? Just tell me why! We hear *of* him; he's a great nob out there. Nothing 's done in the colony without his finger being in the pie. He turned out the last government because they would n't grant us an extension for our railway — shows he can't be a fool. Besides, look at our balance-sheet!'

It turned out that the question on which Scorrier's opinion was desired was, whether Hemmings should be sent out to see what was the matter with the superintendent. During the discussion which ensued, he was an unwilling listener to strictures on Pippin's silence.

'The explosion,' he muttered at last, 'a very trying time!'

Mr. Booker pounced on him: —

'A very trying time! So it was — to all of us. But what excuse is that — now, Mr. Scorrier, what excuse is that?'

Scorrier was obliged to admit that it was none.

'Business is business — eh, what?'

Scorrier, gazing round that neat Board-room, nodded. A deaf director, who had not spoken for some months, said with sudden fierceness, 'It's disgraceful!' He was obviously letting off a fume of long unuttered disapprovals.

One perfectly neat, benevolent old fellow, however, who had kept his hat on, and had a single vice, — that of coming to the Board-room with a brown paper parcel tied up with string, — murmured, 'We must make all allowances,' and started an anecdote about his youth. He was gently called to order by his secretary.

Scorrier was asked for his opinion. He looked at Hemmings.

'My importance is concerned,' was written all over the secretary's face.

Moved by an impulse of loyalty to Pippin, he answered, as if it were all settled, 'Well, let me know when you are starting, Hemmings; I should like the trip myself.'

As he was going out, the chairman, old Jolyon Forsyte, with a grave twinkling look at Hemmings, took him aside.

'Glad to hear you say that about going too, Mr. Scorrier; we must be careful, Pippin 's such a good fellow, and so sensitive; and our friend there, a bit heavy in the hand, um?'

Scorrier did in fact go out with Hemmings. The secretary was sea-sick, and his prostration, dignified but noisy, remained a memory forever; it was sonorous and fine — the prostration of superiority; and the way in which he spoke of it, taking casual acquaintances into the caves of his experience, was terrible.

Pippin came down to the capital to escort them, provided for their comforts as if they had been royalty, and had a special train to take them to the mines.

He was a little stouter, brighter of

color, grayer of beard, more nervous perhaps in voice and breathing. His manner to Hemmings was full of flattering courtesy; but his sly ironical glances played on the secretary's armor like a fountain on a hippopotamus. To Scorrier, however, he could not show enough affection.

The first evening, when Hemmings had gone to his room, he jumped up like a boy out of school.

'So I'm going to get a wigging,' he said; 'I suppose I deserve it; but if you knew — if you *only* knew! Out here they've nicknamed me "the King"; they say I rule the colony. It's myself that I can't rule.' And with a sudden burst of passion such as Scorrier had never seen in him: 'Why did they send this man here? What can he know about the things that I've been through?' In a moment he calmed down again. 'There! this is very stupid; worrying you like this!' And with a long, kind look into Scorrier's face, he hustled him off to bed.

Pippin did not break out again, though fire seemed to smoulder behind the bars of his courteous irony. Intuition of danger had evidently smitten Hemmings, for he made no allusion to the object of his visit. There were moments when Scorrier's common sense sided with Hemmings, — these were moments when the secretary was not present.

'After all,' he told himself, 'it's a little thing to ask, one letter a month. I never heard of such a case.'

It was wonderful how they stood it! It showed how much they valued Pippin! What was the matter with him? What was the nature of his trouble?

One glimpse Scorrier had when even Hemmings, as he phrased it, received 'quite a turn.' It was during a drive back from the most outlying of the company's trial mines, eight miles through the forest. The track led through a belt of trees blackened by a forest fire. Pippin was driving. The secretary, seated beside him, wore an expression of faint alarm, such as Pippin's driving had the power to evoke. The sky had darkened strangely, but pale streaks of light, coming from one knew not where, filtered through the trees. No breath was stirring; the wheels and horses' hoofs made no sound on the deep fern-mould. All around, the burned tree-trunks, leafless and jagged, rose like withered giants, the passages between them were black, the sky black, and black the silence. No one spoke, and literally the only sound was Pippin's breathing. What was it that was so terrifying? Scorrier had a feeling of entombment; that nobody could help him; the feeling of being face to face with nature; a sensation as if all the comfort and security of words and rules had dropped away from him. And — nothing happened. They reached home and dined.

During dinner he had again that old remembrance of a little man chopping with his sword at a castle. It came in a moment when Pippin had raised his hand with the carving-knife grasped in it, to answer some remark of Hemmings's about the future of the company. The optimism in his uplifted chin, the strenuous energy in his whispering voice, gave Scorrier a more vivid glimpse of Pippin's nature than he had perhaps ever had before. This new country, where nothing but himself could help a man — that was the castle! No wonder Pippin was impatient of control, no wonder he was out of hand, no wonder he was silent — chopping away at that!

And suddenly he thought, 'Yes, and all the time one knows that Nature's sure to beat you in the end!'

That very evening Hemmings delivered himself of his reproof. He had sat unusually silent; Scorrier, indeed,

had thought him a little drunk, so portentous was his gravity. Suddenly, however, he rose. It was hard on a man, he said, in his position, with a Board (he spoke as of a family of small children), to be kept so short of information. He was actually compelled to use his imagination to answer the shareholders' questions. This was painful and humiliating; he had never heard of any secretary having to use his imagination! He went further — it was insulting! He had grown gray in the service of the company. Mr. Scorrier would bear him out when he said he had a position to maintain — his name in the city was a high one; and, by George! he was going to keep it a high one; he would allow nobody to drag it in the dust — that ought clearly to be understood. His directors felt they were being treated like children; it was absurd to suppose that he (Hemmings) could be treated like a child! The secretary paused; his eyes seemed to bully the room.

'If there were *no* London office,' murmured Pippin, 'the shareholders would get the same dividends.'

Hemmings gasped. 'Come!' he said, 'this is monstrous!'

'What help did I get from London when I first came here? What help have I ever had?'

Hemmings swayed, recovered, and with a forced smile replied that, if this were true, he had been standing on his head for years; he did not believe the attitude possible for such a length of time; personally he would have thought that he too had had a little something to say to the company's position, but no matter! His irony was crushing.

Hemmings went on: It was possible that Mr. Pippin hoped to reverse the existing laws of the universe with regard to limited companies; he would merely say that he must not begin with a company of which he (Hemmings) happened to be secretary. Mr. Scorrier had hinted at excuses; for his part, with the best intentions in the world, he had great difficulty in seeing them. He would go further — he did *not* see them! The explosion!

Pippin shrank so visibly that Hemmings seemed troubled by a suspicion that he had gone too far.

'We know,' he said, 'that it was trying for you — '

'Trying!' burst out Pippin.

'No one can say,' Hemmings resumed soothingly, 'that we have not dealt liberally.'

Pippin made a motion of the head.

'We think we have a good superintendent; I go further, an excellent superintendent. What I say is, Let's be pleasant! I am not making an unreasonable request!'

He ended on a fitting note of jocularity; and, as if by consent, all three withdrew, each to his own room, without another word.

In the course of the next day Pippin said to Scorrier, 'It seems I have been very wicked. I must try to do better'; and with a touch of bitter humor, 'They are kind enough to think me a good superintendent, you see! After that I must try hard.'

Scorrier broke in: 'No man could have done so much for them'; and, carried away by an impulse to put things absolutely straight, went on, 'But, after all, a letter now and then — what does it amount to?'

Pippin besieged him with a subtle glance. 'You too?' he said; 'I must indeed have been a wicked man!' and turned away.

Scorrier felt as if he had been guilty of brutality; sorry for Pippin, angry with himself; angry with Pippin, sorry for himself. He earnestly desired to see the back of Hemmings. The secretary gratified the wish a few days later, departing by steamer with pon-

derous expressions of regard and the assurance of his good-will.

Pippin gave vent to no outburst of relief, maintaining a courteous silence, making only one allusion to his late guest, in answer to a remark of Scorrier's: 'Ah! don't tempt me! must n't speak behind his back.'

## VI

A month passed, and Scorrier still remained Pippin's guest. As each mail-day approached, he experienced a queer suppressed excitement. On one of these occasions Pippin had withdrawn to his room; and when Scorrier went to fetch him to dinner he found him with his head leaning on his hands, amid a perfect litter of torn paper. He looked up at Scorrier.

'I can't do it,' he said, 'I feel such a hypocrite; I can't put myself into leading-strings again. Why should I ask these people, when I've settled everything already? If it were a vital matter they would n't want to hear — they'd simply wire, "Manage this somehow!"'

Scorrier said nothing, but thought privately, 'This is a mad business!' What was a letter? Why make a fuss about a letter?

The approach of mail-day seemed like a nightmare to the superintendent; he became feverishly nervous, like a man under a spell; and, when the mail had gone, behaved like a respited criminal. And this had been going on two years! Ever since that explosion. Why, it was monomania!

One day, a month after Hemmings's departure, Pippin rose early from dinner; his face was flushed, he had been drinking wine.

'I won't be beaten this time,' he said, as he passed Scorrier.

The latter could hear him writing in the next room, and looked in presently to say that he was going for a walk. Pippin gave him a kindly nod.

It was a cool, still evening; innumerable stars swarmed in clusters over the forests, forming bright hieroglyphics in the middle heavens, showering over the dark harbor into the sea. Scorrier walked slowly. A weight seemed lifted from his mind, so entangled had he become in that uncanny silence. At last Pippin had broken through the spell. To get that letter sent would be the laying of a phantom, the rehabilitation of common sense. Now that this silence was in the throes of being broken, he felt curiously tender toward Pippin, without the hero-worship of old days, but with a queer protective feeling. After all, he was different from other men. In spite of his feverish, tenacious energy, in spite of his ironic humor, there was something of the woman in him! And as for this silence, this horror of control — all geniuses had 'bees in their bonnets,' and Pippin was a genius in his way!

He looked back at the town. Brilliantly lighted, it had a thriving air, difficult to believe of the place he remembered ten years back. The sounds of drinking, gambling, laughter, and dancing floated to his ears. 'Quite a city!' he thought. With this queer elation on him he walked slowly back along the street, forgetting that he was simply an oldish mining expert, with a look of shabbiness, such as clings to men who are always traveling, as if their 'nap' were forever being rubbed off. And he thought of Pippin, creator of this glory.

He had passed the boundaries of the town, and had entered the forest. A feeling of discouragement instantly beset him. The scents and silence, after the festive cries and odors of the town, were undefinably oppressive. Notwithstanding, he walked a long time, saying to himself that he would give the

letter every chance. At last, when he thought that Pippin must have finished, he went back to the house.

Pippin *had* finished. His forehead rested on the table, his arms hung at his sides; he was stone-dead! His face wore a smile, and by his side lay an empty laudanum bottle.

The letter, closely, beautifully written, lay before him. It was a fine document, clear, masterly, detailed, nothing slurred, nothing concealed, nothing omitted; a complete review of the company's position; it ended with the words, —

'Your humble servant,
'Richard Pippin.'

Scorrier took possession of it. He dimly understood that with those last words a wire had snapped. The border-line had been overpassed; the point reached where that sense of proportion, which alone makes life possible, is lost. He was certain that at the moment of his death Pippin could have discussed bimetallism, or any intellectual problem, except the one problem of his own heart; *that*, for some mysterious reason, had been too much for him. His death had been the work of a moment of supreme revolt — a single instant of madness on a single subject!

He found on the blotting-paper, scrawled across the impress of the signature, 'Can't stand it!'

The completion of that letter had been to him a struggle ungraspable by Scorrier. Slavery? defeat? a violation of Nature? the death of justice? It was better not to think of it! Pippin could have told, but he would never speak again. Nature, at whom, unaided, he had dealt so many blows, had taken her revenge!

In the night Scorrier stole down, and, with an ashamed face, cut off a lock of the fine gray hair.

'His daughter might like it!' he thought.

He waited till Pippin was buried, then, with the letter in his pocket, started for England.

He arrived at Liverpool on a Thursday morning, and traveling to town, drove straight to the office of the company. The Board was sitting. Pippin's successor was already being interviewed. He passed out as Scorrier came in, a middle-aged man with a large, red beard, and a foxy, compromising face. He also was a Cornishman. Scorrier wished him luck with a heavy heart.

As an unsentimental man, who had a proper horror of emotion, whose living depended on his good sense, to look back on that interview with the Board was painful. It had excited in him a rage of which he was now heartily ashamed. Old Jolyon Forsyte, the chairman, was not there for once, guessing perhaps that the Board's view of this death would be too small for him; and little Mr. Booker sat in his place. Every one had risen, shaken hands with Scorrier, and expressed himself indebted for his coming. Scorrier placed Pippin's letter on the table, and gravely the secretary read out to his Board the last words of their superintendent. When he had finished, a director said, 'That's not the letter of a madman!'

Another answered, 'Mad as a hatter; nobody but a madman would have thrown up such a post.'

Scorrier suddenly withdrew, and left them to discuss the question of sanity. He heard Hemmings calling after him: 'Are n't you well, Mr. Scorrier? are n't you well, sir?'

He shouted back, 'Quite sane, I thank you.'

The Naples express rolled round the outskirts of the town. Vesuvius shone in the sun, uncrowned by smoke. But even as Scorrier looked, a white puff went soaring up. It was the footnote to his memories.

# THE ECONOMICS OF WASTE AND CONSERVATION

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

THE story of *Realmah*, by Sir Arthur Helps, contains a description of a so-called 'House of Wisdom.' This was the dwelling-place of a number of prophets, who possessed differing degrees of prophetic power, lived upon fees, and had incomes varying with the number of their clients. In an outer inclosure two men were living in the deepest poverty. They were called 'Spoolans,' and were contemptuously treated and almost never consulted, since their special gift consisted in predicting events that would occur a hundred or more years in the future. In the next inclosure there were men who were only a shade less miserable. They were the 'Raths,' and had few clients, because they could foretell only what would occur after a lapse of twenty-seven years. In another and better apartment there were five 'Uraths,' who could tell what would happen after a single year should elapse; and these men were in good spirits, handsomely dressed, and evidently well off; while the 'Auraths,' who could prophesy what would happen after a month, had a superabundance of clients and of fees. Vastly wealthy were the 'Mauraths,' who could foretell what would happen after three days; but the multi-millionaire of the company was the great 'Amaurath,' who was approached with the awe with which a servant might have approached Sardanapalus, for this man could foresee what would occur after six hours.

This description applies to a common mental attitude toward the future. Intelligence does indeed modify it, and the man of property who is providing for his descendants is by no means on a plane in respect of forethought with a happy-go-lucky southern Negro. The founder of an estate would have need of the services of the most far-seeing class in the House of Wisdom; but the average man would pass by, or at most, in a leisure moment, satisfy curiosity at the cost of a trifling tip. The Amauraths and their great chief would get the rich fees.

If we judge by appearances it seems that states come in the same category; and it is certainly true that a people in its entirety will often act more blindly than a select class would ever do in a private capacity. Yet there is every reason why a state should make use of forethought. A century is as nothing in its life; and yet how many acts do legislatures, congresses, and parliaments pass for the benefit of coming ages? In all that concerns those periods, the national consciousness is dull. Representatives are allowed to take short views and, in their capacity as politicians, are compelled to use their efforts in ways that afford quick results. Where an act insures a benefit that will begin at once and continue forever, the continuance does not tell against it, but counts somewhat in its favor, and more and more, it is fair to say, the nearer part of the endless future counts as a make-weight; but the real test comes when it is necessary to sacrifice something now in order to gain something hereafter. When an economic

measure will cost us something but will enrich posterity, how general and ardent is the support of it? We seem willing that the earth should be largely used up in a generation or two.

A riotous waste of material resources has gone on, and still continues. The degree of prodigality we have displayed would, if shown by an individual owner of property, tell an alarming story as to his mental state; and yet it is done by a collective body without throwing doubt on the sanity of its members. A nation of intelligent men is doing what no such man, acting in his own interest, would do. There is an economic law which accounts for the course of action we deplore, and it also points the way to a remedy. A lack of altruism, coupled with the possession of keen individual intelligence, causes the depleting of the resources of the country. The state exists for the sake of making individuals act altruistically — of compelling them to do much that the general good requires.

The doctrine of 'Economic Harmonies' seemed to prove that, in most production, what is good for one person is good for all others. It afforded a scientific basis for optimism, and for the *laissez-faire* rule of practical politics. Let men have their way and let the state do nothing it can avoid, and we shall have the best of all possible worlds. Where men thrive, as in the main they do, by successful competition, — that is, by outdoing their rivals in serving the public, — the law holds true, and is an important bit of economic theory. The man who undersells others offers the public a better service for a given return. He may be enabled to do it by inventing a good machine, by discovering a cheap material, or by organizing his shop more effectively than do other employers. In all such cases his interests and those of the public are identical; but will any one claim that this is true when it comes to exploiting forests or hunting game to extermination? Does seal-hunting show the identity of interest of hunters and public? Does the quest of natural gas and the use made of it show this? In these, and in many other instances, the individual wins a profit by what inflicts on the public a melancholy waste. In all mere grabs there is at work a principle of economic antagonism, and not one of harmony.

Exploitation usually makes the individual richer and the people poorer, and it nearly always gives to the individual far less than it takes from the public. This combination of quasi-robbery and absolute waste completely reverses the action of the law of harmonies. It presents two distinct issues, of which the first is whether a kind of property should be given to individuals at all; and the second, what, in case it is so given, the recipients should be allowed to do with it. Wherever a new value is created and the public wealth increased because of individual ownership, the law of harmonies is at work; but where existing wealth is recklessly destroyed in consequence of individual ownership, the law is reversed and the reason for intervention by the state is clear. In general these two cases represent true production, on the one hand, and exploitation on the other, and it is competitive exploitation which shows the most complete reversal of the harmony principle.

If we turn a hunter loose in a well-stocked deer forest, will he so use the game as to perpetuate the supply? Not if there are other hunters who have access to the preserve. In that case he will shoot bucks, does, and fawns lest, while he is sparing the does and fawns, another man may kill them. If he taps a reservoir of natural gas, he will draw off the supply as fast as possible, knowing that his neighbors will do so if he

does not. These cases represent the condition that insures the most injurious, but also the most morally pardonable, type of exploitation. A single individual cannot prevent or greatly reduce the destruction; all he can do is to hold his hands and let others do the destroying and get the return. The game and the gas are at the mercy of whoever is near enough to them to take a hand in the scramble. If the hunter had the preserve well fenced and in his own exclusive possession, he would not exterminate the game. A very little intelligence would make him rear this herd as a ranchman rears domestic cattle; and a similar thing is true of the men who tap reservoirs of gas, since if they could confine and hold their several shares of the elusive material, they would not waste it as rapidly as they do.

Exposing any valuable thing to a free-for-all seizure is insuring the surest and speediest destruction of it, and private ownership marks an advance on this condition, even from the point of view of public interest. Only a monumental idiot will kill a goose that lays golden eggs when he has her securely penned; but when she is at large and other men are chasing her, an intelligent selfish man will do it, since under those circumstances only a quick use of his gun will make her afford to him personally even so much as a dinner. And *refraining from shooting would not save the goose.* The whole issue lies between this particular destroyer and some other, and the situation fairly well describes the attitude of many who prey on public resources. They would do better, though not usually very well, if they owned the resources outright. Private ownership confers a power to preserve, and affords some motive for doing it, and it is for the state to supply what will decisively reinforce that motive. Resources that are needed by the public may well be privately owned when, either spontaneously or under compulsion, owners use them for the public.

There will always remain a choice between such a system and a genuine public ownership, under which all exploiters may be made to stand off, and a systematic utilizing of the property may be secured. Here the desirable policy varies according to the nature of the resource, and in some cases private ownership yields the best possible results in the present without sacrificing the future. Taking a positive thought for the future and making an intelligent provision for it is however, in the main, a public function, since in the cases in which the future is recklessly sacrificed, it is the interests of the people as a whole that suffer and not those of the exploiters.

Biologists say that the human race has, at the very least, lived on this planet for a hundred and fifty thousand years. If it is destined to live here for as much longer, of how much comparative consequence is the present year or decade, or even the whole present century? It is microscopic in the life of man, and properly guarding the interests of a century is an indefinitely small part of the real duty of one generation toward the unending life of humanity. Yet at present there is no adequate care for the single century. The friends of conservation scarcely hope for more than the warding off of calamities that will otherwise fall far within that period.

What would be a perfectly ideal course for a nation to pursue with reference to the future? Give its people a keen enough perception of conditions, and altruism enough to estimate the welfare of coming generations at its true value, and how far would it trench on its own immediate gains for the sake of later benefits? The suppo-

sition itself departs from the realm of fact, for no such keen intelligence and perfect altruism have ever existed; and in asking what would happen if they did exist, we part company with realities. We find at once that what ideally should be done goes too far beyond what is ever thought of as practicable, to be advocated without bringing suspicion on the mental state of those who favor it. And yet it is well worth while to see how far into the future a national policy would look if it were governed by perfect intelligence and high sense of obligation. A mere glance will show how little danger there is of overdoing the care for future interests or of becoming fanatics on the subject of protecting them.

In view of the unending ages that will be affected by its action, an ideal government would begin by making a very searching inquiry into the extent of existing resources, and would secure, if not complete knowledge, at least a basis for a confident estimate of the length of time they would hold out under given rates of consumption. It would also do another thing which it strains the imagination to picture as a reality, in that it would estimate the welfare of the people of the future as quite on a plane of importance with the people of the present, and would use one and the same degree of care in guarding the welfare of all. As an end of effort it would count the happiness of a thousand generations not yet born as a thousand times as important as the welfare of one generation now living. It would, indeed, recognize the fact that the future population will receive many of its blessings by transmission from the present one, and that there must be no breaks in the transmission. To impoverish the present generation would be bad for later ones. Men of to-day must be well enough off to endow their children with the means of maintaining and gradually raising their standard of living, and this fact would prove highly important as bearing on a practical policy. Merely as helping to make up the *summum bonum* of economics, human welfare is scientifically one and the same thing wherever, in point of time, it is located.

Still recognizing the fact that we are idealizing humanity, and assuming an insight and an altruism which is far from existing, we may ask what are a very few of the things that with a really just regard for a thousand generations — a small fraction of the number that have already lived and passed away — a government would do. It would call a halt on the unlimited burning of coal for motive power. Long before a hundred generations will have passed, this will be sorely needed for heating dwellings and workshops and for smelting ores. A steam-engine utilizes a small fraction of the potential energy of the coal, while a smelting furnace utilizes more, and an apparatus for heating dwellings, even where it is wasteful, puts the fuel to a very necessary use and gets a great absolute benefit from it. A policy that would protect the interests of the later dwellers on the planet would stop burning up the combustible part of it in an unnecessary way, and would get motive power from waterfalls, tidal movements, and waves. In the end it might conceivably utilize the electricity that is wasted in thunder-storms, and stop the storm; or, as Edward Atkinson once suggested, it might create electrical currents by induction, through the motion of the earth. The revolving planet would thus be converted into a dynamo, and if the other planets and the sun served the purpose of magnets, and the combination were made to drive our ships and our railroad trains, then of a truth we should have 'hitched our wagons to a star.' It is probably

doing that, in the more familiar and figurative sense, to suggest this possibility at all; and decidedly it is doing this in a fatuous and unhappy way, to make the chance of working such mechanical miracles in the future a reason for destroying our stock of fuel and letting coming generations shift for themselves. What if, after the fuel is gone, the earth declines to be the dynamo we need? What is not fanciful is the opinion that, in simpler and more obvious ways, it is possible to get from other sources much of the power that we now get from coal.

Crude brutality cares nothing for all this. It demands, 'What do I care for posterity? It has done nothing for me.' Even with a certain care for posterity, however, a man may be unwilling to do much for it if his imagination is dazzled by its expected wonder-working power. He may become a destroyer because of this play of fancy, and it is then the conservator who keeps closer to facts. In another way he does this; for while he may think and care for the remote future of humanity, yet in the practical steps he would take, he would also guard the nearer future from impending calamity. He acts in part for that microscopic fraction of the life of humanity which is embraced within a single century.

On the basis of a policy that has only such a period in view, very decided measures of conservation are called for. There is coal enough to last, even in wasteful uses, for far more than a century, and we shall continue to burn it for motive power. Probably, however, we shall soon use water-power more freely, and so save some of the coal, and probably we shall ere long substitute gas-engines for steam-engines, and so save more. The remote future may suffer for what we destroy in spite of this, but we are now letting it take its chance, and shall continue to do so till our insight is keener and our moral purpose higher.

Preserving forests and husbanding natural gas and mineral oil are demanded in the interest of a very near period. For within the single century is likely to come the evil which destruction of these gifts of nature will cause. Moreover, it is perfectly certain that, quite apart from causing destruction of coal, the making over to private citizens of a vast value in known deposits of it now in public ownership will misuse the people's property in a way of which they should and will take account. Without in any wise limiting the use of the fuel or ceasing to treat it as an asset of the people now living, we shall call a halt on recklessly alienating it.

Forests present a problem by themselves, and it is much in the foreground. The interests dependent on them are vital, and the general policy that is needed is clear. At stake are the preservation of the water-supply and, in mountainous regions, of the soil, and the furnishing of lumber, fuel, paper-pulp, and many other products. Much of the exploitation that is now going on both destroys existing trees and prevents others from growing, and it exposes untouched areas of forest to destruction by fire. Lumbermen are barely beginning to destroy the tree-tops and branches which the cutting of a forest leaves strewn on the ground. When they are burned, one pine forest is naturally succeeded by another, whereas, when they are left, it is usually followed by cottonwoods. To save a very slight present expense the supply of lumber for the near future is put in jeopardy, and the case for rigorous public regulation is a clear one.

In another respect forestry is peculiar. Conservation not only permits, but requires, the use of the thing that is the object of care. When the crew of a

ship are on a short allowance of food, the purpose is so to conserve the food as to make it do its utmost for the consumers. If the voyage is long enough, the supply will come to an end despite all efforts; but it is not so with forests. There is no need of their ever disappearing or dwindling. Cutting may be followed by renewed growing, and the supply may last forever. Humanity is on an unending voyage, and may secure, in the case of lumber, an unfailing supply — but not till the slaughtering of forests that has thus far gone on is brought to an end.

We have nearly if not quite reached the point where the measures that the state needs to prescribe would be profitable for private owners. Such regulation would, at least, impose on private owners a far lighter burden than would many another measure of rational conservation. The scientific treatment of forests not only does not preclude a use of them, but positively requires it, and complete disuse is itself wasteful. Judicious cutting may go on forever without lessening the supply of timber which a forest contains, while refraining from all cutting is like letting fruit or growing crops go to decay. The trees that are ripe for use may give place to others which will keep up the succession and preserve forever the integrity of the forest; and few indeed are the public measures which would do as much for the general welfare as insisting on this amount of conservation.

There is one point in forest economy which demands especial emphasizing, namely, that in a certain sense the common allegation is true that a small area of growing trees is capable of meeting the entire demand of the country for lumber. It will do so *at a price.* With the forests depleted the price rises, the use of lumber falls off, and for many purposes for which we once used it, we go without it. For imperative needs there is enough of it still, but is it right that we should have to limit ourselves to those uses and pay famine rates for the lumber that they require? Yet that is the condition we shall rapidly approach if no care is used to keep in available condition the forests that we have. It is the time for prescribing the simple beginnings of scientific forestry, for inaugurating it on public lands and enforcing the practice on private lands. We may not yet be ready for the German system, that in the future will be called for here; but we are more than ready for the measures that will stop the destruction both of growing timber and of the sources of future timber.

Private monopoly is a hateful thing, for which good words are seldom to be said; but there is one palliative fact about a monopoly of forests, — that it would probably curtail production, and it would let new forests grow. In the single point of perpetuating the supply of lumber, the interests of a monopoly would more nearly harmonize with those of the state than those of ordinary proprietors. Vanishing resources would last longer in its hands than they will when held by private and competing owners. It would be more endurable to pay, in the shape of a high price, a small and permanent tax to a monopoly than to pay to anybody a famine price after the forests are largely destroyed. But why should we do either? If we must have nothing but purely private action, there is something to be said in favor of monopoly; but if we can have efficient regulation, all such apologetic pleas fail.

We can, if we choose, own forests publicly and manage them for the common good. The aversion to monopoly should be and is greater than the aversion to a limited amount of public production; and it is far greater than is the opposition to public regulation.

These two measures afford the escape from the hard alternative of the 'Devil and the deep sea,' — the former being the control of the lumber-supply by a great self-seeking corporation; and the other, the destroying of it by competing lumbermen. The logic of the entire situation points to some public forestry as one of the admissible and, within limits, desirable functions of the state; and a bold and effective statesmanship will lose no time in recognizing this fact and preparing to act on it. There is no taint of real socialism in such a policy. For various good reasons we must have forest reserves, and it is proper to use them in better ways than by letting the lumber go altogether to waste, or by intrusting the cutting to contractors. Let private forestry also continue on its present great scale, but let it be under regulation.

There are other wastes going on which rival the destruction of forests in sacrificing the future to the present. Oil is now offered as a fuel, and the owners of engines are invited to consider the comparative cost per horse-power of oil and of coal. The immediate cost-account, and no further consideration, will decide whether this material shall go the way of natural gas. Exploitation of the coal-supply is a serious matter in a view that is rational enough to range over the coming centuries. To a world that neither knows nor cares what will happen more than a hundred years hence, it is a matter of indifference. Conservation in the case of coal, however, has to do with something besides the manner of using it, namely, the question of owning it. We shall use it freely enough in any case, but there is no reason for directly giving vast quantities of it to private persons or corporations. That depletes the immediate estate of the people.

In the general policy of conservation the issue is one of transient interests as against permanent ones, of small benefits as against great ones, of private gain as against public welfare. The appeal throughout is to the collective intelligence of the people. The more rational is the view that is taken, the more radical is the conservation that is favored. The people are as yet not fully alive to the necessity for a thoroughgoing protection of the resources of the near future; and those who thrive by wasting them are extremely alive to the desirability of continuing the operation. The case calls for a leadership that shall organize the people and enable them to act on the principles which they vaguely perceive in both guarding and utilizing their rich inheritance. The utmost that any party is practically trying to get is less than the welfare of even a single century requires.

# MY MISSIONARY LIFE IN PERSIA

## WITH SOME REMARKS ON LIKING ONE'S JOB

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

AMONG the most persistent of my early dreams was that of being a missionary. I wanted to be a missionary before it occurred to me that I had any particular doctrine to communicate or manner of life to recommend. Indeed I now perceive that my call was more of Nature than of Grace.

I wanted to be a missionary because I longed to go on missionary journeys. The call of the wild, the lure of the unknown, the fascination of terrestrial mystery takes many forms. It is all a part of the romance of Geography, which has survived even the invention of maps.

When one is eleven and going on twelve, there comes a great longing to go to the Antipodes, to visit No Man's Land, to wander through forsaken cities, to climb lonely towers, and to look out through

> magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas.

In different generations this demand has been variously met. The institutions of civilization, besides their primary objects, have had the secondary function of satisfying the youthful desire to go into a far country, a desire not of the Prodigal alone. Patriotism, Religion, Commerce, each has its finger-post pointing to the unknown.

> There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail,
> There gloom the dark, broad seas.

To the boy of Tyre and Sidon, commerce, with the early morning dew of piracy yet upon it, offered a sufficient lure. To go into trade did not mean to clerk in a dry-goods store. It meant to sail away over the blue Midland waters to 'the cloudy cliffs down which the dark Iberians come.'

The Roman youth, when he would visit Parthia and Numidia and Caledonia, had the way made easy for him. All he had to do was to join the legions, and then the path of duty and the path of glory coincided. There was the promise of many a fine trip.

In the Middle Ages there were Crusades and pilgrimages to holy shrines, — capital ways of seeing the world. Chaucer's knight had 'ridden as well in Christendom as Hethenesse.' Or if one could not be a knight-errant he could be a saint-errant. He could journey far with never a penny to pay.

But if one lived on Paint Creek in Southern Ohio, the access to the world of romance was more difficult. It seemed a long way from Paint Creek to the lands old in story. It was a far cry to

> Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
> And Samaachand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
> To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
> To Paquin of Sivian Kings and thence
> Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
> The Persian in Ectaban sate, or since
> In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
> In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance.

So far as one's chances of seeing

these places are concerned, they might as well be in another world.

But out of the distant wonderlands one traveler returned. He was a missionary. He had sailed strange seas, he had seen famous cities, and had got back safely to Ohio. He had crossed deserts in caravans, and had endured perils of robbers. I resolved to be a missionary.

The world was all before me where to choose my place of work. There were islands in the South Seas still awaiting the spiritual explorer. Moffat and Livingstone had found Africa interesting. There were still places in it where an enterprising missionary could get lost, and to find him would be an exciting adventure.

But at last I settled down to the firm conviction that I was destined to be a missionary in Persia. Other fields might clamor for my services, but Persia was my first love, and to that I would be faithful. The very names of its cities and its streams were music to my ears. They awakened what I felt was best in my nature. It was in connection with them that I first experienced the luxury of doing good. How I came to choose Persia for my field of labor is clearer to me now than it was at the time. There are many influences which affect us, but the influence of the imagination, which is the strongest of all, is the one we least recognize. It forms the atmosphere that we breathe and that sustains us when we know it not.

In looking back I perceive that the period when I determined to be a missionary to Persia coincided with that in which my chief literary enthusiasm was Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

I do not think that I seriously considered that the juvenile delight in the melodies of *Lalla Rookh* was in itself a sufficient missionary motive. But having resolved to be a missionary somewhere, this determined the place. The missionary reports were rather dry reading, and with all their fullness of detail did not give me the information which I most needed. *Lalla Rookh* was the book which most interested me. It directed my newly awakened zeal into the right channel. It showed me the paths of pleasantness in which I would gladly walk.

How could it be otherwise? Did not my heart kindle at the opening lines:—

> In that delightful Province of the Sun,
> The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
> Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
> Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream.

Was not that delightful Province of the Sun good missionary ground? Should I reject a call to such a sphere of usefulness simply because it was not unmixed with pleasure? Duty might some time call me to preach on the banks of that mysterious river which

> from its spring
> In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
> Enriched by every pilgrim brook that shines
> With relics from Bucharia's ruby mines,
> And lending to the Caspian half its strength
> In the cool Lake of Eagles sinks at length.

I should be prepared for such a call. Nor should I shrink if in the course of my work I should be summoned to

> vast illuminated halls
> Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
> Of fragrant waters gushing with cool sound
> From many a jasper fount is heard around.

And I should find my way through

> A maze of light and loveliness,
> Where the way leads o'er tessellated floors
> Of mats of Cairo, through long corridors
> Where ranged in cassolets and silver urns
> Sweet wood of aloes or of sandal burns,
> And spicy rods, such as illume at night
> The bowers of Thibet, send forth odorous light.

I was unaccustomed to such scenes and unfamiliar with the etiquette involved, but doubtless I should learn. In Persia one must do as the Persians do.

And I could not forget that

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long.

Now and then there would be a journey on the water.

'T is moonlight over Oman's sea,
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.

I should not allow myself to become too narrow. When my home work was well in hand, I should visit the neighboring regions. For

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave ?

It might be found advisable to establish a station in Cashmere.

The prose introduction and the copious notes gave much information which was useful in arranging one's itinerary. In the heat of the day one could rest 'under the shade of a banyan tree from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes,' or in one of those hidden, embowered spots described by one from the Isles of the West as 'places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves.' Such spots would be excellent places for the writing of sermons. In this way one could get just the kind of illustrations that the Persians would appreciate. And the flowers of rhetoric would all be perfectly natural.

To be commissioned by the Board to a station in Persia was certainly the very romance of missionarying.

*Lalla Rookh*, and behind that the *Arabian Nights*, predisposed my mind to regard this field favorably.

No journey would be too long. I would willingly pass on a swift dromedary along the mysterious borderlands where

Fresh smell the shores of Araby.

I would then plunge boldly into the interior and follow the caravan route

from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand.

Planning these missionary journeys was a pleasant way of doing one's duty. Wordsworth's excursion through the vales of Westmoreland led him to feel how exquisitely the mind to the external world is fitted, and how exquisitely too the external world is fitted to the mind.

The same impressions came from my missionary excursions in Persia. There was a perfect adaptation of the environment to the mind. Indeed, the mind had it all its own way. Persia was exquisitely fitted to my conception of it. There was no contradiction of sinners. The sinners formed a picturesque background. Their presence harmonized with the scene. They were the tawny desert around my little spiritual oasis.

My tastes were simple. All I required of Nature was what she could easily furnish: a desert, a palm tree, a little river, some roses and some nightingales. Then the congregation would seat itself and I would begin to expound my favorite text: 'The lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places.' Being like myself enthusiastic Persians, they would all agree to this. After we were in the right frame of mind we would proceed to a consideration of some of our sins which prevented us from fully enjoying these pleasant places. It would then be time for our frugal meal of dates.

Even to this day I cannot read Emerson's *Saadi* without relapsing into the mood of my missionary life in Persia.

Yet Saadi loved the race of men, —
No churl, immured in cave or den;
In bower and hall
He wants them all,
Nor can dispense
With Persia for his audience.

One does not feel like an intruder. For

> Gladly round that golden lamp
> Sylvan deities encamp,
> And simple maids and noble youth
> Are welcome to the man of truth.
> Most welcome they who need him most,
> They feed the spring which they exhaust.
> . . . . . .
> But, critic, spare thy vanity,
> Nor show thy pompous parts,
> To vex with odious subtlety
> The cheerer of men's hearts.

I pass through the grove of palms and find my way among the crowds of whirling dervishes without feeling the desire to trip any of them up, and come to where Saadi sits in the sun.

It is no place for dogmatic controversy. Long ago the Muse had whispered to him, —

> Never, son of eastern morning,
> Follow falsehood, follow scorning.
> Denounce who will, who will deny,
> And pile the hills and scale the sky;
> Let theist, atheist, pantheist,
> Define and wrangle how they list,
> Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer, —
> Be thou, joy-giver and enjoyer.

To sit in the sun with Saadi and get his point of view would be worth a long missionary journey.

As time went on, the pictures of Lalla Rookh were retouched, but the original coloring was not obliterated. I preferred old-fashioned travelers who had emotions on the banks of the Tigris which were different from those that came on the banks of the Mississippi. There were periods when my missionary zeal grew weak, but when it returned it was always to Persia. This continued even to the time when I entered the unromantic purlieus of the Theological Seminary.

Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, tells us that when Sir Thomas More published his *Utopia* 'many at the reading thereof took it for the real truth,' and 'there were here among us sundry good men and learned divines very desirous to bring the people to the faith of Christ, whose manners they did like so well.'

It was the same motive which inspired these would-be missionaries to Utopia which inspired me.

At last, feeling that I could no longer lead a double life, I called a family council and declared my intention of offering my services to the Board. I grew eloquent in praise of my chosen field, and of the people 'whose manners I did like so well.'

There seemed an especial fitness in making some slight return to my adopted country from which I had already received so much pleasure.

Then it was that my grandmother, whose tenacity of opinion was inherited from a line of Covenanting ancestors, registered her veto. 'You must not go as missionary to Persia, for if you do the Persians will convert you.'

I do not think that my grandmother feared that I would become a Mohammedan, but she did fear that I would develop oriental traits, alien to the habit of mind of the Chillicothe Presbytery. What I took to be a missionary call she looked upon as a kind of apostasy. Tried by the severe standards of disinterested virtue, I was found wanting. The call to Persia lacked the element of complete self-abnegation. To be sure, I was not attracted by the loaves and fishes, but deserts and nightingales and the enchantment of distance might be equally deceptive.

So it turned out that when the time came, instead of going to Persia I went to Kansas. I found Kansas interesting also, though in a different way.

## II

I should not ask presumably busy people to listen to these shadowy recollections, were it not that they suggest some questions of practical importance. Was my grandmother right

in thinking that my pleasure in Persia was likely to be a detriment to my usefulness? Was I less likely to do good to the Persians because I thought well of them to begin with? And would it have been a waste of time if, after a term of years, I had partly converted the Persians and the Persians had partly converted me? May there not be a profitable reciprocity in spiritual influence?

In attempting to answer such questions we encounter the prejudice which exists among the more moral and intellectual classes against mixed motives. We usually prefer to exhibit a virtue in as abstract and dehumanized a form as possible. We strip it of any agreeable circumstances and accidents, and by a process of ethical analysis reduce it to its simplest terms. Because Virtue has often been mistaken for Pleasure, we insist that it shall not be seen in its company. There seems something especially meritorious in the more unpleasing manifestations of duty, as then we are free from any doubts as to its being the genuine article. If the duty happens not to be disagreeable, we try to make it appear so. Thus a patriotic citizen, being nominated for an office of dignity, is careful to inform his constituents that he accepts at the sacrifice of his personal desires, which are all for a strictly private life.

In the Middle Ages some of the saints invented an ingenious device for reconciling politeness with asceticism. When they were invited to dinner they ate what was set before them, but if the viands threatened to be delicious, they slyly sprinkled them with ashes.

Biographers of missionaries, philanthropists, reformers, and all kinds of altruists, seem to think it necessary to do something like this. They represent their heroes as doing all sorts of disagreeable things which they do not want to do. They set up one single dignified motive, and severely eliminate all the little subsidiary motives that grow around it. The one virtue is a upas-tree, making a desert where it grows. Every effort is made to conceal the fact that the good deed has been done from mixed motives. Virtue must be presented in a highly abstract form without any pleasant embellishments.

The 'strong man rejoicing to run a race' is praised for his disinterested virtue. 'Brave fellow. How noble he is in his self-forgetting zeal! There he goes through all the heat and dust, when he might be here sitting in a rocking-chair.'

The sympathetic and tearful admirer would feel that you were attempting to pull his hero down from the high moral pedestal if you were to say that rocking in a chair was an acquired taste which the strong man does not as yet possess. He prefers to run. He has an excess of animal spirits which must be worked off some way. He rejoices to run, partly because he is alive, and partly because he has a worthy goal presented to him.

So far as I have been able to observe, such mixed motives are the ones that take men furthest. Altruism is no exception to the general rule that a man does good work only when he likes his job.

In private life, and in the pursuit of gain or reputation, people endure all sorts of hardships without incurring any particular sympathy. It is taken for granted that they like what they are doing. The football player does n't mind his incidental bruises. The fisherman rejoices in his tribulations, and no one thinks it strange.

Why should not the altruist get the same sportsmanlike pleasure out of the incidents of his work? Because he must work hard with an uncertainty about the results, is no reason why he should not yield to all the allurements

and fascinations which belong to the enterprise upon which he has entered.

It happens that the capacity for enjoying himself is one upon which his opportunity to do good to others depends. Human nature is so constituted that it demands that duty be mixed with pleasure.

We cannot abide an altruist who does not enjoy himself, and who has not a sportsmanlike spirit. We resent his attempt to monopolize brotherly-kindness. If he be without imagination he will insist on working for us instead of with us. He will not admit us to a partnership in good works. He insists on doing all the self-sacrifice and have us take the ignominious part of passive recipients of his goodness. He confers a benefit on us with an air that says, 'I have come to do you good. I have no selfish gratification in what I am doing for you. But a sense of duty has triumphed over my personal inclination.'

We detest him heartily, but for no other reason than that he is not enjoying himself while he is doing us a kindness. It is as if an anxious host should refuse to sit down at the table with his guests. He likes to see them eat, but he won't eat with them. They are not likely to pardon this breach of hospitality.

Reciprocity is the very essence of human intercourse, and only the churlish person fails to realize that there must be reciprocity in pleasure. You must not throw your cast-off pleasures to another as you would throw a bone to a dog. The dog is a generous creature and will accept the bone with no criticism of the unmannerly way in which it is offered. But kindness to persons is not so simple as kindness to animals. You must be kind to your neighbor in such a way as not to interfere with his plans for being kind to you.

Altruism is a game two must play at, and it must be played cheerfully. You must not try to be Altruist all the time, you must take your turn being the Other. If it is your duty to make him happy, it is equally his duty to make you happy. You must give him the opportunity. If you have renounced 'the miserable aims that end in self,' it is praiseworthy in him to do the same. Encourage him to have worthy aims that end in you.

It is wonderful how sensitive we all are in this respect. We refuse to be helped except by people who like to do it, and who profess to be having the time of their lives when assisting us. 'We should be most happy to serve you if you will allow us.' If they say it as if they meant it, we allow them to lend a hand; if we suspect them of insincerity we respectfully decline their offer, — unless we are paupers, and then we don't care how they feel.

This universal preference which all self-respecting people have for being helped by cheerful friends, rather than by conscientious benefactors, is a great limitation to all philanthropic effort. Unless we heartily enjoy ourselves, other people will not allow us to improve their minds or their morals.

The great helpers of mankind have been men who were shrewd enough to see this condition and frankly to accept it. They have turned their duty into pleasure, and then claimed for themselves only the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness. If in this pursuit they incidentally helped their neighbors, they hoped that this would not prejudice any one against them.

Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenforde was a solemn-looking person, and not very congenial to the more full-blooded members of the company. But they doubtless thought better of him when they learned that 'gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.' After all, those old books

were not his penance but his recreation. This made him more comprehensible to the stout miller and the honest ploughman. They liked him better because he had his little pleasures, though they were of a queer kind.

A disciple came to Confucius and with that admirable directness in asking questions characteristic of Chinamen, inquired, 'Master, are you a sage?' Confucius answered, 'No, I am not a sage, I am only one who learns without satiety, and who teaches without getting tired.'

In other words, he was a healthy-minded person who enjoyed his intellectual victuals and who liked to share them with his friends. He was naturally given to intellectual conviviality, and had been lucky enough to be able to indulge these tastes.

Those who are not weary in well-doing are those who make the freest use of their natural aptitudes. They do not allow their consciences to be overburdened by doing all the work. It is 'spelled' by some of the less austere faculties. The results are more satisfactory than if there had been no opportunity for moral relaxation.

There was John Wesley. His *Journal*, with its record of indefatigable labor, is one of the cheeriest books in the language. What a rare good time he had! When he was eighty-seven he could say, 'I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour since I was born.' For more than sixty years this indefatigable pleasure-seeker had been doing as he pleased. Up every day in time to preach at five o'clock in the morning; then over the hills or through the pleasant lanes to preach again at about the time lazy citizens were ready for breakfast; off again, on horseback or by chaise or in a lumbering stage-coach, for more preaching to vast crowds of sinners — just the kind of sinners he liked to preach to. Now and then facing a mob, or being wet through in a thunderstorm, or stopping to get information in regard to some old ruin. Between sermons he refreshed his mind with all sorts and conditions of books. On the pleasant road to Chatham he reads Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. On the road to Aberdeen he loses himself delightedly in the misty sublimities of Ossian. *Orlando Furioso* is good Saturday reading. The eager octogenarian confesses that 'Astolpho's shield and horn and voyage to the moon, the lance that unhorses every one, the all-penetrating sword, and I know not how many impenetrable helmets and shields' are rather too much for his sober English imagination. Still, they afford an agreeable interlude in his missionary journeys. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* he finds very absurd, and 'notable chiefly for its unlikeness to all the world beside.' Still, it is not unpleasant to read.

'Riding to Newcastle, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What a vein of piety runs through his whole work in spite of his Pagan prejudices.'

On his way to preach to a congregation of Christians for whose salvation he was solicitous, he refreshed his mind by reading the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, of whose salvation he had no doubt. 'What a strange Emperor! What a strange Heathen!'

Preaching to a congregation of dour Scotsmen he urged as the first duty to cultivate a better disposition 'I preached from I Cor. XIII, 1–2, in utter defiance of their common saying: "He is a good man though he has bad tempers." "Nay," said I, "if he has bad tempers he is no more a good man than the Devil is a good angel."'

I should not go so far as Wesley. The good man with a bad temper is a recognized variety. We must accept him as a stubborn fact. His joyless

efforts to rectify the world are genuine, though they create in the heart of the natural man an unfortunate prejudice against rectitude.

But we can say that such a good man's effort would be much more effective if his disposition were pleasanter.

Jonathan Edwards went as missionary to the Indians in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, at a time when Stockbridge was not so pleasant a place of residence as it is now. It was very self-sacrificing in him. Still our sympathy goes out chiefly to the Indians.

Dr. Grenfell, on the other hand, falls short of Edwards's ideal of disinterested virtue, for he frankly admits that he likes Labrador and its ways. When he returns, instead of melting the hearts of the Ladies' Auxiliary by the story of his hardships, he fires the minds of their growing boys with the desire to run away and be missionaries themselves. Yet the Labrador fishermen get more out of it than they would if Dr. Grenfell did not have such a good time. When we read Borrow's *Bible in Spain* we feel that Borrow would have gone to Spain any way, even if there had been no Bibles to distribute. Nevertheless his natural affinity for gypsies, muleteers, and picturesque vagabonds of all sorts, enabled him to carry the Bible into out-of-the-way places which would never have been dreamed of by a zealous person of sedentary habits.

Those whose sense of duty has been strongest have often acknowledged their indebtedness to other contributory motives. When that able and pious New England Puritan, Thomas Hooker, felt that it was his duty to remove his congregation from the banks of the Charles River, and found a new colony on the Connecticut, he presented the question of duty to the General Court. 'The matter,' says Governor Winthrop, 'was debated divers days and many reasons were alleged pro and con.'

But the decisive consideration was presented last, namely, 'The strong bent of their spirits to remove thither.' This consideration finally carried the day in spite of the argument that 'the removing of a candlestick is a great judgment which is to be avoided.'

There is always something to be said in favor of the strong bent of the spirit, whether it tends toward Connecticut or Persia.

# DELIGHT

BY ALICE BROWN

Once more I looked upon her face,
Again her beating step I caught,
She who was young when Time, grown old,
Seemed but to breathe where fold on fold
Of parchment, or the austere grace
In stone by ancient limners wrought,
Revealed his life foregone, long hid
In missal, shaft and pyramid.
Earth could not bury her, nor saints
Dethrone her by their meek unruth,
Nor sages weight her with their sooth,
Nor martyrs plague by gentle plaints,
Nor the years crush her under glooms
Of old and cold Etruscan tombs.

Delight, her name. I could not doubt
Whether God gave it, or the earth
Had wrought it like a gorgeous birth,
A bright mosaic patterned out
Of colors from the necks of doves,
From laurel leaves and flowers and gems
Whereof to deck with diadems
The vernal year ringed round with Loves,
And rosy shapes at stillest even,
Wide-winged athwart the cloud-warm heaven.

Here had I come and here was she.
Here we took hands and stayed awhile,
I rapt upon her still, strange smile,
Her voice that fell deliciously,
So that in darkness or the rain
Of tears I need not pine again, —
Her voice set to some ancient tune,
Ancient — and yet I cannot say

How new it was, how of the day
That mounts to heat this very June.

Walked she alone, or were there three,
Delight and Love and Italy?

# ILLUSION

BY SOPHIA KIRK

MEN look back with regret to the illusions of their youth, regard with tenderness those of childhood, and are fiercely resentful of anything in literature or talk which is disillusionizing; but no one likes to believe himself, at a given moment, the dupe of illusion; and those who beg to have their illusions left to them would often be at a loss to tell what they are. Thus, judging from autobiographic data, every one has been, but nobody actually is, illusion's victim and slave. From the objective point of view the statistics are different. We constantly see other people in the very meshes of the net, and find room for ceaseless wonder in the illusions harbored by our neighbors, the absurdities which they believe, the flatteries they swallow, the baseless hopes with which they delude themselves. If the unconscious desire of the human heart could suddenly rise to the murmur of an articulate litany, we should find ourselves praying in one breath to be delivered from all bareness and disillusion, from all illusion and cozenage, from all absence of hope and of fancy, and from all the hopes and fancies whereby other men are beguiled, — those of us, at least, who are old enough to be inconsistent; for youth, with a title to illusion's best, falls too often a victim to its most baleful form, the craving for disillusionment.

'Dream delivers us to dream,' says Emerson, 'and there is no end to illusion.' There are whimsical beckonings of fire to the spirit, broad glamours of day, magnified phantoms of mist and of darkness. There are light, capricious illusions, and stodgy, matter-of-fact ones. There are the individual illusions which we cherish, struggle with, or succumb to in private; illusions which are epidemic in societies; illusions which travel down through history, to vanish like reabsorbed springs, one knows not when or where; illusions which are part and parcel of the human consciousness. We may well pray — and in vain — to be delivered.

The inconsistencies of the average mind in regard to illusion loom large, on the one hand and the other, in the attitude toward it of literature and thought. Its delights and its dangers are the theme of all folk-lore and ballad, of the poetry of the people. In the Greek tragedies, illusion is at once the tempter and avenger, the crime and the punishment. The Greek perceived that the great tragedy of life is not the loss of illusion, but its excess. Plato,

recognizing in it the arch enemy of reason and of society, and in the imagination its natural ally, banished the poets from his republic. Illusion may since have enjoyed a small but savory revenge in seeing all sorts of æstheticism fathered upon Plato, and admiration of his poetic prose well-nigh obscuring that of his immortal reason, with its illustration of homely simile. Perhaps, too, in the long mediæval centuries her lips were curved now and then to a faint Greek smile at the sight of her other Hellenic enemy, Aristotle, enthroned as the head of scholastic philosophy. In those Middle Ages there were few intrenchments against illusion; reason and unreason were huddled together, like knight and serf in crusade or pestilence. The stone of the cathedrals is full of fossilized illusions; which in the great poem of Dante burst into life and truth.

Martin Luther threw his inkstand and got the better of illusion; and generations of stern Protestants walked in the fear of God and burned witches in a terror of illusion, illusively inspired. Copernicus laid bare a universal illusion which, though universally acknowledged, still persists; and happily so, for the recognition of illusion in our everyday impressions is the greatest gain to reality and truth.

In all times philosophers have warred with illusion, singly or in schools. Spinoza set up his adequate thought, Kant his categorical imperative for a reality, over against it; Descartes encamped on the plain with his philosophy *des honnêtes hommes* and foreshadowing of modern science. But the philosophers are subject to illusion, particularly in their belief in the acceptability of reason to the human mind in general. Ridicule has made wider havoc. The laughter of Molière and his immortal good sense clear the air of magic, like magic itself. Never had illusion such a gallant, gay antagonist, or one so sure of thrust.

In Shakespeare, on the other hand, what evocation of this element, and what mastery! How he changes swords with it, creates, banishes, recalls, defeats it. Nowhere are its horrors more alive than in the madness of Lear, the anguish of Macbeth, the waverings of Hamlet; nowhere is the dread of it more poignantly uttered than in Horatio's swift cry: —

> What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

where all the futile anguish of illusive suffering is in the one phrase, 'toys of desperation.' And all the majesty and glory of illusion, all its arts and wiles, nay, the very spell of its impalpable essence, are in *The Tempest*, shining with 'the innumerable laughter of the waves.' Prospero is its king, a king who abdicates in the end to become the citizen of reason and of common life. It reads just a little, this abdication, like an acceptance on the part of poetry itself of Plato's sentence against the poets. But Spenser and Keats make no such renouncement; the one pricketh o'er the plain and through the forests of illusion, the other lingers willingly in its twilight. Milton dwells in a high illusion, lit by lofty truth; and even the unpoetic eighteenth century fashions for itself an illusion of line and rule, on the level of our earth.

But the poets themselves have no greater love for illusion than those prose poets, the essayists. Note how genially Montaigne smiles at and upon her; how she diverts Addison and Goldsmith; how tender is the adoration of Charles Lamb, even of Thackeray, though he contrives to get up a passing illusion of cynicism. To the clear-eyed Emerson she is a sort of half-accredited messenger of the gods, to be received with courtesy, with comprehension, and a certain celestial equality. Carlyle is

not of this company: to him illusion is the accredited emissary of the devil, to be blackened with a well of ink and burned by lightnings from heaven. And yet Mr. Burroughs cites Carlyle, with some truth, as a cherisher of anthropomorphic illusion, and the foe of scientific investigation.

They form a class apart, the intimates of illusion: Rousseau, its favorite child, and the chosen victim of its altar; Chateaubriand, heaping up illusory magnificence without, devoured by disillusion within; Coleridge, who did not believe in ghosts because he had seen too many; Obermann, standing outside the circle, but with his gaze riveted to its centre. Amiel's name is forever linked with that of his *belle dame sans merci;* their story has been accepted as a sort of Lassalle romance of meditative literature. His longing for, yet shrinking from, the experiences of life, his withdrawals before the loneliness of thought, as before the complications of social existence, are they not all written and printed, a scorn to the strong and objective, a savor to minds curious of mental processes and of intellectual sentiment? But the critics have insisted a little too much upon the unity of the romance: they pass over the escape from bondage which Amiel found again and again in his critical faculty, in a certain serene detachment; the dénouement is less tragic than is commonly supposed.

It is in the autobiography of Herbert Spencer that

> The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
> And no birds sing.

*La belle dame* has here one of the mighty in thrall. Here is a mind admirably articulated and energized for action, with all its springs new, no worn-out gearing of historical or literary ideas, no idle tendency toward dreaming and conjecture. Here is a philosophy which starts at the highest point yet reached by human knowledge, to examine downward into all the paths leading thither, — biological, psychological, sociological, with no *détour* into the underbrush of mere individual thought or achievement. All the results of this philosophy are massed into one great affirmative synthesis. It will have naught to do with the unknowable until every branch of the knowable has been explored, and it can go behind a certitude to name the unseen and unknown also as a force translatable into horsepower. Here is surely no room for illusion, no crevice into which she may creep. Even the midge did not venture, nor love find out the way.

The only thing that baffled this prodigious investigator of life was life itself: not the combination of forces, nor the primordial cell, but the common, everyday existence of which we somehow find ourselves a part. His terror of being tricked or duped by it is abject; he will none of its blessings for fear of a witch's curse. He wanted to marry; there were even moments when the idea linked itself to the favored personality of some individual woman; but he was silent, not from fear lest the lady's sentiments fail to respond, but in fastidious hesitation, —

> For the sake of, — what was it? — an eyebrow?
> or still less, a mole on the cheek?

A denial has been published of the romantic inferences drawn from his pages on George Eliot; so it must have been some other lady who was silently set aside as an imperfect specimen. Read in connection with his life, Herbert Spencer's philosophy shines by its disinterestedness. The sage of antiquity was an Ananias in comparison with him; for one, if not the chief, of his aims was the attainment of a fund of wisdom for his own private use, and this the great sociologist was content to forego.

The latest declared and proclaimed

enemy of illusion, of the widespread illusion of convention in particular, is Mr. Bernard Shaw, who tells the truth wittily to shame the devil and Mrs. Grundy. It is a truth 'bonny wi' ill favourdness,' marked by that enhancement of ugliness which competes favorably with beauty in the eyes of fashion. There is, however, a certain geniality of optimism to be detected in his assumption that illusion and error are detachable adjuncts of the human mind; and it is noticeable that the substitution proposed for illusion is not reason or reality, but individualism, a somewhat uncertain quantity where clearness of vision is concerned.

But illusion contrives not to suffer from her apparent unpopularity. She smiles secure in her beauty, knowing that her hour will come again, that her spell is a potent one, and that those who disdain her most proudly are not always the last in her train of adorers. Especially subtle is the smile with which she greets the reasoning penitent. When the man of science turneth away from his science, and after weighing and measuring the ears and reactions of his fellow mortals, takes to measuring and weighing disembodied spirits, she sits gayly in the balance, knowing well that they have been weighed already and found wanting. To the man whose beliefs are firmly based upon the evidence of his own eyesight, she can bring, through the agency of the commonest medium, enlargement of vision, evidence ocular and tangible, a solid array of spirits, uttering platitudes of unanswerable veracity.

One of her most plausible agents is coincidence. The commonest and ordinarily least noted of phenomena, it is brought by any association with the marvelous into abrupt and isolated relief. The innumerable faces in the long procession of life are so many combinations of one small set of features; what wonder that there should be resemblances? The same happenings, in the main, fall to us all, notwithstanding the many variations; it would be strange indeed if there were no simultaneous repetitions among them. As for our thoughts, the variety of them, taking the whole range of thought, is marked by limitations; and the number we actually employ, in our daily meditations, or even under investigation by the psychical society, bears an infinitesimal proportion to this limited whole; we think so much alike that the fact that any two of us are thinking the same thing at the same moment ought to attract no attention at all. But people ignore a thousand coincidences and seize upon one as a marvel; they forget all the unfulfilled prophecies and unanswered petitions the moment the event appears to respond. We demand of science and fact a uniform testimony, but illusion may fail over and over without loss of prestige.

It is our privilege to live in an age which is not wholly unproductive of illusions, and in a country in which they lie under no heavy penalty. We have in America innumerable acres of intellectual waste land, affording soil for the riotous growth of any chance seed, native or foreign. And, with the indiscriminate amiability which Matthew Arnold deplored in our literary appreciations, we look benignly on aberrations of thought, however noxious to social well-being, if only they do not endanger our property; not distinguishing between the freedom of utterance which, as citizens of thought, we should secure to all its forms, and the duty laid upon us as thinking individuals, of discrimination, selection, the seeking and finding of truth. In purely theoretical aberrations — political, for instance — we indulge less than other countries; our wildest theories generally take the lucrative form of nos-

trums and diets, for the sale of which the name of science is daily taken in vain. And science at the present moment lends itself singularly, by no fault of its own, to thaumaturgical ends. Her great discoveries of half a century ago were in the line of theory; hence their subversive effect upon belief, of which we are now feeling the reaction. To-day her advance is in the discovery of new substances and forces; and its results are being instantly applied to practice, partly along therapeutic lines, thus bringing science to the very door of the unscientific, and leaving it at the mercy of selfish and charlatan aims. Then is waged the battle of belief and disbelief regarding matters which belong properly to the spheres of knowledge and ignorance.

The havoc wrought by illusion is largely the work of one alone among her attendant spirits, — the mischief-making elf, who pours into the ear of sleeping mortals the philter of self-love. The stars and the census ought to be daily and yearly correctives to an error of this sort; but perhaps nobody really preserves the everyday habit of regarding himself as a billionth part of a number of billions. And, in fact, it seems almost necessary to exaggerate a little our importance to the universe lest we become too unimportant and a dead weight upon it. We need a sufficient opinion of ourselves, and sense of the respect of others, to carry us through the day's work. And suppose the illusion be in excess, is it not a pardonable, absurd, and trivial error? Yet the link is here that holds together illusion's most ridiculous comedy and the darkest of her tragedies. In the dungeon of self-absorption are her conquered, — the insane. Others, wounded but not bound, lie without, beside the pool, waiting for the troubling of the too still waters. Hither come many, even of the purest and most unselfish minds, far removed, it may be, from the sin of self-seeking, caught in the toils of personality, in that strange interlocking of body and mind, or hovering with weary wing over that fatal point, the fixed idea.

The adjustment of our relation to illusion is a crucial problem of life; not necessarily the conscious adjustment, for in this matter, as in religion, character, and social success, a peculiar blessing attaches itself to unconscious grace; but into some relation we are forced by the very laws of being, and it behooves us to make the best of it. We are all property-owners in Spain to a greater or less degree; and which of us would not be a trifle less astonished to find himself, on waking in the morning, an inmate of his favorite castle there, than he is to open his eyes on the suburban-villa reality with the necessity attached of getting up and going to town? What would-be author ever believes in the unavailable character of his manuscript? What artist is not amazed at the exclusion of his picture? Who so unattractive as not to expect homage from others? And if the supply fails, who does not attribute the lack to some special spite or hatred, instead of to forgetfulness or to that kindly contempt with which we are wont inwardly to regard one another? We cannot love or hate without illusion: for hatred is blindness to every aspect save one; and we love, not from a mere reasoning conviction of the virtues and charms of the beloved, but because they alone, of all graces and perfections, have for us a halo, a mystery, and a delight. Our faith is in the unseen and illusive; for, whatever truth may underlie the phenomena of life and thought, illusion is assuredly among the conditions of its revelation to mankind. Our unfaith tosses us toward other unrealities; the anguish of skepticism lies, not in the loss of beautiful

and once-cherished beliefs, in the reduction of our hopes to truths that appear harsh and bare, but in the doubt lest these too should be but phantasms, and the substratum of the whole a monstrous illusion.

The first care of the intellect in its relation to illusion should be recognition, the distinguishing of what we see, know, or think, from what we dream, surmise, or imagine. Why believe a miracle on the authority of a number of persons, no half-dozen of whom can be brought to report alike on the most ordinary scene or occurrence? Why, if judgments so vary, accept our own as an absolute criterion? Our senses make conflicting reports, the key-board of our impressions gives out true or false notes, most resonant under the action of the nerves, which play the louder the more they are out of tune. Have they not lied to us time and again? Do they not bring from a wooden leg messages of a suffering foot? And shall we leave it to our nerves, fearfully and wonderfully as they are made, to love, hate, judge, and act for us? Yet an enormous amount of human intercourse is conducted by these overworked switch-tenders. A wholesome distrust of hearsay and of one's own impressions is an aid to security. How significant is the attitude toward illusion preserved by old Samuel Johnson! He was baptized into it, as it were, being almost the last child in England to receive the royal touch for scrofula; he was subject all his life to hypochondria; he was naturally credulous; the question of the return of departed spirits to this earth remained to him always an open and a haunting one; yet illusion knocked at the door of his sturdy mind for threescore and ten years in vain. For above all wavering and susceptibility rose his great sense of reality, his love of truth; and to the persistent lures of dream and inertia he opposed a constant activity of mind and variety of interest. The matter with much of our disillusion is that its content is as poor as that of illusion itself. Illusion must be confronted with realities solid enough to stand against it; and excellent material for their construction lies all about us in the world as we find it.

Yet illusion, after all, is a vapor,—our swords cut without dividing it. The realities that move against spirit should be those of spirit itself; 'for it alone is high fantastical.' When we look at the great facts of life we find illusion to be one of them. It envelops our birth, 'a sleep and a forgetting'; it holds the curtain ready to drop on our exit; it dangles the ball of happiness before us day by day. It is Maia and Ceres, sower and scatterer of the harvest; We must approach illusion reverently; we must abstain from creating it, lest we come to be ruled by the creature of our making, and from renouncing it too proudly, for it is sure to turn up again, like the imp in the household goods of the family who had moved to get rid of it.

# THE LADY OF THE CASTLE

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

Nul, s'il n'est cortois et sages,
Ne puet riens d'amour aprendre.
— CHRÉTIEN DE TROYES.

I

THE lady's life and even her character are always sensibly modified by the house she lives in, and the house represents the social or economic requirements of the man of her class. The man shapes the house, and the house shapes the lady. The Roman villa, ample, luxurious, and open, built to house a complicated social life, began to disappear in Europe together with the *pax Romana*, and the restriction of space set in that necessarily accompanies fortification.

In forming a picture of the mediæval castle, we must banish the vision of the coquettish château of the Renaissance, the fortified manor like Azay-le-Rideau, and the fortified palace like Chambord. Many a good knight in the twelfth century housed his family, his servants, and his men-at-arms, under the single roof of his donjon. All castles agreed in certain features. They were surrounded by a strong wall, punctuated by towers and by a great gate flanked with towers, and equipped with drawbridge and portcullis. The gate gave access to the lower court. The inner court was in its turn inclosed by a fortified wall; in the inner court stood the heart of the castle, the donjon; and within the donjon dwelt the lady.

Windows and doors were eschewed in castle architecture. The ground floor of the donjon had no opening of any kind, the entrance being invariably on the first floor, and reached by a gently inclined bridge, which was removed or destroyed in case of siege. The whole of the first floor was occupied by a single room, the famous 'hall' of ballad and history. This room was round, square, or polygonal, according to the shape of the tower. It was lighted grudgingly by a narrow window here and there, set at the end of a sort of tunnel bored through a wall eight or ten feet thick, and it was warmed by open fires of logs. In the English manor there prevailed until the sixteenth and even the seventeenth century the Homeric custom of the central hearth without a chimney. The smoke made its more or less leisurely way out of a hole in the roof directly over the hearth. But in France the Roman chimney, never altogether abandoned, was in common use from the eleventh century onward, and developed early its characteristic conical hood.

The hall was often paved with tiles of white stone incrusted with black mastic, and on this flooring were spread thick rugs. If the company sat freely on the floor, it was not because there were no chairs, though they were not as numerous as in the Homeric house. But a row of coffers often stood against the walls, and sometimes also there were massive forms with backs, divided like choir-stalls, and sometimes there were lighter benches, easily moved about. Kings and great lords had faldstools, but it was not every simple castellan who owned one. The asperities

of all these somewhat unconciliating seats were tempered by rugs and cushions, but a study of them explains why the persons of the romances so frequently sat upon the bed. In the first place, the bed of the lord and the lady stood as often as not in the hall, opposite the fireplace. It was large and monumental; the frame was gilded, carved, inlaid with ivory. Cords stretched on the frame held a feather-bed which was covered with sheets of linen or silk. During the day the bed was shrouded with a rich spread of fur or silk or cloth of gold. It was surrounded by curtains which made it a room within a room. Herrad shows us Solomon sleeping in all the glory of the twelfth century, with a night-light, and as easy a posture as can be assumed by a sleeper who wears a crown.

With all its splendor, the presence of the bed in the hall is symbolic of the change wrought in manners by lack of space. Privacy was gone. The lord and the lady slept in the hall. On the floor above lay their children and their guests, often enough in but two rooms, the women in one, and the men in the other. At the head of each bed was a bar on which the occupant hung his clothes. In the morning he could reach them from where he lay and dress himself behind his curtains before getting out of bed. Outside his curtains was the public. It is often lamented by critics of mediæval morals that young men had apparently free access to the bedrooms of young women, and that they so often sat down to talk upon a *lit paré*. It must be remembered in this connection that the mediæval bedroom offered hardly more privacy than the American sleeping-car.

If the lady's house, in order to keep her safe, was obliged to contract the space at her disposal, she found expansion and light and air in the garden. Without the wall, at the foot of the castle hall, approached often by a postern of its own, lay her open-air drawing-room. The garden of the Middle Age was strictly architectural. Its symmetrical plan, with orderly subdivisions, the presence of seats of stone or turf, sculptured fountains and plants in tubs, gave it the air of a house without a roof. It was planted with regard to the bird's-eye view from above, and as seen from the castle, must have looked like a carpet or a tiled pavement. The labyrinth and other familiar motives of floor-decoration are found in garden plans. An important feature is always the fountain. Even in Paradise, as figured in Jean de Berri's *Book of Hours*, a beautiful Gothic fountain refreshed our first parents. Trees were clipped to shape, artificial mounds were raised, stiff hedges divided one room, so to speak, from another. In this charming setting many and many a scene of the romances is enacted. The frowning donjon by itself would leave the feudal lady only half explained; it is in the garden that we must look for the expansion of some of her most characteristic traits.

The lady's own outward appearance is almost as well known to us as that of her house and garden. It is not necessary to believe that she was as uniformly blond as the romances assert; they prove only that the favorite type was gray-eyed, fair-haired, white-skinned, with rosy cheeks and scarlet lips.

Whatever her complexion, the lady's costume consisted of three main items. Next her body she wore a chemise of fine linen, 'white as a meadow-flower.' This garment had sleeves and covered the wearer from chin to foot. Sometimes the collar and cuffs were embroidered with gold and were allowed to show. Over the chemise she put on the *pelisson*, a garment made of fur but covered within with linen and without

with silk. The pelisson was indispensable in winter, indoors as well as out; but in summer it would be excessive, and there is reason to believe that the fur substrate was then withdrawn, leaving the border as before. Over the pelisson the lady wore the famous *bliaut*, the dress of half the saints in Christendom as we see them in sculpture or in stained glass. The bliaut was sometimes straight and simple, giving the wearer the same apparent diameter at shoulder, waist, and knee. Sometimes it was confined by a broad cuirass that outlined the breast and hips.

For material the lady might choose among a variety of woolen stuffs or among silks of great beauty, ranging in weight from samite to *crêpe de Chine*. In purple and scarlet, green and blue, the lady dressed, with often a thread of gold interwoven, and with fringes and braids of gold in plenty. The climax of her costume was the girdle, fastened loosely about the waist and falling to the bottom of the bliaut. Gold and jewels often went to make it; their brilliancy accented the lines of the lady's body, and called attention to every movement as she walked. Her hair was woven, with ribbons, into two long braids, which she pulled forward and allowed to hang in front. Out of doors she wore a mantle which might open either in front or at the side, and was capable of highly effective draping. It could be arranged to show as much or as little as the wearer desired of the costume beneath. Both sexes covered the head out of doors with the *chaperon*, a sort of peaked hood with a cape. And both sexes wore pointed heelless shoes of stuff or leather, often elaborately ornamented.

Such in appearance were the castle and the lady. Doubtless it would be absurd to represent the social status of the lady as the direct outcome of the architecture of her home, since both were, in fact, the outcome in expression of the life of the man of her class and time. But it is certain that the castle was the primary condition of that life, and that where its interests clashed with those of the lady, hers had to give way. In her everyday life she perhaps gained as much from its limitations as she lost. Though the lady had no privacy, she suffered no isolation. Her place was in the hall, and in the hall the life of the house was transacted. Whatever interested her husband was discussed in her presence. The life of her time was an open book before her; she was free to form her opinion of men and things, and to make her personality count for what it was worth.

But the really sinister effect of the castle and its lands upon the lady was one that resulted from their meaning, rather than from their physical characteristics. They were held by the knight from his overlord on condition of the payment of rental in the form of military service. Every acre of ground was valued in terms of fighting men, and only the knight in person could be sure of rallying the quota and producing them when required. If the knight died, in harness or in his bed, and left a widow with young children or a daughter as his sole heir, there was a good chance that the rent would not be paid. The overlord had the right to see that a fief should not be without a master; in other words, to marry as soon as might be the widow or the daughter of the deceased to some stout knight who was willing to take the woman for the sake of the fief. 'One of these days,' says the king in *Charroi de Nîmes* to a baron who is threatening him, 'one of these days one of my peers will die; I will give you his fief and his wife if you will take her.' In fact, it could be said of the lady as truly as of the serf that she 'went with the land.' She knew this full well herself.

Hardy younger sons might win castle and lands by recommending themselves through feats of arms to fathers of daughters. Thus the aged Aimeri, in the *Enfans Aimeri*, wished to provide for his sons by marriage. To Garin he said, 'Go to Bavaria and bid the Duke Naimes to give you his daughter, with the city of Anseiine, its harbors and shores. It is true this land is at the moment in the hands of the Saracens, but you have only to take it from them.' Garin makes his way to Bavaria and explains his idea to the duke. 'You are of high race,' answers the duke, 'and I will give you my daughter of the fair face.' He called for her forthwith. 'Belle,' said he, 'I have given you a husband.' 'Blessed be God,' said the damsel.

In one aspect or another the identification of the fief and the lady provides the motive of a hundred chansons. It is the basis of her social importance, superseding the production of legitimate offspring which was the basis of her social importance in Greece and, theoretically at any rate, in Rome. It is far from paradoxical to say that as a sort of indemnification for the iron hand laid upon her destiny by the system of land-tenure in the Middle Age, the lady achieved a new measure of personal liberty. She might within reason philander where she would, provided she married where she was bid.

The lady's education was probably, on the academic side at least, considerably better than her husband's. Very likely she could more often read and write than he. But, as in Homeric days, the want of reading was supplied for man and woman alike by the accomplishments of the *rhapsode*, who is now called a *jongleur*.

Not only in literary taste, but in practical matters, the daughter of the castle would receive much the same education as Helen of Troy. She would be a famous spinster and needlewoman, able to make a shirt or an altar-cloth. She would sit by the hour among her damsels in hall or in garden, developing stitch by stitch that incredible faculty of patience which alone has enabled the lady of all times to live with health, and without too much analysis, her life of constant suspension on the acts of another. All household work was familiar to her. Life was full of emergencies, and she was ready for them. Often she was a skillful leech, unafraid of blood, trained to succor the men on whose lives her life depended. The tradition of the 'wise woman' still hung about her, and she had secret recipes for medicines that could cure almost any ill. In religion she learned the Pater Noster, the Ave, and the Credo. She could read her book of hours and follow the Mass.

It is necessary for our purpose to try to form a notion what occupation the lady found for the greater number of the days, hours, and instants of her life. The romantic vision, that sees her dividing her time between awarding the prize at the tourney and presiding at the Court of Love, may be abandoned at once. In its place there rises almost inevitably a picture somewhat nearer the truth, but drawn also from the romances and founded on the conditions of life at the courts of kings and great lords. It is the *métier* of the romance to deal with action, and from it we receive inevitably the impression of a stirring, animated life. In so far as the house of the great lord is concerned, this impression may be measurably true, though even there we must remember that winter came round at suitable intervals. But in the castle of the simple knight, life, as far as we are able to reconstitute it, must have passed with a monotony before which the modern mind quails. When Gautier, an enthusiast for the Middle Age,

enumerates the winter occupations of the castellan, he is obliged to include sitting at the window and watching the snow fall.

The lady of the castle was vigorous, and loved to be out of doors. She rode, seated either astride or on what seems to us the wrong side of the horse. She hunted with the hawk and angled in the streams. She was a strong walker, and lover of animals, showing her love as most animal-lovers do by petting within doors and killing without. High physical courage was esteemed a virtue in her as in her lord, for it is only in secure and peaceful societies that the timid lady survives to transmit her qualities. High physical courage should ideally beget tenderness for suffering, but the lady of the romances was sometimes a little inaccessible on the sympathetic side. As her knight fought for her honor she preferred him to incur danger rather than defeat; wounds and broken bones were, so to speak, all in the day's work. And when the day was won, she succored him tenderly.

But after the fullest allowance has been made for these pursuits, many empty hours remain unaccounted for. Life for the lady in the small castle must have had some similarity to life for women on the remote ranch to-day, if we eliminate the postal service and the library, and if we imagine that the ranchman is away from home as often as he can manage it, rounding up wild cattle, fighting Indians, trailing horse-thieves, or otherwise pleasurably endangering his life. His wife will probably learn to ride and shoot; she will busy herself with housekeeping, with her children, or with her garden. But after all she can always read. The newspapers and the magazines find her out. She will keep herself supplied with books. And if the worst comes to the worst, she will write a novel. The aspect of life that comes to the modern woman under the guise of literature had a different expression, though largely literary too, in the existence of the lonely châtelaine. In her case it came to be a reflection of the social development for which the age is noted, a specific and original contribution to the history of the lady, — I mean of course the theory and practice of courteous love.

In looking closely at this institution, it must be borne in mind that in the age of chivalry the wedded relation was not a romantic one. The husband was allowed by law to beat his wife for certain offenses, and it is likely that he did not always wait to consult the code. The law, it is true, specified that he was to beat her 'reasonably,' and insisted that he must stop short of maiming her; he must not, for instance, destroy an eye or break a bone. Her marriage had been contracted without any necessary reference to inclination, and her relations with her husband were simply such as she was personally able to make them. With him her sole source of strength was her power to please, and that was naturally, as always, largely a matter of accident. He was under no manner of compulsion to try to please her. The fact, however, that she was his wife gave her importance with the rest of the world in proportion to his own, and from the standing-ground of this external importance she applied her lever to society.

The lady of the castle was virtually the only woman in a society consisting of men generally younger than herself, who were socially her husband's inferiors and who therefore paid court to her. If she had any personal force or charm, these circumstances were highly favorable to its exertion. Her sphere of influence would vary, with her husband's importance, from a single squire to a whole train of knights-vassal, but her position would tend to ste-

reotype itself; so that the success of a great baron's wife in modifying the manners and the ideas of her husband's court would work to the advantage of the lonely châtelaine in the simple donjon. From the great centres would spread a theory of the lady's position and the duty to her of every gentleman not her husband.

Such a theory was developed and perfected in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and came by degrees to color the whole of literature. The brutality of the old romances faded out, and an extraordinary code of manners came into fashion, based on a new theory of feminism and largely due to the initiative of influential women themselves. How far this theory actually modified life, we are not in a position to say. It is certain, however, that every lady who listened to troubadour or jongleur, or who read for herself the new love-songs and romances, was furnished with the material for constructing a fresh estimate of her own importance.

II

It is at the court of Henry the First of England that scholars find the first development of 'courtesy.' This prince anticipated Fontainebleau and Versailles by the *fêtes* he arranged at his castles, and the attention he gave to the organization of bisexual society. But if we may believe that the theory of courtesy, formulated in England, spread from this source into France, it is certain that it there encountered an independent development, sprung from the south, less warlike and more feminine in form, which was destined to prevail and give tone to the whole movement, not only in France, north and south, but throughout Europe.

South of the Loire the Roman law had always maintained a thread of continuity, though often obscured by usages springing directly from altered ways of living. By the Justinian Code, sons and daughters alike shared the inheritance of their father's estate, and this rule was taken over by the Gothic law of southern France. But under the strain of the centuries that kept society perpetually on a war-footing, the tendency prevailed even here to hold lands and houses in the strong hand. For her own safety the daughter was subordinated to the son.

Many are the beautiful names of ladies who ruled in their own person: Adelaide, Countess of Carcassonne; Ermengarde, Viscountess of Béziers; Guillemette, Viscountess of Nîmes; and the great Eleanor of Poitou, granddaughter of the first of the troubadours, Queen first of France and then of England, and always in her own right Duchess of Aquitaine. These ladies were almost by accident furnished with great power by a system devised for a society of a different character altogether. And the most surprising thing of all is that the women in whose hands power was thus placed proved to be able to use it. Instead of showing as the atrophied remnant of a suppressed class, ready to govern in name, but in reality to be governed by the nearest man and to carry on a society and a culture imitative of that erected by men everywhere about them, they proved to be themselves personages, capable of forming reasoned designs and making them prevail, and they effected changes in society and culture that have become a permanent part of the life of Europe.

It has often been pointed out that there are certain analogies between the period of the Crusades and the nineteenth century in the United States in respect of the distribution of culture between the sexes. In Greece and in Rome of old, as in Germany in the last century, and in general at times and in

places where men have leisure for culture, it is believed to belong more or less exclusively to the male type. It is felt at such times to be unsuitable for women. The learned or thoughtful woman is rather ridiculous and certainly a bore. Probably she neglects her children. On the other hand, when men are as a class engaged in the subjugation of the natural world or in struggles with each other, the arts of peace naturally fall into the hands of non-combatants and are then believed to belong more or less exclusively to the female type. As under the other conditions culture is felt to be unbecoming in a woman, it is now felt to be unbecoming in a man. A fighting knight who found his squire reading the *Ars Amatoria* would feel the same amused contempt as a stockbroker who should find his clerk secreting a copy of Keats behind the ticker. To the mind of each, such interests would be suitable only to women and to certain men — 'priests' the crusader would have called them, 'college-professors' the broker. In both periods the lady has been the depository and guardian of culture. What she has made of her position in modern times must be reserved for later discussion. Her achievements in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are matter of record, and we must now examine them.

It is obvious that the automatic result of making a lady the head of the state will be to furnish her court with persons whose recommendations to favor will differ from those offered to a male superior. It will of course be to her interest to employ and attach to herself a body of strong fighting men, but she will not be interested in personally observing their readiness for combat and their power to drink without drunkenness. To be pleasant to his lady a servant must develop other gifts. In the technical language of the time, courtesy must accompany prowess. Grafted upon the fundamental point of view of the fighting knight, and in many respects opposed to it, was a secondary set of ideas, which by the transforming power of literature has become to us the strongest element of the whole.

By chivalry we mean to-day, not the strong, hard framework of military society which prevailed for centuries in Europe, unregardful of women, if not cruel to them; but we mean the brief and local phase, confined chiefly to the great courts, which by passing into literature has forever clothed the knight with virtues and sentiments not (if all had their rights) his own. The constraint that was put upon the man who looked for preferment in a lady's service, to be clean and civil, pleasant to look at and pleasant to hear, and an ardent advocate of the intellectual and moral supremacy of women, was but a small and ephemeral result of her power. The real result was attained when the men of genius had constructed and won acceptance everywhere for a whole theory of life based upon a superiority of the lady.

At all times, everywhere, and by all ladies, love is admitted to be the most acceptable of gifts. With tact, the humblest may offer it without offense, the highest without conferring obligation. The lady's power to excite love was to her what the lord's prowess in battle was to him. The new theory of life was, therefore, based upon a new theory of love, and into this new theory were worked up a number of old elements that would have seemed, singly, rather unpromising material.

One of the fundamental principles of the doctrine of courteous love was its incompatibility with marriage. It is true that no age of men had imagined that love and marriage were ever, except by accident, coincident. Since

marriage is primarily founded on economic considerations, the continued effort of mankind to make its sentimental aspects prevail involves a paradox. The Athenians looked not to their wives for love's delight. The Romans were not authorities on love, but what they knew by that name was not a domestic sentiment. Early Christianity also considered marriage as a duty rather than as a pleasure. But these different societies had felt the irksomeness of the bond from the man's point of view; it was in conflict with one of the characteristics that had been most serviceable in helping him along in the world, — his unquenchable desire for novelty.

Courtesy, on the other hand, objected to marriage from the point of view of the wife. Courtesy maintained that a lady's love should be free. The mere fact that in marriage she was bound by law to yield her favors, destroyed their value and her dignity. Even if she married her lover, she thereby extinguished love. *Amour de grâce* and *amour de dette* were discriminated by the doctors, who held the first only to be worthy of the name of love. No true lover would accept love save as a gift of free will. The lady might withhold her favor with reason or without; treason to love consisted in bestowing it for any reason save love alone.

But it was not as a pretext for frequent change that the lady exalted love at the expense of marriage. On the contrary, it behooved her to choose her lover with far greater care than her husband (says Sordello, in his *Ensenhamen d'Onor*), because love is '*plus fort establit*.'

If we were to represent the history of marriage graphically by a straight line, and the history of love by a curve approaching marriage more or less closely, we should find the lady's theory of love soaring as far above marriage toward the ideal as Ovid's theory falls below it toward the beast. His criticism of marriage was that it was too good; hers that it was not good enough. The striking modernism of this view is more apparent than real. The lady dreamed of no reconstruction of society; marriage was her portion, and she accepted it. Love did not interfere with it, did not, in fact, lie in the same plane. Her criticism of marriage was suggested and enforced by a number of circumstances besides her own personal revolt from it. The poets who embodied her ideas were generally of a class below her own, and under chivalry there was no marriage possible between classes. The singer who offered homage to his lady must find some footing on which he could address her without too servile an acknowledgment of inferiority. Nothing could have served his purpose so well as the theory that love is the great leveler, but that every lover is his lady's servant. Besides the barriers to marriage, erected by feudal society, the Cluniac reform was insisting on the celibacy of the clergy, but many a troubadour was either monk or priest. For him also it was valuable that love should keep clear of marriage.

The old May-songs, celebrating springtime and the naïve mating impulse, had come down without a break from immemorial heathendom, from the dim time when mating was coterminous with desire. And these May-songs, with the necessary transformations, were taken up into the song of the troubadour.

Charmed at first with what he has taken to be evidence of the poet's communion with nature, the reader is soon driven to recognize a pure convention. The natural world has little to say to the troubadour. His world is within, and if he had not needed the eroticism of the May-song, he would have given scant heed to the nightingale. From

the May-song he drew the 'joy' that gave a name to his science and a crude literal view of the delight of love. But the joy came gradually to have a more spiritual content. What a lady demanded was to be loved for her soul. As the type reached perfection, the May-song element dissolved into the mysticism that was to culminate in Dante's love for Beatrice.

III

The tendency of the Middle Age toward the neat, the systematic, and the encyclopædic, which made it so easy a prey to Aristotle, had the oddest results when directed toward the passion of love. Ovid's *jeu d'esprit*, the *Ars Amatoria*, was playfully set in a framework of Alexandrian didacticism. It was mildly amusing in his day to assume that rules could be laid down, by the use of which any one could become 'a master of the art of love,' to use the phrase of Diotima in Plato's *Symposium*. This work was well known to clerks in its Latin form, and when love became a matter of general theoretical interest, it was rendered into French and became the textbook of the subject. Thanks to its method, love became a department of scholasticism, a matter of definition and rule.

In the complete absence of the historic sense, which left the mediæval mind with no more perspective than the paintings on a castle wall, Ovid's badinage became matter for debate. The social conditions assumed in every line of his work were unnoticed. He wrote of and for the sophisticated dwellers in a great town, for the members of a cosmopolitan society whose intercourse was unrestrained, for a cultivated public well used to literary allusion and to the appreciation of the half-word, for life, in a word, as we know it to-day and as the Romans knew it two thousand years ago. But the knight and the lady of the castle knew no such life. Their days were spent in a simple round among a small number of people, all ignorant and all literal-minded. Their irruptions into the world, whether for war or for gayety, were infrequent, and for specific purposes. They were utterly without the daily contact with many minds which was the postulate of Ovid's psychology.

It is touching to see the steps by which under these conditions the doctors of courteous love proceeded to Christianize and feudalize their great Latin authority. When Ovid advises the enterprising young man to frequent the theatres, whither the ladies go both to see the show and to show themselves, Maître Elies can find no modern parallel but the churches. Thither the ladies all go, some to pray to God, but the greater number to see and to be seen. Ovid suggests to the Roman to seat himself at the circus close to the lady he wishes to charm, and give her tips on the horses. Maître Elies sends his pupil to a miracle-play and bids him ask the lady questions about the cast.

In some cases the imitator ventures to differ from the original. Thus the author of the *Key to Love* says, 'Ovid will have us believe that it is better to have an old woman for one's love than a young one, but with all respect I cannot agree with him. Ovid, I imagine, needed money; what he feels is avarice, not love. The love that joins gentle hearts goes straight on its way without simony.' The whole process by which a theology of love grew up, nourished by the thoughts and language of the church, is foreshadowed by this unknown clerk to whom venal love is 'simony.' Some items of advice are put into the Roman author's mouth that would have surprised him; for in-

stance: 'Be sure there are no wrinkles in your stockings; this is Ovid's express command.'

When Eleanor of Aquitaine, her daughter Marie of Champagne, and the other *précieuses*, had arrived through much discussion at a fairly clear idea of what they wanted, the work of compiling their canon law was confided to the author of the *Art of Honorable Love*, probably Andreas Capellanus, who was at once the Gerson and the Aquinas of the passion. No more amusing game was ever invented for the entertainment of polite society than the methodical discussion of love. It contained something for every one. Under cover of its high moral pretensions and scientific aims, anything could be said. The earnest and the frivolous, the amorous and the cool, the devout and the careless, all were furnished with a decorous means of approach to the most fascinating topic in the world. Two standards are visible in the Chaplain's work: the first, shorter and more famous code of law embodies a higher ideal of the subject in hand than the longer one. Concessions are made to the natural man. But on the whole, Ovid's metamorphosis is complete.

According to the Chaplain, one of the signs of a true lover is his physical disturbance in the presence of the beloved. It is an axiom of the science that the sudden sight of the lady alters the lover's circulation. The words are the words of Ovid; and the emotion is not just that of Sappho. Nevertheless, if a little good-will went to produce the vaso-motor disturbance which was the sign of love, it was applied with the intent, not to deceive the lady, but to play the game. The spirit of the code can be gathered from a few examples.

1. Marriage is not a valid excuse for love.

13. Common love seldom endures.

15. Every lover is wont to grow pale at sight of the beloved.

18. Virtue alone makes one worthy of love.

23. The thought of love makes a man sleep less and eat less.

24. Every action of the lover ends in thoughts of the beloved.

25. The true lover cares for nothing save what he deems pleasant to the beloved.

30. The true lover is forever and without interruption occupied by the image of the beloved.

Among the theses often debated by the learned in love were those that dealt with the relative desirability of a knight or a clerk as a lover; and as the clerks controlled the records they have, as far as literature goes, the best of it.

The debate was one of the most congenial exercises of the Middle Age. To defend a thesis was in some sort to ride a tilt. During the long centuries when the church was occupied with the 'chimæra bombinans in vacuo,' society dealt with questions of greater interest. A lady grieves for a lover taken in battle; a squire cannot cease to love a lady who despises him; which is the more worthy of pity? A fair lady, deserted by her first love, bestows her affections on a second; is she perjured?

The actual songs themselves of the troubadours and minnesingers, oddest of love-lyrics, are full of the spirit of scholasticism. Instead of the personal cry, they give an argument on the general case. Absorbed in a technical discussion of the nature of love, the poet sometimes forgot altogether to explain his personal interest in the subject. In many a song he lectured to his beloved on the psychology and ethics of their common experience. From the body he had worked his way up to the mind; before the movement was spent

and the Middle Age disintegrated, he had reached the soul.

The prevalence of formal discussion, the immense allegorical literature of the Courts of Love, and certain notices of the decisions of great ladies made arbiters in real cases, gave rise at one time to the notion that the Court of Love was an actual institution whose action was binding on lovers in its jurisdiction. It is generally admitted to-day, however, that the evidence never supported such a theory, and that therefore its intrinsic improbability is conclusive against it. Secrecy in love was among the lover's first duties. Loyalty, secrecy, and diligence are often given as his cardinal virtues. It is manifestly absurd to suppose that a sentiment which depended on concealment for its existence should be amenable to public inquiry.

IV

The professional troubadour might be attached to a court for a short time only, and without payment of any kind. The prizes of life consisted, for him, in permanent awards of land or office, and later of money. The commonest fate was half-way between these situations: he lived at court as an enliverer of society, and was furnished with bed and board, and in favorable cases with arms and clothing. The songs are full of prayers for the opportunity of service, and for the substantial reward of service. The pretty language of feudal relations, easily sliding into allegory even then, gives romance to-day to the singer's cry. Not only to ladies, but to lords, he offers true and loyal service. Walther von der Vogelweide advertises that he is ready to serve any gentleman or lady who will reward him.

On the other hand, there was nothing in the relation of servant and mistress to prevent a lady from retaining several singers at once. It is somewhat more singular that the singer was able to consecrate his genius to more than one lady at a time. He accomplished this logically by saying to each that her virtues ennobled her whole sex, so that all ladies were revered by him. The love of the professional troubadour was official. His business was to glorify his lady. It was his song that she wanted and rewarded, not his passion. Personally he was probably of no great importance to her. That is what he means by saying that timidity prevents him from declaring his love otherwise than in song. Often the singer felt obliged to assure the world that his lady was cruel and his wishes unfulfilled. Particularly in Germany, where manners were strict, the poet was careful not to be misunderstood. Only thus can we explain the fact that a literature by definition 'gay,' explicitly devised for the entertainment of a light-hearted society, should be filled with the pain of disappointed love.

Every singer makes the same protestations and complaints. It is his rhyme that he is thinking of. Every singer declares that all the others are making believe, he alone is serious. There are many traces of jealousy of the amateur, the lordly troubadour who may approach the lady in daily life, thus gaining a great advantage over his lowly competitor, and who sings for nothing. Generally the lady is named or identified. When a feigned name is used, it has the air of being as well known as the real one. It is unthinkable that a favored lover should thus compromise a great lady. Sometimes a song was addressed to a lady and her husband, to a lady and her brother, to a lady and her nephews! It is not maintained that the troubadour never felt love, nor is it likely that he could constantly handle fire with-

out a scorch. But it is very likely that too sincere a feeling was disadvantageous to him. The *précieuse* did not wish to command the whirlwind. *Mezura* — moderation — was one of the qualities required of the courteous lover.

V

If minnesong had consisted simply of the crude sensualism of the May-song, the gallantry of Ovid, and the compliments of a court-singer, it would not have survived to have a lasting effect on the literature of Europe. But a man did not live in the eleventh century or the twelfth for nothing: whether he were clerk or layman, he submitted to the feeling of the time that the 'eye of the heart' could see realities that the bodily eye could never find. St. Bernard and Bernard of Ventadorn were at one on this point. The thirtieth rule of Andreas Capellanus rested on it. The beautiful word *Minne* itself illustrates the history of the idea. The earliest singers of Germany do not use it; *Friuntschaft* and *Liebe* are their words for love. The root-meaning of *minnen* is *to think of*. Its gradual prevalence accompanies the transfer of sexual love into the spiritual life. The love of a lady whom the lover has never seen occurs in romantic literature everywhere, from the *Arabian Nights* to the *Nibelungenlied*. In courteous love it became classic.

The dream was a glimpse of reality in the Middle Age. Monk or nun dreamed of salvation, often with an erotic tinge. Love in a dream was the lover's solace. The misery of waking life was felt alike by saint and by lover. The thought of death was familiar, and not unwelcome to both. Ovid had spoken in sheer rhetoric of dying for love; the mediæval lover was ready to die in earnest. The love of a dead lady was often sung, with a cast forward to Beatrice. Tears are an innovation of the courteous lover. They are shed not at all in *Beowulf*, but sparingly in the *Nibelungenlied*, and hardly oftener in the chansons and early epics. But St. Bernard and the troubadour weep freely. The mystic, whether in love or in religion, was subject to ecstasy. The Lancelot of Chrétien de Troyes was twice in great bodily peril because the sudden sight of his lady bereft him of attention to the rest of his environment. The way is being prepared for Dante's swoon at the marriage-feast. In a word, the mysticism of the troubadour, passing into Italy and there modified, was adopted by the *dolce stil nuovo* and reached its climax in the work of the great poet of the Middle Age.

# AN AMERICAN SCHOOLGIRL IN GERMANY

BY MARY D. HOPKINS

I CAN remember very well the pang I felt when my mother first asked me if I would like to go to Germany.

What? Leave my school, my home, my friends, and go no one knew where? Why, Europe was a place you went to when you were grown up, or when you were at any rate through school, and no doubt then was very nice. Of course you would be glad to go there some time; just so you might like some day more distant to get to heaven; but I think any little girl might be disconcerted by so sudden a proposal. And then the vision flashed into my mind of that dear summer cottage on the great river, with the boats and the swimming and the picnics. I felt that I could not bear it.

'O mother, must I? Oh, please, not this summer!' I appealed.

'Well, dear,' said my mother, 'you could stay with grandmother, of course, you know.'

She was surprised, I think, and a little disappointed.

But the prospect of being left behind was too much for me, and I began to discover symptoms of a desire for Europe.

So in doubt and misgiving began the year that I must call beyond all others *annus mirabilis*, that long chapter of delight and wonder which, starting as a summer's outing, was to spread itself unaccountably over a whole delightful year. Reluctance had vanished with my first step on the great liner. We sailed for a port in Germany, but it was Fairyland that I set foot in when we landed; surely in Fairyland, with its quaintly walled and towered cities, its princes and peasants, its black forests and enchanted mountains, that we traveled that summer. The Hartz, the Schwarzwald! No need to tell me that the fairy tales were born there; they were fairy tales of themselves. I have no space to dwell here on the vivid enchantment of those first few months abroad. I hardly knew that they were over when I knew also that they were to be followed by something yet more wonderful,—a whole year in Germany.

My parents had decided to spend the winter in a great university town where my father wished to work in the libraries, and one of the minor questions to be decided was what should be done with me. I had been taught the violin at home, and of course I was to continue here at the famous Conservatory, or at least with one of its famous masters. This one proved to be Herr Konrad Ritter, youngest and not least brilliant of the reigning triumvirate of the violins; and I was soon running to and from the Conservatory with my violin tucked under my arm.

'Ritters sind doch reizend!' one of our German acquaintances had said to us; and charming they seem to my older judgment as they seemed to me then. He was not the blond Teuton of commonplace type. He was the type of South German that has, in common with Frenchman or Italian, a certain dark and fiery distinction. Mephistopheles they called him at the Conservatory, and the sobriquet was perhaps

invited by his dark good looks, his height, and his occasionally somewhat alarming irony. Indeed, with the red cap and feather, the mantle and sword, his tall figure would have been well suited to the famous rôle, — well suited if you had not seen the smile and the kind eyes that made the name so patently a misnomer.

Herr Ritter's wife was one of the most beautiful women I have ever known. She was tall and fair and slender, with hair like pale gold and eyes like blue stars, as a German poet might have put it, and she was very gentle and lovely. She might have stood for the Princess out of some German fairy tale. I have since supposed that she was very young (I knew of course that she was younger than mother, who was very old — thirty-five at least), but to fifteen she seemed immeasurably remote, set in a starry heaven of her own.

It was through her and fortune that I was sent to my German school.

'Give her to Fräulein Schmidt,' said the beautiful lady when October was drawing on, and my mother asked her advice about the city schools. 'It is one of the greatest good fortunes of a girl's life to have come under her influence.'

'Is the school so fine?' asked my mother.

'Yes; but even if she learned nothing in the classes, she would have a liberal education in being with Fräulein Schmidt.'

My mother laughed a little. 'That is saying a great deal,' she said. 'But if you are a sample of her products, I think she must try her hand on my little girl too.'

So presently, one golden September day, we went to see Fräulein Schmidt. There was nothing prepossessing, certainly, about a first view of her little domain. We entered an old house in the Nordstrasse, climbed three flights of gloomy stairs, passed by the open doors of worn and dingy schoolrooms, and were shown at last into a quaint, sunny German *salon*, where a woman tall and large, a colossal woman, who might have weighed two hundred pounds, I thought, old, kindly, with a deep, sweet voice, welcomed us and talked with my mother. In earlier days she must have been of heroic mould. She had eyes black as sloes, eyes that could be sunshine or lightning, cheeks like a winter apple, and a great organ voice which could roll like thunder — a terror to evil-doers! — or soften to a caress. But this is what I learned afterwards. Now she patted me kindly on the head, asked me a few questions, and when I went away I was enrolled in the 'Höhere Töchterschule' of Fräulein Auguste Schmidt, and due to appear there next Monday morning at eight o'clock.

The ministrations of the German nurse whom I had had at home and detested heartily — *mea culpa*, poor Helga! — made it possible now for me to enter a class with girls of my own age; and in the first class accordingly I presently found myself, to my mingled discomfiture and satisfaction, the only foreigner in a group of girls who seemed to me formidably big and tall and clever. Here I spent a silent and unhappy morning, spoken to pleasantly indeed by my neighbors and then promptly forgotten. How quickly and readily they recited! Then, when the books were opened and the pens came out, what terrifying speed of dictation! How well they spoke French! And how many things they knew that I had never even heard of! Could I ever, ever, keep up with them? My only ray of comfort was a momentary feeling of superiority in the English class. After all, they too were mortal.

Noon came at last, and the girls

poured out chattering and laughing, and I went out, too, hardly daring to hope that any of them would speak to me, much less walk with me. But they were merry, kindly souls for the most part, and two of the very nicest, two that I had looked at longingly during my lonely morning, fell in with me at once as I started off, and walked home with me all the way.

Dear Else and Grete! I wish across all the years these pages might bring you any sense of the grateful love of your little American friend. For thus began the friendship that was to be so happy during all that happy year, and so many years afterwards. From that day all was well with me at school. I was no longer alone: I had friends, I was accepted as a comrade. Fräulein Schmidt and the other teachers were 'sehr rücksichtsvoll mit dem kleinen Fremdling,' and all was very good and very happy.

My new friends, as it turned out, lived only a few doors from me, and we used almost daily to walk the two miles to and from school together. This was all very well in the pleasant autumn weather, but not so pleasant in the bleak North German winter, with its short days, its cold and snow and fog. We lived across the city from the school, in the new quarter, and walking, as we always did, even by the shortest cut through the Altstadt, meant starting at half-past seven, often with the street-lamps still lighted and no sign of dawn in the sky. How often there would be no time to sit down to the table and I would have to run off with a buttered roll in my hand, my only breakfast! My father would butter that 'Brödchen,' and have it ready for me when I was late, and I would nibble it as I ran down the street, for was not Else waiting under the street-lamp at the corner? Or, if it were lighter, the heavy fog would perhaps shut down so close that people in the streets would seem like shadows walking, and crossing the great Markt one would plunge into a gray, shoreless sea of mist, with the gables of the old Gothic Rathhaus standing out, gray, too, and weatherbeaten, like rocks in the storm.

It is strange how those mornings impressed me, for I suppose they were not so very many out of the year. In the afternoons, however, I remember no fog or snow, though the dusk fell early, but clear bright skating weather, with all the world on the ice in the Johanna Park, the band playing on the Island, the ring and whirr of skates, and the gay crowd of skaters swinging round and round beneath the bridges. Here around a curve a group of tall officers and pretty ladies would be dancing a quadrille or waltzing on the ice; here some students, with the colored caps above their scarred faces and the *Corps* ribbons crossing their breasts, would skate swiftly, four or five in line; there again some long-haired musicians, with brigandish slouch hats and wrapped in Italian-looking cloaks, would sweep gravely by, — old and young, children and their grandparents making one party often in the simple, happy enjoyment that the Germans know so well, and that our nation has lost the secret of. And then perhaps — oh joy! — would come Frau Ritter, the beautiful lady, tall and queenly, looking like the Snow Princess in her white furs, with her tall foreign-looking husband, Mephistopheles indeed, but for the smile and the friendly eyes. And perhaps for a crowning happiness, while Frau Ritter was claimed by some handsome officer, Herr Ritter, a wonderful skater, would take me once or twice around the ice, or show me strange curves and figures that I would try in vain to imitate; for our relations with the Ritters were growing more and more friendly.

'Is n't Mariechen enchanted with Fräulein Schmidt?' said Frau Ritter to my mother, when my mother was one day taking tea with her in her charming apartment.

'Ah, but is n't she enchanted with Herr Ritter?' my music-master had cut in mischievously; and truth compelled my mother to declare that whatever my feeling was for Fräulein Schmidt, I was certainly '*entzückt*' with Herr Ritter.

I can still remember my hot embarrassment when mother repeated this anecdote at home.

From the first I had regarded him with a dog-like devotion, and as I look back I can only be grateful to him for so much patience and kindness with a stupid child. Docile I was and plodding, quick enough to understand and to feel, sometimes with a dash of something mysteriously called temperament; but some obstacle seemed to be set between brain and fingers; there could have been little enough reward even on the best days for the pains of an ambitious teacher, and reward of other sorts (for American prices had not yet invaded Germany) was almost ludicrously small. Some days indeed that obstacle seemed to vanish; all would go well, and Herr Ritter's 'Na, liebes Kind, es war gar nicht schlecht,' would send me home walking on air. But other days everything would go wrong, and that kind patience would give way. He would sit back wearily with his arms folded while I blundered through my carefully practiced exercises, his black eyes sparkling dangerously, his moustache curling like a great cat's.

'Aber, lieber Himmel, das ist ja bodenlos! das ist zur Verzweiflung!' he would cry, springing up and towering furiously over me, when with stolid exterior but growing terror I had repeated the same mistake for perhaps the tenth time. I would struggle on for a moment desperately; then came the frightful climax, 'Sapperlot, Mariechen, was machst du denn?' And with a savage, 'Schau' doch mal her!' he would snatch the violin out of my guilty hands and mimic with terrible veracity what I had done. I draw the veil over such horrors. If I were asked to specify the worst moments of my life, I should undoubtedly have to include those imitations. Then, softening at my evident distress: 'So war's — nicht? Und jetzt höre!' And the violin would sing under his hands, beautiful, clear, true tones that made the commonest exercise pure music.

But I would go away sounding black depths of despair that I did not know existed; not so much, I think, because I had been stupid at my lesson as because forsooth I had displeased Herr Ritter.

Luckily that valley of humiliation could be trodden at most only twice a week, and there was time between for recovery. And I was not stupid for Fräulein Schmidt. The rapid dictation that had seemed so terrifying the first day, I grew to take with mechanical ease and accuracy. I had a quick verbal memory, and I could memorize the lesson as fast and as well as anybody.

'So, mein Kind, es war recht gut,' Fräulein Schmidt's deep, kind voice had said after my first much-dreaded little recitation. 'Willst du weiterfahren, Else?'

Grete patted me under the desks, and the ordeal was over. After that everything was easy; and with my mind freed from anxiety over myself and my limitations, I was able to throw myself into the interest, keen always, often absorbing, of those wonderful literature lessons, the lessons of one of the most inspired and inspiring teachers it has ever been my fortune to know.

Her methods, I suppose, would sound strange to American ears. About

ten minutes after the hour — there was a short recess after every class — a mighty tread would be heard in the hall, and Fräulein Schmidt would march into the room, instant silence heralding her as she appeared.

'Guten Morgen, Kinder. Wo sind wir denn geblieben? Ja so, willst du anfangen, Katerina?'

And promptly and glibly the girl in question began to recite word for word the lesson of yesterday; it was taken up by the girl next her, and so the recitation swept round the class until the whole of yesterday's dictation was recited.

'Nun, wir wollen also weiterfahren,' said Fräulein Schmidt, who perhaps meantime had been walking up and down the class-room. *Hefte* were opened, pens and ink flew; the rest of the hour varied between dictation and talk. I will only say of that dictation that it was as rapid as many a college lecture; yet those German note-books were filled with the most delicate clear writing, fine and perfect as steel-engraving. That ideal, alas! I could never reach, and my own books were a bitter trial to me, because, try as I would, I could never make them beautiful like Else's and Grete's.

But already I seem to see the lifting of pedagogical eyebrows. Was this sound method? Was this the way to train those children to self-expression? What was to become of the pupil's originality? But oh, dear pedagogical friends, if you could have heard them, if you could have seen the eager faces, the lighted eyes! I wonder how often your pupils look at you as those girls looked at Fräulein Schmidt. Why, if you come to that, should we not have learned her lessons word by word? Her words were better than any we could have dreamed of using, and we ran a chance, in learning them, of learning as well from a noble model something of the meaning of good style and good construction. We are proud of our pedagogy over here, proud, and justly so, of our system and our correct method. But it may do us good sometimes to reflect that there were brave men before Agamemnon. Perhaps, after all, we in America have not discovered the ultimate secret of teaching. And we shall do well not to close our ears to the still small voice that warns us not to put our trust too much in methods, in which of themselves there is no salvation. For the true teacher, like the poet, is born, not made. Conscientiousness, faithfulness, study, these things make meritorious teaching; but if that be all, there will always be about it what Professor James calls so admirably 'the hopeless inferiority of voluntary to instinctive action.' Before all teaching comes the teacher, the great, the gifted personality. High vitality and the gift of God, these are the essentials. Other things may make a teacher good (a reluctant *credo*), there is certainly nothing else that makes him great.

But it was best of all when Fräulein Schmidt would turn aside from the stated lesson, and as if in sudden reminiscence would tell us stories of the great men we were studying. How those men lived! And how little I have since read or heard that in any way approached the vitality with which this genius in story-telling brought us in touch with the great dead. Goethe and Schiller! we knew their very walk, the cut of their coats, their living manner and gesture.

I could not pass the Altes Theater without thinking of the night of the triumphant first performance of *Die Jungfrau;* without seeing the great Schiller, his noble head bent, walking away from the building through the crowds of people who stood bareheaded and silent in that great moment's

tribute to their poet. A mother that night, Fräulein Schmidt told us, had lifted up her child to see, and had said, 'Da, nun hast du ihn auch gesehen — den grossen Schiller!' and I wished I could have been that little child.

I could never visit places in Germany afterwards that were not haunted, alive with the past, with ghosts more real than the actual passers-by. Schiller and Goethe passed down the street together in Weimar, the older man's arm affectionately on the other's shoulder; or Goethe himself in earlier days, the young god of a nation's worship, led the duke's revels, or, a student in Strasburg, walked on earth incognito and bound all hearts to his service. The Hartz sang with Heine's poetry; the immortal plums still reddened on the way from Jena to Weimar; and a child of less Teutonic training might blush to own the famous *curiosités* I was willing to miss seeing later in Paris for the sake of one lonely grave in distant Montmartre.

And that passing officer, splendid in gold and red, — he might be young Körner, Theodor Körner the soldier-poet, who for his country's sake took up the sword and found a hero's death.

Ah, we learned in that school to think *Begeisterung* one of the greatest of great words, as we learned to think *Schwärmerei* one of the cheapest and poorest of lesser ones. I like to think, too, that we learned from Fräulein Schmidt (as who could help learning from such an example?) honor and love for all great things and all greatness always.

And beside these giant sons of Germany were figures scarcely less real, yet inhabiting a sort of sublimated world of their own; the world where Karl Moor watches the sunset and weeps for his lost innocence, and Max Piccolomini, torn between two loyalties, takes the clear road of honor and rides to death at the head of his troop; where Alba, grim and scornful, sees the splendid, careless Egmont from the palace window, and speaks the words of doom as his guest dismounts in the courtyard; where the Maid beats back England in the joy of heroic battle and the clash of arms, and the lilies of France stoop over her as she dies among the people she has saved. The gallant young Templar, Carlos, and the Queen his mother, Tell the patriot, Thekla, white and starry, pale flower of an ideal love, the Scottish Queen for whom men counted the world well lost, the terrible Duke Wallenstein, Diana's maiden priestess Iphigenie, — I knew them all, and it was as friends that they came to meet me later in the plays I read.

There was little time to read at home, for the literature classes, with thirty-six hours of class-room work a week (the time actually spent in the classes by some of my German friends in their last year!). In the reading classes we read and studied something at least of the classics of three nations, and were taught not a little of what careful reading meant. But what we were given in the literature classes was the will and heart to read. It was a great preparation, a great and noble frame into which we might afterwards put whatever our experience might offer. For she would tell those great stories so that the dullest would take fire, the least imaginative be moved. Fancy the effect then on a foreign child, eager, alert, imaginative, with heart and brain almost overstimulated by the wonders of this new world on which she was entering. I know that Fräulein Schmidt's stories of Goethe's and Schiller's dramas, — her stories, together with the constant chance of seeing those dramas nobly performed at the theatre, sent me hot-foot to the book-shelves to pull out books that I should never have dreamed of looking at on the

strength of a mere grown person's recommendation, and read to myself for pure delight and wonder.

Then on Sunday mornings, what excitement over the *Tageblatt*, with the theatrical notices for the week; for in some strange way theatre and opera over there had become a kind of ecstatic duty, — and what grief if *Siegfried* conflicted with *Carlos*, or if the plays that we absolutely must not miss ran above the one or two nights permitted by wise parents!

And be sure that it was not only of the plays that we heard from Fräulein Schmidt. I remember my introduction, stormy and splendid, to *Lenore* — the terror of the hurrying hoof-beats, the magnificent imaginative rush of the story. There was poetry, legend, fiction, — God's plenty always.

I have spoken perhaps overmuch of literature. There were plenty of other lessons under good teachers — all that we should expect at home except Greek and Latin, and others that we should not expect. But it was Fräulein Schmidt's literature that left its mark.

Of course at fifteen one did not read *Faust*, but it would be strange if that year had passed without an initiation into Goethe's tremendous masterpiece. And it did not. By its end I knew, at least as a novice, that great and terrible drama; I too had passed,

> Vom Himmel durch die Welt zur Hölle,

and back again to heaven; and when in later years I came to study *Faust*, it was as one already partly free of its mysteries. And in Fräulein Schmidt's telling, from the —

> Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt,

of the great grim Prologue, to the starry clearness and beauty of the angel chorus at the close —

> Wer immer strebend sich bemuht
> Den können wir erlösen, —

one great note rang like a trumpet through the story, the note of heroic human striving and the unsatisfied heart of man.

I think that great story contained the keynote of her teaching. A fighter herself all her life for all good and holy things, she had no patience with milk-and-water ideals or insipid virtues. No; goodness must be militant, athletic, confident against a world in arms. It would be wrong not to tell of Fräulein Schmidt that she was more than a teacher: she was a pioneer in the Woman's Movement in Germany, and one of its most gifted speakers. One day in the class-room some one of us, little prigs, I dare say, as children are so apt to be when they are not imps, had in an answer uttered some platitude about the 'virtues' of this or that.

'Don't talk so much about the virtues, children,' Fräulein Schmidt had said with a fine note of scorn, 'Das hohe Streben' — and the deep voice thrilled and rang — 'das ist das Kennzeichen der Menschen!'

Oh, there was no Sunday-school teaching about Fräulein Schmidt. I have her picture before me as I write. I see a woman past middle age, gray-haired, capped with delicate lace, a loose dress with its white collar clasped at the throat by a heavy cameo, a woman whose every feature breathes fire, determination, life — yes, greatness! It is many years according to the flesh since Fräulein Schmidt died, but it is impossible to think of that valiant heart silenced, that indomitable spirit quenched. Somewhere surely,

> In the sounding labor-house vast
> Of being is practiced that strength,
> Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Somewhere still she must

> Strengthen the wavering line . . .
> On to the bound of the waste,
> On to the City of God.

But why should I look so far? Does

she not live, is she not living, wherever an old pupil, as I do here, looks back to her for inspiration, strength, sincerity, priceless gifts she can never thank her for, a touchstone only truer as the years pass? Does she not live wherever her daughters in the spirit rise up and call her blessed, wherever in Germany women are enjoying the privileges for which she made so brave a fight? Another generation is growing up there now, and these girls, thanks to her work and that of women like her, find a different Germany from that of the old days.

Ah, the memories that crowd as I try to write about that wonderful year!

There was the German Christmas. We had kept our Christmas soberly at home, and I knew rather wistfully that I was much too big for a tree. We would not go to the trouble of having one here. But this simple decision produced a ripple of something like consternation among our acquaintance.

'What! not a tree?' said our old neighbor, the Herr Professor, coming across one morning with pipe and carpet slippers, 'Weihnacht ohne Weihnachtsbaum — das existirt doch nicht!'

'No tree?' my schoolmates chorused. 'Aber, Mariechen, das ist doch *zu* arg!'

'What? not for our *kleines Fräulein?*' said Alma the maid, genuinely shocked.

I lifted appealing eyes.

'Well, Henry,' said my mother softly, 'perhaps as we're here —?'

And so it happened that the night before Christmas Eve my father took me to buy a tree. For here was a whole country where nobody was too big for trees, and it would have been a hard-hearted foreigner who could have held out against the infectious joy of a German Christmas.

I see that night yet: the thickly falling snow, — Frau Holle's feathers, I had been taught to call it once; the gay shop-windows, the merry crowd; and then at last the great empty square, the familiar Augustusplatz, suddenly grown strange as a dream, sprung by miracle into a green forest of fir-trees, a veritable *Märchenwald.* Everywhere, as far as you could see, those green trees stretched, trees of all sizes, from the great spruces for churches down to baby firs such as you might pick up in your fingers and set on your table. Green lanes ran to and fro, and in those lanes twinkling lights marked little booths full of wonderful shining things of gold and silver and crystal: such stars, such balls and pendants, such magic fruits! And above all, the angels and the blessed *Christkind* for the topmost branches! What a night that was, and how proudly we came home with our treasures, — the tiny tree with its precious decorations! There never was a better Christmas. And when the tree was lighted, who should come in but Vera Ritter, Herr Ritter's clever young sister, to accompany me for the Christmas *Vorspiel,* the surprise that every German child who studies music must have ready for its parents on Christmas Eve. Oh, I was as proud that night as if I could play the *Kreutzer Sonata!*

Then there was the *Messe,* the immemorial Fair that spring and autumn filled the great squares with booths and the lesser ones with *Carrousels* and penny theatres, and the town with the motley throng who seemed the survivors of an earlier age, strays down the centuries of the great mediæval tide of wayfarers. From the ends of the earth those bare stalls levied tribute: coral and tortoise-shell from the south of Italy, yellow amber from the North Sea, carven wood from Swiss villages, and who knows what barbaric splendors from the East! All that the heart of man could covet, or his need require, was spread somewhere, it seemed, upon

those wooden boards. I remember well the *Töpfenmarkt* where it was so pleasant to linger a bit on spring mornings; the old Pottery Fair that stretched half a mile down the Promenade, that pleasant green strip of park which marked the line of the old city wall; the wares, from delicate table china to the roughest and cheapest pottery, standing out unprotected under the open sky, and tended by quaint old peasant women. The walk to school was very entertaining in *Messe* time.

And as the weather grew warmer, there was such swimming in the Pleisse, a mile's walk from the city through the lovely Rosenthal, where the stream wound among green trees and fields. I have talked much of lessons, but my German friends were no muffs or digs. Else could beat me at swimming, and I had been brought up on the water; in winter they thought nothing of a ten-mile skate up the frozen river. They were normal, healthy, and happy girls, though with wider interests, a broader intelligence, and more cultivated and alert minds than our children of the same age.

But the year was sweeping by, and the time came all too soon, in spite of the joys foreseen of the long vacation, when school was over and we must say good-by to Fräulein Schmidt.

'I don't know what else I have done or failed to do, children,' she said on one of the last days, 'but I have tried to give you a little glimpse into the great kingdom of thought — das grosse Reich der Gedanken.'

I think of that sometimes when I see a teacher, painstaking and conscientious, trying, as some one has put it, 'to draw out ideas that are n't there.'

'It is the soil that is there,' I can fancy Fräulein Schmidt saying, — 'fertilize that, plant the seed, and who knows what *Wunderblumen* may spring up?'

And then came the last day of all. There were the kind faces at the train, the dear quaint bouquets, the pleasant voices.

'Wiedersehen, Mariechen!'

'Vergiss uns nicht!'

'Komm bald zurück nach Deutschland!'

And they were long out of sight and hearing when I was still waving a limp handkerchief at the window, and trying to keep back the first tears of homesickness I had ever known.

# THE SQUIRE

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

THE squire was a bachelor, and lived alone in his house; therefore he was able to use the parlor and dining-room for offices. The parlor contained only a pine desk, a map, hanging 'at' the wall, as Millerstown would have said, and a dozen or so plain pine chairs. The law was administered with scant ceremony in Millerstown.

The squire sat now in the twilight in his 'back' office, which was furnished with another pine table, two chairs, and a large old-fashioned iron safe. He was clearly of a geographical turn of mind, for table, safe, and floor were littered with railroad maps and folders. The squire was about sixty years old; he had all the grave beauty which the Gaumer men acquired. Their hair did not thin as it turned gray, their smooth-shaven faces did not wrinkle. They all looked stern, but their faces brightened readily at sight of a little child or an old friend, or with amusement over some untold thought.

The squire's face glowed. He was going — his age, his inexperience, the certain disapproval of Millerstown notwithstanding — he was going round the world! He would start in a month, and thus far he had told no one but Edwin Seem, an adventurous young Millerstonian who was to leave that night for a ranch in Kansas, and whom the squire was to visit on his own journey. For thirty years he had kept Millerstown straight; there was no possible case for which his substitute would not find a precedent. Fortunately there were no trusts to be investigated and reproved, and no vote-buyers or bribers to be imprisoned or fined. There were disputes of all kinds, dozens of them. There was one waiting for the squire now in the outer office; he shook his head solemnly at thought of it, as he gathered up his maps and thrust them back into the safe, that precious old safe which held the money for his journey. He had been thirty years gathering the money together.

The law might be administered in Millerstown without formality, but it was not administered without the eager attention of the citizens. Every one in the village was on hand when simple-minded Venus Stuber was indicted for stealing, or when the various dramatic scenes of the Miller-Weitzel feud were enacted. This evening's case, Sula Myers *vs.* Adam Myers for non-support, might be considered part of the Miller-Weitzel feud, since the two real principals, Sula's mother and Adam's mother, had been respectively Sally Miller and Maria Weitzel.

The air was sultry, and rain threatened. The clouds seemed to rest on the tops of the maple trees; it was only because the Millerstonians knew the rough brick pavements as they knew the palms of their hands that there were no serious falls in the darkness. They laughed as they hurried to the hearing; it was seldom that a dispute promised so richly. There was almost no one in the village who could not have been subpœnaed as a witness, so thorough was every one's knowledge of the case.

Already the real principals faced each other, glaring, under the blinding light of the squire's hanging lamp. It made no difference that Millerstown listened and chuckled or that the squire had taken his seat behind the pine desk.

'When it don't give any religion, it don't give any decent behaving. But God trieth the hearts of the righteous,' said Mrs. Myers meaningly.

She was a large, commanding woman, who had been converted in middle life to the fervent sect of the new Mennonites, and young Adam had been brought up in that persuasion. Except for his marriage, young Adam had been thus far his mother's creature, body and soul.

Sula's mother, Mrs. Hill, was large also. She took off her sunbonnet, and folded her arms as tightly as possible across her broad bosom.

'There is sometimes too much religion,' she said.

'Not in your family, Sally,' rejoined Mrs. Myers, her glance including not only Mrs. Hill and Sula, but all their sympathizers, and even Caleb Stemmel, who was supposed to be neutral.

Caleb Stemmel belonged in the same generation with the squire; his interest could be only general. Caleb did not see Mrs. Myers's scornful glance; he was watching pretty Sula, who sat close by her mother's side.

Sula looked at nobody, neither at her angry mother beside her, nor at her angry mother-in-law opposite, nor even at Adam her husband, sitting close by his mother. She wore her best clothes, her pretty summer hat, the white dress in which she had been married a year before. Even her wedding handkerchief was tucked into her belt.

Sula had been strangely excited when she dressed in the bedroom of her girlhood for the hearing. There was the prospect of getting even with her mother-in-law, with whom she had lived for a year and whom she hated; there was the prospect of seeing Adam's embarrassment; there was another reason, soothing to her pride, and as yet almost unacknowledged, even to herself.

Now, however, the glow had begun to fade, and she felt uncomfortable and distressed. She heard only dimly Mrs. Myers's attack and her mother's response. Immediately Mrs. Myers told Mrs. Hill to be quiet, and Mrs. Hill replied with equal elegance.

'You will both be quiet,' said the squire sternly. 'The court will come to order. Now, Sula, you are the one that complains; you will tell us what you want.'

Sula did not answer; she was tugging at her handkerchief. The handkerchief had been pinned fast, its loosening took time.

'It was this way,' began Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Hill, together.

The squire lifted his hand. 'We will wait for Sula.' He looked sternly at Mrs. Hill. 'No whispering, Sally!'

Sula's complaint came out with a burst of tears.

'He won't support me. For three months already I did n't have a cent.'

'All this time I supported her,' said her mother.

'She had a good home and would n't stay in it,' said Mrs. Myers.

The squire commanded silence again.

'Sula, you were willing to live with Adam's mother when you were married. Why are n't you now?'

'She — she would n't give me no peace. She would n't let him take me for a wedding-trip, not even to the Fair.' She repeated it as though it were the worst of all her grievances: 'Not even a wedding-trip to the Fair would he dare to take.'

Mrs. Hill burst forth again. She would have spoken if decapitation had followed.

'He gave all his money to his mom.'

'He is yet under age,' said Mrs. Myers.

Again Mrs. Hill burst forth:—

'She wanted that Sula should convert herself to the Mennonites.'

'I wanted to save her soul,' declared Mrs. Myers.

'You need n't to worry yourself about her soul,' answered Mrs. Hill. 'When you behave as well as Sula when you 're young, you need n't to worry yourself about other people's souls when you get old.'

Mrs. Myers's youth had not been as strait-laced as her middle age; there was a depth of reminiscent innuendo in Mrs. Hill's remark. Millerstown laughed. It was one of the delights of these hearings that no allusion failed to be appreciated.

'Besides, I did give her money,' Mrs. Myers hastened to say.

'Yes; five cents once in a while, and I had to ask it for every time,' said Sula. 'I might as well stayed at home with my mom as get married like that.' Sula's eyes wandered about the room, and suddenly her face brightened. Her voice hardened as though some one had waved her an encouraging sign. 'I want him to support me right. I must have four dollars a week. I can't live off my mom.'

The squire turned for the first time to the defendant.

'Well, Adam, what have you to say?'

Adam had not glanced toward his wife. He sat with bent head, staring at the floor, his face crimson. He was a slender fellow, he looked even younger than his nineteen years.

'I did my best,' he said miserably.

'Can't you make a home for her alone, Adam?'

'No.'

'How much do you earn?'

'About seven dollars a week. Sometimes ten.'

'Other people in Millerstown live on that.'

'But I have nothing to start, no furniture or anything.'

'Your mother will surely give you something, and Sula's mother.' The squire looked commandingly at Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Hill. 'It is better for young ones to begin alone.'

'I have nothing to spare,' said Mrs. Myers stiffly.

'I would n't take any of your things,' blazed Sula. 'I would n't use any of your things, or have any of your things.'

'You knew how much he had when you married him,' said Mrs. Myers calmly. 'You need n't have run after him.'

'Run after him!' cried Sula. It was the climax of sordid insult. They had been two irresponsible children mating as birds mate, with no thought for the future. It was not true that she had run after him. She burst into loud crying. 'If you and your son begged me on your knees to come back, I would n't.'

'Run after him!' echoed Sula's mother. 'I had almost to take the broom to him at ten o'clock to get him to go home!'

Adam looked up quickly. For the moment he was a man. He spoke as hotly as his mother; his warmth startled even his pretty wife.

'It is n't true, she never ran after me.'

He looked down again; he could not quarrel, he had heard nothing but quarreling for months. It made no difference to him what happened. A plan was slowly forming in his mind. Edwin Seem was going West; he would go too, away from mother and wife alike.

'She can come and live in the home I can give her or she can stay away,' he said sullenly, knowing that Sula would never enter his mother's house.

The squire turned to Sula once more,

He had been staring at the back of the room, where Caleb Stemmel's keen, selfish face moved now into the light, now back into the shadow. On it was a strange expression, a hungry gleam of the eyes, a tightening of the lips, an eager watching of the girlish figure in the white dress. The squire knew all the gossip of Millerstown, and he knew many things which Millerstown did not know. He had known Caleb Stemmel for fifty years. But it was incredible that Caleb Stemmel with all his wickedness should have any hand in this.

The squire bent forward.

'Sula, look at me. You are Adam's wife. You must live with him. Won't you go back?'

Sula looked about the room once more. Sula would do nothing wrong — yet. It was with Caleb Stemmel that her mother advised, it was Caleb Stemmel who came evening after evening to sit on the porch. Caleb Stemmel was a rich man even if he was old enough to be her father, and it was many months since any one else had told Sula that her hat was pretty or her dress becoming.

Now, with Caleb's eyes upon her, she said the little speech which had been taught her, the speech which set Millerstown gasping, and sent the squire leaping to his feet, furious anger on his face. Neither Millerstown nor the squire, English as they had become, was yet entirely of the world.

'I will not go back,' said pretty Sula lightly. 'If he wants to apply for a divorce, he can.'

'Sula!' cried the squire.

He looked about once more. On the faces of Sula's mother and Caleb Stemmel was complacency, on the face of Mrs. Myers astonished approval, on the faces of the citizens of Millerstown — except the very oldest — there was amazement, but no dismay. There had never been a divorce in Millerstown; persons quarreled, sometimes they separated, sometimes they lived in the same house without speaking to each other for months and years, but they were not divorced. Was this the beginning of a new order?

If there were to be a new order, it would not come during the two months before the squire started on his long journey! He shook his fist, his eyes blazing.

'There is to be no such threatening in this court,' he cried; 'and no talking about divorce while I am here. Sula! Maria! Sally! Are you out of your heads?'

'There are higher courts,' said Mrs. Hill.

Millerstown gasped visibly at her defiance. To its further amazement, the squire made no direct reply. Instead he went toward the door of the back office.

'Adam,' he commanded, 'come here.'

Adam rose without a word, to obey. He had some respect for the majesty of the law.

'Sula, you come, too.'

For an instant Sula held back.

'Don't you do it, Sula,' said her mother.

'Sula!' said the squire; and Sula, too, rose.

'Don't you give up,' commanded her mother. Then she got to her feet. 'I'm going in there, too.'

Again the squire did not answer. He presented instead the effectual response of a closed and locked door.

The back office was as dark as a pocket. The squire took a match from the safe, and lit the lamp. Behind them the voices of Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Hill answered each other with antiphonal regularity. Adam stood by the window; Sula advanced no farther than the door. The squire spoke sharply.

'Adam!'

Adam turned from the window.

'Sula!'

Sula looked up. She had always held the squire in awe; now, without the support of her mother's elbow and Caleb Stemmel's eyes, she was badly frightened. Moreover, it seemed to her suddenly that the thing she had said was monstrous. The squire frightened her no further. He was now gentleness itself.

'Sula,' he said, 'you did n't mean what you said in there, did you?'

Sula burst into tears, not of anger but of wretchedness.

'You'd say anything, too, if you had to stand the things I did.'

'Sit down, both of you,' commanded the squire. 'Now, Adam, what are you going to do?'

Adam hid his face in his hands. The other room had been a torture-chamber. 'I don't know.' Then, at the squire's next question, he lifted his head suddenly. It seemed as if the squire had read his soul.

'When is Edwin Seem going West?'

'To-night.'

'How would you like to go with him?'

'He wanted me to. He could get me a place with good wages. But I could n't save even the fare in half a year.'

'Suppose' — the squire hesitated, then stopped, then went on again — 'suppose I should give you the money?'

'Give me the money!'

'Yes, lend it to you?'

A red glow came into Adam's face. 'I would go to-night.'

'And Sula?' said the squire.

'I would —' The boy was young, too young to have learned despair from only one bitter experience. Besides, he had not seen Caleb Stemmel's eyes. 'I would send for her when I could.'

The squire made a rapid reckoning. He did not dare to send the boy away with less than a hundred dollars, and it would take a long while to replace it. He could not, *could not* send Sula, too, no matter how much he hated divorce, no matter how much he feared Caleb Stemmel's influence over her, no matter how much he loved Millerstown and every man, woman, and child in it. If he sent Sula, it would mean that he might never start on his own journey. He looked down at her, as she sat drooping in her chair.

'What do you say, Sula?'

Sula looked up at him. It might have been the thought of parting which terrified her, or the recollection of Caleb Stemmel.

'Oh, I would try,' she said faintly; 'I would try to do what is right. But they are after me all the time — and — and — ' Her voice failed, and she began to cry.

The squire swung open the door of the old safe.

'You have ten minutes to catch the train,' he said gruffly. 'You must hurry.'

Adam laid a shaking hand on the girl's shoulder. It was the first time he had been near her for weeks.

'Sula,' he began wretchedly.

The squire straightened up. He had pulled out from the safe a roll of bills. With it came a mass of brightly colored pamphlets which drifted about on the floor.

'Here,' he said, 'I mean both of you, of course.'

'I am to go, too?' cried Sula.

'Of course,' said the squire. 'Edwin will look after you.'

'In this dress?' said Sula.

'Yes, now run.'

For at least ten minutes more the eager company in the next room heard the squire's voice go on angrily. Each mother was complacently certain that he was having no effect on her child.

'He is telling her she ought to be ashamed of herself,' said Mrs. Myers.

'He is telling him he is such a mother-baby,' responded Mrs. Hill. 'She will not go back to him while the world stands.'

'The righteous shall be justified, and the wicked shall be condemned,' said Mrs. Myers.

Suddenly the squire's monologue ended with a louder burst of oratory. The silence which followed frightened Mrs. Hill.

'Let me in!' she demanded, rapping on the door.

'This court shall be public, not private,' cried Mrs. Myers.

She thrust Mrs. Hill aside and knocked more loudly, at which imperative summons the squire appeared. He stood for an instant with his back to the door, the bright light shining on his handsome face. Seeing him appear alone, the two women stood still and stared.

'Where is he?' asked Mrs. Myers.

'Where is she?' demanded Mrs. Hill.

The squire's voice shook.

'There is to be no divorcing in Millerstown yet awhile,' he announced.

'Where is he?' cried Mrs. Myers.

'Where is she?' shrieked Mrs. Hill.

The squire smiled. The parting blast of the train whistle, screaming as if in triumph, echoed across the little town. They had had abundance of time to get aboard.

'He is with her, where he should be,' he answered Mrs. Myers, 'and she is with him, where she should be,' he said to Mrs. Hill, 'and both are together.' This time it seemed that he was addressing all of Millerstown. In reality he was looking straight at Caleb Stemmel.

'You m-m-mean that—' stammered Mrs. Myers.

'What *do* you mean?' demanded Mrs. Hill.

'I mean,' —and now the squire was grinning broadly,— 'I mean they are taking a wedding-trip.'

# THE TRAIL OF THE PLUME-HUNTER

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY

ALL the morning we plodded the level stretch of sand and sage in the heat that danced and quivered over the floor of the valley. In the afternoon we reached the base of the high headland that cuts like the prow of a huge ocean liner into the heart of Harney Valley. The trail led straight over a shaled-off pile of boulders, and zigzagged up the slope.

'What a day for rattlesnakes!' panted my companion, as he paused to mop his face.

I was on the point of answering, when a gray streak flashed almost under my feet. I heard a swish that sent fear shivering through every nerve in my body. I thought the grandfather of all big rattlers had struck me in forty places at once, as with a thundering whir the sage-hen broke from cover and sailed down the slope.

The rest of the winding trail I trod with trembling and cautious step. When we reached the summit, we gladly swung the cameras from our backs.

The whole valley rolled out before us. Off to the south lay the land of our quest, the marshes of the Malheur. The wide wastes were silent in the summer sun, hazy, far away, mysterious.

When a boy, I had watched the wedges of geese cutting southward each autumn, and the other flocks of wild fowl winging silently on their way. Each spring I saw the bands returning. How these sights kindled my imagination, these processions, so full of mystery, that moved up and down the highway of the clouds! The land where these flocks lived lured me like the 'castles in Spain.' It was a lure I have never forgotten; it was deeper than childish fancy. Now, after many years of waiting, I stood looking out over this land of innumerable flocks, that had lain far beyond the northern rim of my home hills.

It must be a part of Nature's plan to mould each person with individual tastes, and give him a hobby of his own. She mothered the Anglo-Saxon. She breathed into his nostrils the breath of the wild outdoors. She led him to adventure. His spirit thrived and waxed strong in cruising unknown rivers, in exploring untraversed lands, in luring elusive fish, and in trailing wild animals. But the olden days have long passed. Nature has seen man take advantage of her wild creatures by his innumerable inventions. She sees him to-day, like a mythological god, able to slay from afar with his bolts, for the hunt has long ceased to be a game of fair play.

The satisfaction of life is in the living, not in death, which is said to bring its reward. So in the chase. The camera tests the mettle more than the gun. Success is more difficult. Reward is more lasting. It is truer sport. Where once there was the desire to possess the skin of every bird, one finds himself set with eagerness to photograph these creatures at home, and the fancy grows so strong that it fastens one's soul in a grip that makes the hobby an essential part of his life's aim.

For the past ten years we had spent every summer season hunting with the camera. We had studied and pictured some of the rarest and wildest of western birds. During all this time we had a longing to photograph one bird, one of a species that science has called *candidissima*, divinely fair. One summer we hunted in southern California, where these birds formerly nested. Another summer we explored the great Klamath marshes of southern Oregon. We cruised up Klamath River, circled Lower Klamath Lake twice, paddled down Lost River, and traversed Tule or Rhett Lake from end to end. We sloshed through mucky flats of alkali, waded treacherous mosquito-infested bogs, all because we were eager to study and photograph the white heron at home in the marsh.

'You nevaire git dose w'ite cranes 'less right away. Ah've seen t'ousans dose long w'ites; dey all gone,' an old trapper had told me.

After several years of wandering, I began to think that his words were true. We had hunted where one might think no human being had ever been, but long before we had traveled over these apparently unknown regions, plumers had preceded us. We followed in their trails. We camped where they had camped. We had traveled hundreds of miles, exploring the haunts where white herons used to live, but up to the summer of 1908 we had not seen a single one of these birds.

The white-heron colony in the willows at Clear Lake had been shot out a few days in advance of us in the summer of 1905. When we reached the Big Bend Ranch, one of the cowboys told me he had heard 'poppin' like a Chiny New Year festival,' along the

north shore of Tule Lake. Shooting at this season could mean nothing but plume-hunting.

'Were they after white herons or grebes?' I asked.

'They used to be some white cranes down there, and they might be a few left,' he replied.

It was almost hoping against hope to find a white heron in this locality, but the next morning we bought a week's provisions, and set out down Lost River to see what we could find. We camped that night in an abandoned stack-yard near the mouth of the river. We poled on down the lake several miles till we came to the wreck of an old cabin on a grass island, *sans* doors, *sans* windows and a part of the roof.

Climbing out over the bow of the boat into the shallow water, we dragged her to shore and entered the cabin. The empty shells and feathers scattered about the ashes of the camp-fire told me it was where the grebe-hunters had camped. At the side of the cabin I picked up the end of a broken paddle. It was marked with a peculiar brand that joined the two letters H. A. On the smooth surface were some numbers, 267, 22–, 208, and other figures that added up to over twelve hundred. Fifty feet from the ashes of the camp-fire, I found the skinning place. A square chunk of wood had served for a chopping-block. I saw three piles of wings each of which would have filled a washtub; enough others were scattered about to make a cartload. Here were the bodies of dead grebes tossed aside after the plumage had been stripped from their breasts. Each was marked by a buzzing throng of flies that swarmed up at our approach and settled back. On the left I counted a hundred rotting carcasses in one place. All the winds of heaven could hardly ventilate such a spot. I turned back, sickened at the sight.

Out through the tules where we had expected to find birds thick about their floating homes, we began to find deserted nests. Along both sides of a narrow slough, in a space of fifty yards, I counted forty-seven platform homes. Most of these were deserted. In some I saw eggs never to be hatched. Beside several nests I picked up dead grebe chicks that had climbed out in search of food dead parents could never bring. I saw other homes where young grebes were starving and burning to death in the sun. Gray chicks were piping faintly for food. Worst of all were sights that brought the tears. I saw a grebe mother that had been shot, and not been found by the plume-hunters, — a mother lying dead beside her home. In a small bunch of tules I saw a grebe baby trying to crawl under a dead mother's wing, — cold, helpless, starving. I can hear him yet.

Thus it was that we saw the passing of the great grebe colony along the northern end of Tule Lake. It was not the first colony of birds we had seen annihilated, but it left a deeper impression than any such sight I had seen before, or have seen since. Many another colony of grebes, terns, and white herons has met the same fate in this extensive marsh region.

There were many lakes farther to the east. Most promising, as our last chance for the white heron, were Malheur and Harney lakes, two hundred miles away. When we had failed in the Klamath country in 1905, we had made a resolve to try the marshes of the Malheur.

Three years had now passed since we hunted the Klamath. Our longing to visit the Malheur country had at last been gratified. Two weeks ago we had landed at the Dalles, and had covered a stretch of almost four hundred miles. Here we were standing on the high head-land looking out over the

land of our quest. Here spread at our feet was a domain for wild fowl unsurpassed in the United States.

This is historic ground for the bird man. In the early seventies the well-known ornithologist, the late Captain Charles Bendire, was stationed at Camp Harney on the southern slope of the Blue Mountains, straight across the valley from where we stood. He gave us the first account of the bird-life in this region. He saw the wonderful sights of the nesting multitudes. He told of the colonies of white herons that lived in the willows along the lower Silvies River. There was the river itself winding across the valley through sage, rye-grass flats, and tule marshes, its trail marked by a growth of willow and alder.

Two days ago we had followed this trail, and searched out these places to photograph the white heron. As we approached the trees, said to be alive with birds, all was silent.

'We're on the wrong trail again,' my companion had suggested; but pushing through the willows, I saw big nests in the trees on both sides of the river. Strange to say, not a single bird! I clambered up to one of the lower nests, and found a rough platform of sticks upon which lay the bleached bones of two herons. I climbed another and another. Each home was a funeral pyre.

'Epidemic?' said my companion.

'Yes, of plume-hunters!' I retorted.

Here was a great cemetery in the silence of the marsh. But one nest was inhabited. A long-eared owl was in possession, sitting on five eggs. As we approached, she spread her wings, and left without a sound. Ill-omened creature brooding eggs and bones!

Standing here high above the valley, with my field-glass I picked out the very spot of this great bird-massacre that we had visited.

'I hope we find no more like that,' said my companion as he tightened the camera-straps about his shoulders, and started off down the trail toward the lake.

We were both confident that somewhere down in that distant sea of green tules, we could find at least one place where white herons were nesting.

From a distance the marsh was a deceptive, level sea of green. The ocean surface tells nothing of a thousand hidden wonders; so the marsh. The charm is in the untrodden stretches. The plain yields to the plough, the forest to the axe, but I hope the unmeasured extent of the tules will defy civilization to the end. It looked like a primeval wilderness, as wild as when the first white man blazed a trail into the Oregon forest. I knew that hunters and trappers plied the streams and the waters of the lake itself. But the tules looked untouched, a maze that was forbidding, impenetrable.

On the south side of the lake, at the site of the historical old Sod House, a large spring rises at the base of the gravelly hill, and winds out through the meadow-land. For a mile it meanders along till it comes to the main part of the tule marsh, — thousands of floating islands between which flow narrow channels that are endless in their windings. The main body of the lake is still a mile beyond the place where the spring branch enters the tule jungle. The tules grow from eight to twelve feet high, so that when one enters the mass, he has no landmarks, unless, perchance, he can read signs in the heavens above.

We launched our flat-bottomed boat in the spring branch and set out, anxious to get the lay of the land and see some of the birds. We passed from the spring branch into the serpentine meanderings among the tules.

In one place I heard a pair of sora

rails chattering anxiously. We shoved the nose of the boat into the tule mass that covered the water like an immense haycock. As I crawled out over the bow and stepped on the springy mass, the footing seemed safe, for I did not sink in above my shoes. One needed a pair of snowshoes to walk on the surface. By throwing myself forward, and gathering under me an armful of buoyant tules, I made my way for twenty feet, with the excited pair of rails leading me on. Suddenly I struck a weak place in the tule floor that let me drop into the muck beyond my middle. With the aid of an oar that was thrown me, I struggled back to the boat.

We were now in danger of losing our way. A little farther on I left my handkerchief on top of a bunch of tules for a sign-post. Still farther I stuck up a pole we had in the boat to mark our way back.

'We'll pick these up on our return,' I said.

We swung around a tule island, working back in the direction from which we had come.

'I am beginning to lose my bearings,' said my companion. But I had already lost mine.

My first trip to Boston, that took me underground, overground, and up and down crooked streets, was as clear as wandering down a country lane in comparison to the embarrassment I felt when I tried to find my way in the narrow, walled-in Venetian streets that circled these islands like a maze for about ten miles east and west.

'The thing to do is to go back over the same track we came,' I ventured; so we immediately turned about and spent the rest of the afternoon in trying to do it, but we never saw the handkerchief or the pole again.

We had no food, nothing to drink but alkali water, and were wet, with no chance of getting dry, so we had to find our way out. The sun was setting, so we knew east from west. We paddled as nearly as possible in the direction in which we had come. When at last we reached the end of a blind channel where the foundation of the tules seemed firmer, we decided to cut for shore by the shortest route. We floundered through the tules, sinking in the black muck of the marsh for some distance. We were suddenly confronted by a deep slough.

'Even the old tub of a boat looks better than this,' said my companion.

We turned back again.

As the clumsy craft floated out into the channel, and I sat straddling the bow, dangling my feet in the water to get rid of the mud, it seemed as if Nature had surely done her best to make the tule swamp unfit for man. The rails ran lightly through the jungle, the blue herons stood fishing in the marginal water, the red-wings and tule wrens clung to the swaying stems, the muskrats paddled homeward with tails waving contentedly to and fro; they all had places to sleep.

Darkness settled over the marsh. The stars glittered, the wind whispered in the tule-tops, the birds were asleep.

It was almost noon the next day when by chance we struck the channel that led us out of the maze, and back to camp. We had learned the art of blazing a trail that we could follow through the tules, and after resting a day from our initial efforts, we outfitted for a week's trip, and set out down the spring branch. This time we kept a straight course to the north until we reached the main body of the lake. All day long we hunted and watched the birds, lining them with our field-glasses as they flew back and forth over the lake. We saw no signs of white herons. We knew of no way out, where we could strike a camping spot, without

returning the way we had come. As night came on, we located a good big muskrat house.

I never knew just what a muskrat was good for till I crawled out rather gingerly upon the roof of this house. I flattened the top. It made a raft large enough for both of us to stretch out upon. As we could n't sleep in the boat, we spread our blankets on the rat-house. The question uppermost was, how long the dwelling would float with such heavy tenants on the roof.

'If the rats decided to remove the underpinning in the night, the laugh would be on us,' I said.

However, the rat-house lasted till daylight; but after spending the night somewhat in suspense in such wobbly, incommodious quarters, I crawled out of my blankets and by a misstep slipped into the cold muck to my middle.

That day we found a colony where the great blue heron nested. White herons were formerly common here, both species nesting together. Not a single white bird left!

We returned at night to our rat quarters, but the roof was several inches out of plumb. We slept till about two o'clock in the morning, when it began to rain. We were in the predicament of having too much water above as well as below. Covering our boat and equipment with canvas, we arranged a small cover for ourselves. We spent the rest of the night sitting back to back with knees up and toes out, wondering why we were not built like muskrats.

The morning of the third day the muskrat house showed wear. We cut a lot of dry tules, and tried to patch the roof, but one side began to sink, so we set out hunting for another flat.

We spent the next four days hunting here and there through the vast extent of tule islands and water, searching and keeping watch all day, trying to find white herons. Late one afternoon we came to a place where another big colony of blue herons was nesting. We had been seeking this place. Malheur Lake is divided into several parts by the long lines of tule islands. We were in the northern part. The colony was on two long tule islands that lined up with Pine Knob and the east end of Wright's Point. On the north end is a big cane-brake.

We sat in the boat at the edge of the cane-brake, and watched the big birds as they sailed over, dropped in, and departed. We were tired from the long day's search. I did not then know the story as I know it now; but hidden in the end of this cane-brake a hunter had had his blind, ten years before.

That summer of 1898 was eventful in white-heron history here on Malheur Lake. Early in the season two men had arrived at Narrows, bought lumber, and built a flat-bottomed, double-ended boat. They set out from Narrows with a small outfit. They fought mosquitoes day and night as we had, they drank the alkali water, they slept in the boat or on muskrat houses while they hunted up and down the waters of the lake and the tule islands. They saw the great flocks of white pelicans, cormorants, terns, gulls, grebes and other birds. They saw the white herons in slow stately flight wherever they went, but it was not till after several days that they located the big colony here on the island by the cane-brake, the greatest colony they had ever seen. What a sight it must have been, thousands of these birds, dazzling white in the sun, coming and going from the feeding grounds, and hovering over their homes!

On all sides were the homes, built up a foot or two from the surface, each having three or four frowsy-headed youngsters or as many eggs. At each

end of the colony a plumer sat hidden in his blind. At the first crack of the gun, a great snowy bird tumbled headlong near its nest. As the shot echoed across the lake, it sounded the doom of the heron colony. Terror-stricken, on every side white wings flapped, till the air was completely filled. Shot followed shot unremittingly as the minutes passed into hours. Still the heron mothers came to hover over this scene of death and destruction. Mother-love was but the lure to slaughter.

By two o'clock in the afternoon, the day's shoot ended. It took the rest of the day for the hunters to collect the dead and take the plumes. Stripping the plumes is rapid work. It takes but a slash of the knife across the middle of the back, a cut down each side, and a swift jerk.

Long after dark the plumers heard the steady quacking clatter of young herons crying to be fed. Far into the night, hoarse croaks sounded over the still lake, greetings of those birds that had spent the day fishing in distant swamps. It argued good shooting again for the morrow.

The second day was a repetition of the first. Heron numbers thinned rapidly. Here on these two islands, the plumers harvested a crop that yielded twelve hundred dollars in a day and a half. They collected a load of plumes worth their weight in gold. Were the California days of '49 much better?

Malheur has seen many such massacres, but none so great as that. Little did we know of these facts as we sat watching the blue herons coming and going, expecting to find at least a few white herons somewhere about the locality.

The next day a heavy thunder-shower blew up from the south. We had no way of escaping its fury, so we took the drenching as cheerfully as possible. We did n't care much, for although we were wet half the time, we did n't seem to catch cold. We were rapidly reaching that stage of muskrat existence where a condition of watersoak was a part of our normal environment.

The following day we found the biggest colony of gulls and white pelicans I have ever seen. It was the sight of a lifetime. As we approached, out came a small delegation to meet us. When we got up to the colony, the whole city turned out in our honor. I have seen big bird-colonies before, but never one like this. I was so excited I tripped over one of the oars, and fell overboard with three plate-holders in my hand.

After hunting for seven days we returned to camp for more provisions, and set out to visit another part of the lake. This time we stayed out for nine days, and saw — two white herons! At the time we thought these must be part of a group that nested somewhere about the lake; yet more likely they were a single stray bird that came our way twice. I am satisfied that of the thousands of white herons formerly nesting on Malheur, not a single pair of birds is left.

# THE HILL O' DREAMS

BY HELEN LANYON

My grief! for the days that's by an' done,
When I was a young girl straight an' tall,
Comin' alone at set o' sun,
Up the high hill-road from Cushendall.
I thought the miles no hardship then,
Nor the long road weary to the feet;
For the thrushes sang in the deep green glen,
An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng,
And many a dream as I never told,
My heart would lift at a wee bird's song,
Or at seein' a whin bush crowned with gold.
And always I'd look back at the say,
Or the turn o' the road shut out the sight
Of the long waves curlin' into the bay,
An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a dacent man,
As many would call a prudent choice,
But he never could hear how the river ran
Singin' a song in a changin' voice;
Nor thought to see on the bay's blue wather
A ship with yellow sails unfurled,
Bearin' away a King's young daughter
Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The way seems weary now to my feet,
An' miles bes many, an' dreams bes few;
The evenin' air's not near so sweet,
The birds don't sing as they used to do,
An' I'm that tired at the top o' the hill,
That I have n't the heart to turn at all,
To watch the curlin' breakers fill
The wee round bay at Cushendall.

# MISS MARTINEAU AND THE CARLYLES

BY FRANCIS BROWN

In 1838 my father, a young man of twenty-five, who had grown up among men of letters in New England, went abroad and stayed for two years. Persons attracted him quite as much as places, and he had many pleasant opportunities of meeting literary people. Through his own correspondence, and the kindness of friends who knew his tastes, there came into his possession, then and afterward, a number of notable autographs which remained among his papers at his death. The following letter from Miss Martineau to Mrs. Carlyle is the one of most general interest among them. I do not know, with certainty, how it reached him, but it was very probably given to him by Mrs. Carlyle herself. He carried an introduction to Mr. Carlyle from Mr. Emerson, and was repeatedly at the house in Cheyne Row during the winter of 1839–40. His collection includes several notes addressed to Carlyle, — one from Thackeray, and more than one from Monckton Milnes, — and it is reasonable to suppose that they all came to him from the Carlyles direct. I regret that I did not secure exact information on these matters when it was still within reach.

Miss Martineau's letter is written on a single sheet, and covers a little more than three pages and a half. The last page was exposed in folding, and bears the address 'Mrs. Carlyle,' — nothing more; there is also no post-mark. It would appear to have been conveyed by hand from Newcastle, or inclosed in some other parcel.

A letter from Harriet Martineau is not an everyday affair. She wrote many, but it was not her will that they should be preserved, and she probably had her way, for the most part. Few of them have seen the light, fewer still, or none, without censorship. There is something of the literary treasure, therefore, about a letter from her, written in the intimacy of friendship, with the freedom and brightness and ease of her earlier years; written to the Carlyles, and about them; chatting also of James Martineau and John Sterling and Emerson, — to say nothing of the side glimpse at Darwin. The letter itself follows: —

NEWCASTLE, *Novbr 13th*

DEAR FRIEND: —

In gratitude for your exceedingly welcome letter, I take a whole sheet, though without any idea of being able to fill it. If you love me, don't stand upon reciprocity, but write to me again soon & lengthily. I shd not ask it if you had not told me that you are well enough 'for all practical purposes,' & if I were not quite the contrary. Indeed, your letter made me very thankful & merry, but also very greedy after another. It made me downright angry, too, — not with you, but with your 'unbelieving Thos' — that you left L-pool without knowing James. I don't know what he will say, considering what he has said to me about the 'French Revolution.' But *I* say that you have not only defrauded him of a great pleasure, & perhaps of a friend-

ship, but yourselves of the knowledge of a true, hard-working man, sincere as the day-light, gladsome as the lark, — pious in his vocation, as you found, & of unsurpassed holiness in his daily life. His learning is considerable, but we almost forget that in more important things. He is not a bit a believer in the universal unhappiness theory, however; — he is so very happy himself that I don't know how such a belief cd make a lodgment in him. He has a strong-minded, helpful, adoring wife, (to whom he was engaged for 7 years) & 6 children, of fine promise in every way; &, in spite of his boldness in opinion & speech, never was man more beloved by his neighbours. So the loss *is* mutual. It *does* vex me. When I think how nearly you were setting foot in that paradise of a home of his, it seems almost worse than if you had never seen him.

Don't flatter yourselves that I am a bit nearer being converted to your genl unhappiness notions for being ill & idle. I find it no burden at present, tho' I dare say I shall when I get worse, wh I must do before I am better. Perhaps I may then send you a wail wh may be very consolatory to your opinions; but I have nothing of the sort ready at present. We are rejoicing over the departure of the measles, wh have been the round of the children, & I have been writing today to decline spending next week at Lambton Castle,[1] to meet the Duke of Sussex, (wh wd have been very amusing if I had been able) & now we are settling down into a state of quiet from tomorrow till Xmas.

You may not think so, but I am made for quiet and passivity, & enjoy idleness and the sofa to excess. I went out on Monday, just to my grandmother's, who is in affliction; but it agreed so ill with me, that I put by my bonnet for another two months, if I am allowed to have my own way.

I am delighted to hear of Citoyenne. Make Darwin get a new horse, before he gets his name up or his limbs broken in Pimlico. Is not John Sterling's health much better, married as he is, & reviewing Carlyle? I admire much in that article, — especy the intrepidity, & whole temper of his *dissent*, & much of the ground thereof. I need not say how I relish the parts that are the furthest from dissent. But *why* can't such people say their say without affectation? If they are so delighted with Göthe's translucent style, so simple as to be almost an imperceptible medium of thought, why do they write as nobody wd ever think of speaking, & in a way wh nobody wd ever think of listening to without some very strong inducement? I was very nearly throwing down that review during the first 3 pp; & then what a loss I shd have had (through *his* fault, I vow) of all the power & all the love that went on conquering the affectation to the end! Talking of this fashion of style, I have heard of Emerson today. He is writing a book & also preparing to lecture this winter, on *Plain Speaking*, — a new topic in Boston, one may think.

I had better not begin sending love, or I shall burden you with messages. I shall write to Mrs Wedgwood soon. My kindest regards to Mr. Carlyle. His promise of writing seems, as you bemoaners might say, 'too good to be true.' But, mind, *I* never use that phrase, wh, I suppose, passes your lips every day. Nor do I even think it too good to be true that I may be sitting in your chimney-corner, some day. If not so, you will not, I know, forget the days when that was my place; nor shall I, I think, wherever I may be. But I really expect to be there again, in course of time. You will not visit me in my study again. We have notice to quit

[1] The seat of her friend Lord Durham.

(at Michaelmas) as the old street is coming down. Of course we don't know, & cannot guess where we shall be next, till we see how I am in the Spring. I shall be sorry for the unroofing of that little study, where I & others have thought & enjoyed many things.

I *must* leave off; so good-bye. I cd tell you some nice things of the people I am with, but for your walking straight away from James. You wd do the same with my ownies here, I suppose, — & more especially because you will never hear them *preach*. Good-night! God bless you both!

Yours ever,
H. MARTINEAU.

The year is missing, but internal evidence points decisively to 1839. Miss Martineau writes from Newcastle, and we know that she left Newcastle March 16, 1840, after spending six months there in her sister's home. She is fresh from Sterling's review of Carlyle, which can be nothing else than his article on *The French Revolution*. The book had appeared in 1837. Sterling's article was written at Clifton in the spring of 1839, and published in the *Westminster Review* that same year. James Martineau, then in Liverpool, had six children at the time of the letter, and his sixth child was born September 13, 1839. 'Citoyenne' was a mare given to the author of *The French Revolution* by Mr. Marshall, of Leeds, in the summer of 1839. Carlyle himself probably had this letter in mind when he wrote to his mother (November 25, 1839), 'Miss Martineau is in Newcastle, ill, for the winter.'

Literary criticism needs no further proof. The only discrepancy with known facts relates to Emerson's lectures. The actual subject of his lecture-course in the winter of 1839–40 was 'The Present Age.' But the course did not begin till December 4, while Emerson's letter to Miss Martineau must have been written in October, and he may have changed the title in the interval.

In view of Miss Martineau's stern purpose — formed long after this — of suppressing all early expressions of her feeling and character, one would feel guilty in publishing this letter, but for its revelation of a side of her which has been too little known; but for its geniality and tenderness, its sympathy and appreciation, its warmth and its cheerful fortitude. The common notion of Harriet Martineau has little appealing charm. She is thought of — by most of those who think of her at all — as strong, severe, angular, imperious, erratic in thought, and dogmatic in the expression of thought; as a woman of gifts, whose varied intellectual and spiritual life insisted on thrusting its least lovely phases into public view. Nothing that she wrote will live. She has not won her way, and she has failed to win it, not only, and perhaps not mainly, because of the ephemeral philosophies to which, under unfortunate conditions, she almost perversely lent herself, but also because of a certain repellent hardness, a failure in constructive imagination and sympathetic truth, which seem to argue her, after all, something less than a woman. This has always been combated by the friends she kept, but their testimony has not been able to overcome the prejudice. Yet they must have been right, after all. She has been thought unwomanly, and the very charm of this letter is in its womanliness. It is intellectual, — eagerly so. Its interests are those of thought and literature. But they are also those of the heart, — of the family, even the nursery. There is a glow of affectionateness, turn the page which way you will. The kindly humor reaches gay-

ety, but there is no sharpness at all. She speaks of illness, but she writes in visible health of mind and soul. With what fearless good-nature she pokes fun at the pessimism of Carlyle's view of the world! With what affectionate insistence she upbraids him for his failure to take the opportunity of knowing her brother! How she clings to those she loves! Here we have the real great-hearted woman, and the later perversions are shown to be perversions of what was in its true substance both strong and beautiful.

The friendship with the Carlyles displayed in the letter is borne out by all we know of this period in their lives. In her *Autobiography* Miss Martineau says, 'No kind of evening was more delightful to me than those which were spent with the Carlyles.' And again: 'I like the house [in Cheyne Row] for no other reason than that I spent many very pleasant evenings in it; but it has now become completely associated with the marvellous talk of both husband and wife.'

In her diary, of 'Wednesday 13' (the month is not given; the year must have been 1837), she says, 'Walked to Chelsea to dine with the Carlyles. Found her looking pretty in a black velvet high dress and blond collar. She and I had a nice feminine gossip for two hours before dinner, about divers domestic doings of literary people, which really seem almost to justify the scandal with which literary life is assailed. The Carlyles are true sensible people, who know what domestic life ought to be.'

There was cordiality, also, on the side of the Carlyles. The acquaintance began in November, 1836. November 20, Carlyle writes to his mother, 'Two or three days ago there came here to call on us a Miss Martineau. . . . She pleased us far beyond expectation; she is very intelligent-looking, really of pleasant countenance; was full of talk, tho' unhappily deaf almost as a post, so that you have to speak to her through an ear-trumpet. I think she must be some five-and-thirty. As she professes very "favourable sentiments" towards this side of the street, I mean to cultivate the acquaintance, and see whether it will lead to aught.'

For two or three years there is repeated mention of her. March 6, 1837, Mrs. Carlyle wrote to Mrs. Aitken: 'She is distinctly good-looking, warm-hearted even to a pitch of romance, witty as well as wise, very entertaining and entertainable, in spite of the deadening and killing appendage of an ear-trumpet, and finally, as "our Mother" used to finish off a good character, "very fond of *me*."'

In some of Mr. Carlyle's earlier references to her there is a touch of amusement, not unfriendly, only now and then amounting to gentle ridicule. His warmest long paragraph about her that has appeared occurs in a letter to Emerson of June 1, 1837:—

'Miss Martineau's Book on America is out, here and with you. I have read it for the good Authoress' sake, whom I love much. She is one of the strangest phenomena to me. A genuine little Poetess, buckramed, swathed like a mummy into Socinian and Political-Economy formulas; and yet verily alive in the inside of that! "God has given a Prophet to every People in its own speech," say the Arabs. Even the English Unitarians were one day to have their Poet, and the best that could be said for them was to be said. I admire this good lady's integrity, sincerity; her quick sharp discernment to the depth it goes: her love also is great; nay, in fact it is too great: the host of illustrious obscure mortals whom she produces on you, of Preachers, Pamphleteers, Anti-slavers, Able Editors, and other Atlases bearing (unknown to us) the world on their shoul-

ders, is absolutely more than enough. What they say to her Book here I do not well know. I fancy the general reception will be good, and even brilliant.'

This is friendly and yet keen and just. But the following have a slightly malicious flavor: —

'25 Sept. 1838: I read your paragraph to Miss Martineau; she received it, as she was bound, with a good grace. But I doubt, I doubt, O Ralph Waldo Emerson, thou hast not been sufficiently ecstatic about her, — thou graceless exception, confirmatory of rule! In truth there *are* bores, of the first and of all lower magnitudes. Patience, and shuffle the cards.'

'15 Nov. 1838: Harriet Martineau is coming hither this evening; with beautiful enthusiasm for the Blacks and others. She is writing a Novel. The first American book proved generally rather wearisome, the second *not* so; we since have been taught (not I) "How to observe." Suppose you and I promulgate a treatise next, "How to see"? The old plan was to have a pair of *eyes* first of all, and then to open them, and endeavour with your whole strength to *look*. The good Harriet!'

Intercourse might continue on friendly terms, even while little half-treacheries of this sort were going on, but perhaps intimacy could not maintain itself indefinitely on any terms between natures so outspoken, so self-insistent, and so exacting; on the one side such seriousness in all enthusiasms, and yet such deficiency in perspective; on the other a temper so critical, so impulsive, so unsusceptible to preachments, so merciless toward platitudes.

Miss Martineau's fiction pleased neither husband nor wife. Thomas Carlyle wrote to his brother, April 16, 1839, 'She has published a Novel (*Deerbrook*), very ligneous, very trivial didactic, in fact very absurd for most part; and is well content with it.' And Mrs. Carlyle wrote (April 7, 1839) to her mother, 'Mrs. Macready asked me how I liked Harriet's Book. I answered, "How do *you* like it?" She made wide eyes at me, and drew her little mouth together into a button. We both burst out laughing, and that is the way to get fast friends.'

The Carlyles visited her at Tynemouth in 1840, but in subsequent years they seem to have drifted apart. Miss Martineau became absorbed in animal magnetism and the Positive Philosophy, and was inclined to identify herself with her opinions. The Carlyles had no sympathy with her opinions, and doubtless no superfluity of patience with her who held them. December 13, 1847, Mrs. Carlyle wrote to her uncle, 'I have just been reading for the first time Harriet Martineau's outpourings in the *Athenæum* [on animal magnetism], and "that minds me," as my Helen says, that you wished to know if I too had gone into this devilish thing. Catch me!'

There was no absolute breach, but the references to her afterward are few.

The greatest treasure of all in the letter is what she has to say about her brother. Here we have love, admiration, and faith. She was not a flighty girl, we must remember, raving about a fraternal hero. She was the older by several years. She had herself reached the age of thirty-seven when she wrote. She rationally approves and sincerely admires, but beneath all that there is an intimacy of affection toward her brother, a recognition of his fineness and nobility, a joy in his saintliness, which are most appealing. No one who feels the tragic needlessness of the later separation — due partly to her insistence, unreasonable, dogged, on the destruction of her correspondence, and partly to the gray and chilly sea of metaphysics upon which she presently

embarked — can help being deeply touched by the sisterly reverence, love, and pride that pour spontaneously from her pen as she speaks here of her brother James.

Mrs. Carlyle and James Martineau met in Liverpool in 1844, when she spent an evening at his house, and in 1846 she heard him preach. He made a strong impression on her, although her judgment of him as a theologian was marred by prepossessions which dulled her insight, and led her to think him 'a man divided against himself,' which must have been as far as possible from the truth.

Thomas Carlyle and Martineau seem to have had no personal acquaintance. Carlyle does not speak of him in any of his published letters. And indeed intellectually they were far apart, and in temper still further: Carlyle, impetuous, vivid, dramatic, oracular, with a prophet's dogmatism, and a prophet's impulse to castigate, impressing by rugged and untamed power; Martineau, reflective, calm, logical, discriminating, seeking truth with a deep and quiet passion, whose expression was quiet, exact, and luminous, keeping his personality in the background and relying on the power of rational thought to carry conviction. Of the two, Martineau was more likely to judge Carlyle fairly than Carlyle him, yet, while he saw Carlyle's power, in its effects, he did not at once feel any personal response to it. 'Carlyle's Pantheism,' he wrote, May 19, 1852, '. . . is, I fear, an unmanageable object of attack. It is so wholly unsystematic, illogical, wild and fantastic, that thought finds nothing in it to grapple with. How can one refute the utterances of an oracle, or the spleen of a satirist? His power over intellectual men appears to me not unlike that of Joe Smith the prophet over the Mormons; dependent on strength of will and massive effrontery of dogma persevered in amid a universal incertitude weakening other men. . . . I know not how such an influence can be met except by a positiveness as powerful and as gifted.'

The comparison with Joseph Smith is not a happy one, but Martineau is speaking, of course, of method and not of substance. His attitude shows how unlikely such a friendship between the men as Miss Martineau desired to see must always have been. Yet with what noble recognition he seriously criticized Carlyle's philosophy, in his article entitled 'Personal Influences on Present Theology' (*National Review*, October, 1856), is remembered by students of English thought in the nineteenth century. We are concerned just now with personal appreciation, and not with philosophic criticism. When it came to the point, with all his strong disapproval of Carlyle's theories, no one acknowledged with greater heartiness than Martineau the real dignity of Carlyle's purpose. He speaks with contempt of the artificial thought which had prevailed: —

'Mr. Carlyle, among other contemporaries, certainly rose with indignant hunger from such a table of the gods, symmetrically spread with polished covers and nothing under them. . . . The very things which this desiccating rationalism flung off were to Mr. Carlyle just the essence and whole worth of the universe: and to show that beauty, truth, and goodness could not thus be got rid of, while impostors were hired to bear their name; that religion is not hope and fear, or duty prudence, or art a skill to please; that behind the sensible there lies a spiritual, and beneath all relative phenomena an absolute reality, — was evidently, if not his early vow, at least his first inspiration. Surely it was an authentic appointment to a noble work: and on looking back over his quarter-century,

no one can deny that it has been manfully achieved.'

Twenty years later Martineau wrote (October 12, 1876), 'I regard it as an honour far beyond my due to be associated in any one's mind with Thomas Carlyle, a man who above all others stands amidst this age as its prophet and interpreter. He has shamed the folly and braced the nerves and touched the conscience of not a few, including some of the noblest spirits of our time. But he will leave no successor, I fear, that can bend his bow.'

It is so true that amid all differences in opinion, and even in point of view, great spirits recognize greatness.

John Sterling, Darwin, and Emerson find mention in our letter, but only Sterling more than a mention. Miss Martineau had met, but scarcely knew him. In her *Autobiography* she speaks somewhat elaborately of his slighting treatment of her at the Carlyles', and of his later wish to know her, when she was no longer within reach. Her note in her diary at the time (1837) is in a more attractive vein: 'To the Carlyles. John Sterling there. A young man, next door to death, they say, but if he lives a few years sure to be eminent; so wise, so cheerful, so benignant!' He lived long enough afterward to write the review of *The French Revolution* which Miss Martineau admired so much, and which called forth Carlyle's note to him (29th of September, 1839): '. . . Mill says it is the best thing you ever wrote; and, truly, so should I, if you had not shut my mouth. It is a thing all glaring and boiling like a furnace of molten metal: a brave thing, nay a vast and headlong, full of generosity, passionate insight, lightning extravagance, and Sterlingism, — such an article as we have not read for some time past.'

Sterling died in 1844. The first life of him was written by Archdeacon Hare; the second, a last burning tribute of friendship, by Carlyle himself.

There are certainly no commonplace names here, and there is nothing commonplace in the letter. It came from a remarkable woman and it is concerned with notable people. But it touches our hearts by its humanness. The pathetic alienations that followed strengthen this impression. If Miss Martineau afterwards seems stoical and lonely and forbidding, and we cannot free her from blame for it, all the more it refreshes us to find in this letter to Mrs. Carlyle the quality that makes human intercourse a source of real joy, — the spirit that gives in simple faith without grudging, and receives gladly without morbidness, taking pleasure in its friendships, and bearing its burdens with patience and hope.

# A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD[1]

## BY GIDEON WELLES

### VIII. GRANT JOINS THE RADICALS

*Thursday, July* 11, 1867.

Some discussion in the House to-day, followed by votes, indicates a division in the House on the subject of impeachment. There is no cause, excuse, or justification for the long, labored, and shameful proceeding on this subject. The President differs with the radicals, and justly and properly views their course with abhorrence. He sometimes expresses his burning indignation against measures and men that are bringing untold calamities upon the country.

*Friday, August* 2, 1867.

I have no animosity towards Sheridan, who is a brave soldier, and whose gallantry and services I honor; but he is unjust and made vain by his military successes, and absolutely spoiled by partisan flattery and the encouragement of the conspirators. The more he defied the President, and the greater the outrages on the people of Louisiana and Texas, the more would he be praised by bad men who were imposing on his weaknesses.

From the tame, passive course which has been pursued, the administration has lost confidence and strength. It has to-day no positive, established successful policy, displays no executive power and energy, submits to insults, and we are now discussing no measure of the administration, and it is assumed that we ought to have none, that we must suppress our convictions, abdicate our duty, and in our helplessness trust to division among the radicals, who have a policy, and who by their presumption and our submission have crippled the executive, encroached on his prerogative, and deprived him of his constitutional rights.

Randall became excited and advocated turning 'the little fellow'[2] out. The President warmed up under my remarks; his eyes flashed. 'What have we to expect [said he] from long keeping quiet? Will the Republicans, the conservative portion of them, come into our views? They are always promising, but they never perform. It may be said this will enrage them and that they will then go forward and impeach me. If they would impeach me for ordering away an officer, who I believe is doing wrong — afflicting and oppressing the people instead of protecting and sustaining them — if I am to be impeached for this, I am prepared.'

I asked the President if he had any information from those States as to the sentiments and feelings of the people; whether anything but the removal of the Governor of Texas and the overthrow of the municipal government in New Orleans had come to his knowledge. It would not be advisable to move in so important a matter without cause. There was sufficient [cause], but

[2] General Sheridan.



[1] Copyright, 1910, by Edgar T. Welles.

weeks ago the same acts had been committed as regards the Governor of Louisiana, Attorney-General, Judge, etc. The President said there was nothing additional now, but there was universal complaint of disorganization, confusion, insecurity, and oppression.

McCulloch said he should deprecate the removal of Sheridan, because he was exceedingly popular, and it would bring down violence on the administration. He had [had] a talk with Wilson of Iowa before he left for home, who said if the President did nothing rash and (alluding to this very movement) would not disturb Sheridan, all would go well, and the extreme radicals would be defeated. A division would certainly take place.

'What,' said I, 'if Sheridan should proceed to hang some of the prominent and best men in Louisiana who differ from him? Would Wilson expect, or you advise, that he should still be continued?'

The President was called into the adjoining room, and McCulloch turning to me said he was afraid my remarks would produce great harm. To do our duty will produce harm! 'How,' I exclaimed, 'are we subdued and humbled!'

*Saturday, August* 3, 1867.

I called on the President as McCulloch requested and had a free conversation with him. Said to him that while Sheridan deserved rebuke and removal, I would not be obstinate but defer to him. It might be, as things were now, impolitic or inexpedient to make the removal; that it would undoubtedly lead to a violent assault upon him; that the conspirators — extreme radicals — would avail themselves of the act to be more vindictive and ferocious, and the timid would be more cowed and submissive to them; that while I had an inherent confidence in the great principles of right as the rule of action, there was no doubt it often tried the most resolute, and required moral courage and steady persistency to make the right prevail.

'What,' said the President, 'have I to fear, what to gain or lose, by keeping this man who delights in opposing and counteracting my views in this position? It is said that the weak radicals, the conservative ones, will join the ultras to impeach me. If Congress can bring themselves to impeach me, because, in my judgment, a turbulent and unfit man should be removed, and because I, in the honest discharge of my duty to the country and the Constitution, exercise my judgment and remove him, let them do it. I shall not shun the trial, and if the people can sanction such a proceeding, I shall not lament the loss of a position held by such a tenure.'

I remarked that Sheridan was really but a secondary personage after all in this business. He would never have pursued the course he has if not prompted and encouraged by others, to whom he looked, from whom he received advice, if not orders. Little would be attained, if only he were taken in hand.

The President said there was no doubt of that, and he was giving the subject attention. He said he had had a long interview with General Grant, in which interview they had gone over these subjects; but Grant was hesitating. He then went to his desk and brought me a letter of Grant's, elicited by the conversation which had passed between them. Grant deprecated the removal of Sheridan, who he says possesses immense popularity; thinks it is not in the power of the President to remove the Secretary of War since the passage of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, and that it would be unwise as well as inexpedient to make these movements just when Congress has adjourned.

The letter was not such as I should have at one time expected from Grant, was not discreet, judicious, or excusable even from his standpoint. If not disingenuous, he has, without perhaps being aware of it, had his opinions warped and modified within a year. I remarked as I finished reading the letter, 'Grant is going over.'

'Yes,' said the President, 'I am aware of it. I have no doubt that most of these offensive measures have emanated from the War Department.'

'Not only that,' said I, 'but almost all the officers of the Army have been insidiously alienated from your support by the same influences. If you had been favored with an earnest and sincere supporter of your measures in the War Department, the condition of affairs in this country would, this day, have been quite different. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that you did not remove all of the Cabinet soon after your administration commenced; certainly some who have made it a business to thwart and defeat your measures ought to have been changed.'

He assented, with some emotion, to the last remark, but expressed a doubt whether he could have got rid of Stanton. It would, he said, be unpleasant to make the attempt and not succeed. He presumed Grant had communicated the conversation which had taken place, and that the suggestion came from Stanton himself.

I doubted if Stanton would persist in holding on as an adviser, when he understood the President wished him away, or he was requested to relinquish his office, although it was obvious he was very tenacious of his place, and clung to it from personal association. Yet I was not sure but things had about reached the point when he was prepared to leave. He was in close fellowship with the radicals [and] had the control of Congress, through that faction, was as much a favorite of the conservatives as of the extreme radicals. Congress having taken the whole government into its keeping and he being a favorite, [he] might think it would conduce to his benefit to be dismissed and compelled to leave. They would be dissatisfied to have him retire. Seward and Holt would oppose it, — and probably Grant also, now, though he had at one time favored it.

*Sunday, August* 4, 1867.

In the matter of Sheridan, I do not get any sufficient cause for moving now, that has not existed for weeks and months. The removal of Throckmorton [1] is following out the first step, — the removal of Wells. The insulting letter has got cold, still I have not a word for Sheridan.

*Monday, August* 5, 1867.

I asked the President about the Sheridan case, remarking that I was glad, as things are, that he was giving the subject deliberate thought. He said he had dropped Sheridan for the present and gone to the fountain-head of mischief, — that he had this morning sent a note to Stanton requesting him to resign. 'It is impossible,' said he, 'to get along with such a man in such a position, and I can stand it no longer. Whether he will send in his resignation is uncertain. What do you think he will do?'

'I think he will resign,' I replied, 'and not intrude himself upon you, and longer embarrass you, yet his friends are the ones who have tried to tie your hands.'

'Yes, and he instigated it. He has, I am satisfied, been the prolific source of difficulties. You have alluded to this, but I was unwilling to consider it, — to think that the man whom I trusted was plotting and intriguing against me.'

[1] Governor of Texas.

'Well,' said I, 'it is better, if you are to act, that this course should be taken. Sheridan is only a secondary man in these matters, and to smite him would only aggravate and excite, without accomplishing any good beyond punishing insolence to you, and wrong to the people over whom he has been placed. He has been sustained and encouraged by other minds.'

I do not see how Stanton can do otherwise than resign, and yet it will not surprise me if he refuses. Should he refuse, the President may be embarrassed, for Stanton has contrived, I suspect, to get a controlling influence over General Grant. Judge Cartter[1] is a creature of Stanton, and his court is under subjection to the same influence. The President has, against all admonitions and warnings, been passive, and impenetrable, until he is powerless. I do not perceive any benefit to himself by removing Stanton at this time. One year ago it would have been effective, and he would have retained Grant and the army; he would have had a different Congress; the country was then with him, and would have continued so. But the conspirators and intriguers have bound him, hand and foot. He has permitted his prerogative to be despoiled, the Executive authority and rights to be circumscribed, until he is weak and powerless.

Stanton may defy him, and shelter himself under the Tenure-of-Office Bill, which contains a clause in relation to Cabinet officers, introduced by his friends and for the special purpose of retaining him in place. When this subject was before the Cabinet, no one more strongly reprobated this flagrant abuse or more strongly declared that the law was unconstitutional than Stanton. He protested with ostentatious vehemence that any man who would retain a seat in the Cabinet, as an adviser, when his advice was not wanted, was unfit for the place. He would not, he said, remain a moment. I remember his protestations, for I recollected at the time he had been treacherous and faithless to Buchanan. I know, moreover, he has since, as well as then, betrayed Cabinet secrets.

[1] Chief Justice of the District Court at Washington.

*Tuesday, August* 6, 1867.

Before the session of the Cabinet commenced this morning, the President invited me into the library and informed me that he had a note from Stanton refusing to resign. I was a good deal astonished, though since yesterday my doubts in regard to his course have increased. His profuse expressions of readiness to resign, declarations that any gentleman would decline to remain an intruder, etc., etc., when the Tenure-of-Office Bill was under consideration, were mere pretences to cover his intrigues. The President had requested Seward, Stanton, and myself to prepare a veto on that bill. Neither of them consulted me further than to send to me for information concerning the debates.

The President asked if he had better communicate the correspondence to the Cabinet at this time. I advised it by all means.

All the Cabinet except Stanbery were present. When the correspondence was read a good deal of surprise was manifested, and felt, not only with the invitation but the refusal. Stanton did not attend, and considers himself, it would seem, not of the Cabinet.

Seward immediately enquired when Stanbery would be back. The Tenure-of-Office Bill was examined and commented upon. Doubts were expressed whether the President could remove a Cabinet officer. Seward thought it indispensable that Stanbery should be

here. It was a question of law, and the law officer was the proper person to expound it.

The President seemed embarrassed how to act. As the law is, in the opinion of the whole Cabinet, including the Attorney-General, unconstitutional, I said there was a political as well as a legal question; that the Chief Magistrate could select and remove his advisers, that the legislative department could not take away the constitutional rights of the Executive, that the power of removal belonged to the President of right, that there has been too much concession to legislative usurpations. I do not consider that the President is under obligations to be an instrument in these violations of the constitution, to [allow] the Executive Department [to be crippled] by a fragment of Congress.

After an hour and more of discussion the subject was postponed.

*Friday, August* 9, 1867.

Stanton's course and what is to be done with him was discussed. Seward is extremely anxious to get the opinion of the Attorney-General who is absent, before coming to any conclusion. Some one remarked that it was reported, one of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, who is now of Mr. Johnson's, sympathized with Stanton, and might resign if he did. I told them I had not heard the rumor, but they were at liberty to say to any and to all, that I was not the man to leave the Cabinet for that reason, but if the President ever invited me I should not decline his invitation to leave.

The debates in the Senate on the Tenure-of-Office Bill and Senator Sherman's strong declarations were quoted. I remarked that they were not stronger than the declarations of Stanton himself to us at this board, as they would all remember. He had, with Mr. Seward, prepared the veto of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, but that was much milder than his declarations of the unconstitutionality as well as impolicy of that bill.

Seward said but little, and Randall was reserved. Perhaps there was no reason to sharpen my suspicion; but it is evident they are not forward in the measure or in efforts to encourage the President. The removal of Stanton was undoubtedly a surprise and disappointment to Seward, who had sustained him.

Things have taken a turn which disappoints both Seward and Weed. Seward has thought of fishing for the Presidency and supposes Chase one of the obstacles. Neither of them stands any more chance of reaching the Presidency than of being created Sultan of Turkey. After the others had gone out I had half an hour with the President who requested me to stay. Advised him to remove Holt with Stanton. It would be more effective and proper to remove the two together. I looked upon both as conspirators.

*Sunday, August* 11, 1867.

Saw the President this P. M. He tells me he has seen General Grant and had a pleasant, social, and friendly interview. They had come to a mutual understanding. The President wished to know if there was any alienation, or substantial difference between them. Grant replied there was not, except that he had not last fall concurred in the President's opposition to the constitutional amendment.

The President assured him that Stanton must leave the War Department, and he desired him, *ad interim*, to discharge the duties. Grant said if Stanton's removal was decided upon he had nothing further to say on that point. As regarded himself, he always obeyed orders. He seemed pleased with

the proposed arrangement, and withdrew.

The President thinks he had better suspend Stanton without reference to the Tenure-of-Office Bill, and he perhaps is right under the existing embarrassments.

*Tuesday, August* 20, 1867.

The President showed me the correspondence between himself and Grant, relative to the removal of Sheridan. Grant objects to the removal, thinks it contrary to the wishes of the American people. The President responds, compliments the soldierly qualities of Sheridan, but thinks he has not the calm judgment, civil qualities, and ability of General Thomas for such a position; and as to the wishes of the people he is not aware that they have been expressed.

There is no doubt but that the radical politicians will bellow loud over the removal of Sheridan, whose fighting qualities and services are great. Their editors and speakers have undertaken to control the course of the government as regards Sheridan; and Grant, if not a participant with, has been led away by them.

*Thursday, August* 22, 1867.

Had this A. M. an hour's conversation, or more, with General Grant. It was the first time I had met him in the War Department since he entered upon the duties of Secretary, and I congratulated him on his new position. He thought he ought to decline receiving congratulations on that account, but they were obviously acceptable. I begged to differ from him and enquired why he should decline congratulations on a change which had been so well and favorably received by the whole country.

'Well,' he said, 'I did not know about that.' These changes that were going on, striking down men who had been faithful through the war, he did not like. 'So far as the War Department is concerned,' said I, 'the country on all hands believes that as good and faithful a war man is in the place as we have had at any time.' He disclaimed alluding to that change. 'If,' said I, 'you have Sheridan and Thomas in your mind, there is no denying that Thomas is in every respect as good a war man, with better administrative powers than Sheridan, whom I would by no means disparage.'

With this opening, we went into a general discussion of the condition of the country and the affairs of the government. It pained me to see how little he understood of the fundamental principles and structure of our government, and of the Constitution itself. On the subject of differences between the President and Congress, and the attempt to subject the people to military rule, there were, he said, in Congress, fifty at least of the first lawyers of the country, who had voted for the reconstruction law; and were not, he asked, the combined wisdom and talent of those fifty to have more weight than Mr. Johnson, who was only one to fifty? Congress had enacted this law, and was not the President compelled to carry it into execution? Was not Congress superior to the President? If the law was unconstitutional, the judges alone could decide the question. The President must submit and obey Congress until the Supreme Court set the law aside.

I asked him if Congress could exercise powers not granted, powers that the States, which made the Constitution, had expressly reserved? He thought Congress might pass any law and the President and all others must obey and support it, until the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional.

'You do not mean to say, General,

that Congress may set aside and disregard all limitations, all barriers that are erected to guide and control their action.'

He did not know who could question their acts and laws until they came before the court.

'The Constitution,' said I, 'prescribes that the President and Senate shall appoint ministers, consuls, etc., but Congress may, by law, confer inferior appointments on Judges, Heads of Departments, or on the President alone; but it nowhere authorizes Congress to confer on Generals the appointing power.'

'It authorizes Congress to confer appointments, you say, on the Heads of Departments. Are not those districts under General Sickles and other Generals Departments?' said Grant.

'Not in the meaning of the Constitution,' said I, 'and you can hardly be serious in supposing the provision of the Constitution alluded to had reference to military districts, or any particular territory, parcelled out, and called Departments.'

He did not know, he said. He was not prepared to say about that. The will of the people is the law in this country, and the representatives of the people made the laws.

'The Constitution gives the pardoning power to the Executive. Do you suppose that Congress can usurp that power, and take it from the President where the Constitution placed it?'

To this he replied, that President Johnson once remarked in the Senate, in regard to talk about the Constitution, that it was well to spot the men who talked about it. It was, he said, just before the war, when the secessionists talked about the Constitution.

'The remark,' said I, 'was opportune, and well put at the men and the times. The secessionists claimed, and many of them honestly believed, that their States had the right to secede, that there was no constitutional power to prevent them. So feeling and so believing, they searched the Constitution and appealed to it for any prohibition against secession. The appeal was absurd, according to your and my views, because the Constitution would not and could not have a clause empowering a fragment, a single State, to destroy it. Secession was a delusion which had had its run, yet the men were generally scrupulous to observe in other respects the organic law, and, while meditating and preparing for the overthrow of the government, their persistent appeals to the Constitution provoked the remark of Mr. Johnson to which you allude.

'While, however, the secessionists professed to, and generally did regard the Constitution, the radicals openly trample upon it, and many express their contempt for it. The secessionists claimed that they violated no principle, or power, or limitation, in their act of secession. The radicals do not claim, or pretend to regard any principle, or power, or limitation, of the Constitution when they establish military governments over states of the South and exclude them from their rights.

'When President Johnson made his remark, it was to contrast their appeals to the Constitution in all other respects, while secession itself was destructive of the Constitution which they held in reverent regard.'

'Would you,' said he, 'allow the rebels to vote and take the government of their States into their own hands?'

I replied that I knew not who were to take the government of those states in hand but the intelligent people of the states respectively to whom it rightfully belonged. The majority

must govern in each and every State in all their local and reserved rights — other sections are not to govern them. A majority of the voters (and they decide for themselves who shall be voters) is the basis of free government. This is our system. Georgia must make her own laws, her own constitution, subject to the Constitution of the United States, not to the whim or will of Congress. Massachusetts has no power to prescribe the form of government of Georgia, or to govern the people of that State as a State. Nor is Georgia to give government to Massachusetts.

Grant said he was not prepared to admit this doctrine. It was something of the old State rights doctrine — and he could not go to the full extent of that doctrine. He looked upon Georgia and the other states South as territories, like Montana and other territories. They had rebelled, been conquered, and were to be reconstructed and admitted into the Union when we felt that we could trust them. It was for Congress to say who should vote, and who should not vote, in the seceding States as well as in Territories, and to direct when and how these States should again be admitted.

That I told him was not only a virtual dissolution of the Union, but an abandonment of our Republican federal system. It was establishing a central power, which could control and destroy the States, — a power above and beyond the Constitution, — and I trusted he was not prepared to go that length, but if he was, I hoped he would avow it. For my part I clung to the old system, the Constitution and the Union, and favored no radical theories of central power.

'Well,' he said, 'he did not believe we could either convince the other, and we had better dispose of our business.'

I remarked that one of us was right and one wrong, and that it should be the object of each to put himself right, regardless of all partisanship, commitments, or preconceived opinions. This he admitted most fully.

There were other points which in this hasty memorandum written immediately after its occurrence, I have not penned, but the essential points I have sketched, and have as far as I could used the very words. On the whole, I did not think so highly of General Grant after as before this conversation. He is a political ignoramus.

General Grant has become severely afflicted with the Presidential disease, and it warps his judgment, which is not very intelligent or enlightened at best. He is less sound on great and fundamental principles, vastly less informed than I had supposed possible for a man of his opportunities. Obviously he has been tampered with, and flattered by the radicals, who are using him and his name for their selfish and partisan purposes.

*Saturday, August* 31, 1867.

Had a pleasant talk with the President this evening. He has great capacity, is conversant with our public affairs beyond most men, has much experience, possesses great firmness, sincere patriotism, a sacred regard for the Constitution, is humane and benevolent. Extreme men and extreme measures he dislikes; secession and exclusion are alike repugnant. The radicals accuse him of being irritable and obstinate, but the truth is he has been patient and forbearing, almost to infirmity, under assaults, intrigues and abuse. Had he been less yielding, less hesitating, more prompt and decided, had he met radical error and misrule at the threshold, checked the first innovations on his prerogative, dismissed at once faithless public officers, he would have saved himself and the country many difficulties.

It is one of his greatest weaknesses that he has no confidants, and seeks none. No man should hold such a position without tried and trusty friends to whom he can unbosom himself, and with whom he can consult and advise freely on all questions. To me, perhaps, he has been as free and as communicative as to any one, and yet there has been constant reserve. Many of his most important steps have been taken without the knowledge of any of his Cabinet, and I think without the knowledge of any person whatever. He has wonderful self-reliance and immovable firmness in maintaining what he believes to be right, is disinclined to be familiar with men in prominent positions, or to be intimate with those who fill the public eye. There are around him too many little busy-bodies, almost all of whom are unreliable and often intentionally deceive him. It is a misfortune that he permits them to be so familiar; not that he means they shall influence him on important questions, but in appointments they sometimes have influence and mislead him. He does not make these fellows his confidants any more than greater men, but they are intrusive, glad to crowd around him, when men of mind and character will not intrude uninvited, and he invites none. Yet he willingly listens, receives information and suggestions, but without reciprocating.

Coming into the Presidency under peculiar circumstances, he has hoped to conciliate Congress and those who elected him, without making proper discriminations as regards men, and the conflicting views of his supporters on fundamental questions. Many of the Republican members were kindly disposed towards him and believed in the Lincoln policy which he adopted. These he could and should have detached from the extremists. They were not leaders — not radicals at the beginning — like himself, they were sincere Republicans, but not having the faculty of receiving and giving confidence, these passive men were treated coolly, as were the radicals who constituted the positive element opposed to him as well as to Mr. Lincoln before him. Stanton who conformed to this policy in Mr. Lincoln's time has been a constant intriguer with the radicals to thwart the President. Seward and Weed undertook, with Raymond and partisans of this school, to make a division, but Raymond was so uncertain and unreliable that the really honest and worthy men, while acknowledging his genius, despised his pusillanimity. Like Seward himself, Raymond became a source of weakness, a positive injury. For a time he assumed, under Seward's management and givings-out, to be the organ of the administration on the floor of the House; but under the irony and sarcasm of Thaddeus Stevens, who ridiculed his conscientious scruples, he soon stood alone. The President really had no organ or confidential friend in the House, no confidant who spoke for him and his policy among the Representatives. Seward and Weed, to whom he listened, alienated the Democrats and almost all of his friends.

*Monday, September* 2, 1867.

General Grant has issued an order forbidding the District Commanders from reinstating through other courts any of the removed civil officers displaced by themselves or their predecessors. This order is in bad taste and in a bad spirit, prompted without doubt by radical advisers. The manifest intention is to keep Sheridan and Sickles appointees in place, to antagonize the President, to defeat his intentions, provided he thinks it proper and correct for the public interest to reappoint one or more of the local State

officers who may have been unfairly displaced.

*Tuesday, October* 8, 1867.

An application from Mr. Siddons of Richmond for a pardon was presented by the Attorney-General. Siddons says he had opposed extreme measures, was in retirement when invited to the War Department of the Confederacy, did what he could to mitigate the calamities of war while in that position, made himself unpopular thereby, had taken the Union oath, etc., etc. Seward thought it best to postpone the subject until after the election, when it might be well to grant the pardon, for Siddons was a harmless old man, and undoubtedly true to the Union.

I said that I had no spirit of persecution in me, that two and a half years had passed since the rebellion was suppressed and I thought it unwise and unjust to continue this proscription. I was, therefore, ready at any time to consider favorably such an application as Mr. Siddons'.

General Grant said very curtly and emphatically, that he was opposed to granting any more pardons, for the present at least. This seemed to check the others, who expressed no opinion. I remarked, if as a matter of policy it was deemed expedient to delay three or four weeks until the November elections had passed, I would not object, but I thought the time had arrived for the display of some magnanimity and kindly feeling.

A year since General Grant expressed to me very different views from those he now avows. Said he was ready to forgive the rebels and take them by the hand, but would not forgive the Copperheads. He is pretty strongly committed to the radicals, is courting and being courted.

After the Cabinet adjourned, Stanbery, Browning, and myself remained with the President and had twenty minutes talk on the condition of affairs. Browning said that Governor Cox was spoken of as a suitable man for Secretary of War, provided he would take the place. Stanbery said he had not before heard Cox's name, but he thought it would be an excellent selection. Grant being *ad interim*, it was important the change should take place and Stanton be removed. Cox would hold on to the close of the session. I enquired if he was firm and reliable, and if he would stand by the President against Congress and General Grant, if they resorted to revolutionary measures, which from certain indications are not improbable. On that point neither of them was assured. I named Frank Blair as a man whom Grant respected and Stanton feared, who had courage and energy to meet any crisis, and who would be a fearless and reliable friend of the President and of sound constitutional principles. Browning responded favorably, Stanbery said nothing.

The President, after the others left, expressed himself favorably to Blair. I urged the point farther. Told him Seward would be likely to object, but that, I thought, ought not to influence his action. I did not hesitate to tell him my apprehensions of Sherman, that if Grant opposed the administration Sherman would be likely not to support it.

Something had been said of Tom Ewing, senior, for a Cabinet officer. He is too old for such a period as this; but I thought him right on present questions, and if here, he might have influence with Sherman, who married his daughter. I doubted, however, whether he would detach Sherman from Grant. The President spoke of Sherman's intellect as being superior to Grant's. I acknowledged that he had more genius and brilliancy, but had

not the firmness, persistency, and stubborn will which are the strong points of Grant, who is not a very enlightened man. Whenever the two are associated, Grant's obstinacy will make his the master mind, and if there were to be antagonism with Grant, the President might have to depend on some other man than Sherman.

The President said that Grant had gone entirely over to the radicals, and was with Congress. I told him that was my opinion, and I was fearful he was so far involved that he could not be withdrawn from mischievous influences. The elections of to-day may have their influence however in this matter.

*Saturday, October* 19, 1867.

Time has been wanting for some days to enter occurrences. The President informs me that he called on General Grant in pursuance of my advice. He went to the War Department last Saturday, a week to-day, and consulted in a friendly way with General Grant, — told Grant he could not be ignorant of the schemes and threats that were made, and must be aware that it was his (the President's) duty to be prepared to vindicate the rights of the Executive, to maintain the Constitution, and resist invasions and usurpations.

Should an attempt be made to depose or arrest him before trial or conviction, if impeachment were attempted, he desired to know if he would be sustained and whether officers in high position would obey his orders.

He says Grant met him frankly; seemed to appreciate fully the question and the object of his enquiry; said he should expect to obey orders; that should he, Grant, change his mind he would advise the President in season, that he might have time to make arrangements.

Under these declarations the President thought he might rely on General Grant. He could, after this avowal, press the point no farther.

In this, I think he was correct. Grant will make good his word, and act, I have no doubt, in good faith. I so said to the President, and expressed my gratification that the interchange of views had taken place. At the same time I requested him to continue and increase his intimacy with Grant, who though not intelligent seems to be patriotic and right-minded, but the radicals of every description are laboring to mislead him. Defeated in the recent elections, and with public opinion setting against the obnoxious measures, the scheming intriguers begin to rally around Grant, speak of him as their candidate for President; not that they want him, but they are fearful he will be taken up by the Democrats.

*Wednesday, October* 23, 1867.

Randall says that Boutwell disavows any intention of arresting, or attempting to arrest the President before impeachment and conviction. Says it cannot be done, and does not favor the scheme of Stevens to that purpose. If this is so, the conversation of the President with General Grant is already having its effects. Boutwell is a fanatic, a little insincere — violent, and yet has much of demagogic cunning. He has been, and is, for making Grant the radical candidate for President. He has the sagacity to see that with Grant opposed to them, the radicals would be annihilated. Grant had, therefore, I infer, admonished Boutwell that he cannot be a party to any movement for arresting the President before trial and conviction, and will not be an instrument in such a work. This accounts for Boutwell's declarations to Randall. I so stated to the President this afternoon, and he seemed struck with my explanation.

*Saturday, November* 30, 1867.

A long and serious illness has prevented me from recording some important events. Yesterday, though weak and debilitated, I for the first time in four weeks attended a Cabinet meeting. When last at the Council room I was quite ill, came home and went on to my bed which I did not leave for twenty-one days, except once, on the 7th, for a few moments, which did me no good. Thanks to a good God, my health is restored, for which I am indebted to the faithful nursing of the best of wives, and the kind attention of my physician.

Little of interest was done in Cabinet yesterday. The President and all the Cabinet manifested great pleasure on seeing me. Each of them has been friendly in calling during my illness, the President sometimes twice a day.

To-day the President laid before us his annual Message. A sound, strong, good document.

After its perusal, and running criticism, he submitted a letter addressed to the Cabinet, stating the condition of affairs, the proposed impeachment, and the proposition to suspend the President, or any officer when impeached, until after his trial and judgment by the Senate. There was great uncertainty of opinion on the subject in the discussion.

That the President should submit to be tried if the House preferred articles, was the opinion of all. That he should consent to, or permit himself to be arrested or suspended before conviction, was in opposition to the opinion of each and all.

General Grant said it would be clearly *ex post facto* to pass a law for suspension in the case of the President, and unless the Supreme Court sustained the law, it ought not to be submitted to. If Congress should pass a law directing that officers should be suspended whenever the House impeached the officer, that would be a different thing. Then it would be the law, known in advance.

I agreed with General Grant that a law in the President's case would be *ex post facto* and therefore to be resisted, if attempted. But I went further and denied that Congress had authority to suspend the President — the Executive — a coördinate branch of the government on the mere party caprice of a majority of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Randall was very emphatic in denouncing such a movement as destructive to the government.

General Grant said he thought a mere law of Congress would not justify suspension or authorize it, but that there should be an amendment of the Constitution to effect it.

We all assented that if the Constitution so ordered, submission was a duty, but not otherwise.

A few days since, the Judiciary Committee, who have been engaged by direction of the House to search the Union, ransack prisons, investigate the household of the President, examine his bank accounts, etc., etc., to see if some colorable ground for impeachment could not be found, made their several reports. A majority were for impeachment. Until just before the report was submitted, a majority were against, but at the last moment, Churchill, a member from the Oswego, N. Y., district, went over to the impeachers. Speculators and Wall Street operators in gold believed that a resolution for impeachment would cause a sudden rise in gold. Unfortunately for them, no rise took place, but there was a falling off. If Churchill was influenced by the speculators, as is generally supposed, his change did not benefit them, and in every point of view was discreditable to him.

Boutwell, who made the report to the House, is a fanatic, impulsive, violent — an ardent, narrow-minded partisan, without much judgment, not devoid of talents, with more industry than capacity, ambitious of notoriety, with a mind without comprehension and not well-trained; an extreme radical, destitute of fairness where party is involved. The report was drawn up by Thomas Williams of Pittsburg, a former partner of Stanton's, a rank disorganizer, a repudiator, vindictive, remorseless, unscrupulous, regardless of constitutional obligations and of truth as well as fairness, [who] was put upon the Committee because he had these qualities. The other three gentlemen of the majority may be called smooth-bores, men of small calibre, but intense partyism. The report and its conclusions condemn themselves, and are likely to fail even in this radical House. Whether such would have been their fate had the election gone differently, is another question. The voice of the people [1] has cooled the radical mania, and checked their wild action.

[1] The recent elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

*(To be continued.)*

# IN THE RAINY SEASON

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

Across Vancouver harbor the mountains loomed dimly blue in the deepening twilight. High up on the steep, rocky slope was a big brushwood fire, and its warm, red glow was reflected, pastel-like, in the clouds above and the quiet water below. Down on the shore of the inlet a heap of sawmill refuse was burning, and between us and the blaze towered a tall square-rigged ship — a black network of spars and ropes against the glare. Cityward a huge white shape, a little ghostly in the dusk, but graceful even now, told where the Empress of India lay in her berth at the Canadian Pacific wharf. Pushing hard against the swift incoming tide, we swung round the point, threaded the Narrows, and struck out upon the broad, dark, lonely waters of the Gulf of Georgia.

By morning we were in a land of granite and sandstone, where the islands rose steeply out of the sea in lofty hills and mountains, with no level shores, no sandy or pebbly beaches, no green meadows or grassy intervals. The sky was gray and gloomy, and the wind that came down the channels was looking for the marrow of one's bones — and found it. There were spurts and dashes of rain, and torn shreds of mist went trailing along the hillsides or climbed slowly up the forest-clad slopes to join the heavy clouds that hung low overhead. In the higher ravines the tops of tall trees stood up out of snowdrifts fifty or a hundred feet deep.

A day or two later we sat in a handloggers' shack on the shore of a small, land-locked bay, where, under the shadow of the hills, our launch lay at

anchor. The rain was roaring on the roof, a brook was brawling under the floor, and through the flimsy walls, made only of rough stakes split out of red cedar logs with an axe, the damp, chilly wind blew whithersoever it listed. There was not much use in shutting the door, and most of the time it stood wide open. Looking out, one saw the inlet all black and white under the pelting of the storm, with the forest standing guard around it, dark and gloomy and solemn. The cedars drooped their branches mournfully, as if they had lived under dull gray skies, weighted down with snow and rain, and wrapped in wet, clammy mists, till they had lost all hope of ever being cheerful again.

'It is n't as pretty as the woods back east,' the Civil Engineer remarked.

He was right, without a doubt. 'Pretty' is not the word for the splendid robe of trees and undergrowth and mosses that is the glory of British Columbia. For one thing, the rich, live, virile tints of the hardwoods are almost entirely absent, and the coloring is left a little dull and sombre, for nearly every tree is an evergreen, and an evergreen forest is never as green as a deciduous one in summer. There is much dead timber, also, to add its tinge of gray or brown, and the straight, lancelike lines of the bare trunks, shorn of their bark and branches, together with the sharp, steeple-like tops of the living, give the whole landscape a strange 'up-and-down' effect. For this is the western 'Country of the Pointed Firs.' The rolling billows of foliage that make up a forest of oak or maple or beech are missing here, and in their place is something that looks like a city of church spires set as close as they can stand. It is as if the hillsides were stratified in thin, strongly-marked layers that stand on edge instead of lying flat one upon another. It is interesting, but it is not always pleasing. And that day, under that leaden sky, with every branch and twig dripping with rain, the world was dreary and woebegone.

But if it was not pretty it was imposing. Beside the giant cedars certainly, and spruces and balsams and hemlocks that stood guard round our little harbor, those of the east would have been but dwarfs and pygmies. Everything was on the scale of Brobdingnag. And it was more than imposing, for there are few scenes anywhere that have more of character and individuality than these woods and hills and mountains. There is something in them of sadness and mournfulness, and yet of strength and dignity — something of the look of one who has lived in the wilderness till solitude has put its ineffaceable mark upon him, and he no longer knows how to mingle with his fellows, yet who has grown strong through loneliness and has learned to lean on himself and be quiet. They are wild and desolate, but they are big and strong and noble, and one night we were shown what British Columbia can do when it really tries to be beautiful — not pretty — beautiful.

It had been raining all day, as usual, and it was still raining when, after supper, we stepped into the skiff and pulled out to the launch. Through the early evening we sat in the cabin, copying timber-estimates, figuring totals, and laying out the work for the morrow; but about ten o'clock we went out for a drink from the tin gasoline cans that stood on the after deck, and did duty as fresh-water casks. The clouds had blown away, the stars were flashing, the moon rode high, and the inlet was a great, flawless mirror for the mighty woods that stood looking down, silently, tranquilly, on their own images in the bright, still water at their feet. Everything that was ugly, everything that was ragged or unkempt — the

gray nakedness of the dead trees, the dull tints of the living, the ragged foliage of the cedars, the slime of the rocks uncovered by the falling tide — all that could possibly offend or fail to please, was hidden, or, rather, was left unrevealed; and all that was lovely and gracious stood forth in the glory of the moon. And it was all so clean — so marvelously pure and stainless and undefiled. No coal-smoke ever came there, save possibly, once in a long while, a stray whiff from the funnel of a passing steamer. The nearest dust was two hundred miles away. For weeks and months the rains had been washing the air of every impurity, and perhaps there was not in all the world, that night, a spot where the stars shone brighter, or where woods and water and sky seemed fresher from the hand of God.

But the next morning the clouds were hard at work again.

They are not like the clouds of other lands. Thunder and lightning are almost unknown to them. The mighty masses of cumulus, the shifting mountain-ranges and the fairy castles and fortresses that come and go in other skies, are far less common here. There are mountains enough without them. The blue-black nimbus is non-existent. The silver lining, if there be any, is usually invisible. Even the glowing colors of morning and evening are generally absent, for the sun rises in obscurity and sets in impenetrable vapors. One might almost say of them that they are not clouds at all, but cloud. They have character, perhaps, but not individuality, for they exist chiefly as a vast gray curtain, stretching from horizon to horizon, blotting out sun, moon, and stars, and making of the blue sky a distant memory. Fragments are constantly torn off by the winds, it is true, and go wandering about like lost souls, between the mountains and up and down the channels, flinging careless draperies over the woods and headlands, and presently passing on and leaving them bare again. But they have no more form or outline or personality than a wisp pulled from a roll of cotton batting, and the moment they touch their parent-cloud they vanish into it as their own raindrops disappear in the salt-chuck.

It is not their business to furnish noise or illumination, or to produce picturesque effects. Their mission in life is to supply rain at very frequent intervals throughout a very large portion of the year; not necessarily heavy or violent rain, but simply rain, just plain rain. And more rain, and more, and more, and more, and still more, and then some. And they are fully prepared to meet every possible demand without any irritating delays. There is no nonsense about them — no hesitation. They get right down to brass tacks and deliver the goods. If you don't like it you may go where there is n't any rain at all.

But one thing, at least, may be said for them. When their year's work is done they abandon the field entirely. There is nothing half-way about them, nothing petty or small. They reign (!) supreme as long as they possibly can, and then, for the time being, their abdication is complete. Perhaps they know that it will be only a little while before they come to their own again.

That radiant vision, when for an hour or two the moon and the stars looked down from a flawless sky, was the beginning of the end. It was May, and within a week there came a day that was different from any that had gone before. The sun shone hour after hour, the inlet lay smooth and shining as glass, the air was soft and balmy as a tropic night, and water and woods and hills and mountains were all alight with the beauty of the Northland in

its fairest and loveliest moment — a beauty and a loveliness that the South will never know. There was a real sunset that evening, and the giant trees stood transfigured in the warm, rich light from the glowing west. Only one small cloud broke the clear brightness of the sky, and that one was not like the clouds that had haunted us so long. Those had hung low and heavy, so low that they often rested on the hillsides or even on the chunk itself, and they were wet, draggled, and tearful, and ready to weep at the very slightest provocation. This one floated very high and very far away — a trifle heavier, perhaps, than a wisp of cirrus, but much too light and airy for a rain-cloud — a harbinger, not of storm, but of fair weather. The rainy season was broken at last, and summer had come to British Columbia.

# ART PRATTLE

BY ELIHU VEDDER

I HAVE been asked many shrewd questions in my day. A seemingly eternal one is: 'Why don't you write about Art?' I only wish I could — if I could do so like Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Frederick Leighton or a La Farge; but I cannot. The art is there, but it is not the art of writing, and that is the real truth and ought to prevent the question being asked. I could indeed swell up a little, but I could not stay swelled up. There is another reason; namely, my belief that a boy will follow a band when he will not follow advice. Therefore should I write of Art, I should invite my friends to something more like a circus than a sermon. Yet the art would be there, and the love of it, and, I should hope, the boys also.

Yet I envy these men; I mean with a noble envy, a mixture of admiration and regret. Would I change with them? No; I am like the turtle who, I dare say, would not change his own snug shell for another (even if the other were encrusted with diamonds and decorations) if it did not fit him.

How is this: you start to write about Art and end by writing about yourself? That is what I started out to do. Somewhat egotistical? Yes, very. A good likeness? Fairly good — of one side of me.

When a boy, in one of my foolish moments, I remarked to my brother that when I became a man I hoped I might have a son who would turn out to be a great artist.

'Why, Ell,' said he, 'why don't you try to become one yourself?'

This gave me something to think on, and I did try. If an artist is a man who makes his living out of his art, and if the boy is father to the man, I have succeeded in carrying out part of the programme at least: that is, I have made a living. But that has nothing whatever to do with art. With some it is business talent, with me it has been pure good luck, and it is lucky it is so.

### ART-PRATTLING

It is all folly, this seeking to limit the function of art to any particular form.

Anything, in whatever form or combination of forms, which can cause those forever separate but forever living, striving self-atoms, each with its little speck of soul and immortality, to draw near together, is its true, highest and only cause for being, and will forever be the answer to that eternal discontent of the non-creator or non-producer. Anything which breaks down the barrier of body and allows one soul to see another face to face and vibrate in unison, is legitimate art enough for me. Amen.

Art education should be strictly confined to the imparting of knowledge, such as perspective (for there is as much perspective in a face as there is in a façade), training the eye to see, the hand to execute, and so forth. In this matter the artist should be at school all his life. As for style, that should be strictly the result of a man's striving to express his individuality, his desires, his emotions, and his thoughts.

There is no more delightful profession than that of the artist; it makes a round man, and should be a portion of every man's training. There is nothing like it, and I think nothing better; and, I may add, there is nothing more utterly useless than this kind of talk. It is strange what an unaccountable disinclination I feel toward prattling about Art; strange, for it is done with such ease and so well by others. To fumble about this thought like Goldsmith! It may come from my inability to prattle about Art, from the fact that I do not know how to prattle about it, from my never having had much practice in prattling about Art. In any case, there will be little lost but what can be well spared, and by not doing so I shall be saved the mortification of seeing the benevolent eye averted or turned to one of menace. Old Cenino Cenini had a very crisp way of dismissing a subject. When he had told you how to make charcoal for drawing, he would end by saying, 'This is enough for you to know about charcoal.' I say the same, only substituting Art for charcoal. By the way, there is a good deal of most excellent art in charcoal.

### ART ON A FULL STOMACH

Had I as many dollars as there have been made definitions of what constitutes Art, I do not say I should be a multi-millionaire, but I should be well on the way to that modest but assured income I have been sighing for so long. As one definition more or less can do no harm, I also will venture to make one. Art is a beautiful body for a beautiful thought. I will also venture an assertion: that Art began on a full stomach. That cave-dweller who sketched, with a flint on a piece of bone, in such a masterly manner, those reindeer and that hairy arctic elephant, did it when safely entrenched in his cave after a successful hunt, in a leisure moment and on a full stomach; so that, if the origin of things has any value, the theory that artists only work from necessity goes all to pot. So the South Sea Islander decorates his paddle, and, needing no clothes, tattoos his skin with beautiful patterns, driven to it, not by fear or hunger, but by the same spirit which creates in every tribe the ruler, the soldier, the priest, and the medicine-man; the same spirit which creates the bard and the artist. But the artist does not wait until the world is full of art-schools, but (once his stomach full) goes to work, decorating a paddle or canoe; nor does the bard wait until he has gone through college, but without dictionary and ignorant of philology sings the war-songs of his nation.

Having such theories, you can see why I am not so tremendously anxious about the art 'in our midst,' and why I fuss so little about it. I suppose I am all wrong as usual, but so much good

Art was done without all this boosting that I may be pardoned if I doubt its great utility. Still I have no doubt whatever that we shall get, in time and in our own way, just the Art which best expresses us, and just the Art we want and deserve. The moral is — Feed the artist. Don't invite a few to dinner, leaving the rest to come in with the coffee, but invite them all and see what pretty reindeer they can draw, metaphorically speaking, on a full stomach. You will, of course, provide pencils and paper.

There was once some pretty shrewd business done on the Rialto; it was a busy and a pretty scene, not a fussy one like Wall Street. But I dare say Art will come even to Wall Street, when all are fed; but, dear me! some have to eat so much before they are full. And that is the trouble. Our men say: First let us make money enough and then we will attend to the house beautiful. But the time never comes, or when it does they have to get some one to attend to the house for them, and he overdoes it. I am not pitching into any one or anything except exaggeration; I can't abide exaggeration.

That is a mild ending, but it was not the original ending. The original ending was more like the fireworks after a mild Capri day. You finish your dinner, go out under the large arches of the Loggia, light your cigar, and wait for the first rocket. It gets darker and darker, but finally the rocket comes suddenly and sheds a weird light over everything. So here comes the real ending, which I cut out — you will see why.

Having such theories, etc., you can see why I am not anxious to become a president, a secretary or treasurer, or even a humble instructor in one of those art-kindergartens. 'John, you may remove the medals — but leave the cakes and ale, please,' — and thus it is. I have some good friend occupying every one of the positions enumerated above; so even though I am writing in fun, can I leave in such sentiments? Of course not; so I cut them all out, and only put them in again as fireworks.

### ART AND NECESSITY

While recommending for artists the desirability of a modest but assured income, I neglected a digression which would have come in very appropriately, and I now make up for that omission.

When I was young it was held that poverty was essential to the artist; that he would not work without it; also that he was invariably poor and lived in a garret. When I followed my bent and became an artist I felt that, like St. Francis, I was espousing poverty; and when I married, I supposed that the bride had espoused poverty in person. This belief dies hard, and takes a long time about dying.

Let any one look into the matter carefully and he will find that almost every notable artist has been very fortunately situated; either his parents have been well-off, or if poor, his poverty has given him a freedom from the interruptions of society which has amply made up for a little temporary discomfort.

Take the case of Masaccio. Picked up out of the gutter he may have been, but the good monks put him at once into the shop or bottega of one of the best Florentine masters, where, free from the trammels of dress and afternoon teas, he could work out his salvation without interruptions.

The freedom of outright poverty is well illustrated in the case of two men I know. One, much against his will, urged by well-meaning friends, did his duty by society; but the thing being against his nature, he did it badly; so,

having wasted a whole winter for fear of missing a possible purchaser, he at last broke away from the studio and went painting in the Campagna. Of course that day the long-expected purchaser called, and called, as we knew, with the express intention of getting a picture. The other, disregarding all advice, clung to his liberty, and employed it to such good purpose that soon rich men took the trouble of mounting his one hundred steps to secure a specimen of his work.

I advise my young friend, then, first to acquire the business habit, then get into the Paris mill. Select a master who does what he can do most easily and avoids what he cannot do so well, turn the handle, and you — the student — will come out *safe*. If you have anything in you it will be developed, and no harm done; although I did hear an honest man once say, 'I wish to God I could get rid of that smart, cocksure, Beaux-Arts style of mine.'

However, like my old aunt Eveline, 'I make no comment.'

### ART AND BUSINESS

I have always maintained and held forth in and out of season, as my friends can testify, upon the beauty, merit, advisability, morality, and great utility, of a modest but assured income. It prevents envy on the one hand, arrogance on the other, and, I am persuaded, goes as far toward establishing a person pleasantly in the next world, as it undoubtedly does in this. Of those who possess this inestimable advantage, nothing need be said; they are simply to be envied.

Let then the young artist procure a *modest but assured income*. This is accomplished by a careful selection of his parents, although an Indian uncle — now rare — has been known to do as well. If they are not successful, they are at least safe, and so nothing more need be said about them. The next best thing is to be born with the business instinct. Such also are safe; but to be born an artist, and in addition with the business instinct, is assured success. I would most strongly urge, in the case of those born without business talent, the placing of them in a business college as an indispensable preliminary to their artistic career; for although you cannot make business men of them, you may make successful artists. The combination of riches, genius, and business talent is too good to be true; it would be a trust, and spell greatness.

A painter who possessed the business talent determined that while following his profession he would first make money and then paint what he pleased. He succeeded in regard to the money, and seemed pleased with regard to the painting. This painter once made this remarkable remark:—

'Why, V., your studio is full of things which a little work would turn into property.'

Struck by the wisdom of this simple statement, I at once determined to put it into practice, and so from time to time have finished several sketches and other things. I have them yet.

At this time there lived next door to me an Italian painter, a good artist and a good man; I know this because he confided to me the bad behavior of his sons. I told him of this business discovery, and like a good propagandist, before I had put the advice in practice myself, urged him to finish up his sketches and pictures, and particularly to sign everything. He at once did so, and going to South America shortly after, died. At his sale, the widow had ample cause to thank me for my good advice.

This about signing: I once had an exhibition and sale, mostly of little landscapes, street-scenes, etc., painted at Monte Cologniola. It was really

quite a success, and as the boy at the gallery said, 'They went off like hot cakes.' I mention the boy, for it having been found that I had neglected to sign a single picture, and purchasers insisting upon it, the boy was constantly bringing to the studio of a friend near by, batches of pictures for my signature. The boy was wild with delight; praise, and 'going like hot cakes' made it an exhilarating time for me, and I felt as actors feel on receiving their immediate reward. A glamour seemed to surround me; that others felt the glamour you may judge from the fact that 'admittance' was charged and went to swell the already high per cent of the dealers. The young lady who received the admission money, a sweet, pretty girl, I can tell you, under the effect doubtless of the glamour, whispered to me that she wished to say something to me in private, but could not do so in the gallery. I became interested and told her that as it was near the closing hour, I would wait for her down the street. We met, and I gallantly escorted her to a retired ice-cream saloon. Nothing can be more proper than ice-cream. Then she said that she could stand it no longer to see how they were taking in the admission money, and I not getting a cent, and that she thought it her duty to let me know the state of affairs and begged me not to think badly of her for informing me. 'Think badly of you, my dear girl!' — this was not said coldly, — 'I shall always hold you a true friend,' — also adding other things.

Not long afterwards I received her wedding cards and a newspaper cutting; she had married very well, and has to this day my warm wishes for her happiness.

### RABBIA REMESSA

The Italians have a very expressive expression, *rabbia remessa*, anger put back or stowed away, and they consider it a very bad thing for the health, and so mostly *sfogare* themselves, or let their temper out pretty thoroughly, on the spot.

One day when I was a very little boy, on my way to school in Schenectady, the men at Clute's Foundry were throwing snowballs. As I turned to look at them, a snowball struck me on the mouth, and cut my lips, causing them to bleed freely. The pain, the sight of the blood, and above all, the contrast between my size and that of the great bullies, filled me with impotent rage; and my ignorance of the resources of swearing prevented my *sfogaring* myself as I should have done; and so all this rage was put back into my system, from which it has been coming out, little by little, ever since. This *coming out* I find a great help in painting.

As perhaps there may be some one who has not heard the story of the Dutch painter, I tell it.

A person calling on this painter heard a most infernal uproar in his studio: things seemed to be falling, and brass plates flying about, and words as of swearing were heard. The servant came to the door in a state of great anxiety, and told the visitor at once that the master could not be disturbed.

'I should think he could n't be, much more than he is,' said the visitor, 'but what in heaven's name is the matter?'

'He is painting a sky.'

I should not recommend this practice except in the case of skies. I have found it useful myself in case of skies.

### THE FORMULA

Once a man, weary and hot from his long summer day's work up town, was wending his way to the South Ferry. His home was on Staten Island. In anticipation of the cooling breeze on the Bay, with dripping brow he stopped

to refresh himself frequently, but in vain — for it was a very hot day. His last stop brought him opposite a ready-made clothing establishment, and the idea struck him that his comparatively thick coat was responsible for his discomfort. Acting on this thought, he stepped across the street and asked the intelligent attendant if he had anything in the way of a coat more suitable to the season than the one he was wearing — something he could put on at once and that would fit?

'Let me see, let me see,' said the man, 'I think I have just the thing in alpaca'; and after a careful survey of our friend's figure he turned and cried with a loud voice, 'James! bring me a number five — fat.'

The old coat was done up in a neat package, which the purchaser said he would carry himself, for being a suburbanite he had been feeling strange going home without his usual bundle. When relating this incident he remarked to a friend that he had always wondered what he was like, but that now his doubts were set at rest.

'I know what I look like and what I am; I am a number five — fat.' He had found his formula.

### MUD PIES

I have just been looking over a book of criticisms of myself and my work, a thing I have carefully avoided doing for years. I find that I have much to be thankful for, and much that combines amusement with instruction. I find much attributed to me that I have never thought of, and much which my critics have never thought of at all. On the whole, I have been treated far better than I deserve, and so fully that there is nothing left for me to say about myself.

I once defined a real compliment as a truth pleasingly stated; perhaps abuse is truth stated in an unpleasant manner. I give an example of abuse, which, while amusing, contains a lot of truth, only the manner leaves something to be desired. I can only give a few of the good things the writer sets before the reader; the article is quite long and sprightly.

'The exhibition is an unfortunate showing. Some dozen landscapes are so unspeakably bad that it seems incredible they should be hung under any name; devoid of line, color, quality, and everything that belongs to a picture. . . . He has an accurate knowledge of drawing which he does not always use [this is quite true], — and no sense of color at any time [I object to that 'any time']. Therefore his black-and-white work is his best, and his best black-and-white work is that in which his knowledge of drawing is displayed. And this is all there is to it. . . . As for the "Imagination," the "Allegory," the "Ideal," he is credited with striving after, it is well known that he and the school he has followed and the cult they have spawned, are entirely away from any ground connection, and that it is only a matter of time before work of such unbalanced character is given again its right name. . . . "Cup of Death," simply ridiculous — "Negro" — white turban — leading heavy woman in pink down to stream — offering five-o'clock teacup to her mouth! "Soul between Doubt and Faith" — three heads — centre, dark sullen woman — right, light woman, pink wings — left, old man, gray worsted beard. The "Lazarus" and "Sibyl" are monstrosities,' and so forth and so on. Then he becomes real serious and says, 'But the man at his best is seen in the fine lines of the "Cup of Love," with all its blemishes; in the masterly drawing of "Fortune"; in the movement in "Gathering in the Stars." He is over his depth in any other effort here exhibited, and to get over one's

depth in the murky stream of the Unreal is next to Mud.'

You see he ends with a truth. I presume he meant to say, 'is next to being in the mud.' How much nicer, with all its 'blemishes,' is my way of making a living than his. 'May his food profit him!' I am but human, and must say that I prefer my friend Brownell's treatment of the 'Lazarus' to that of this mud-puddler of the Press. I cannot give it all, but give his last finely sustained sentence: —

'In the presence of such a representation in pigment of a living soul of such sweetness, such dignity, such tranquil pensiveness, such pathetic and moving serenity, such a visible record of mysterious yet not awful spiritual experience secretly cherished and intimately sustaining — in the presence of such food for the mind as this, the impressionist who should suggest the shibboleth of "literary painting" might safely be invited by any serious intelligence, nay, by any person of good breeding, to go his way and solace his sterility with the shallowness of his sensuous gospel.'

The contrast in *manner* is rather striking. Perhaps my art needs the eye of a friend. What of it? There are so many arts that for the sake of variety an art of my kind comes in rather well. It reminds me of an incident which happened to W. W. Story. He and a friend were standing behind a priest in St. Peter's, who held in his hand one of those long shovel-shaped Spanish hats, and they waxed mighty merry over it, making suggestions as to what various uses it could be put to. When they had exhausted the theme, the priest turned and gravely said to them in the best of English, 'Gentlemen, I am gratified that my hat has afforded you so much amusement.' Most people only see my hat or my cap, for when I am not wearing a hat I wear a cap. The only defect of the cap is that in trying to get at the brandied cherry which lurks in the bottom of a cocktail, it is apt to fall off.

After all, the artist is only expressing his delight in something, and striving to share his joy with another; at least I think that is what I was made for — and not to deceive or injure some such innocent writer as he of the 'Mud puddle.' After what he has said, the present is past praying for, but he might have left me the future. He must remember that some day he will stand in the presence of his Maker, and — I pause — has he a Maker? Perhaps God has forgotten what He made him for. To make mud pies? Perhaps so.

### SOMETHING ABOUT SCULPTURE

One might compare the flight of the eagle with that of the fly, and draw from the comparison an interesting conclusion. The eagle's flight is straight or curved, and rises or falls, and that is all, except that after a long and stately flight the alighting is apt to be confused or a little ridiculous. The fly, with all his merry spirals and sudden turnings, may alight with the utmost ease. One flight is noble but monotonous; the other, varied but frivolous. The flight I propose is neither the one nor the other. It is only intended for those who know less than I do. Were I writing to an equal it would be to show him that I am such, or, as we all differ, to point out to him the difference; if to a superior, 't would be to show him that he is not so awfully superior, and that in some things perhaps I am his equal, or to take him down a peg.

It is a strange thing about sculpture that ordinary people can endure to read pages about Michelangelo, and yet can settle the question of his 'Moses' in sixty seconds. Let me help them to think a little. Finding themselves in a

darkened chamber lit by a single candle, let them take some object, and holding it so that the light may cross it slantingly or graze its surface, they will see prominences and hollows develop that they never dreamed of. It is thus the designer of the hull of a yacht proceeds when making his model. Now, as in sculpture those inequalities thus brought out represent underlying muscles, bones, or things of importance, the reader may imagine the task that the sculptor has before him, and realize how, like a fly, he has as yet only alighted on the skin. Thus a man in the broad light of day may appear without defects, when by the light of the domestic candle he is found full of them. Now it often happens that the beginner, modeling carefully a leg, for example, by the concentrated light of his studio window, while perfecting the forms as he goes, and slowly turning the revolving stand, finds, when he gets to the place where he began, that the forms do not fit; this is called chasing an outline, and is only one of his many troubles. He finds he has to be omnipresent, as it were, comparing sides which can never be seen together; in fact, the sculptor has his work 'cut out' for him in constantly solving difficulties of which the public has no idea.

Now, coming to the entire figure, we find it has two legs, no more, no less, and that viewed from the side, these coming together, one hiding somewhat the other, we see a certain meagreness, a weak point in the figure viewed as a mass, which is precisely one of the difficulties the sculptor has to contend with. Take St. Gaudens's 'Puritan,' for example: he goes sturdily on his way, with his Bible under his arm and big stick in hand, prepared to preach or pommel, while his ample cloak floats bravely to the breeze created by his own determined stride. A fine conception; but viewed from the side, we see the legs together and then see how the big stick helps to strengthen the base and support the heavy masses above, and also by that time the cloak is seen edgewise, and no longer presents the mass it does in front, where it is amply sustained by the two legs and the staff. Thus the sculptor, like the Puritan, whips the devil round the stump.

We have thus far only treated of the single figure; fancy the difficulties in making a group. As for the painters, they also have their troubles 'cut out' for them, in spite of their glittering generalities. Take design, for instance, a subject Kenyon Cox has treated so thoroughly and so much better than I can, that I turn the reader over to him. Here I imagine my friend who is inferior to me in knowledge saying, 'Well, you have shown that a sculptor cannot make, with all those difficulties against him, a perfect statue.' My answer is, Who ever said he could?

### MODELS AND STYLE

There once came over the face of a little model in Rome, who was posing for me, an expression of such passionate yearning (an expression as soulful as that seen in the beauty with bandaged chin in the complexion advertisement) that I asked her, —

'What on earth are you thinking of?'

'I am wondering if it is eleven o'clock yet.'

Anderlini was a Florentine model of the old days. He had received the rudiments of an education, and used to boast that he had studied 'the humanities.' Instead of which it was noticed that little things, such as matches and cigars, used to disappear in the studios where he worked. One night when he was posing in Galli's Accademia, and all were working in silence, some one remarked aloud, —

'Anderlini, they say you steal; that

you are little better than a thief; how is this?'

'*I*, a thief! *I*, steal! — Impossible!'

'Yes, they say little things will disappear where you work.'

'Ah, yes; little things, perhaps. I see a cigar, — I would not think of stealing that cigar; I merely take it. There is a great difference between robbery and taking. I am incapable of the one, while I will admit I might do the other, which after all is only a little momentary weakness.'

Strange how I remember the name of another Florentine model — Brina. He was perfectly honest and perfectly uninteresting. There were not many models in Florence then, — quite different from Rome, in which there were almost too many. They say that now they are not lacking in New York. It was not always so, for I remember needing a model on one of my visits. I asked if there were any, and was always answered, 'Yes'; but it invariably turned out to be a certain Miss X or one other. I sent for the other, and the young lady came, — most frigidly respectable. When she was ready, she asked coldly:

'Will you please tell me what position I am to assume?'

Good Lord! I felt like telling her to throw a back somersault or a handspring, — anything to break the chill. I think she could never have posed for anything but that young lady in the magazine who is represented as 'turning sadly, as she placed her hand on the knob of the door.' One does n't want a circus, either. I don't know what one wants, — something human, at least. I know I did n't want the 'other.' How the Italian models open their eyes when told of the prices paid models at home. Judging by results, they must be worthy of their hire, for in the way of illustrations I can imagine nothing better than the work now done.

I once had occasion to reprove an Italian model for having listened too credulously to the fascinating pleading of a seductive admirer.

'You knew he was lying to you,' I said.

'Yes; but then, he lied so beautifully!' That was Style.

The word is now Style, and it reminds me of those writers who seem to live in some secluded cloister or garden of thought, through which they saunter leisurely, in an atmosphere of over-ripe scholarship, culling from time to time some tempting fruit from their neighbor's orchard, with which, together with the knurly result of their own culture, they furnish forth their table, offering a repast more ostentatious than nourishing. In fact, I think that a writer's great acquirements often stand between him and the reader, and I seem to get nearer to nature through Shakespeare the unlearned, than through Ben Jonson the learned, and infinitely nearer both man and God in the pages of Job, than if they had been written by a graduate of Cambridge or Oxford or Yale or Harvard.

These writers give one the impression that 'something very important is going on,' even when such is not the case; and, indeed, take all things, including themselves, so seriously that they should be prosecuted for trespassing on the domain of the quaint Goddess Fun, were it not that they are quite unconscious how funny they are.

The above looks like a very long postscript, you say; but I don't care, — 'ith no one nigh to hinder; I meant the thing to be funny, not myself; it may be funny taken either way. But what a relief to turn to the refined writer from that atmosphere of the Western story, heavily laden with slang and pregnant with revolvers and murders, where the impression is given that some one is going to be shot every five minutes.

### SYSTEM

I am fond of system. I often try to put my life and studio in order; but then I need some one to keep things in order, for when a fellow has so much to do, and at the same time has to act as body-servant or valet to a pretty particular old man, he has his hands full. Some men are capable of it. I know of one who cut up his canvas and paper into what he called 'my little thirty by forty, or fifty by sixty,' — for so he designated the pictures which were sure to follow. When he went on an outing, all he had to do was to say, 'Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November,' and he knew just how many pictures and water-colors he was going to bring back. And so he ordered before leaving just so many frames and passe-partouts, and set a date for a gallery, and when he got back the sale took place without a day's delay. He once said to me, — and it was good advice, —

'Now, if you have three pictures for sale, don't ask a hundred dollars apiece; that shows that you don't think much of yourself; but ask three hundred apiece. It is easier to sell one picture than three; and asking three hundred dollars makes people think that there must be something in them. So you sell your one, and have two left to send to exhibitions in other cities.'

Leighton was great on system. He wants some pomegranate blossoms for a picture (for whatever flower went into a picture by Leighton was sure to be a handsome one), and he hies him to Italy and makes his studies. But he has so timed his trip that he gets back to London in the morning, takes his bath, his breakfast, his cigar and rest, and at precisely half-past one walks into his studio and finds his model waiting by previous appointment.

I should like to make an oral or written comment, but breath fails me and my brain reels. Well, V., do you or do you not like system? I don't know; I am only writing for fun, and there does seem something funny about it, — don't you think so?

### THE FLY-SPECK

I presume most of my readers know the story of the Hebrew scholars and jot or tittle. This jot or tittle is a dot used in writing Hebrew, which modifies the sense or pronunciation of words, and is of great importance, for the Good Book warns us that we may have a hot time if we tamper with it. Now certain wise men, finding one in the Scriptures which changed the meaning of a sentence, thus giving a new reading, were about coming to blows, — a handy way of settling some things, — when one whose spectacles were better than those of his *confrères* discovered the jot to be no other than a fly-speck. A friend, writing to me, says that something reminded him of my fly-speck story. At first I could not remember being the happy possessor of a fly-speck story, but gradually it came to me that I did once tell at the Club something which seemed to revolve on a fly-speck, and which is my story beyond a doubt. It is this: —

In Perugia there was a certain Count Meniconi who owned two beautiful little pictures. Wishing to sell them, and thinking that perhaps it might help him to do so, he kindly allowed me to copy them both. Were they mine, I should most certainly hold them to be the work of Rafaello when young. Of course they are like Perugino, but an owner can see beauties hidden from others. One represents a St. Christopher with the Bambino on his shoulder; the other a most delightful young St. John, with slender legs, bearing an equally slender cross. The face of the St. John is remarkable for the great

sweetness of the expression. This expression I labored over, and had almost given up all hope of catching it, when I discovered that it was owing to none other than a fly-speck near the corner of the mouth. Imitating this casual work of the fly, I succeeded in getting perfectly the expression. I had the pictures photographed, and sent the Count as many copies of them as he desired.

Some time afterward, a gentleman called at my studio in the Via Margutta, and on glancing at his card, I saw that he also was a count, of the noble and ancient family of the Malatestas of Rimini. His object was to get photographs of the little pictures. These I gave him, and he was most surprised at my refusing to be paid for them. Thanking me profusely, he took his departure. While holding the door open as he left, I saw him take down from a ledge in the staircase the stump of a cigar he had carefully deposited, with the evident intention of relighting and finishing it when his call should be over.

On this I pondered, and thought that, were I a Malatesta I would never lower myself by such an act; but continuing to ponder, I came to the conclusion that were I a Malatesta, perhaps I could afford to do so.

Everybody must have seen in Florence, under the Loggie of the Uffizi Gallery, the statue of that Florentine worthy, Gino Capponi. He is represented tearing up, with a look of *immenso sdegno*, a sheet of paper or some document, and the act marks, no doubt, what the Italians would not fail to call *un momento psicologico* of great importance in the City's history.

I saw in the *Tribuna*, July 16, 1908, the account of the arrest in Milan of the Marchese Gino Capponi, for smuggling saccharine in a carpet-bag. He and a friend may have to pay a fine of from forty-five to ninety thousand lire. Like my aunt Eveline, 'I make no comment.'

### BEAUTIES AND DEFECTS

There is an old woodcut representing an accountant seated at his desk by an open window. A sudden gust of wind is carrying away the bills through it, while all that remains in his frantic grasp are the pennies and small change. The legend underneath reads, 'Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' This may do in finance, but in Art it admits of a doubt. 'Take care of the beauties and let the defects take care of themselves,' sounds better, and I wish to heaven I had written it and hung it up in my studio, framed like those texts we used to see similarly treated in many homes. Had Bellini, in those charming little pictures attributed to him, stopped to correct all their manifest defects, I fear we should have been deprived of a permanent pleasure. I mean those little things in which Truth with her mirror is represented of an uncertain age and more uncertain proportions; and another, where the very small boat is quite inadequate to bear with safety its charming occupant, and the great globe and the little loves. I know this opens the way for those who cannot draw, to Corot's 'hovering'; and for those who are incapable of feeling and expression, to Millet's expressionless faces, in those instances where he has paid more attention to the expression of the sleeve of a knit jacket, for instance, than to the expression on the face of its wearer; or to the clever penman, relying on the impeccable line of Aubrey Beardsley and nothing else, and so forth and so on. I know (to change Blake's saying slightly) 'the lazy will turn this into laziness,' but the intelligent will follow this advice: Go for beauties with

all thy might, and the defects will take care of themselves. The love and the warmth of Burns make him dearer to us than if he had been a pale, cold, lifeless, funereal urn of perfection.

THE TOSCANO

A worthy Pope once, when pleased with the discourse of an equally worthy Friar, offered him a pinch of snuff. The Friar refused with thanks, and at the same time thanked God that he had not acquired that vice. Whereupon the Pope remarked that he had better get it, as it went so well with his others. I have always been thankful that I acquired the vice of smoking early in life in Cuba, thus saving much valuable time. I have given the *toscano*, a great favorite in Italy, many names, — such as 'gravel-scratcher,' 'test of manhood,' 'bed-rocker,' etc., — for in way of smoking you can no lower go. But the best name for it is 'the last refuge of man.' For I firmly believe that although woman has taken possession of the realm of the cigarette, she will never invade the kingdom of the *toscano*. Here man reigns supreme and may well nail his flag to the *toscano*.

But we must distinguish carefully between the *toscano* and the fair Virginia, she of the slender build, frequently the despair of the new arrival, who seeks in vain to smoke it without previously withdrawing the little reed-like straw. The likeness between them may be best described as that between the muffin and the crumpet. I once asked an Englishman what was the difference between a muffin and a crumpet, and he said he held the crumpet to be the female of the muffin. This also just describes the relationship of the *toscano* and our stogie. When, on my visits home, unable to obtain my favorite, I have hailed with delight the stogie, but must confess that it was something like revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon. However, I was delighted with the native stogie as a substitute, and sought to introduce it to those of the Club, pointing out how heartrending a thing it was to throw away a good Havana (when barely begun), merely to catch the train, when an inexpensive stogie would do as well. I taught my friends how to cut them in two, thus getting two smokes out of one stogie; and that by lighting them in private, that humiliating look of economy might be avoided. I believe my propaganda took effect, and that these 'catch the trains' are smoked to this day, in private; but, on account of the humiliating look, *only* in private.

The *toscano* is an alleged cigar, six and one-eighth inches long. Like Whistler, 'I have measured it.' It is always cut in two by the judicious, for very good reasons: it draws better; it gives two short smokes; you smoke less; and as it has been called strong, while you may waste the cigar, you save the man. Again, as the fair girls who 'confectionate' it, being of a merry turn of mind, frequently mingle with the *flagrant* leaf, hairpins, toothpicks, and *oggetti* too numerous to mention, — so the cutting discloses forthwith this plan of having fun at your expense. Yet, as the *Messagero* receives specimens and publishes lists of things found in *toscani*, I dare say they get some satisfaction out of their pranks after all.

Now as to how the man is saved.

The custom is to cut off the two hard ends; these go to deserving models and studio-men; to the studio-man also goes the stump, which he dries and smokes in a pipe, or sends to his old father in the country. *You* only smoke about an inch of each half, or two inches of the cigar. This moderation saves the man, if it does waste the cigar. I smoke about five a day; that does the business for me, and would most certainly do the business for many a tall fellow.

One more observation: the stumps of *toscani* thrown away in the street are pounced upon by an uncertain class, — much as the sea-gulls pounce on the refuse thrown from a steamer; but I have noticed that the stump of a Havana is passed unnoticed by those who readily stoop to that of a *toscano*.

Michelangelo, when a very old man, was seated one day amidst the ruins of the Colosseum. In my opinion, he was only loafing and waiting his opportunity. A friend, finding him, said: '*Buon' giorno*'; to which the old man at once replied, —

'That's not right; you must ask me, "*Cosa fai?*" [What are you doing?] else what becomes of my celebrated answer, "I am still studying"?'

Should any one ask me at this moment the same question, I should answer, —

'Smoking and thinking.'

Q. What are you thinking about?

A. My life.

Q. And what do you make of it?

A. An unfinished sketch.

After which I would throw away the *mezzo toscano*, well knowing that I had lots of them in reserve.

# A DEFENSE OF WHISTLING

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WHISTLING girls and crowing hens have been bracketed together by the wisdom of the ages, but 'bad ends' have been allotted these ladies, because they have not as yet learned to perform in tune, not from anything inherently bad in whistling *per se*. Unfortunately the proverb has, however, by a fatal association of ideas, reflected on a noble art. Because girls and newsboys pipe 'ragtime' without regard to the diatonic scale, why should my avocation be banned by polite society? It would be quite as absurd to consider singing *outré* because burly baritones persist in roaring 'Wake not, but hear me, Love,' at afternoon concerts; or to put the piano down as vulgar because a certain type of person is always whanging Chaminade out of season. (For my part, I have never discovered Chaminade's season; but then I am only a fiddler.)

My avocation consists in whistling to myself the most beautiful melodies in existence, and I go about in a state of perpetual surprise that no one else does likewise. Never yet have I heard a passing stranger whistling anything worth while; but I have my plans all laid for the event. The realization of that whistle will come with a shock like the one Childe Roland felt when something clicked in his brain, and he had actually found the dark tower. I hope I shall not be

> a-dozing at the very nonce,
> After a life spent training for the

sound, and so lose my man among the passers-by. When I hear him I shall chime in with the second violin or 'cello part perhaps, or, if he has stopped, I shall pipe up the answering melody. Of course he will be just as much on the alert as I have been, and will search

eagerly for me in the crowd, and then we shall go away together, and be crony-hearts forever after. I am constantly constructing romances, each with this identical beginning, for what could be more romantic than to find by chance the only other one in all the world who shared your pet hobby? But I am growing old in the quest, and sometimes fear that I may never find my stranger, though I attain the years and the technique of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The human whistle is the most delightfully informal of instruments. It needs no inglorious lubrication of joints and greasing of keys like its dearest relative the flute. It is not subject to the vocalist's eternal cold. It knows no *inferno* of tuning and snapping strings, nor does it need resin for its stomach's sake and its often infirmities. Its only approach to the baseness of mechanism is in a drainage system akin to that of the French horn, but far less brazen in its publicity.

I love my whistle quite as much as I love my violin, but in a different way. They stand, the one to the other, very much in the relation of my little, profanely-extra-illustrated school Horace to that magnificent codex of the fifth century, the gem of my library. The former goes with a black pipe and a holiday, with luncheon under a bush by a little trout stream; the latter implies scholarship, or else visitors and Havana cigars.

One of the best qualities of the whistle is that it is so portable. The whistler may not even have rings on his fingers, but he shall have music wherever he goes; and to carry about the wealth of Schubert and Beethoven and Chopin is more to me than much fine gold. Brahms is one of the most whistle-able of composers, and my two specifics for a blue Monday are to read Stevenson's Letters and to whistle all the Brahms themes I can remember. I will begin perhaps with concertos, then run through the chamber music and songs (which I prefer without words), reserving the overtures, suites, choral works, and symphonies for a climax. The most ultramarine devils could hardly resist the contagious optimism of a Brahms whistling-bout, and I believe that if Schopenhauer, 'that prince of miserabilists,' had practiced the art, it would have made him over into a Stanley Hall.

Whistling to keep up the courage has passed into an adage, but the Solomons have said nothing about whistling to keep up the memory. Yet nothing is better for the musical memory than the game of 'Whistle.' A whistles a melody. If B can locate it, he wins the serve. If he cannot, A scores one. If the players have large répertoires, the field should be narrowed down to trios, or songs, or perhaps first movements of symphonies. I still feel the beneficent effects of the time when I used to sit with my chum in a Berlin café into the small hours, racking my brain and my lips to find a theme too recondite for him. For such purposes the whistle is exquisitely adapted. One often hears it remarked that the violin is almost human; but the whistle is absolutely human and, unlike the violin, is not too formal to take along on a lark. Though it cannot sing to others

> Of infinite instincts, — souls intense that yearn,

it will stick loyally and cheerily by you through thick and thin, like

> the comrade heart
> For a moment's play,
> And the comrade heart
> For a heavier day,
> And the comrade heart
> Forever and aye.

The whistle is one of the best tests of musical genius. Not that the divine spark lurks behind truly puckered lips,

but you may be sure that something is amiss with that composer whose themes cannot be whistled; although, of course, the converse will not hold. He lacks that highest and rarest of the gifts of God, — melody. Certain composers nowadays, with loud declarations that this is the Age of Harmony, are trying to slur over their fatal lack by calling melody antiquated, a thing akin to perukes and bustles — and sour grapes. By changing the key twice in the measure, they involve us so deep in harmonic quicksands as to drown, momentarily, even the memory of Schubert. If this school prevails it will, of course, annihilate my avocation, for I have known but one man who could whistle harmony, and even he could not soar above thirds and sixths. I shudder when I imagine him attacking a D'Indy symphony!

The whistle has even wider possibilities than the voice. It is quite as perfect and natural an instrument, and exceeds the ordinary compass of the voice by almost an octave. It can perform harder music with more ease and less practice. It has another advantage: in whistling orchestral music, the drum-taps, the double-bass, the bassoon may be 'cued in' very realistically and with little interruption by means of snores, grunts, wheezes, clucks, *et cetera*.

The whistle's chief glory is that it is human, yet single. Sometimes, especially during certain operas, I am inclined to think that when Music was 'married to Immortal Verse' she made a *mésalliance*. The couple seldom appear to advantage together; their 'winding bouts' are sad public exhibitions of conjugal infelicity. Instead of coöperating, each misrepresents and stunts the other's nature. Both insist on talking at the same time, so that you can understand neither one plainly, and, as is generally the case, the lady gets in the first and last word, and shouts poor I. V. down between whiles. You would hardly take her, as she strides about red-faced and vociferous, for the goddess to whom you gave your heart when she was a maiden. But there, you must remember that I am only a fiddler who prefers 'absolute music,' and believes in the degeneracy of opera as a form of art.

The whistle has almost as many different qualities of tone as the voice, although it is so young as still to be in the boy-chorister stage. Who can predict the developments of the art after its change of whistle? I, for one, fear that it will be introduced into the symphony orchestra before long, and this, I am sure, will make it vain, and destroy its young *naïveté*, and its delicious informality. It would be like punching holes into my dear old black pipe, fitting it with a double reed, and using it in the future works of Max Reger as a kind of piccolo-oboe. I go about furtively looking at conductors' scores for fear I may see something like this: —

Whistle I
Whist. II
Whist. Profondo.

But with all my heart I hope that my avocation may not be formalized until after I have hung up the fiddle and the bow on the staff of my life as a sort of double-bar.

# WHAT HAPPENED TO ALANNA

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

A CAPPED and aproned maid, with a martyred expression, had twice sounded the dinner-bell in the stately halls of Costello, before any member of the family saw fit to respond to it.

Then they all came at once, with a sudden pounding of young feet on the stairs, an uproar of young voices, and much banging of doors. Jim and Danny, twins of fourteen, to whom their mother was wont proudly to allude as 'the top o' the line,' violently left their own sanctum on the fourth floor, and coasted down such banisters as lay between that and the dining-room. Teresa, an angel-faced twelve-year-old in a blue frock, shut *The Wide, Wide World* with a sigh, and climbed down from the window-seat in the hall.

Teresa's pious mother, in moments of exultation, loved to compare and commend her offspring to such of the saints and martyrs as their youthful virtues suggested. And Teresa at twelve had, as it were, graduated from the little saints, Agnes and Rose and Cecilia, and was now compared, in her mother's secret heart, to the gracious Queen of all the Saints. 'As she was when a little girl,' Mrs. Costello would add, to herself, to excuse any undue boldness in the thought.

And indeed, Teresa, as she was tonight, her blue eyes still clouded with Ellen Montgomery's sorrows, her curls tumbled about her hot cheeks, would have made a pretty foil in a picture of old Saint Anne.

But this story is about Alanna of the black eyes, the eight years, the large irregular mouth, the large irregular features.

Alanna was outrunning lazy little Leo — her senior, but not her match at anything — on their way to the dining-room. She was rendering desperate the two smaller boys, Frank X., Jr., and John Henry Newman Costello, who staggered hopelessly in her wake. They were all hungry, clean, and good-natured, and Alanna's voice led the other voices, even as her feet, in twinkling patent leather, led their feet.

Following the children came their mother, fastening the rich silk and lace at her wrists as she came. Her handsome kindly face and her big shapely hands were still moist and glowing from soap and warm water, and the shining rings of black hair at her temples were moist, too.

'This is all my doin', Dad,' said she comfortably, as she and her flock entered the dining-room. 'Put the soup on, Alma. I'm the one that was goin' to be prompt at dinner, too!' she added, with a superintending glance for all the children, as she tied on little John's napkin.

F. X. Costello, Senior, undertaker by profession, and mayor by an immense majority, was already at the head of the table.

'Late, eh, Mommie?' said he, good-naturedly. He threw his newspaper on the floor, cast a householder's critical glance at the lights and the fire, and pushed his neatly-placed knives and forks to right and left carelessly with both his fat hands.

The room was brilliantly lighted and warm. A great fire roared in the old-fashioned black-marble grate, and electric lights blazed everywhere. Everything in the room, and in the house, was costly, comfortable, incongruous, and hideous. The Costellos were very rich, and had been very poor; and certain people were fond of telling of the queer, ridiculous things they did, in trying to spend their money. But they were very happy, and thought their immense, ugly house was the finest in the city, or in the world.

'Well, an' what's the news on the Rialter?' said the head of the house now, busy with his soup.

'You'll have the laugh on me, Dad,' his wife assured him placidly. 'After all my sayin' that nothing'd take me to Father Crowley's meetin'!'

'Oh, that was it?' said the mayor. 'What's he goin' to have, — a concert?'

'— *And* a fair, too!' supplemented Mrs. Costello. There was an interval devoted on her part to various bibs and trays, and a low aside to the waitress. Then she went on: 'As you know, I went, meanin' to beg off. On account of baby bein' so little, and Leo's cough, and the paperers bein' upstairs, — and all! I thought I'd just make a donation, and let it go at that. But the ladies all kind of hung back — there was very few there — and I got talkin' —'

'Well, 't is but our dooty, after all,' said the mayor, nodding approval.

'That's all, Frank. Well! So finally Mrs. Kiljohn took the coffee, and the Lemmon girls took the grab-bag. The Guild will look out for the concert, and I took one fancy-work booth, and of course, the Children of Mary'll have the other, just like they always do.'

'Oh, was Grace there?' Teresa was eager to know.

'Grace was, darlin'.'

'And we're to have the fancy-work! You'll help us, won't you, mother? Goody — I'm in that!' exulted Teresa.

'I'm in that, too!' echoed Alanna quickly.

'A lot you are, you baby!' said Leo unkindly.

'You're not a Child of Mary, Alanna,' Teresa said promptly and uneasily.

'Well — *well* — I can help!' protested Alanna, putting up her lip. '*Can't I*, mother? Can't I, mother?'

'You can help *me*, dovey,' said her mother absently. 'I'm not goin' to work as I did for Saint Patrick's Bazaar, Dad, and I said so! Mrs. O'Connell and Mrs. King said they'd do all the work, if I'd just be the nominal head. Mary Murray will do us some pillers — leather — with Gibsons and Indians on them. And I'll have Lizzie Bayne up here for a month, makin' me aprons and little Jappy wrappers, and so on.'

She paused over the cutlets and the chicken-pie, which she had been helping with an amazing attention to personal preference. The young Costellos chafed at the delay, but their mother's fine eyes saw them not.

'Kelley & Moffatt ought to let me have materials at half price,' she reflected aloud. 'My bill's six or seven hundred a month!'

'You always say you're not going to do a thing, and then get in and make more than any other booth!' said Dan proudly.

'Oh, not this year, I won't,' his mother assured him. But in her heart she knew she would.

'Are n't you glad it's fancy-work?' said Teresa. 'It does n't get all sloppy and mussy like ice-cream, does it, mother?'

'Gee, don't you love fairs!' burst out Leo rapturously.

'Sliding up and down the floor before the dance begins, Dan, to work in the wax?' suggested Jimmy, in pleasant

anticipation. 'We go every day and every night, don't we, mother?'

'Ask your father,' said Mrs. Costello discreetly.

But the mayor's attention just then was taken by Alanna, who had left her chair to go and whisper in his ear.

'Why, here's Alanna's heart broken!' said he cheerfully, encircling her little figure with a big arm.

Alanna shrank back suddenly against him, and put her wet cheek on his shoulder.

'Now, whatever is it, darlin'?' wondered her mother, sympathetically but without concern. 'You've not got a pain, have you, dear?'

'She wants to help the Children of Mary!' said her father tenderly. 'She wants to do as much as Tessie does!'

'Oh, but, Dad, she *can't!*' fretted Teresa. 'She's not a Child of Mary! She ought n't to want to tag that way. Now all the other girls' sisters will tag!'

'They have n't got sisters!' said Alanna, red-cheeked of a sudden.

'Why, Mary Alanna Costello, they have too! Jean has, and Stella has, and Grace has her little cousins!' protested Teresa triumphantly.

'Never mind, baby,' said Mrs. Costello hurriedly. 'Mother'll find you something to do. There now! How'd you like to have a raffle-book on something, — a chair or a piller? And you could get all the names yourself, and keep the money in a little bag —'

'Oh my! I wish I could!' said Jim artfully. 'Think of the last night, when the drawing comes! You'll have the fun of looking up the winning number in your book, and calling it out, in the hall.'

'Would I, Dad?' said Alanna softly, but with dawning interest.

'And then, from the pulpit, when the returns are all in,' contributed Dan warmly, 'Father Crowley will read out your name, — With Mrs. Frank Costello's booth — raffle of sofa cushion, by Miss Alanna Costello, twenty-six dollars and thirty-five cents!'

'Oo — would he, Dad?' said Alanna, won to smiles and dimples by this charming prospect.

'Of course he would!' said her father. 'Now go back to your seat, Machree, and eat your dinner. When Mommer takes you and Tess to the matinée to-morrow, ask her to bring you in to me first, and you and I'll step over to Paul's, and pick out a table or a couch, or something. Eh, Mommie?'

'And what do you say?' said that lady to Alanna, as the radiant little girl went back to her chair.

Whereupon Alanna breathed a bashful 'Thank you, Dad,' into the ruffled yoke of her frock, and the matter was settled.

The next day she trotted beside her father to Paul's big furniture store, and after long hesitation selected a little desk of shining brass and dull oak.

'Now,' said her father, when they were back in his office, and Teresa and Mrs. Costello were eager for the matinée, 'here's your book of numbers, Alanna. And here I'll tie a pencil and a string to it. Don't lose it. I've given you two hundred numbers, at two bits each, and mind, the minute any one pays for one, you put their name down on the same line!'

'Oo, — oo!' said Alanna, in pride. 'Two hundred! That's lots of money, is n't it, Dad? That's eleven or fourteen dollars, is n't it, Dad?'

'That's fifty dollars, goose!' said her father, making a dot with the pencil on the tip of her upturned little nose.

'Oo!' said Teresa, awed. Hatted, furred, and muffed, she leaned on her father's shoulder.

'Oo — Dad!' whispered Alanna, with scarlet cheeks.

'So *now!*' said her mother, with a little nod of encouragement and warning.

'Put it right in your muff, lovey. Don't lose it. Dan or Jim will help you count your money, and keep things straight.'

'And to begin with, we'll all take a chance!' said the mayor, bringing his fat palm, full of silver, up from his pocket. 'How old are you, Mommie?'

'I'm thirty-seven, — all but, as well you know, Frank!' said his wife promptly.

'Thirty-six *and* thirty-seven for you, then!' He wrote her name opposite both numbers. 'And here 's the mayor on the same page, — forty-four! And twelve for Tessie, and eight for this highbinder on my knee, here! And now we'll have one for little Gertie!'

Gertrude Costello was not yet three months old, her mother said.

'Well, she can have number one, any way!' said the mayor. 'You make a rejooced rate for one family, I understand, Miss Costello?'

'I *don't!*' chuckled Alanna, locking her thin little arms about his neck, and digging her chin into his eye. So he gave her full price, and she went off with her mother in a state of great content, between rows and rows of coffins, and cases of plumes, and handles and rosettes, and designs for monuments.

'Mrs. Church will want some chances, won't she, mother?' she said suddenly.

'Let Mrs. Church alone, darlin',' advised Mrs. Costello. 'She 's not a Catholic, and there 's plenty to take chances without her!'

Alanna reluctantly assented; but she need not have worried. Mrs. Church voluntarily took many chances, and became very enthusiastic about the desk.

She was a pretty, clever young woman, of whom all the Costellos were very fond. She lived with a very young husband, and a very new baby, in a tiny cottage near the big Irish family, and pleased Mrs. Costello by asking her advice on all domestic matters, and taking it. She made the Costello children welcome at all hours in her tiny, shining kitchen, or sunny little dining-room. She made them candy and told them stories. She was a minister's daughter, and wise in many delightful, girlish, friendly ways.

And in return Mrs. Costello did her many a kindly act, and sent her almost daily presents in the most natural manner imaginable.

But Mrs. Church made Alanna very unhappy about the raffled desk. It so chanced that it matched exactly the other furniture in Mrs. Church's rather bare little drawing-room, and this made her eager to win it. Alanna, at eight, long familiar with raffles and their ways, realized what a very small chance Mrs. Church stood of getting the desk. It distressed her very much to notice that lady's growing certainty of success.

She took chance after chance. And with every chance she warned Alanna of the dreadful results of her not winning, and Alanna, with a worried line between her eyes, protested her helplessness afresh.

'She *will* do it, Dad!' the little girl confided to him one evening, when she and her book and her pencil were on his knee. 'And it *worries* me so.'

'Oh, I hope she wins it,' said Teresa ardently. 'She 's not a Catholic, but we're praying for her. And you know people who are n't Catholics, Dad, are apt to think that our fairs are pretty — pretty *money-making*, you know!'

'And if only she could point to that desk,' said Alanna, 'and say that she won it at a Catholic fair.'

'But she won't,' said Teresa, suddenly cold.

'I'm *praying* she will,' said Alanna suddenly.

'Oh, I don't think you ought, do you, Dad?' said Teresa gravely. 'Do you think she ought, Mommie? That 's just like her pouring her holy water

over the kitten. You ought n't to do those things.'

'I ought to,' said Alanna, in a whisper that reached only her father's ear.

'You suit me, whatever you do,' said Mayor Costello, 'and Mrs. Church can take her chances with the rest of us.'

Mrs. Church seemed to be quite willing to do so. When at last the great day of the fair came she was one of the first to reach the hall, in the morning, to ask Mrs. Costello how she might be of use.

'Now wait a minute, then!' said Mrs. Costello cordially. She straightened up as she spoke, from an inspection of a box of fancy-work. 'We could only get into the hall this hour gone, my dear, and 't was a sight, after the Native Sons' Banquet last night. It 'll be a miracle if we get things in order for to-night. Father Crowley said he 'd have three carpenters here this morning at nine, without fail; but not one 's come yet. That 's the way!'

'Oh, we 'll fix things,' said Mrs. Church, shaking out a dainty little apron.

Alanna came briskly up, and beamed at her. The little girl was driving about on all sorts of errands for her mother, and had come in to report.

'Mother, I went home,' she said, in a breathless rush, 'and told Alma four extra were coming to lunch, and here are your big scissors, and I told the boys you wanted them to go out to Uncle Dan's for greens, they took the buckboard, and I went to Keyser's for the cheesecloth, and he had only eighteen yards of pink, but he thinks Kelley's have more, and there are the tacks, and they don't keep spool-wire, and the electrician will be here in ten minutes.'

'Alanna, you 're the pride of me life,' said her mother, kissing her. 'That 's all now, dearie. Sit down and rest.'

'Oh, but I 'd rather go round and see things,' said Alanna, and off she went.

The immense hall was filled with the noise of voices, hammers, and laughter. Groups of distracted women were forming and dissolving everywhere around chaotic masses of boards and bunting. Whenever a carpenter started for the door, or entered it, he was waylaid, bribed, and bullied by the frantic superintendents of the various booths. Messengers came and went, staggering under masses of evergreen, carrying screens, rope, suit-cases, baskets, boxes, Japanese lanterns, freezers, rugs, ladders, and tables.

Alanna found the stage fascinating. Lunch and dinner were to be served there, for the five days of the fair, and it had been set with many chairs and tables, fenced with ferns and bamboo. Alanna was charmed to arrange knives and forks, to unpack oily hams and sticky cakes, and great bowls of salad, and to store them neatly away in a green room.

The grand piano had been moved down to the floor. Now and then an audacious boy or two banged on it for the few moments that it took his mother's voice or hands to reach him. Little girls gently played *The Carnival of Venice* or *Echoes of the Ball*, with their scared eyes alert for reproof. And once two of the 'big' Sodality girls came up, assured and laughing and dusty, and boldly performed one of their convent duets. Some of the tired women in the booths straightened up and clapped, and called '*encore!*'

Teresa was not one of these girls. Her instrument was the violin; moreover, she was busy and absorbed at the Children of Mary's booth, which by four o'clock began to blossom all over its white-draped pillars and tables with ribbons and embroidery and tissue paper, and cushions and aprons and collars, and all sorts of perfumed prettiness.

The two priests were constantly in

evidence, their cassocks and hands showing unaccustomed dust.

And over all the confusion, Mrs. Costello shone supreme. Her brisk, big figure, with skirts turned back, and a blue apron still further protecting them, was everywhere at once; laughter and encouragement marked her path. She wore a paper of pins on the breast of her silk dress, she had a tack hammer thrust in her belt. In her apron-pockets were string, and wire, and tacks. A big pair of scissors hung at her side, and a pencil was thrust through her smooth black hair. She advised and consulted and directed; even with the priests it was to be observed that her mild, 'Well, Father, it seems to me,' always won the day. She led the electricians a life if it; she became the terror of the carpenters' lives.

Where was the young lady that played the violin going to stay? Send her up to Mrs. Costello's. — Heavens! We were short a tablecloth! Oh, but Mrs. Costello had just sent Dan home for one. — How on earth could the Male Quartette from Tower Town find its way to the hall? Mrs. Costello had promised to tell Mr. C. to send a carriage for them.

She came up to the Children of Mary's booth about five o'clock.

'Well, if you girls ain't the wonders!' she said to the tired little Sodalists, in a tone of unbounded admiration and surprise. 'You make me ashamed of me own booth. This is beautiful.'

'Oh, do you think so, mother?' said Teresa wistfully, clinging to her mother's arm.

'I think it's grand!' said Mrs. Costello, with conviction. There was a delighted laugh. 'I'm going to bring all the ladies up to see it.'

'Oh, I'm so glad!' said all the girls together, reviving visibly.

'An' the pretty things you got!' went on the cheering matron. 'You'll clear eight hundred if you'll clear a cent. And now put me down for a chance or two; don't be scared, Mary Riordan; four or five! I'm goin' to bring Mr. Costeller over here to-night, and don't you let him off too easy.'

Every one laughed joyously.

'Did you hear of Alanna's luck?' said Mrs. Costello. 'When the Bishop got here he took her all around the hall with him, and between this one and that, every last one of her chances is gone. She could n't keep her feet on the floor for joy. The lucky girl! They're waitin' for you, Tess, darlin', with the buckboard. Go home and lay down a while before dinner.'

'Are n't you lucky!' said Teresa, as she climbed a few minutes later into the back seat with Jim, and Dan pulled out the whip.

Alanna, swinging her legs, gave a joyful assent. She was too happy to talk, but the other three had much to say.

'Mother thinks we'll make eight hundred dollars,' said Teresa.

'*Gee!*' said the twins together, and Dan added, 'If only Mrs. Church wins that desk, now.'

'Who's going to do the drawing of numbers?' Jimmy wondered.

'Bishop,' said Dan, 'and he'll call down from the platform, "Number twenty-six wins the desk." And then Alanna'll look in her book, and pipe up and say, "Daniel Ignatius Costello, the handsomest fellow in the parish, wins the desk."'

'Twenty-six is Harry Plummer,' said Alanna seriously, looking up from her chance-book, at which they all laughed.

'But take care of that book,' warned Teresa, as she climbed down.

'Oh, I will!' responded Alanna fervently.

And through the next four happy days she did, and took the precaution of tying it by a stout cord to her arm.

Then on Saturday, the last afternoon, quite late, when her mother had suggested that she go home with Leo and Jack and Frank and Gertrude and the nurses, Alanna felt the cord hanging loose against her hand, and looking down, saw that the book was gone.

She was holding out her arms for her coat when this took place, and she went cold all over. But she did not move, and Minnie buttoned her in snugly, and tied the ribbons of her hat with cold, hard knuckles, without suspecting anything.

Then Alanna disappeared, and Mrs. Costello sent the maids and babies on without her. It was getting dark and cold for the small Costellos.

But the hour was darker and colder for Alanna. She searched and she hoped and she prayed in vain. She stood up, after a long hands-and-knees expedition under the tables where she had been earlier, and pressed her right hand over her eyes, and said aloud in her misery, 'Oh, I *can't* have lost it! I *can't* have. Oh, don't let me have lost it!'

She went here and there as if propelled by some mechanical force, a wretched, restless little figure. And when the dreadful moment came when she must give up searching, she crept in beside her mother in the carriage, and longed only for some honorable death.

When they all went back at eight o'clock, she recommenced her search feverishly, with that cruel alternation of hope and despair and weariness that every one knows. The crowds, the lights, the music, the laughter, and the noise, and the pervading odor of popcorn were not real, when a shabby brown little book was her whole world, and she could not find it.

'The drawing will begin,' said Alanna, 'and the Bishop will call out the number! And what'll I say? Every one will look at me; and *how* can I say I've lost it! Oh, what a baby they'll call me!'

'Father'll pay the money back,' she said, in sudden relief. But the impossibility of that swiftly occurred to her, and she began hunting again with fresh terror.

'But, he can't! How can he? A hundred names; and I don't know them, or half of them.'

Then she felt the tears coming, and she crept in under some benches, and cried.

She lay there a long time, listening to the curious hum and buzz above her. And at last it occurred to her to go to the Bishop, and tell this old, kind friend the truth.

But she was too late. As she got to her feet, she heard her own name called from the platform, in the Bishop's voice.

'Where's Alanna Costello? Ask her who has number eighty-three on the desk. Eighty-three wins the desk! Find little Alanna Costello!'

Alanna had no time for thought. Only one course of action occurred to her. She cleared her throat.

'Mrs. Will Church has that number, Bishop,' she said.

The crowd about her gave way, and the Bishop saw her, rosy, embarrassed, and breathless.

'Ah, there you are!' said the Bishop. 'WHO has it?'

'Mrs. Church, your Grace,' said Alanna, calmly this time.

'Well, did you *ever*,' said Mrs. Costello to the Bishop. She had gone up to claim a mirror she had won, a mirror with a gold frame, and lilacs and roses painted lavishly on its surface.

'Gee, I bet Alanna was pleased about the desk!' said Dan in the carriage.

'Mrs. Church nearly cried,' Teresa said. 'But where'd Alanna go to? I

could n't find her until just a few minutes ago, and then she was so queer!'

'It's my opinion she was dead tired,' said her mother. 'Look how sound she's asleep! Carry her up, Frank. I'll keep her in bed in the morning.'

They kept Alanna in bed for many mornings, for her secret weighed on her soul, and she failed suddenly in color, strength, and appetite. She grew weak and nervous, and one afternoon, when the Bishop came to see her, worked herself into such a frenzy that Mrs. Costello wonderingly consented to her entreaty that he should not come up.

She would not see Mrs. Church, nor go to see the desk in its new house, nor speak of the fair in any way. But she did ask her mother who swept out the hall after the fair.

'I did a good deal meself,' said Mrs. Costello, dashing one hope to the ground. Alanna leaned back in her chair, sick with disappointment.

One afternoon, about a week after the fair, she was brooding over the fire. The other children were at the matinée, Mrs. Costello was out, and a violent storm was whirling about the nursery windows.

Presently, Annie, the laundress, put her frowsy head in at the door. She was a queer, warm-hearted Irish girl; her big arms were still steaming from the tub, and her apron was wet.

'Ahl alone?' said Annie with a broad smile.

'Yes; come in, won't you, Annie?' said little Alanna.

'I cahn't. I'm at the toobs,' said Annie, coming in nevertheless. 'I was doin' all the tableclot's and napkins, an' out drops your little buke!'

'My — what did you say?' said Alanna, very white.

'Your little buke,' said Annie. She laid the chance-book on the table, and proceeded to mend the fire.

Alanna sank back in her chair. She twisted her fingers together, and tried to think of an appropriate prayer.

'Thank you, Annie,' she said weakly, when the laundress went out. Then she sprang for the book. It slipped twice from her cold little fingers before she could open it.

'Eighty-three!' she said hoarsely. 'Sixty — seventy — eighty-three!'

She looked and looked and looked. She shut the book and opened it again, and looked. She laid it on the table, and walked away from it, and then came back suddenly, and looked. She laughed over it, and cried over it, and thought how natural it was, and how wonderful it was, all in the space of ten blissful minutes.

And then, with returning appetite and color and peace of mind, her eyes filled with pity for the wretched little girl who had watched this same sparkling, delightful fire so drearily a few minutes ago.

Her small soul was steeped in gratitude. She crooked her arm and put her face down on it, and sank to her knees.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## THE CRIME OF TALKING SHOP

No greater intellectual service has been rendered in this generation than the development of the interview and special article to their present unique position. A successful manufacturer, in a few unstudied sentences, gives us the explanation of Christian Science; an eminent politician allows a glimpse of unsuspected literary lore; a prosperous novelist solves social and economic problems off-hand; while the hero of a great criminal trial adds to the sum of human knowledge by his utterances on the future of the airship.

Our stupid fathers talked learnedly about 'the argument from authority'; they were blankly ignorant of the omniscience of fame. Just how the attainment of notoriety enriches the mind with stores of facts, is among the mysteries of psychology; but that, in some occult way, the arrival at prominence is synchronous with the possession of expert knowledge, is the experience of every well-read person. Being an editor is thus less occupation than recreation; and serious reading, losing its forbidding aspect, becomes at once education and entertainment. By this advanced method, the greatest thoughts of the greatest minds — which is literature — are conveyed without delay to the mass of their contemporaries.

The old, slow process of permeation and percolation had been superseded by the more rapidly fruitful one of inundation. There is a royal road to knowledge, — fame. And while the famous one may shed his light upon the path of his own ascent, it is far more interesting and more striking to hear him discourse upon topics foreign to his native attention or actual research. Prodigies arouse more curiosity than professors, and the gift of tongues is more convincing manifestation than linguistic training. We have a wholesome fear of the man who talks shop.

The justification of this fear ought to be, and perhaps is, unnecessary. It rests, of course, upon the great democratic principle of equality. There is a dangerous tendency nowadays to apply the higher criticism to the statements of the Declaration of Independence. It is passing strange that the peril in such a procedure should escape the notice of even the most closely immured closet philosophizer. Once let the idea arise that the historic document is not infallible, — is, on the contrary, open to discussion and criticism, not simply of what it means, but of whether what it says is true or not, and where will uncertainty end? In what quarter shall American political wisdom be found? We say nothing regarding the patriotism of such a course. Taking, therefore, the words of the Declaration at their obvious and unstrained signification, we know that any man is the born equal of every other man, if not, as has been wisely observed, his superior. The man who talks shop, consequently, undemocratically, if quietly, assumes and asserts a pretended and unfounded superiority which is as irritating as it is un-American. From what did our forefathers flee to the untamed wilderness if not from a baseless assumption of political wisdom? Parliament had to be taught by drastic measures that the science of government is not esoteric.

The person who talks shop, however, does something worse than outrage our democracy: he commits a serious social crime. The one thing that saves conversation from being utterly a lost art is the highly-developed 'small-talk' of modern society. Did not no less a personage than the great Duke of Wellington speak of it as a grave defect that 'I have no small-talk'? Now what would become of this same small-talk if it became the impossible fashion to talk shop? And what would be the inevitable state of affairs intellectual and social if the present custom of saying pretty nothings were superseded by the barbarism of saying profitable somethings? We should shudder if we were not reassured by the prompt reflection that the fearful catastrophe isn't likely to occur in our discreet day.

But the greatest is behind. Think how completely uninteresting it would be to have to listen to Demosthenes tell how he won the crown, or Socrates how he felt as the hemlock went down, or Leonidas the story of the defeat that made him famous (he was so laconic a talker anyway), or Joan of Arc of those days before Orleans and in Rheims, or — No, no. That is n't what we want. Leave these matters to the professionals in history. Let us hear from Cæsar on woman suffrage, Chaucer on the future of radium, and Horatius on bridge. If possible, let us round up Xenophon, the Bacons, Dante, and Buddha, and, between sips of our best tea, engage them in harmless chat anent Lucy Lissome's scandalous elopement with her fiancé, Dr. Gerlock's (reported) attentions to the widow Stimley, the probable outcome of the wonderful serial running in *The Upper Ten Thousand*, and the marvels of the newest moving-picture show. By tactful management we ought to be able to endow these antique thinkers with some smack of contemporary culture.

## WOOD-SMOKE

Psychologists tell us that of all the senses smell is the quickest to kindle memory. This corroboration of the scientists almost takes away the intimate joy of our discovery that a whiff of mint sauce, even when as yet no nearer than the pantry-door, instantly spreads between us and the damask a green pasture and a sparkling brook. Neither do we like to share with psychologists, or others, the peculiar responsiveness that makes us feel quick tears at the smell of fresh-baked bread — tears born of fair dreams and brave resolves in long-ago convent corridors, fragrant of much baking for many hungry girls. It is pleasanter and more delicate to feel that this olfactory sensibility is not every one's, and that in our own case it is due to the fact that what we have to remember is so peculiarly vivid and sweet — so peculiarly sweeter than the green pastures and fragrant corridors of other people's memories.

And yet, monopolists though we would be of these quick-flashing responses, other people, even Philistines, probably enjoy them in a higher or a lower degree. Indeed, it would be interesting if, after the fashion of autograph albums, we might ask each promising new friend, 'What fragrance is to you most reminiscent, most suggestive?' If the answer were truthful, we might be friends — or not friends — a little sooner, perhaps. At any rate, I am sure I should want to be friends with any one who would confess to being under the spell of wood-smoke!

Ah, wood-smoke! Thing compounded of the swift run of the sap, of the pricking of the first buds, of the pale shimmer of young leaves, of the swift pallor of storm-tossed summer boughs, of the drop of nut, and the rustle of brown and gold and crimson in the

white rime! No wonder thou art a magician, to bring to life again old springs and summers, old lights and shadows, old sounds and old silences, made as thou art of the very secretest powers of life!

And so, small wonder is it that in a high-built street of a factory town, with trampled gray snow under foot and stark black chimneys against a leaden sky, the wood-smoke from a wayside pile of shavings, tended by shivering children, should sweep the canvas clean, and flash on it a sloping green pasture, a tumbling brook, and, in the deepest dimple of the hillside, a gray-shingled spring-house under a lace-leafed thorn tree. In front of the spring-house crackles a big fire; the smoke curls and blows and fades; little darkies throw yellow chips into the blaze, and Aunt Caroline's red bandana glows out of the gray as she turns the linen in the great kettle. On the mullein and the iron-weed round about, on the little thorn-bushes, on the milkweed and the briers, bloom the pink and blue checked pinafores of the children at the 'Big House,' their white ruffled sunbonnets and snowy frocks; on the grass, sniffed at sometimes by strolling sheep, shine the great white tablecloths and the sheets. By the spring-house door hangs a long gourd dipper. Yellow butterflies flicker in and out of the mint and the pickerel-weed and the rushes. Then a child's voice: 'Law, mammy, look yonder! Ef dar ain't Miss Hallie and Mars Abe comin' down de hill! An' ain't dey comin' slow! De hosses is jes' creepin' along like dey was asleep. I'll run an' open de big gate.'

Flash again! The picture's gone. The steam pours out of the escape valves into the mill-canals! The voice of the machinery drowns the little voice of your dream. And for a moment the wheels of your own life seem to stop and waver backwards, forwards, before they drop into the tick of forgetfulness.

Another time! Monday morning in the library! You gather up Cæsar's cigar ashes, and put his pipes into the rack; pipes among which he chooses to suit each varying mood. You beat up the pillows in the window-seat, thinking how badly that brown rep has worn. You take down your turkey-wing and sweep your hearth, eying casually the dullness of the andirons, inwardly questioning when it would be least dangerous to request the stolid and free-spoken Swede also to eye their dullness and to apply her polish. Presto! The dead embers in the fireplace, cold smoke, the little flurry of ashes!

That's the Loire out there between the poplars, under the pearly, sun-rifted sky; and that's Blois, red-roofed, smoke-wreathed, climbing hesitatingly up the narrow crooked streets below you. On the leaded panes of the open casement where you stand, over the great chimney-piece behind you, on a blue background, bristle the gold porcupines of Louis XII. Below the porcupines in the vast fireplace, there is still the black impress of long-ago fires, the faint, close smell of long-vanished smoke in tight-closed rooms.

Ah, ghost of gray smoke-wreaths, spirit of blinking embers, what a magician thou art! The long white hands of Catherine de' Medici herself, in her poison cabinet close at hand, could brew no subtler infusion to stir the blood and fire the brain! In thy train come other ghosts — ghosts of those who lived and loved and hated, and flashed and went out in the light of thy long cold fires. In the deep window-seat, looking down over the red roofs to the dove-gray river, sits la Belle Fosseuse, lifting arch eyebrows from her *Amadis de Gaul* to smile deeply at Amyot. Mary Stuart sweeps a lute with fine white hand, the firelight warm-

ing the cold of the bridal pearls in her ruddy hair. De Guise's narrow black eyes ponder the coals, the ivory pallor of his lean cheeks faintly rose-touched. And as the fire dies down, the great Catherine's beruffed head looks palely in at the door.

'Is it chop or steak you will hef for de childer?' says my Swede at my door. And you go from smoke-wreaths and wraiths to the sunny kitchen and the sweet hunger of children.

But another time! In the Palm Garden at the Plaza. There is a mist of warm fragrances: Java, Orange Pekoe, Orriza violet, fresh violets, sandalwood, roses, Havanas! There is a mist of music surging in and out, shot through with women's laughter. There is the sparkling *staccato* of twinkling gems — the *adagio* of soft color — the *cantante* of silk on silks.

The man next you strikes a match. A keen wind splashes your cheek, a wind compounded of salt seas, of hemlocks filtered through frost. A flame-light fills your fancy, out of which spring pine trees and night-depths of forest. Your camp-fire crackles. Your dog's cold nose is next your cheek. A great brown antlered thing stretches quiet in the shadows. Above, the sharp black tops of the pines point to white stars.

'You ordered a *café parfait*, Madame!'

## SHUANGH CHI'U-ER

HAVE you ever had a rich uncle in China? He is a *sine qua non* of romance. How the old writers of sea-tales for boys loved him, to use him as a starting-point! 'Our young hero,' they would say, 'was mystified one morning by receiving a letter addressed in an unfamiliar chirography, the India-paper envelope bearing strange Oriental stamps,' etc., etc. Oh, unforgettable vistas that he opened! The austere old New England families were rich in uncles, queer branches of the Massachusetts family tree, sprigs flourishing without roots, in the airs of distant, antipodal cities. The uncles in China threw a richer, more golden, mellower, yellower light into the coldly furnished rooms of the Yankee stay-at-home. He did for Boston and the Atlantic port towns what the India House did for London. Aldrich's Bad Boy loved him as I do.

I never had a rich uncle in China, but I am blessed in having other relatives there. What strange and costly broideries, what fantastic carvings, what ugly and venerable idols, encrusted with age, they send me! What endless soberly-fashioned oddities which speak of a civilization so different from ours! Odd and odder still, they make my rooms their home. And oddest of them all, the *shuangh chi'u-er*.

The *shuangh chi'u-er* (an unsuccessful attempt to render the Chinese sounds into English) lie silently upon my desk, but reproach me as audibly as any bland Orientals would ever permit themselves to reproach their host. My sister, who sent them to me, is ridden by the belief that I am a literary man. Every literary man (in China) has *shuangh chi'u-er*. Hence, the bestowal of *shuangh chi'u-er* upon me.

*Shuangh chi'u-er*, although the name may sound like a disease, is not a form of writer's cramp. On the contrary, 'their' purpose is to prevent it. The words mean 'the double balls,' and *shuangh chi'u-er* are two iron balls, an inch or so in diameter, which nestle in the right hand of every Chinese man of letters for hours each day, one being revolved about the other until they are worn bright. They are just large enough to make a handful, and the action of shifting one about the other brings the fingers into play and lends

them that suppleness and digital dexterity which is necessary in the manipulation of the Chinese lettering-pen or fine-pointed brush. Of what a simplicity!

They fascinate me. Since I became their owner I can scarcely desist from handling them hours upon end. By some miracle of welding, the *shuangh chi'u-er* are fashioned hollow, each with a small ball within, which gives forth a gentle, not unmusical clanking, as they are moved. How would *our* civilization ever have conceived such an appliance? Yet they are precisely the thing which the Chinese littérateur, whose proud profession forbids him any manual labor whatsoever, needs to insure skill in the manual practice of his art. I meditate upon them, and the whole curious ethnology of that great and venerable nation seems to be hidden, and yet clamant, within the *shuangh chi'u-er*, as the little globes themselves conceal their faintly-sounding iron hearts.

The wife of my friend the novelist says that it is fortunate her husband does not need to juggle two typewriters in his hands.

Her interjection is frivolous, but suggests some analogies. Do you remember Lafcadio Hearn's speaking of the surprise which is occasioned in the Occidental reader by the widespread facility of beautiful metaphor and simile among Japanese school-children? Hearn goes on to say that while this delightful imagery of speech does exist, it is nevertheless merely the repetition of standard catchwords of the tongue, procrustean figures of speech which have been handed down from age to age, and which in reality bespeak no originality of diction in the child who uses them. Name an object of nature, and the Japanese child hands you from its appropriate closet its appropriate poetic clothes. They are hand-me-downs, says Hearn, and not new-tailored suits.

Is Chinese literature open to this same cavil? I am not a student of it, and cannot say; but the little *shuangh chi'u-er* have suggested that a nation which has been content with old things, old ideas, worn smooth by much handling, may reasonably be supposed to have advanced no further in its literature than it has in its science. I can believe that the long and idle contemplation of the twin spheres might induce a hypnotic stupor, incapacitating the luckless literary grub for any steps along unblazed trails.

And yet who are we Saxons, to sneer at the slaves of the mental *shuangh chi'u-er?* How many of our men of letters have not been ridden by twin incubi of lifeless ideas? I shall expect a later Taine to show that the whole age of Pope was subtly connected, atavistically perhaps, with the dusty classicism of some ancient Chinese Chesterton, or man playing with blocks. And of individual instances: Look at Swinburne, ceaselessly rotating in his mind the two ideas, White Surf and White Limbs; Kipling, dandling Imperialism and Pixies; G. B. Shaw, bondman to the *shuangh chi'u-er* Socialism and Shocking! How musically they clink as they are shifted about in our writer's hand — and how far is our world advanced by their clinking?

Nevertheless, I love my sister's gift. There is as much to be said *for* the constant dwelling upon two ideas, as *against* it. We are told to beware the strength of the man of one idea, the student of one book. The East has watched one nation after another sink into decay; 'the legions thunder by,' while she remains, strong in the fruitful contemplation of the twin ideas, love of ancestry and love of country. My *shuangh chi'u-er* are homely little things, heavy, squat; but they reflect from

their dully polished surfaces a civilization whose patience, fidelity, and strength has lessons for every man vowed to the life of letters.

### THE DEMON CANDY

Not long ago a New York paper published a long and illuminating article in which it estimated that the annual expenditure for confectionery in this country would pretty nearly build two Panama Canals — an interesting figure when compared with the statement of certain physicians that the same phenomenon is in a way to impair several million alimentary canals. Doctors, as the typical citizen with a growing family has had occasion to discover, are not altogether in agreement about the results of candy-eating. There are those who maintain that candy is a most desirable addition to diet, and others who claim with equal vehemence that it should be immediately subtracted. Children, in rare but discoverable cases, are being brought up in ignorance of the dangerous fact — or the dangerous theory, according to the way you look at it — that candy is edible. They are taught to regard confectionery as a thing of merely æsthetic beauty — obviously on the theory that when they grow older they will no more think of eating a chocolate-drop than they would of eating the Shaw Memorial.

This theory not only exhibits the sublime self-confidence of parents, but illustrates a notion still widely current despite the multiplicity of confectionery shops, and the estimated yearly expenditure of more money for candy than would build the Panama Canal. Even in America, children cannot consume nearly a million dollars' worth of candy a day; nor is it believable that the throngs in the confectionery shops are purchasing entirely for their little nephews and nieces; nor that the growth of the confectionery department in luncheon-places devoted exclusively to men means that not even the speedy refreshment of the American business lunch-room can keep the generous-hearted patron from remembering to take home a box of sweets for his family. It might be argued that Bernard Shaw, when he made his practical soldier in *Arms and the Man* provide himself with chocolates, set an example that the practical soldiers of business have immediately followed. Or, again, there is the theory held in some medical quarters that candy has been discovered as a convenient, but still debatable, substitute for the Demon Rum. Some, indeed, go so far as to deduce the existence of a Demon Candy, and predict that eventually it will be necessary to make the mystic letters W. C. T. U. stand for Women's Confectionery Temperance Union. And that is undoubtedly what will happen if the increase in the consumption of candy continues to outstrip the increase in the production of population.

For every crusade must of necessity rest upon some kind of intemperance that has reached the point of being debatably visible to a very large number of persons. It is not the existence of graft in public office, but the visible existence of it that leads to civic reform movements. Grafting is like love-making; the average citizen admits its place in the scheme of creation, but is immensely indignant if it is carried on in public. Alcoholic intemperance, serious as it still is, received a death-blow when typical 'gentlemen' of a hundred years ago insisted upon appearing intoxicated in public. And confectionery is itself distantly threatened when a total national expenditure of millions of dollars is made carelessly public at a time when a considerable part of the population has just been conducting

a meat strike to bring down the price of necessities.

But perhaps to some of us candy has already become a necessity — and herein lies the beginning of all organized opposition. If to a large number of users alcohol had not become a necessity, one may fairly question whether there would ever have been a well-organized temperance movement. The vegetarians organize to offset the fact that meat is considered a necessity, and are not organized against for the simple reason that it is so far impossible to conceive of such a thing as an intemperate fondness for vegetables. Until it became evident that a good many women regarded the ballot as a necessity, other women never dreamed of organizing themselves into anti-suffrage societies. So, in the present instance, the existence of individual anti-confectionism indicates a belief that confectionery is becoming dangerously, even diabolically, insistent in its appeal to the human palate. We may begin to look forward to a division of our country into the Candiantis and the Candiettes. America, supreme among nations both in the manufacture and in the consumption of candy, must naturally bear the brunt of this battle; and one imagines a time to come when the candy-cane will be made in stricter imitation of the real article, and the sucking thereof must needs be conducted with such skill as will hide any appreciable diminution from the eye of an unfriendly observer.

Statistics show that this consumption of candy is an amazing recent development of the human appetite. In 1850 the manufacturers produced yearly no more than three million dollars' worth of confectionery. It was probably true that children and females consumed the bulk of it, although secret candy-eating may even at that time have been in its incipiency among the fathers of a generation that still consumes its confectionery with a certain unpleasant reticence. The very secretiveness of a man with a chocolate may be taken as an instinctive admission of the viciousness of his apparently innocent employment. But this secretiveness cannot be successfuly maintained when establishments exclusively for men open departments exclusively for confectionery. It is only a step further for confectionery to enter politics, — as it is already reported to have entered Arctic exploration, — and for the political chocolate-drop to have its place with the political cigar as a means of undermining the political body.

Already 'candy fiend' is a recognizable term of reproach in ordinary conversation, and young women, the mothers of our future America, have been frequently heard to admit the impossibility of living without confectionery. That men are more and more openly becoming slaves to candy is visible even to the undiscerning. Candy-eating, in short, has become a visible form of intemperance, with a complete assortment of statistics proving it either good or evil, and a complete disagreement among experts as to what will be the eventual outcome. All that is now needed is a national organization for its immediate suppression. Titles for campaign literature immediately suggest themselves: 'The Curse of Candy'; 'Confessions of a Moderate Candy Consumer'; 'Shall I Send Her Five Pounds of Poison?'

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

*OCTOBER, 1910*

## THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

### I

In the great glass house adjoining the hall at Ravensham House, Lady Casterley stood in front of some Japanese lilies. She was a slender, short old woman, with an ivory-colored face, a thin nose, and keen eyes half-veiled by delicate wrinkled lids. Very still, in her gray dress, and with gray hair, she gave the impression of a little figure carved out of fine, worn steel. Her firm, spidery, small hand held a letter written in a free and somewhat sprawling style: —

MONKLAND COURT, DEVON
*June 9th.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Valleys is motoring up to-morrow. He'll look in on you on the way if he can. This new war scare has taken him to Town. I shan't be at Valleys House myself till Milton's election is over. The fact is, I dare n't leave him down here alone. He sees his 'Anonyma' every day. A Mr. Courtier, who wrote that book against war, though they say he's been a soldier of fortune, is staying at the inn. He knows her, too — one can only hope, for Milton's sake, too well: — an attractive person, with red moustaches, rather nice and mad. He 's working for the Radical. Bertie will be down to-morrow, and I must get him to have a talk with Milton. 'Anonyma' is really a very sweet-looking woman; but one knows nothing of her except that she's divorced her husband. How does one find out about people without being odious? Of course Milton's being so extraordinarily strait-laced makes it all the more awkward. The earnestness of this rising generation is quite remarkable. I don't recollect being so serious in my youth.

Lady Casterley lowered that coroneted sheet of paper. The ghost of a grimace haunted her face — she had not forgotten her daughter's youth. Raising the letter again, she read on:

I'm sure Valleys and I feel years younger than either Milton or Agatha, though we did produce them. One does n't feel it with Bertie or Babs, luckily. The war scare is having an excellent effect on Milton's candidature. Claud Harbinger is with us, too, working for Milton; but, as a matter of fact, I think he's after Babs. It's rather melancholy, — Babs is only twenty, — still, what can one expect, with her looks; and Claud *is* rather a fine specimen. They talk of him a lot now, as the most promising of the young Tories.

Lady Casterley again lowered the letter, and stood listening. A prolonged, muffled sound as of distant cheering and groans had penetrated the great conservatory, vibrating among the pale petals of the lily flowers, and setting free their scent in short waves of perfume. She passed into the hall; there stood an old man with sallow face and long white whiskers.

'What was that noise, Clifton?'

'A posse of Socialists, my lady, on their way to Putney to hold a demonstration; the people are hooting them. They've got blocked just outside the gates.'

'Are they making speeches?'

'They *are* talking some kind of rant, my lady.'

'I'll go and hear them. Give me my black stick.'

Above the velvet-dark, flat-boughed cedar-trees, which rose like black pagodas on either side of the drive, the sky hung lowering in one great purple cloud, endowed with sinister life by a single white beam striking up into it from the horizon. Beneath this canopy of cloud a small phalanx of dusty, disheveled-looking men and women was drawn up in the road, guarding, and encouraging with cheers, a tall, black-coated orator. Before and behind this phalanx, a mob of men and boys kept up an accompaniment of groans and jeering.

Lady Casterley and her 'major-domo' stood six paces from the scrolled iron gates, and watched. The slight steel-colored figure with steel-colored hair was more arresting in its immobility than all the vociferations and gestures of the mob. Her eyes alone moved under their half-drooped lids; her right hand clutched tightly the handle of her stick. The speaker's voice rose in shrill protest against the exploitation of 'the people'; it sank in ironical comment on Christianity; it demanded passionately to be free from the continuous burden of this militarist taxation; it threatened that the people would take things into their own hands.

Lady Casterley turned her head.

'He is talking nonsense, Clifton. It is going to rain. I shall go in.'

In the white stone porch she paused. The purple cloud had broken; a blind fury of rain was deluging the fast-scattering crowd. A faint smile came on Lady Casterley's lips.

'It will do them good to have their ardor damped a little. You will get wet, Clifton — hurry! I expect Lord Valleys to dinner. Have a room got ready. He's motoring from Monkland.'

## II

Ravensham House, on the borders of Richmond Park, had served as suburban seat to the Casterley family since the time when it became usual to have a country residence within easy driving distance of Westminster. In one of its bedrooms the Earl of Valleys was dressing for dinner. His firm, tanned, good-natured face, with grizzled fair moustache, was well-shaped, and lighted by a pair of steady, level-glancing gray eyes. He was brushing his wet hair vigorously with silver-backed brushes. Blue silk braces, delineating his comely chest, supported the coverings of two legs which 'stood over' a very little at the knee, as if while accustomed to do his own riding, he was used to have his standing done for him. He tied his tie without looking at the glass. He seemed to be thinking of anything but dressing. Then suddenly, as though remembering what he was doing, he looked round the room; catching sight of his coat, he put it on, and went downstairs.

In an enormously high, white-paneled room, with very little furniture,

he found Lady Casterley awaiting him. Greeting his mother-in-law respectfully, he said, —

'Motored up in seven hours, ma'am, — not bad going.'

'I am glad you came. When is Milton's election?'

'On the twenty-ninth.'

'Pity! He should be away from Monkland, with that — anonymous woman living there.'

Lord Valleys murmured, —

'Oh! you've heard of her?'

A slight frown contracted his brows above the straight glance of a man who drives a team of horses, and knows exactly what he has to look out for in the road.

Lady Casterley said sharply, —

'You're too easy-going, Geoffrey.'

Lord Valleys smiled.

'These war scares,' he said, 'are getting a bore. Can't quite make out what the feeling of the country is about them.'

Lady Casterley rose.

'It has none. When war comes, the feeling will be all right. It always is. Give me your arm. Are you hungry?'

When Lord Valleys spoke of war, he spoke as one who, since he arrived at years of discretion, had lived within the circle of those who direct the destinies of states. It was for him, as for the lilies in the great glass house, impossible to see with the eyes, or feel with the feelings, of a flower of the garden outside. Soaked in the best prejudices and manners of his class, he lived a life no more shut off from the general life than was to be expected. Indeed, in some sort, as a man of facts and common sense, he was in touch with the opinion of the average man. A good and liberal landlord, well-disposed toward the arts until those arts revealed that which he had not before perceived; neither narrow nor puritanical, so long as the shell of 'good form' was preserved intact; never ridiculously in earnest; efficient, but not strenuous, or desirous of pushing ideas to logical conclusions; endowed with light hands, steady eyes, and no nerves to speak of — he had been born in the saddle of the state with the trick, transmitted through very many generations, of sticking there. As a husband, easy-going; as a father, indulgent; as a politician, careful and straightforward; as a man, moderately sensuous, addicted to pleasure, to work, to fresh air; and endowed with those excellent manners that have no mannerisms. He was the typical workaday aristocrat, embodying the real strength of his order, since he possessed none of the spiritual implacability which distinguishes the 'aristocrat pure,' that rare flower found in every rank of life. He admired, and was fond of, his wife, and had never regretted his marriage. He had never regretted anything, unless it were that he had not yet won the Derby, or quite succeeded in perfecting a variation of the pointer dog, whose body, all but its eyebrows, should be permanently white. His mother-in-law he respected, as one might respect a principle.

There was indeed in the personality of that little old lady the tremendous force of accumulated decision — the inherited assurance of one whose prestige had never been questioned; who from long immunity, and a certain clear-cut practicality bred by the habit of command, had indeed lost the power of perceiving that her prestige ever could be questioned. Her knowledge of her own mind was no ordinary piece of learning, had not, in fact, been learned at all, but sprang full-forged from an active, dominating temperament. Fortified by the habit, common to her class, of knowing thoroughly the more patent side of public affairs; armored by the tradition of a culture

demanded by leadership; inspired by ideas, but always the same ideas; owning no master, but in servitude to her own habit of leading, she had a mind formidable as the two-edged swords wielded by her ancestors, the Fitz-Harolds, at Agincourt or Poitiers — a mind which had ever instinctively rejected that inner knowledge of herself or of the selves of others, produced by habits of introspection, contemplation, and understanding, so deleterious to authority. If Lord Valleys was the body of the aristocratic machine, Lady Casterley was the steel spring inside it. All her life studiously unaffected and simple in attire; of plain and frugal habit; an early riser; working at something or other from morning till night, and as little worn out at seventy-eight as most women at fifty, she had only one weak spot, — and that was her strength, — blindness as to the nature and size of her place in the scheme of things. She was a type, a force.

'What will you drink, my lord?'

'Whiskey and soda, Clifton.'

'Very good, my lord.'

There was about the room where they were dining — unlike the rooms of the newly-rich, or of artistic people — nothing to describe. It was like the daisy in the old song, 'smell-less, and most quaint'; or like the head of an old and well-bred dog who lies on a mat with his eyes moving quietly from side to side to follow the flight of swallows across a lawn. That room rested. Its day was done. It was there for all time, high, unornate; having nothing to strive for. In the very centre of its stillness, five lilies stood in an old silver chalice; and a portrait of the late Lord Casterley hung on one gray-white wall.

Lady Casterley spoke.

'I hope Milton is taking his own line.'

'That's the trouble. He suffers from swollen principles — only wish he could keep 'em out of his speeches.'

'Let him be; and get him away from that woman as soon as his election's over. How long has she been there?'

'About a year, I think.'

'And you don't know anything about her?'

Lord Valleys raised his shoulders.

'Ah!' said Lady Casterley, 'exactly! You're letting the thing drift. I shall go down myself. I suppose Gertrude can have me. What has that man Courtier to do with this woman?'

Lord Valleys smiled. In this smile was the whole of his polite and easy-going philosophy. 'I am no meddler, no uncharitable bourgeois,' it seemed to say.

At sight of that smile Lady Casterley tightened her lips. 'He is a firebrand,' she said. 'I read that book of his against war — most inflammatory. Have you seen it?'

Lord Valleys shook his head.

'Aimed at Grant — and Rosenstern, chiefly. I have just seen one of the results, outside my own gates. A mob of anti-war agitators.'

Lord Valleys yawned.

'Really? I'd no idea Courtier had any influence. Motoring's made me very sleepy.'

'Courtier is a dangerous man. Most idealists are negligible; but he's a man of action as well, — half-mad, of course; — his book was quite clever.'

'I wish to goodness we could see the last of these scares, they only make both countries look foolish,' muttered Lord Valleys.

Lady Casterley raised her glass, full of a blood-red wine. 'The war would save us,' she said.

'War is no joke.'

'It would be the beginning of a better state of things.'

'You think so?'

'We should get the lead again as a nation, and socialism would be put back fifty years.'

Lord Valleys made three little heaps of salt, and paused to count them; the slight lifting of his eyebrows and shoulders betrayed as much uneasiness as he ever suffered to escape him.

'I should be glad to feel certain of that,' he said.

'I notice that you are never certain of anything till it has happened, Geoffrey.'

Lord Valleys smiled. 'What is it, Clifton?'

'Your chauffeur would like to know, my lord, what time you will have the car.'

'Directly after dinner.'

Twenty minutes later, he was turning through the scrolled iron gates into the road for London. It was falling dark; and in the tremulous sky clouds were piled up, and drifted here and there with a sort of endless lack of purpose. No direction seemed to have been decreed unto their wings. They had met together in the firmament like a flock of giant magpies crossing and recrossing each others' flight. The smell of rain was in the air. The car raised no dust, but bored swiftly on, searching out the road with its lamps. On Putney Bridge its march was stayed by a string of wagons.

Lord Valleys looked to right and left. The river reflected the thousand lights of buildings piled along her sides, the lamps of the embankments, the lanterns of moored barges. The sinuous pallid body of this great creature, forever gliding down to the sea, roused in his lordship's mind no symbolic image. He had had to do with her years back at the Board of Trade, and knew her for what she was, extremely dirty, and getting abominably thin just where he would have liked her plump. Yet as he leaned back and lighted a cigar, there came to him a queer feeling, — as if he were in the presence of a woman he was fond of.

'I hope to God,' he thought, 'nothing'll come of these scares!'

The car glided on into the long road, swarming with traffic, toward the fashionable heart of London. Outside stationers' shops the posters of evening papers were of no reassuring order.

'THE PLOT THICKENS.'

'MORE REVELATIONS.'

'GRAVE SITUATION THREATENED!'

And before each poster could be seen a little eddy in the stream of the passers-by, formed by persons glancing at the news, and disengaging themselves, to press on again. Lord Valleys caught himself wondering what they thought of it! What was passing behind those pallid rounds of flesh turned toward the posters?

Did they think at all, these men and women in the street? What was their attitude toward this vaguely-threatened cataclysm? Face after face, stolid and apathetic, expressed no thought, no active desire, certainly no enthusiasm, hardly any dread. Poor devils! The thing was no more within their control than it was within the power of ants to stop the ruination of their ant-heap by some passing boy. It was quite true — what they said — that the people had never had much voice in the making of war. And the words of an article in the Radical weekly, which he always forced himself to read, recurred to him. 'Ignorant of the facts, hypnotized by the words "Country" and "Patriotism"; in the grip of mob-instinct and inborn prejudice against the foreigner; helpless by reason of his patience, stoicism, good faith, and confidence in those above him; helpless by reason of his snobbery, mutual distrust, carelessness for the morrow, and lack of public spirit, — in the face of war how impotent and to be pitied is the man in the street!' That paper was always a little hi-falutin'!

How would this affect Milton's

chances? It was doubtful whether he himself would get to Ascot this year. Thence his mind flew for a moment to his promising two-year-old Casetta; then dashed almost violently, as though in shame, to the Admiralty, and the doubt whether they were fully alive to possibilities. He himself now occupied a softer spot of government, one of those almost nominal offices necessary to qualify into the Cabinet certain tried minds, for whom no more strenuous post can for the moment be found. From the Admiralty again his thoughts leaped to his mother-in-law. Wonderful old woman! What a statesman she would have made! Rather reactionary! Deuce of a straight line she had taken about Mrs. Noel! A twinge of pleasure shot through Lord Valleys. Mysterious or not, that woman was attractive! Very delicate face, with the dark hair waved back from the middle over either temple — very charming figure, no lumber of any sort! Bouquet about her! Some story or other, no doubt — no affair of his! Always sorry for that sort of woman!

A regiment of Territorials returning from a march stayed the progress of his car. Lord Valleys leaned forward, watching them with the contained, shrewd, critical look he would have bent on a pack of hounds. All the mistiness and speculation in his mind was gone. 'Good stamp of man,' he thought; 'give a capital account of themselves!' Their faces, flushed by a day in the open, were masked with passivity, or with a half-aggressive, half-jocular self-consciousness; they were clearly not troubled by abstract speculations, or any visions of the horrors of war. Something in the look of those faces again awakened the streak of philosophy in Lord Valleys. To these fellows, war — as to the street-folk — was just a word, a notion. If it came, it would be necessary, no doubt. The papers said so — all except those which no one ever read. The country's honor! What!

Some one in the crowd raised a cheer 'for the "Terriers."' Lord Valleys saw round him a little sea of hats, rising and falling, and heard a sound, rather shrill and tentative, swell into hoarse, high clamor, and suddenly die out.

'Seem keen enough!' he thought. 'Very little does it! Plenty of fighting spirit in the country.' And a thrill of pleasure shot through him.

The band struck up a march. Then, as the last soldier passed, his car slowly forged its way through the straggling crowd pressing on behind the regiment; men of all ages, youths, a few women, young girls.

And caught in the midst of these dismal, disenchanted forms, feverishly pursuing glory, he thought: 'Dreadful lot of wasters; nothing to be made of *them!*'

## III

At that same hour, in the little whitewashed 'withdrawing-room' of a thatched, whitewashed cottage, down in Devonshire, two men were arguing, one on either side of the hearth; and while they talked, the dark eyes of a woman, who sat between them, watched the way they moved their hands, crossed their legs, got up, and again sat down.

The figure on the left was that of a man of forty, rather over middle height, active, and straight, whose blue eyes and sanguine face glowed on small provocation; who had very bright, almost red hair, and moustaches which descended to the level of his clean-shorn chin, and, like Don Quixote's, seemed always bristling and charging in front of him.

The man on the right was not yet thirty, with a certain beauty in his face; tall, wiry, stooping very slightly; clean-shaven; having deep-set, very living

eyes, tanned, parchmenty skin, and a little, crucified smile haunting his lips.

Though it was already June, a fire was burning; and logs, dropping now and then, turned up their glowing under-sides, and very soon became gray ash. The lamplight seemed to have soaked the white walls till a wan warmth exuded; and silvery dun moths, fluttering in from the dark garden, kept vibrating like spun shillings above a jade-green bowl of crimson roses; there was a scent, as always in that old thatched cottage, of wood-smoke and sweetbrier.

'No, Lord Milton,' the man with the auburn hair was saying, 'the microbe of war — like the microbe of sour milk — is kept alive in a culture. I could give you the component parts of that culture, but I should bore Mrs. Noel.'

'Go on, Mr. Courtier, please.'

'It's in my book. War culture — ingredients: four types. Military man proper — whole life and business to dream of war. Stubborn honest journalist — bee in bonnet. Man of affairs — word "big" scrawled over head and heart — cf. Bismarck, Napoleon. Aristocrat pure, calls war "purgative of national soul." Blessed microbe kept alive in that culture, now and then gets into milk and sours whole caboodle.'

'You started by saying it was the ruling classes who were responsible for war.'

'Well, if you come to think of it, the said culture is rather closely identified with the ruling classes, and it's certainly by means of the press of the ruling classes that it gets into the milk. International war is a creature of Authority.'

'Those who are responsible for the conduct of national affairs must expect to bear the odium which attaches to the administration of purgatives, but they are sometimes as necessary as thunderstorms.'

'You come back there to the question whether war is necessary, which I entirely deny. There would be no European wars in these days but for the cock-and-bull ideas that get into the heads of the ruling classes, and the press which represents them.'

'That is merely a plea for democracy, which, by the way, is not a form of government at all, but just a word, signifying an idea which can never be put into practice.'

'I am a democrat, Lord Milton, only so far as the word implies the greatest latitude of sane machinery that shall enable people to do things of their own accord instead of being forced.'

'I have called you no names, Mr. Courtier.'

'Seriously, I've been in five wars, and I tell you that if the ruling classes had the grace to put themselves in the position of "the people," there never would be another European war. You have only to look at the latter history of France.'

'A charge of want of sympathy and understanding!'

'Exactly. If you could understand the wants and feelings of the people you wish to govern, you would never stand there and take the line you're taking. I appeal to Mrs. Noel.'

'Perhaps if Lord Milton quite understood and sympathized, it would unfit him for governing.'

'Is that so, Lord Milton?'

Milton smiled; but something in his smile seemed to excite his opponent, who said abruptly, —

'Oh! you believers in authority!'

The retort came quickly: —

'Oh! you believers in liberty!'

Mrs. Noel, rising from her chair, went over to the window, and stood looking out into her garden.

'I'm a fighting man by nature,' Courtier began again, 'but I've seen too much of war; and I ask you, what earthly purpose does it ever serve?'

'The purpose of all suffering.'

'Vicarious suffering!'

'Mr. Courtier!'

'Lord Milton, I hate the attitude of one who arrogates to himself the right to inflict suffering on others, which in the nature of things he can never feel, himself.'

'Do you accuse the upper classes of this country of cowardice?'

'By no manner of means; I merely accuse them of not having the *nous* to see that the suffering that comes to themselves through war is not a tenth part of that which comes to those who are not, as they are, fortified against nature by money, position, health, every physical advantage; and fortified too by the fact that they're fighting in their own quarrel, not in a scrimmage that they've been pitchforked into, willy-nilly, for all the world like blind puppies.'

'You are unjust. In a war there are always more, in proportion, of the ruling classes engaged than of the ruled; always a larger proportion of officers killed; always most lost by those who have most to lose.'

Courtier was silent for a moment, then said, —

'One to you; but I have a deeper point. In my belief, the ruling classes, not consciously, but instinctively, keep alive the idea of war, because that idea fosters the national, as against the international ideal; and the national ideal is their bulwark and safety. The ship of Aristocracy is built in watertight compartments; run them into one, and down it goes.'

To hear this speech the younger man had risen; and his thin face glowed as though his spirit, leaving the recesses of his body, were clinging round his lips, gleaming from his deep eyes.

Mrs. Noel called from the window, 'Mr. Courtier! Look at my dear toad!'

On a flagstone of the veranda, in the centre of a stream of lamplight, sat a little golden toad.

'It comes here every evening; is n't it a darling?'

The toad waddled quickly to one side, and disappeared.

'It never does that when I'm alone!'

Courtier laughed a low, infectious, chuckling laugh. 'It's evidently time we went'; and calling out 'Good-night!' he passed into the darkness.

Mrs. Noel turned to the young man, who was still standing by the hearth.

'It seems a little queer to talk about war on a night like this.'

'It seems a little queer to talk about war in your presence.'

Mrs. Noel raised her eyes, but they failed just before they reached his face.

'Good-night!' he said, and touched her fingers with his lips.

Left alone at the window, Mrs. Noel put the hand he had kissed to her heart.

Truly peace brooded over her garden. The night seemed listening to the quiet breathing of the land, now that all lights were out, and the millions of hearts at rest. It watched, with a little white star for every tree, and roof, and slumbering tired flower, as a mother watches her child, fallen asleep, leaning above him and counting, as it were, with her love, every hair of his head, and all his tiny tremors.

Rumors of wars seemed child's babble indeed under the ironic smile of Night. And the face of the woman, gazing out into her dark garden, was a little like the face of this warm, sweet night. It was sensitive and so harmonious; and its harmony was not, as in some faces, cold, but seemed to tremble and glow and flutter as though it were a spirit which had found a resting-place. Nor was it content to inhabit the face alone, but pervaded softly the whole body, making her breathe more delicately than other people.

In her garden, all velvety gray, with black shadows beneath its yew-trees, the white flowers alone seemed to be awake, and to look at her wistfully. The trees stood dark and still. Not even the night birds stirred. Alone, the little stream down in the bottom raised its voice, privileged when day voices were hushed.

It was not in Anonyma to deny herself to any spirit that was abroad. To repel was an art she did not practice. But this night, though the Spirit of Peace hovered near, she did not seem to know it. Her hands trembled, her cheeks were burning; her breast heaved, and sighs fluttered from her parted lips.

## IV

Eustace Caradoc, Viscount Milton, had lived a very lonely life, since he first began to understand the peculiarities of existence. With the exception of Clifton, his grandmother's 'major-domo,' he made, as a small child, no intimate friend. His nurses, governesses, tutors, by their own confession, did not understand him, finding that he took himself with unnecessary seriousness; a little afraid, too, of one whom they discovered to be capable of pushing things to the point of enduring pain in silence. Much of that early time was passed at Ravensham, for he had always been his grandmother's favorite. She recognized in him the purposeful austerity which had somehow been left out of the composition of her daughter. But only to Clifton, then a man of fifty with a great gravity and long black whiskers, did Eustace relieve his soul. 'I tell you this, Clifton,' he would say, sitting on the sideboard, or the arm of the big chair in Clifton's room, or wandering amongst the raspberries, 'because you are my friend.'

And Clifton, with his head a little on one side, and a sort of wise concern at his 'friend's' confidences, which were sometimes of too intimate a nature, would answer, 'Of course, my lord'; but sometimes, 'Of course, my dear.'

There was in this friendship something fine and suitable, neither of these 'friends' taking or suffering liberties, and both being interested in pigeons, which they would stand watching with a remarkable attention.

In course of time, following the tradition of his family, Eustace went to Harrow. He was there five years — always one of those boys a little out at wrists and ankles, who may be seen slouching, solitary, along the pavement to their own haunts, rather dusty, and with one shoulder slightly raised above the other, from the habit of carrying something beneath one arm. Saved from being thought a 'smug' by his title, his lack of any conspicuous scholastic ability, his obvious independence of what was thought of him, and a certain mordancy of tongue, which no one was eager to encounter, he remained the ugly duckling who refused to paddle properly in the green ponds of public-school tradition. He played games so badly that in sheer self-defense his fellows permitted him to play without them. Of 'fives' they made an exception, for in this he attained much proficiency, owing to a certain windmill-like quality of limb. He was noted too for daring chemical experiments, of which he usually had one or two brewing, surreptitiously at first, and afterwards by special permission of his house-master, on the principle that if a room must smell, it had better smell openly. He made few friendships, but these were lasting. His Latin verse was so poor, and his Greek verse so vile, that all had been surprised when toward the finish of his career he showed a very considerable power of writing and speaking his

own language. He left school without a pang. But when in the train he saw the old Hill and the old spire on the top of it fading away from him, a great lump rose in his throat, he swallowed violently two or three times, and, thrusting himself far back into the carriage corner, appeared to sleep.

At Oxford he was happier, but still comparatively lonely; remaining, so long as custom permitted, in lodgings outside his college, and clinging thereafter to remote, paneled rooms high up, overlooking the gardens and a portion of the city wall. It was at Oxford that he first developed that passion for self-discipline which afterwards distinguished him. He took up rowing; and, though thoroughly unsuited by nature to this pastime, secured himself a place in his college 'torpid.' At the end of a race he was usually supported from his stretcher in a state of extreme extenuation, due to having pulled the last quarter of the course entirely with his spirit. The same craving for self-discipline guided him in the choice of schools; he went out in 'Greats,' for which, owing to his indifferent mastery of Greek and Latin, he was the least fitted. With enormous labor he took a very good degree. He carried off, besides, the highest distinctions of the University for English Essays.

The ordinary circles of college life knew nothing of him. Not once in the whole course of his university career was he the better for wine. He did not hunt; he never talked of women, and none talked of women in his presence. But now and then he was visited by those gusts which come to the ascetic, when all life seemed suddenly caught up and devoured by a flame burning night and day, and going out mercifully, he knew not why, like a blown candle. However unsocial in the proper sense of the word, he by no means lacked company in these Oxford days. He knew many, both dons and undergraduates. His long stride, and determined absence of direction, had severely tried all those who could stomach so slow a pastime as walking for the sake of talking. The country knew him — though he never knew the country — from Abingdon to Bablock Hythe. His name stood high, too, at the Union. He made his mark there in his first term in a debate on a 'Censorship of Literature,' which he advocated with gloom, pertinacity, and a certain youthful brilliance which might have carried the day, had not an Irishman got up and pointed out the danger that would be incurred by the Old Testament. To that he had retorted, 'Better, sir, it should run a risk than have no risk to run.' From that moment he was notable.

He stayed up four years, and went down with a sense of bewilderment and loss. The matured verdict of Oxford on this child of hers, was: 'Eustace Milton! Ah! queer character! Will make his mark!'

He had about this time an interview with his father which confirmed the impression each had formed of the other. It took place in the library at Monkland Court, on a late November afternoon.

That room (in the main, or Elizabethan, portion of the building) was lighted only by four candles in thin silver candlesticks on either side of the carved stone hearth. Their gentle, mellow radiance penetrated but a little way into the great dark space lined with books, paneled and floored with black oak, where the acrid fragrance of leather and dried rose leaves seemed to drench the very soul with the aroma of the past. Above the huge fireplace, with light falling on one side of his shaven face, hung a portrait — painter unknown — of that Cardinal Caradoc who

suffered for his faith in the sixteenth century. Ascetic, crucified, with a little smile clinging to the lips and deep-set eyes, he presided, above the bluish flames of a log fire.

The father and son found much difficulty in beginning their conversation. Truly, each of those two felt as though he were in the presence of some one else's very near relation. They had, in fact, seen extremely little of each other, and had not seen that little long.

Lord Valleys uttered the first remark.

'Well, my dear fellow, what are you going to do now? I think we can make certain of this seat for you if you like to stand.'

Milton answered: 'Thanks very much; I don't think I'm fit at present.'

Through the thin fume of his cigar Lord Valleys watched that long figure sunk deep in the chair opposite.

'Why not?' he said. 'You can't begin too soon; unless you think you ought to go round the world.'

'I'd rather study at present.'

Lord Valleys gave one of his pleasant laughs.

'There's nothing you can't pick up as you go along,' he said. 'How old are you?'

'Twenty-three.'

'You look older.' A faint line, as of contemplation, rose between his eyes. Was it fancy that a little smile was hovering about Milton's mouth?

'I've always held,' came from those lips, 'that a man who 's going to lead must know the conditions first. I want to give five years to that.'

Lord Valleys raised his eyebrows. 'Waste of time,' he said. 'You 'd know more at the end of it, if you went into the House at once. You take this matter too seriously, I think.'

'Is that possible, father?'

For fully a minute Lord Valleys made no answer; he felt almost ruffled. Waiting till the sensation had passed, he said, 'Well, my dear fellow, as you please.'

Milton's apprenticeship in the profession of leadership was served in a slum settlement; on his father's estates; in Chambers at the Temple; in expeditions to Germany, America, and the British Colonies; in work at elections; and in a forlorn hope to capture a constituency which could be trusted not to change its principles. He read much, slowly, but with conscientious tenacity; he read poetry, history, and works on philosophy, religion, and social matters. Fiction, and especially foreign fiction, he did not care for. With the utmost desire to be wide and impartial, he sucked in what ministered to the wants of his nature, rejecting unconsciously all that by its unsuitability endangered the flame of his private spirit. What he read, in fact, served only to strengthen those profounder convictions which arose from his temperament.

With contempt of the vulgar gewgaws of wealth and rank, he combined a humble but intense and growing conviction of his capacity for leadership, of a spiritual superiority to those whom he desired to benefit. There was no trace of the common Pharisee in Milton, he was too simple and direct; but the look of his eyes, his gestures, the whole man, proclaimed the presence of some secret spring of certainty, some fundamental well, into which no disturbing glimmers penetrated. He was not devoid of wit, but he was devoid of that kind of wit which turns its eyes inward, and sees something of the fun that lies in being what you are. Milton saw the world and all the things thereof shaped like spires — even when they were circles. He seemed to have no sense that the universe was equally compounded of those two symbols, whose point of reconciliation had not yet been discovered.

Such was he, when the member for his native division was made a peer.

He had reached the age of twenty-eight without ever having been in love, leading a life of almost savage purity, with one solitary breakdown. Women were afraid of him. And he was perhaps a little afraid of woman. She was in theory too lovely and desirable — the half-moon in a summer sky; in practice too cloying, or too harsh. He had an affection for Barbara, his younger sister; but to his mother, his grandmother, or his elder sister, Agatha, he had never felt close. It was indeed amusing to see Lady Valleys with her eldest son. Her fine figure, the blown roses of her face, her gray-blue eyes which had a slight tendency to roll, as though amusement just touched with naughtiness bubbled behind them, were reduced to a queer, satirical decorum in Milton's presence. Thoughts and sayings verging on the risky were characteristic of her robust physique, her soul which could afford to express almost all that occurred to it. Milton had never, not even as a child, given her his confidence. She bore him no resentment, being of that large, generous build in body and mind, which is rarely, and never in her class, associated with the capacity for feeling aggrieved or lowered in any estimation, even its own. He was, and always had been, an odd boy, and there was an end of it! Nothing had perhaps so disconcerted Lady Valleys as his behavior, or want of behavior, in regard to women. She felt it abnormal, just as she felt that Valleys, and her other son, Bertie, were normal. It was this feeling which made her realize almost more vividly than she had time for, in the whirl of politics and fashion, the danger of his friendship with the unknown and divorced 'Anonyma.'

Pure chance had been responsible for the inception and growth of that friendship. Going one December afternoon to the farmhouse of a tenant just killed by a fall from his horse, Milton had found the widow, in a state of bewildered grief, thinly veiled by the manner of one who had almost lost the power to express her feelings, and quite lost it in the presence of 'the gentry.' Having assured the poor soul that she need have no fear about her tenancy, he was coming away, when he met, in the stone-flagged entrance, a lady in fur cap and jacket carrying in her arms a little boy, who was bleeding from a cut on the forehead, and crying bitterly. Milton took him from her, and, placing him on a table in the parlor, looked at the lady. She was extremely grave, and soft, and charming. And he said, —

'Ought the mother to be told?'

She shook her head.

'Poor thing, no; let's wash it, and bind it up first.'

Together they washed and bound up the cut. Having finished, she looked at Milton, as much as to say, 'Now we might tell the mother, but you would do it so much better than I.'

Deferring to that look, he was rewarded by a little smile. He carried away from that meeting the knowledge of her name — Audrey Noel — and the remembrance of a strangely sensitive and sympathetic face, whose beauty, under the cap of squirrel's fur, haunted him. A few days later he chanced on her again, entering her garden gate at the foot of the village green. On this occasion he asked her whether she would like her cottage re-thatched; an inspection of the roof had followed; he had stayed talking a long time. Accustomed to women over whom, for all their grace and lack of affectation, high-caste life has wrapped a cloak, there was peculiar charm for Milton in one who seemed to live quite out of the world, yet had so poignant, so shy, a

flavor; who looked with such dark, soft eyes; whose voice was ironic, yet sympathetic. So from a chance seed had blossomed swiftly one of those rare friendships between lonely people, that can in short time fill great spaces of two lives.

One day she had asked him shyly, 'You know about me, I suppose?'

Milton had made a motion of his head, signifying that he did. His informant had been the vicar.

'Yes, I am told, her story is a sad one — a divorce.'

'Do you mean that she has been divorced, or —'

The vicar hesitated for the fraction of a second.

'Oh! no — no. Sinned against, I am sure. A nice woman, so far as I have seen; though I'm afraid not one of my congregation.'

With this, Milton, in whom she had already awakened the shy emotion, chivalry, was content. When she asked if he knew her story, he would not for the world have had her rake up what was painful. Whatever that story, she could not have been to blame; for she had begun already to be shaped by his own spirit; had become not a thing as it was, but an expression of his aspiration.

On the third evening after the argument with Courtier he was again at the little white cottage sheltered by high garden walls. Smothered in roses, and with a black-brown thatch overhanging the old-fashioned leaded panes of the upper windows, it had an air of hiding from the world. Behind, as though on guard, two pine trees spread their dark boughs over the out-houses; in any southwest wind their voices could be heard speaking gravely about the weather. Tall lilac bushes flanked the garden, and a huge lime tree in the adjoining field sighed and rustled, or on still days let forth the drowsy hum of the countless small dusky bees who frequented that green hostelry.

He found her altering a dress, sitting over it in her delicate way: inanimate objects, dresses, and flowers, books and music, required from her the same sympathy as if they had been animate.

He was tired by electioneering; it was soothing to be ministered to; and stretched out in a long chair by the window he listened to her playing.

Over the hill a Pierrot moon was slowly moving up in a sky the color of gray irises. A spirit, cross-legged, in that burned-out star, seemed thrumming an ode of disenchantment on his mandolin.

And Milton stared as in a trance. Across the moor a sea of shallow mist was rolling; the trees in the valley, like browsing cattle, stood knee-deep in whiteness; and all the air above was wan with an innumerable rain as of moon-dust, falling into that white sea. And the lime tree, dark shade over the moon's lamp, hung blue-black, balloon-like, tethered to the ground.

Then, jarring and shivering the music, there came a sound of hooting. It swelled, died away, and swelled again.

Milton rose.

'That has spoiled my vision. Mrs. Noel, I have something to say.'

She had left her piano, and was close to him, trembling and flushing. And her face was so sweet that he was silent.

A voice from the door said,—

'Oh, ma'am — oh, my lord! They're deviling a gentleman on the green!'

## V

When the immortal Don set out to ring all the bells of merriment, he was followed by one clown. Charles Courtier on the other hand had always been accompanied by thousands, who really could not understand the conduct of a

man with no commercial sense. Though he puzzled his contemporaries, they did not exactly laugh at him, because they knew that he had really killed some men and loved some women. The combination was irresistible, when coupled with an appearance both vigorous and gallant. The son of an Oxfordshire clergyman, and mounted on a lost cause, he had been riding through the world ever since he was eighteen, without once getting out of the saddle. The secret of this endurance lay perhaps in his unconsciousness that he was in the saddle at all. It was as much his natural seat as office-stools to other men. He made no capital out of errantry, his temperament being far too like his red-gold hair, which people compared to flames, consuming all before them. His vices were patent: too quick a temper, too incurable an optimism, and an admiration for beauty such as had sometimes caused him to forget which woman he was most in love with. He was thin-skinned, hot-hearted, a hater of humbug, habitually forgetful of his personal interests. He was, too, unmarried; with many friends, and many enemies; his body always thin and hard, like a sword-blade, and his soul always at white heat.

That one who admitted to having taken part in five wars should be assisting Milton's political opponent in the cause of peace, was not so inconsistent as might be supposed; for Courtier had always fought on the losing side, and there had seemed to him at the moment no side so losing as that of peace. He was no orator, not even a glib talker; but a certain quiet mordancy of tongue, and the white-hot look in his eyes, never failed to make an impression of some kind on an audience. There was hardly perhaps a corner of England where orations on behalf of peace had a poorer chance than the Bucklandbury division. To say that he had made himself unpopular with that matter-of-fact, independent, stolid, yet quick-tempered population, would be inadequate. He had outraged their beliefs, and roused the most profound suspicions. They could not, for the life of them, make out what he was at. They had never heard of him, though by his adventures and his book, *Peace — a Lost Cause*, he was, in London, a sufficiently conspicuous figure. His appearance in these parts was an almost ludicrous example of the endless encounter of spirit with matter, of the pure idea with the plain fact. The idea that nations ought to, and could, live in peace was so very pure; and the fact that they never had, so very plain!

At Monkland, which was all Court estate, Mr. Humphrey Chilcox, Milton's opponent, had necessarily but few supporters; and Courtier met with a reception which passed from curiosity to derision, from derision to menace. Moved to his very soul by the attachment of his audience to their own point of view, he was saved from rough handling only by the influential interposition of the vicar.

Yet when he began to address them he had felt so irresistibly attracted. They looked such capital, independent fellows. Waiting for his turn to speak, he had marked them down as men after his own heart. For though Courtier knew that against an unpopular idea there must always be a majority, it never occurred to him to think so ill of any one as to suppose that he could actually be one of 'those beggars, those dogs, those logs!'

Surely these fine, independent fellows were not to be hoodwinked by the Jingos! It had been one more disillusion. He had not taken it lying down; neither had 'those beggars, those dogs, those logs.' They dispersed without

forgiving; they came together again without having forgotten.

The village inn was a little white building, whose small windows were overgrown with creepers. It had a single guest's bedroom on the upper floor, and a little sitting-room where Courtier took his meals. The rest of the house was but a stone-floored bar with a long wooden bench against the back wall, whence nightly a stream of talk would issue, all harsh *a*'s, and sudden soft *u*'s; whence too a figure, a little unsteady, would now and again emerge, to a chorus of 'gude-naights,' stand black in the shadow of the ash trees to light his pipe, then move slowly home.

But on that evening, when the trees, like cattle, stood knee-deep in the moon-dust, those who came from the bar-room did not go away; they hung about under the ash trees, and were joined by other figures creeping furtively through the bright moonlight from behind the inn. Rustles of stealthy laughter yielded to silence. More figures moved up from the lanes and churchyard path, till thirty or more were huddled in the shadows, and an endless murmur of talk, carefully subdued, distilled a rare savor of illicit joy. There was unholy hilarity about those figures lurking in deep tree-shadow before the wan silent inn, whence, from a single lighted window, came forth the half-chanting sound of a man reading. Here were the mocking spirits of Silence listening to the spirit of Voice. Passing those lurking figures one could hear whispered comments: 'He 'm a-practicin' of his spaches.' 'Smoke the cunnin' old vox out.' 'Red pepper, 't is praaper stuff! You watch him bolt!'

Then a face showed at the lighted window; and a ripple of harsh laughter rose in the shadow of the trees.

He at the window was seen struggling violently to wrench away a bar. The laughter swelled to hooting. The figure had forced its way through, dropped to the ground, rose, staggered, and fell.

A voice broke the silence.

'What's this?'

Out of sounds of scuffling and scattering, came the whisper, 'His lordship!'

The shade under the ash trees was deserted, save by the tall dark figure of a man, and a woman's white shape.

'Is that you, Mr. Courtier? Are you hurt?'

A chuckling sound came from the recumbent figure.

'Only my knee. The beggars! They precious near choked me, though.'

## VI

Bertie Caradoc, leaving the smoking-room at Monkland Court that night, on his way to bed, went to the Georgian corridor, where his pet barometer was hanging. To look at the glass had become the nightly habit of one who gave all the time he could spare from his profession, to hunting in the winter, and racing in the summer.

The Hon. Hubert Caradoc — an apprentice to the calling of diplomacy — more completely than any living Caradoc embodied the characteristic strength and weaknesses of that family. He was of fair height, and wiry build. His weathered face, under sleek dark hair, had regular, rather small features, and wore an expression of alert resolution, masked by impassivity. Over his inquiring, hazel-gray eyes the lids were almost religiously kept half drawn. He had been born reticent, and great indeed was the emotion under which he suffered when the whole of his eyes were visible. His nose was finely chiseled, and had little flesh. His lips, covered by a small dark moustache,

scarcely opened to emit his speeches, which were uttered in a voice singularly muffled, yet unexpectedly quick. The whole personality was of a man practical, spirited, guarded, resourceful, with great power of self-control, who looked at life as if she were a horse under him, to whom he must give way just so far as was necessary to keep mastery of her. A man to whom ideas were of no value except when wedded to immediate action; essentially neat; demanding to be 'done well,' but capable of stoicism if necessary; urbane, but always in readiness to thrust; able to condone certain failings and to compassionate certain classes of distress which his own experience had taught him to understand. Such was Milton's younger brother at the age of twenty-four.

Having noted that the glass was steady, he was about to seek the stairway, when he saw at the farther end of the entrance hall three figures advancing arm-in-arm. Habitually curious, he waited to examine them, till, within the radius of a lamp, he saw them to be those of Milton and a footman, supporting between them a lame man. He at once hastened up to them, and said,

'Have you put your knee out, sir? Hold on a minute! Get a chair, Charles.'

Having seated the stranger in the chair, Bertie rolled up the trouser, and passed his fingers round the knee. There was a sort of loving-kindness about that movement, as of a hand that had in its time felt the joints and sinews of innumerable horses.

'H'm!' he said. 'Can you stand a bit of a jerk, sir? Catch hold of him behind, Eustace. Sit down on the floor, Charles, and hold the legs of the chair. Now then!' And taking up the foot, he pulled. There was a click, a little noise of teeth ground together; and Bertie said, 'Good man — shan't have to have the vet. to you.'

When they had conducted Courtier to a room in the Georgian corridor, hastily converted to a bedroom, the two brothers left him to the attentions of the footman.

'Well, old man,' said Bertie, as they sought their rooms, 'this has put paid to his name; he won't do any more harm to your election! He's no poltroon, though.'

The report that Milton's new enemy was harbored beneath their roof went the round of the family before breakfast. It awakened in the great house a variety of feelings, and the paramount necessity for being studiously kind.

Lady Valleys ordered the picture chamber, that gave on the terrace, to be prepared for him to sit in. Apart from the simple feeling of hospitality to an injured man, she was vexed that the injury should have been inflicted by tenants of the Monkland Court estate, and curious as to Courtier himself, whose reputation for adventure was well established. Of strong political views and zealous for her son's success, she contemplated with but moderate equanimity the presence of this enemy, in spite of Milton's explanation that nothing else could have been done with him — the inn stairs being too narrow to carry the poor fellow up. It was some comfort to her to hear of Bertie's prompt action; the knee would be all right, it seemed, in a few days. Any achievement of her favorite, Bertie, always delighted her.

It was past noon when Courtier, leaning on a stick, passed through the picture chamber on to the terrace.

The great house slumbered in the haze of a summer noon. Before it three sunlit peacocks were moving slowly across a lawn, toward a statue of Diana.

Past those lawns and certain noble trees, over the wooded foot-hills of the moorland, and a promised land of

pinkish fields, pasture, and orchards, the prospect stretched to the far sea. The heat clothed this view with a kind of opalescence, a fairy garment, transmuting all values. The four-square walls and tall chimneys of the pottery works a few miles down seemed to Courtier like a vision of some old fortified Italian town. He turned back into the picture chamber, and slowly, smiling a little, passed from one to another of the effigies on its walls. All the faces of these old Caradocs gave him the same feeling: they seemed 'armored,' not with the mere fleshy mask of the average citizen, but with a spirit more steely and enduring. A curious, darting ghost hovered about those painted faces, as though heritage of power and shelter had freed their owners for more give-and-take of judgment and speculation than their humbler neighbors. And yet these faces seemed all insisting that nature will never be denied its balance; their expansion and elasticity had certainly been paid for by constriction. So curiously 'armored' they seemed to Courtier.

The Monkland Court family, he had found in the course of his campaign, was well spoken of throughout the neighborhood. They administered their lands well; nor was there any lack of kindly feeling between them and their people. Those olden-age æsthetic ties, which the newly-arrived have had as a rule neither the time nor the tact to establish, appeared still to be maintained. There was said to be no griping destitution nor ill-housing on their estate. The inhabitants of that kingdom were not so much encouraged to improve themselves, as maintained at a certain level, by steady and not ungenerous supervision. When a roof required thatching, it was thatched; when a man became too old to work, he was not suffered to lapse into the workhouse. In bad years for wool or beasts, the farmers received a graduated remission of their rents. The pottery works were run on a liberal if autocratic basis. All this was said to be traditional from the old Caradocs whom Courtier was examining.

He was still studying them when he saw a lady approaching. She was perhaps a little more than fifty years of age, tall, and of full figure, with hair still brown. Her complexion and a slight prominence of her gray-blue eyes betrayed a growing ripeness. Her manner had a certain dignified curiosity.

But Courtier was one of those who, by virtue of their warm-bloodedness, are ever ready to catch the moment as it flies. He had the large manner that never varied — as polite and cordial to a beggar as to a lord. His urbanity had not to fight with the timidities and irritations of a nervous temperament. And only when a sentiment or action appeared mean to him did people become conscious of something at variance with his cheery courtesy; as though a war horse, hard-held, were fretting and fuming within his chest. His shell of stoicism, however, was never quite melted by this internal heat, so that a very peculiar expression was the result, a sort of calm, sardonic, desperate, jolly look. And, since he not infrequently found himself confronted by actions and sentiments of dubious character, he was often visited by this look.

Lady Valleys spoke.

'I most heartily apologize to you, Mr. Courtier; disgraceful of those people. I want to tell you how much I admire your book; though of course I disagree with it. What we want preached in these days are the warlike, not the peaceful virtues — especially by a warrior.'

Courtier laughed. 'Must I be accused of preaching, Lady Valleys?'

'Oh! well, you'll soon come to it. It's part of the writing disease. But your ideas really are impracticable.'

'Though they say that the ideas of to-day are the facts of to-morrow.'

'Now do you really believe that? You tell us in your book that the ruling classes are deficient in ideas.'

'According to the law that every creature suits itself to its environment, the probabilities seem to lie in that direction.'

'Ah!' said Lady Valleys, a little sharply, 'you must prove that, please.'

'What is the motive power of ideas? Imagination! What is the motive power of imagination? Sympathy. What is the motive power of sympathy? Understanding. What is the motive power of understanding? Suffering and experience. Q. E. D.'

'I dispute that entirely,' said Lady Valleys. 'People are born sympathetic, or they are not.'

'As individuals, yes; as classes, no.'

'At all events, we bear a better name for sympathy than the middle classes.'

'Certainly,' said Courtier. 'There are only two classes that beat you — the very poor —'

'No! I don't agree. Their understanding, and certainly their sympathies, are very narrow. They have never had ideas.'

'Yes. I should have said there's only one class that beats you.'

'And that?'

'The men of ideas themselves.'

'That is surely a platitude.'

'Ah! but the point is, does your class produce them?'

'How about your Fielding, Byron, Shelley? In proportion to numbers —'

'Well, Lady Valleys,' Courtier answered, 'it's my experience that if you give a man power, he's done for — from the point of view of understanding. It would be odd if he were n't. You can hardly be fixing the lines within which other people shall act — and be keeping your mind open, and your feelers going at the same time!'

Lady Valleys answered with a certain irritation, as though not accustomed to be so long withstood. 'We are n't all officials and public men. There are plenty of us to do other work.'

'Forgive me, it is not so much what you do, but the attitude of mind in which you are brought up.'

Lady Valleys looked at him shrewdly.

'What's much more interesting,' she said, 'is — why you came down here! I'm sure you don't care a rap for politics!'

But as she spoke a young girl entered.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE CHEAPENING OF RELIGION

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

In this, as in every generation, the most important human interests are personal and spiritual. A celebrated preacher once said that God's purpose on earth is not truth, but man. In view of present intellectual standards and tendencies this statement has a peculiar significance. It touches the heart of all social problems.

For example, the most momentous social fact of the twentieth century is, probably, the rise of the working man. His destiny is the next consideration. While his material success is assured, his spiritual outlook and intentions are somewhat obscured. To an almost inconceivable extent, and before long, dominion and power are to be his, and in this connection one of the most hopeful signs of the times is the present unrest of this worker and his consequent effort educationally and industrially to improve his conditions.

This social unrest, however, is not confined to industrial circles. It is also the most hopeful religious or spiritual sign. At no time in the history of this continent has the spiritual element in the churches and elsewhere been so thoroughly aroused to a sense of its responsibility and opportunity. For the church to sever its spiritual connection with the masses is to court isolation. On the other hand, to bolster its influence with the people by methods other than spiritual is an alternative that is foredoomed to defeat. And yet this alternative, which means the descent of religion and the cheapening of its ideals, is a boldly advertised feature of only too many church programmes, whose avowed intention it is to keep up with what they consider to be the spirit of the times.

To illustrate the effect of this cheapening of religious thought on the progress and religious ideals of modern society, let us first take the word religion in all its old-time simplicity and significance.

To begin with, I think it will be allowed that originally, or at least once upon a time, this term religion was by right of almost universal usage the exclusive property and copyright of religious people, that is to say of people, regardless of faith or denomination, whose chief concern was the spiritual, and not directly the material, welfare of the human race. To be still more explicit, there certainly was a time when the word religion was not applied to scientific or socialistic systems of social betterment. The term was taken to mean simply and solely the conscious relation between man and God, and the expression of that relation in human conduct. As such, it was a designation or emblem wide enough to take in men and women of almost every conceivable spiritual inclination and calibre.

So far as Christians are concerned, and according to its original significance, the term was intended strictly to represent the spiritual function in human affairs, namely, 'To develop the moral instincts of children, to for-

tify the character of the young against temptation, to cherish love of justice and human brotherhood, and to encourage the capacity for self-sacrifice.'

It matters little that, in all countries and in every generation, grievous mistakes have been made in the name of religion. The flags of the most civilized nations are subject to the same criticism. Consequently, this word religion, standing on its pedestal from age to age with its central idea of spiritual service, should have been guarded by Christian people with zealous solicitude, and its original significance should have been retained, unmixed with other issues, however popular and praiseworthy.

At the present day, however, no one would dream of claiming any such exclusive interpretation for the word religion. In fact, the term, shorn for the most part of its original significance, is now at the service of anybody who is able to bring into popular notice a plausible proposition in social or industrial betterment work. The churches themselves, and more particularly what are known as the liberal churches, have thrown the word into the literary scrap-heap, have invited all manner of well-meaning people, or associations of well-meaning people, to make use of the word as they think fit, and to attach it to all manner of ethical, scientific, or socialistic systems by means of which future races may be more thoroughly washed, fed, housed, measured, and enlightened. This to-day is the exact status of the word religion, which at one time was the exclusive property and word-emblem of spiritually-minded people.

At this point, the writer simply calls attention to this change in the significance of the word, and specifically to a number of well-defined evolutionary features that are following closely in its train: namely, to the scattering and mystifying of the religious conceptions of people, especially of the rising generation; to a certain, and very noticeable, cheapening of religious thought in the community; and finally, to a tendency to do away with religious observance, and to convert religion itself into a guess of constantly diminishing importance.

To people who frequent the byways of city life, who listen to and make note of conversations, and who read the newspapers, in which, as a rule, religion is only referred to in parentheses or humorously, — to such people, I say, the indications I have mentioned are the widely-advertised signs of the times. The evolutionary history of this state of affairs, and the illustrations connected with it are extremely interesting. But now, in order to illuminate the discussion a little, a short historical retrospection becomes necessary.

## II

Roughly speaking, between the years 1880 and 1890 there was a period of great educational and intellectual activity in America. It was by no means a pious upheaval of the human mind, but a sort of awakening to a sense of great intellectual riches and prospects. People in crowds, as it were, became half intoxicated with programmes of social and scientific possibilities. In almost every town and city in the country, lecture bureaus and 'Star courses' were at the height of their popularity and usefulness. Right along, through this interesting period, a revered and commanding personality was exercising a powerful influence on the religious life of the people of New England. It was an influence essentially religious and ennobling, yet the doctrines were widely tolerant in the best sense of the term. The key-note to this man's preaching was contained in

the fundamental understanding that the immediate obstacles to right living lie in our minds, and not in our circumstances. That is to say, it was a personal religion, founded on a spiritual basis.

The writer cannot recall the exact date, but on a certain New Year's Eve the man I refer to, the late Phillips Brooks, preached a sermon to the Young Men's Christian Union in Boston. His subject was the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, or the duties and responsibilities of the Christian soldier. The writer was so much impressed with the religious conceptions propounded by Dr. Brooks in this remarkable sermon, that he sought an interview with the preacher for the purpose of expressing his deep appreciation. Recalling the conversation as best I can, I trust that I do not misinterpret his words, or their significance, when I say that with hearty interest in all social and economic problems for the improvement of material conditions, and with the greatest sympathy for the opinions of all right-minded people, Dr. Brooks yet held religion to be the consecrated force by means of which all human activities should be inspired and directed along spiritual lines; or, as some one else has expressed it, religion should be depended upon 'to supply the extra-mundane motive stimulating men to the performance of their duties.'

In short, while religion has a mission, it has also privileges and powers and *a clearly defined sphere of action*. The writer came away from this interview impressed with the idea that, in the opinion of Dr. Brooks, it was by no means necessary for religion to apologize for its place in society, or for its services to humanity, nor was it either proper or expedient for ministers of religion to subordinate or side-track their spiritual functions in favor of popular or scientific theories, however praiseworthy.

Here, as it seems to the writer, in the religion of Phillips Brooks was a positive yet flexible starting-point from which people of all religious denominations and ethical systems might well agree to take their bearings. The entirely religious yet tolerant ideas of Dr. Brooks were extremely popular, practically speaking, with all classes in the community in which he labored; but in order to perpetuate rules of faith or conduct to which, let it be noted, there is attached a suspicion of discipline, the inspiration and actual presence of great personalities is called for. Since the days of Dr. Brooks, however, no single preacher or school of preachers has in any emphatic way taken up his work, and followed in his footsteps, with anything approaching his intensity or directness of spiritual purpose. Too many of them nowadays are even inclined to apologize for introducing spirituality into human affairs until some kind of social justice has been secured.

This over-keen sense, in fine and conscientious minds, of 'the burden of the universe' leads to great timidity in spiritual circles. Consequently the great non-religious world is inclined to look upon the modern minister as a weakling. If it does, the fault lies in the ministers themselves. When Phillips Brooks preached his sermon on the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, he was addressing the ministers of his time, as well as the young men of the Christian Union. Brave men and true of course there are to-day, but among the best of them spirituality seems to be losing its militant qualities. In order to bridge rivers, tunnel cities, navigate the air, fight pestilence, and destroy the slums, it is agreed that man must struggle, scheme, and dare. These noble lines of human endeavor call for champions, but as it appears to the writer of this article, spirituality in America, instead

of arming knights, is now enjoying a humdrum existence in the seclusion of comfortable parishes.

It is true many worthy ministers are in the open, fighting bravely for every conceivable kind of reform in social and religious life; but more and more the modern religious reformer is wandering from the basic principle of personal character and redemption, and the leaders of this radical and speculative school of modern religious thought are now seeking the greatest material happiness for the greatest number, along channels and by methods to which the writer now desires to direct attention. That there may be no misunderstanding as to this radical tendency and its meaning, it will be well to quote authority and adduce concrete illustration.

III

I have said that the so-called liberal preachers of the day have agreed to cast the word religion into the literary scrap-heap. To some people this fact will have but little significance; but when we come to examine the matter closely, we will get some idea of the cheapening of religious thought by which this change has been accompanied.

That the agreement to materialize religion and its meaning is spreading, and becoming very popular, can easily be demonstrated. Even the Roman Catholics here and there are being drawn into the current.

In a communication read at the conference at Edinburgh, on June 17, 1910, the Catholic Bishop of Cremona, Italy, gives 'due recognition' to the many elements of truth and value in several non-Christian systems of religion and ethics, although in the same breath he adds, 'But we should be unfaithful to the facts of experience if we did not reaffirm our conviction that the education of the world demands for its highest and best development those elements of truth which are the peculiar contributions of Christianity to the world's thought and life.'

But an illustration nearer home will be more to the point. In a book entitled, *The Coming Religion*, published in the year 1893, Rev. Thomas Van Ness applies the term religion to three clearly defined systems of philosophical thought, to which at that time the earnest attention of thinking people was directed, as it is now, for that matter. These systems of religion are 'The Christian, the Scientific, and the Humanitarian, with their gospels of love, evolution, and socialism.'

In commenting on conditions and prospects, Mr. Van Ness describes the situation very clearly. He speaks of 'the three religions battling for supremacy in the Christian world,' and puts the question to his readers: 'Which of the three is to become supreme? Is not our religion,' he adds, 'perfect, as it is measured by the standards of its sincere believers?' The book in question, the author explains, 'was written to answer this question in the negative.'

Now, it is not necessary to dwell on the obvious distinction between the all-embracing personal service contained in the doctrines and faith of Dr. Brooks, and the religion of the future, which, in the mind's eye of Mr. Van Ness, is to be a sort of alliance or reconciliation between science, socialism, and Christianity. This is to-day a common and very acceptable doctrine. It is popular with liberal thinkers and hosts of people, and yet to the mind of the present writer, it means to Christianity and the spiritual life of the nation what the partition of Poland meant to the Poles.

The alliance in question, in all its complications, is becoming more and

more the popular interpretation of religious probabilities. The most advanced views on the subject, leaving out a good deal of the socialism, with a quite graphic description of the promised land connected with it, are very clearly outlined in the well-known treatise on *The Religion of the Future*, by Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

The present writer, however, is not now concerned with horoscopes and predictions. He invites his readers to examine the situation for themselves, and to see just how this proposed alliance between socialism and science on the one hand, and a large, influential, and well-meaning section of Christian workers on the other, pursues its ends and carries on its campaign. To a great extent it is a picture of spirituality and spiritual teachers backing out and losing ground under pressure from below. What follows is some of the writing on the wall.

IV

During the period to which I have referred, when Phillips Brooks was preaching to all sorts and conditions of men his great doctrines of love, spirituality, and personal service, and when at the same time from forum and platform messages of great human and scientific interest were being delivered to enthusiastic audiences, a young minister stepped out of the ranks, as it were, and proclaimed to the people of New England the dawn of a new era, or rather, the breaking of new ground in methods of religious teaching. For, after all, his message was neither new nor strange. But the man had personality. He was burdened with an idea. He was enthusiastic, honest, eloquent, and strong. From the start people took him seriously. The newspapers 'featured' him, and he began to draw crowds. Sunday after Sunday he filled Tremont Temple in Boston to the doors. From a full heart he preached the ever virile doctrine of human brotherhood.

But the spiritual impetus that was at the root of his humanitarian ideas was, to the better educated among his hearers, its most attractive feature. Although the spiritual element in his audiences was in the minority, the preacher's standing on the subject added greatly to his popularity and to the quiet dignity of the services, and hundreds of regular church-goers from all over the state became frequent attendants at these meetings.

As time passed, interest in the movement increased, but, as it seemed to the writer, in response to the popular demand of a mixed audience, more emphasis began to be laid on the social, industrial, and human-brotherhood features of the programme. The idea of the spiritual origin and backing of the movement seemed to be losing ground, and before long, in the natural course of events, sermons on social justice were reinforced and illustrated by the teaching of science and the doctrines of socialism.

In this way, one thing leading to another, the Christian Church itself was brought up for consideration. There is no mistaking the outside popular view of this matter. If the religious liberal loses sight of it, he will get out of touch with his popular audience. And thus the minister in question, forgetting the Christian endeavor of centuries, held up, religiously speaking, his own flesh and blood to popular animadversion for its mistakes in the past, and its lethargy in the present. Perhaps he was right; in my opinion he was wrong; but leaving the ultimate good to the community an open question, the fact remains that he, this minister, had now joined the ranks of those who were cheapening religious traditions and thought.

Meanwhile the sermons were becoming immensely entertaining, and the ever-increasing radicalism and religious independence of the preacher continued to be received with marked applause by crowded audiences.

In this way, as it seemed to the writer recording his honest impressions, the preacher discovered the most popular element in his teaching, his visions of doing good were guided thereby, and thus he began to get a glimpse of the fascinating life-work that was before him.

The man, by this time, was a distinct power in the community. Apart from his regular religious services in Tremont Temple and elsewhere, he started a 'forum' in the interests of young men, in the Parker Memorial Building in Boston, for the freest possible discussion of social and industrial problems, and in particular of the doctrines of human rights and socialism.

Without exaggeration, hundreds of young men of thoughtful and religious tendencies were attracted to this platform which represented and encouraged the discussion of topics of such vital human interest. The moving spirits in this forum, the regular attendants and most interested debaters, were drawn from the churches. Without any reference to the merits of the case, it will have to be allowed that few, if any, of these young men ever returned to the churches from which they came.

But now mark the event.

The work of the forum and of the movement itself came to an end after two or three very successful seasons, not from lack of interest or attendance, but from the deliberate action and *test* of the founder himself. When the time came he put the case to his audience in so many words, very much as follows; at any rate this is the impression his remarks left on his hearers. 'My friends,' he said in effect, 'we have now come to the parting of the ways. You have followed me kindly and courageously this many a day. What I am and what I teach, you should all thoroughly understand by this time. And specifically about religion you are particularly well posted, and my views on the subject I have not withheld from you. But now it is our manifest duty to take account of stock, to look forward as well as backward, and thus I now want to know something about results and the future. My religion, the doctrine I have preached, you understand, is founded on human justice, the brotherhood of man, the revelations and truths of science, and finally as much of the Christian religion as, in good faith and reasonably, we can admit into the partnership.

'With these ideas in our minds, and along these lines, I now propose to institute here in Boston a great brotherly congregation of Christian workers. To begin with, I ask you all to think the matter over carefully, and later, when our arrangements shall have been completed, I shall ask you to put your hands in your pockets, and give the movement some tangible evidence of your appreciation of my sojourn and labors among you. In a word, we must now have a regular constitution and a home to worship in. The question remains, Is this alliance of ours between Science, Socialism, and the Christian Religion good for it?'

To describe the situation more definitely, the city of Boston was thoroughly canvassed in behalf of the project. Those who had manifested any interest in the work were then invited to assist the committees. A form of pledge, promising financial assistance, was printed and circulated, and finally a mass meeting of regular attendants and well-wishers was held one Sunday evening in the Hollis Street Theatre.

The building was crowded to the

doors. If my recollection of the affair is correct, the services of an expert were secured for the financial aspect of the undertaking. The duties of this gentleman consisted in the reading of a financial report, in announcing the amounts of the pledges, and finally, by means of a stirring appeal, in arousing the enthusiasm of the audience to the requisite money-giving pitch.

In this way the best part of an hour was consumed; but when the sum total of the pledges was read out, it was found to be sadly disappointing. The minister, however, made the best of it. It remained for him to announce his plans for the future with such limited financial support. He promised to think it over. He had received a very flattering call from a society in California. He must not forget that. He thanked kind friends for their support and generosity, and then he gave his topic for the evening: 'Why I believe in Immortality.'

Now, in the present article neither the teachings of science nor the doctrines of socialism are up for consideration. The issue is simply the effect, or probable effect, of the alliance I have been describing on the spiritual life of the community. And from this point of view I think it fair to conclude that the movement which culminated, or rather disbanded, in the Hollis Street Theatre, cost the churches some two or three hundred regular attendants. The doctrines of personal religion and spirituality in general lost a great deal of ground. At the end there was no religious or any other cohesion, and the great audience in the Hollis Street Theatre represented a medley of social and philosophical opinions, drawn together by a single personality, and finally thrown back on the community to shift for themselves.

The characteristic feature and result of this movement, whether for better or worse, was simply its *homelessness*, and every movement of this description in the churches, from that day to this, has in the end, and in a similar way, resolved itself into a society for the turning-out of religious vagrants. This applies to ministers and laymen alike. This making of religious vagrants is, to say the least of it, a very noticeable feature and sequence of the progressive religious sentiment of the day. In listening to an up-to-date sermon of this description, one finds it is frequently ninety-eight per cent political and socialistic, and two per cent spiritual.

The ultimate result to such churches can be imagined. It will repay us to give a little attention to the language used upon such occasions by prominent liberal preachers in the year 1910. Of course this kind of doctrine cannot yet be taken as typical of the situation in liberal religious circles, but it is by far the most extensively advertised and applauded feature of the situation.

Quite recently, in Boston, large audiences of Unitarians and their friends were addressed by ministers of that denomination, during anniversary week. The attitude of the church toward politics, labor problems, and social justice was the topic that aroused the keenest interest, and the addresses thereon were most extensively reported in the newspapers. The enthusiasm of audiences was repeatedly aroused by such sentiments as the following uttered by prominent speakers: —

'This money power has invaded and captured the Republican party. This money power has invaded our colleges and universities, and told their heads what they can teach.'

According to this minister, the church should preach politics and socialism from the pulpit. He himself had no hesitation in setting the example. The church, his own church, is conspicu-

ously weak and inefficient. Its plain duty is to denounce the money power, the Republican party, and the railroads. In regard to the latter, an audience was informed that 'The beast in the east masquerades under the name of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and it is one of the corrupting influences in the east.'

Parenthetically there is about one ounce of vanishing truth in this statement, and a ton of gross misrepresentation. Any one of its thousands of employees could have informed the speaker what the Boston and Maine Railroad and its management stand for to-day, socially, educationally, and industrially. As for the past — let the dead bury its dead.

According to these speakers, however, the greatest offender is the church itself. Its stand on economic and social questions is the centre of attack. The church is accused of being 'long on salvation somewhere else, and mighty short of it here.' One speaker, relating his experience and opinion, had this to say: 'I saw a congregation of people who would sing and who would talk about the brotherhood of man, but who would resent any attempt to make that brotherhood possible.'

'Where save in the church would you find buyers of legislatures?' he inquired. 'Where save in the church will you find the owners of foul tenements that kill the people who are compelled to live in them?'

The moral effect of this kind of sermonizing, advertised as it has been all over the country, is simply to bring all churches and every form of religious teaching into disrepute with the people. Not only is its tendency to initiate and encourage dissatisfaction and vagrancy in religious circles, not only are its accusations often exaggerated, but its very aims are themselves founded on error and misconception. This final and most important phase of the situation should be clearly explained and understood.

V

One of the chief of these misconceptions relates to the function and duties of the Christian minister, and to the understanding or misunderstanding of Christian endeavor in all parts of the world in times past. The modern religious reformer, in thinking that he can fill the rôle of a political partisan or a corporation-baiter, and at the same time expect to remain on a spiritual eminence and direct the conscience of even a small congregation, is making a great mistake.

Personally this action of his may be commendable; he may be peculiarly fitted for this kind of work; nevertheless, it must be to him a fundamental change of occupation.

The position of the writer on the matter can be stated in the words of Phillips Brooks: 'God's purpose on the earth is man, and the primary and final concern of the Christian minister is human character.' This religious programme is not only all a Christian minister can reasonably be expected to attend to, but, as we shall see later, it includes, and always has included, social justice and betterment work of every description. Let us first emphasize this position or sphere of duty a little.

The Reverend Frederick A. Bisbee, editor of the *Universalist Leader* of Boston, in his baccalaureate sermon at the University of Maine some time ago, called attention to the part played by religion in the present great drama of life.

'The great need of the world,' he said, 'is not more laws, not more schemes for human betterment, but more of just plain, good, true men. The best office in the world will fail unless you

have good men to administer it. Every social system ever instituted has met wreck because of the failure of the individual man in it. All our evils, social, economic, and political, have their primary cause in evil men, often men of talent and training. The only way to reform the world is to reform the men in it.'

Here, then, is the religious proposition of to-day actually more insistent and more clearly defined than ever. This is the prescribed sphere of action of the Christian minister. It is orthodox, liberal, and catholic. But the American genius is averse to restrictions of any kind, and the fever in the blood is now running its course through the churches.

Let us take a glance at this now popular movement in perhaps its latest manifestation.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States, for example, with its one million three hundred thousand members, has recently issued a sort of manifesto on the subject. The document was reported to the assembly at Atlantic City, by Reverend John McDowell, D. D., and adopted with unanimity. Its terms call upon the church to declare itself specifically on certain social, moral, and industrial issues. It is true Jesus approached the social question from within. He dealt with individuals; he made men; he served the world through inspiration; he left the organization of social and industrial details to the individual who listened to and profited by his teachings. But the Presbyterian and other Protestant churches now propose to go further. The time has come, they declare, 'when our churches and ministers must speak their minds concerning particular problems now threatening society.'

To begin with, then, let it now be preached that 'All wealth, from whatever source acquired, must be held or administered as a trust from God for fellow men.' The church must declare, too, for the application of Christian principles in the conduct of industrial organizations, whether of capital or labor; for a more equal distribution of wealth; and for the abatement of poverty. Furthermore, the church must stand for the abolition of child-labor. Provision must be made to relieve from want those who, through no fault of their own, now suffer the brunt of losses incurred in the service of society as a whole. The church must also have an eye on and a hand in regulating the condition of the industrial occupation of women. She must declare for the protection of working people from dangerous machinery, and for adequate insurance; and finally, 'The pay of every worker for six days' work'—the church must see to it—'should be made sufficient for the needs of seven days of living.'

Evidently these issues and interests are of the greatest importance, both to the churches and to the nation at large. The proposition from beginning to end does credit to the religious instinct and human sympathies of any church.

The principles concerned in the programme are all right, but in the working out of its details there is a peck of trouble, for both minister and church. But the churches have always preached and acknowledged the principles of social justice, on a level, at any rate, with the times. What they now propose to do is to step down into the social arena and take sides. Once in the arena there is no help for it. The minister must come out for the open shop or against it. He must be socialist or anti-socialist. Sooner or later he must be female suffragist or anti-suffragist. He must come out for an eight-hour day or against it. Meanwhile, under these circumstances, his congregation

being human, only a man-miracle could retain his spiritual jurisdiction.

In fact, to saddle the modern minister with even a subordinate part in the organization and solution of these problems of social justice is simply preposterous.

President Eliot of the American Unitarian Association is evidently of this opinion. He does not believe that 'one man can be a theologian, a sociologist, a raiser of church income, and a pastor with sufficient skill to make himself acceptable to an intelligent and critical congregation.'

This is the situation in a nutshell. Let the minister choose whom he will serve. Let him specialize; and seeing that the primal and final concern of the Christian minister is human character, let him specialize at his own business, and stand to his guns.

The churches to-day are as well aware of these facts, and of this situation, as the writer of this article. But, unfortunately, at the present day they are suffering from a simple case of Christian timidity or fright. Deep in its heart the church is aware of its spiritual mission, but the incessant haranguing of the popular reformer, and various other pressures from without, are eating into its faith, and it now seems to be possessed with a determination to part with no small portion of its spiritual function, in order to acquire an uncertain partnership in affairs over which its influence is comparatively slight.

But this religious misconception is not alone one of function and duty. At the root of nearly all modern projects, or tendencies, to materialize religion, there is also a misinterpretation of church history and antecedents. For if there is any one thing to-day of which the churches have reason to be proud, it is the record of Christian endeavor and success along the very lines to which popular attention is now being directed.

In reading the programme and announced platform of the Presbyterian Church, one gets the idea that this denomination is becoming interested in these social and industrial problems for the first time. Nothing can be further from the truth. The past and present glory of the Christian Church does not consist in the lists of social and industrial cure-alls which it has officially sanctioned and proclaimed from the housetops. While others have been thus engaged, the individuals, the children and fruits of the church's ministry, the 'just plain, good, true men and women,' have been at work, and have crowded into the past fifty years a record of actual results in humanitarian effort which, properly understood, should fill the faintest religious heart with courage and gladness.

It is only necessary to study these reforms, the names of the reformers, and the associations connected with them, to understand that in a vast majority of cases the great work of human uplift has been initiated and carried on 'In His Name,' and in faithful response to the injunction, 'This commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.'

# RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA

BY HENRY M. WHITNEY

I

THERE is in all history no better illustration of the advantage, to all concerned, of free and unrestricted trade over a large area of country than that presented by the growth in population and in wealth of the United States within the last century, and especially within the last fifty years. Including the territory west of the Mississippi River, which barely one hundred years ago was foreign soil, and Alaska, which less than fifty years ago was foreign soil, the United States covers an area of 3,500,000 square miles, of which 500,000 square miles are in Alaska. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it contained a population of 5,300,000, which had grown in the first fifty years to upwards of 23,000,000, and at the end of the century to upwards of 75,000,000, and which now numbers about 92,000,000.

For the first fifty years of the century the increase in population and in wealth was comparatively slow, for the reason that transportation of heavy freights for any great distance had to be carried on almost entirely by water. Transportation by teams, which, before the introduction of the railway system, was the only means of inland transportation, was too expensive to admit of the profitable cultivation of farms or of the building up of manufacturing enterprises in places even a little remote from the watercourses. It is probably fair to say that a team of horses, or pair of oxen, could not move more than one ton of freight over the average country road of a century ago a greater distance than twenty miles in one day. If the team were to make its return journey in half the time, it would involve a cost of transportation of a day and a half for a man and team. At present, the cost of the team to do this work would be about $5 a day, or $7.50 for the day and a half; in the olden time it could probably have been done for, say, $4.50. Reckoning 33 bushels of grain to the ton, that would mean that it would cost 14 cents a bushel to move grain to the watercourse from a farm twenty miles away. Mr. W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad, has stated that the cost of transportation by teams from Buffalo to the Hudson River previous to the opening of the Erie Canal was $100 per ton, which was reduced to $11 a ton on the opening of the Canal, or, say, 34 cents per bushel on grain. Hence the cost of moving grain from a farm twenty miles from Buffalo to the Hudson River amounted to nearly 50 cents a bushel, which was probably all that the grain was worth at that time at the river point.

But with the introduction of the railway system this condition of things was entirely changed. Heavy freights are now carried one thousand miles by rail at the cost of twenty miles by teams. The railroads have been the pioneers and chief factor in the development of the resources of the country, and unless hampered by restrictive or hostile legislation, they will continue

to be so for many years to come. All sections of the country have shared in the benefit of this development, and have alike been prosperous.

The area of trade in the United States is in remarkable contrast to those of the different countries of Europe. For illustration: Great Britain has an area of 121,000 square miles, which is equal to that of the New England States, New York, and New Jersey. The area of France is equal to that of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, and Michigan. Germany has an area equal to that of North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. The area of Spain is equal to that of Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi; of Italy, to that of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri; of Austria-Hungary, to that of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Sweden and Norway together have about the same area as Arizona, Utah, and Montana; Portugal is something less in area than Oklahoma. The Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece have together an area of about 66,000 square miles — somewhat smaller than that of either Kansas or Nebraska.

These fourteen different countries occupy an aggregate of about 1,500,000 square miles, or about one-half the territory of the United States, exclusive of Alaska; and the remainder of the territory in the United States, including Alaska, is equal to the area of European Russia.

All of these countries, with the sole exception of Great Britain, are hemmed in by hostile tariff walls, each against the others, which limit their trade largely to the territory occupied by each. In addition, they are animated largely by feelings of racial hostility toward one another. They support large standing armies for protection against their neighbors, involving burdensome taxes, and have a system of compulsory military service, which is also very burdensome.

From all these hindrances to trade the United States has been and is still free. The citizens of one state are free to travel and to trade in every other state, and friendship and friendly interests prevail. This absolute freedom of intercourse, this freedom from military service, and these lighter taxes, together with the opportunity for acquiring land and homes wherever one may see fit to settle, have invited immigration from all parts of the world; and for the last fifty years immigrants have been coming in increasing numbers. These immigrants have left behind them their racial feeling of hostility, they have ceased to be Germans, or Austrians, or Swedes, or Norwegians, and have become loyal and enthusiastic Americans. Were the territory of the United States divided into separate nationalities, as in Europe, there would have been no such rapid growth of cities, no Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, no Baltimore, or Pittsburg, or Chicago, as we know them to-day. The growth and development of these centres of commerce and industry is wholly due to the absolute freedom of intercourse and community of interest over the enormous area of 3,500,000 square miles.

Assuming that the spirit of private enterprise and the development of the railway system are not to be checked by unwise legislation, what is likely to be the population of the United States in the century to come? The average increase for the nineteenth century was three per cent a year. For the last twenty years the growth was twenty per cent every ten years, or two per cent a year; about fifteen per cent of which was due to reproduction, and five per cent to immigration. It seems to me that for the next fifty years the population will increase in like ratio, in which case we shall have

| | |
|---|---|
| in 1920 a population of | 110,000,000 |
| 1930 | 132,000,000 |
| 1940 | 158,000,000 |
| 1950 | 190,000,000 |
| 1960 | 228,000,000 |

and assuming thereafter for the next forty years an increase of one and one half per cent a year, or fifteen per cent every ten years, we should find ourselves at the end of the century with a population of 400,000,000.

This would give us in 1960 an average population of 75 persons to the square mile, not including Alaska, and in the year 2000 about 140 to the square mile. Considering that Germany, France, and England have now a population of 300 to the square mile, that Massachusetts already has a population of 367 per square mile, and that the states of New York and Pennsylvania have about 150 persons per square mile, there would seem to be plenty of room for even the larger population. The chief concern would be how they should be fed and wherewithal they should be clothed.

II

Turning now to the development of our manufacturing enterprises, it is seen that the growth in this direction has been no less remarkable than the growth in population. The Census Reports do not give details of manufacturing enterprises further back than the Census of 1850. At that time, 1850, the value of products was $1,000,000,000; there were 123,000 manufacturing establishments, having a capital of $533,000,000, and wage-earners numbering 957,000. In 1900, the value of products was $13,000,000,000; the number of establishments had grown to 512,000, with a capital of $9,831,000,000 and wage-earners numbering 5,314,000.

Manufacturing enterprises, which at the beginning, and indeed until the end of the first half of the century, were almost wholly confined to the eastern section of the country, have moved westward, along with the march of population, until at the present time the capital invested and the number of men employed are nearly or quite as large in some of the western agricultural states as in the older states of the East, where manufacturing is, and always has been, the chief occupation. Having so large an area to trade over, without let or hindrance of any kind, manufacturers have been enabled to specialize their products, and to produce more cheaply than if they were confined to a limited trade-area, as are most of the countries in Europe to which I have already referred.

As showing the growth of manufacturing enterprises in the West, take for illustration the following statistics from the Census Report, —

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS

| *State* | *Year* | *Number* | *Capital* | *Wage-earners* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Illinois | 1850 | 3,162 | 6,217,000 | 11,559 |
| | 1900 | 38,360 | 776,000,000 | 395,110 |
| Wisconsin | 1850 | 1,262 | 3,382,000 | 6,089 |
| | 1900 | 16,187 | 330,000,000 | 142,000 |
| Minnesota | 1850 | 5 | 94,000 | 63 |
| | 1900 | 11,114 | 165,832,000 | 77,234 |
| Massachusetts | 1850 | 8,852 | 177,461,000 | 89,000 |
| | 1900 | 29,180 | 823,000,000 | 497,000 |

The number of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits in the State of Illinois in 1900 was 462,781, as compared with 395,110 wage-earners in manufacturing establishments.

There is no reason to suppose that this tendency of manufacturing enterprises to draw nearer to the centres of population in the western countries will not continue. Gradually around these industries in the West will grow up a class of mechanics equal to those that are found in the eastern states, and the western establishments will grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, and competition with the eastern manufacturer will be keener and keener as the years go by. And if the time shall come when, added to this natural competition, transportation shall be based upon mileage, and freight carried 2000 miles shall be compelled to pay ten times as much as freight carried 200 miles, the eastern manufacturer will be likely to be absolutely cut off from his customers in the distant West. It is, therefore, not only desirable, but, in my judgment, absolutely essential, that the eastern manufacturers should be able to avail themselves of the possible customers to the north and east of us with whom we are in such close proximity. Montreal, the Chicago of the Dominion, is but 350 miles from New York, or Boston, or Portland, while Chicago of the United States is 1000 miles away, St. Louis 1200, Omaha and Kansas City 1500.

The Dominion of Canada is entering upon a development closely resembling that of the United States one hundred years ago. Her population at the beginning of the present century was very much the same as that of the United States a century earlier, namely, in 1800. Although the climatic conditions in Canada are less favorable than those in the United States, her railway development is now assuming large proportions, and it is more than likely that in the next forty years she will grow more rapidly than the United States grew in the forty years from 1810 to 1850. Immigration into the United States from 1820 to 1830 aggregated less for the ten years than 150,000 people, while at the present time there are probably double that number entering Canada every single year.

Her territory lies along that of the United States for nearly 4000 miles. The natural outlet and inlet for exports and imports of the Dominion is through the territory of the United States. Her Atlantic ports of Halifax and St. John are several hundred miles farther from Montreal than either Boston, or New York, or Portland; and in addition to the shorter distance, the greater attractions of the ports would draw the trade of the Dominion to the United States ports, if trade were allowed to flow freely, without the intervention of the tariff wall. The people of the United States would be the very best customers for the varied Canadian products. The people of the United States would be glad to join with the people of Canada in developing this great territory; and, as in the case of the territory of the United States, it could be developed to the mutual advantage of all concerned. That territory in the United States lying west of the Mississippi River, which barely one hundred years ago was a howling wilderness, now contains a contented and prosperous population of more than twenty millions of people, and there almost every day new manufacturing enterprises are being established on an enduring basis.

The free and unrestricted trade which has prevailed over the territory of the United States to the mutual advantage of everybody concerned would be equally beneficial to the territory of

the Dominion if the tariff barrier between the two countries were absolutely removed. Manufacturing enterprises would gradually find their way to the western sections of Canada, just as they have to the western sections of the United States; and all along from Ottawa to the Pacific would be found cities like Milwaukee, St. Paul, Spokane, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Sacramento. And this development would be more rapid if brought about by the united capital and energy of the American people and of the Canadians.

III

The establishment of friendly trade relations with Canada—and by friendly trade relations I mean trade that shall be as free and unrestricted between these two countries as that between the separate states of the United States—would lead to friendly social relations, and a bond of union would be woven between the United States, Canada, and the British Empire. The outcome might be an alliance for mutual protection which would have in it great possibilities of good for those immediately concerned, and perhaps for the whole human race.

Such an alliance as I have referred to might come to be of much importance to the United States, if we are to continue to play our rôle of a world power in the affairs of the East. The unfortunate legacy left us by the Spanish War has opened for us a Pandora's box of evils and responsibilities, of which the masses of the people are but very dimly conscious. If any great power in Europe, or in the East, should think the Philippines worth taking, it could appropriate them, for all we could now do to prevent, pretty nearly as easily as Dewey captured Manila. If it is to be the settled policy of the United States to retain possession of the Philippine Islands, we must get ourselves in a better position than we are now to hold them; otherwise, we shall be nothing in this connection but a laughing-stock to the world, as in all probability we are now. We must seek alliances with other world powers. We cannot 'go it alone' there. But to be in any position to protect these islands, or to be of value to any European power as an ally, we must have a much more powerful navy than we have now, must have at our command a large fleet of army transports, and must have a much larger army. If we are not prepared to do all of these things, we must find some way to get out of our eastern complications and devote our energies and our resources to home development and home protection.

The people of the United States are ambitious to trade over a large area. If they had part or lot in the trade affairs of the whole of the British Empire, it would be their interest to help maintain the Empire in its integrity. I believe that the beginning of this much-desired end is a trade alliance between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. We have ourselves seen the benefit of free and unrestricted trade over an area of three million square miles. If Canada be joined with us we shall have a trade area of six million square miles. If the British Empire were added, we should have a trading area of fourteen or fifteen million square miles. It is likely, also, that other countries of Europe would be glad to join such an alliance, the beneficial effects of which can, perhaps, be better imagined than described.

In some respects, the question of reciprocity with Canada is more complicated than it was in 1897, when Sir Wilfred Laurier and his Cabinet came to Washington on their mission of re-

ciprocity, and were so coldly received. The question as to the proper division of the customs and internal revenue under a common tariff, and under a system of free trade between the United States and Canada, would not be altogether easy of adjustment, but might, in the last resort, be left to the decision of arbitrators to be agreed upon beforehand.

It is amazing, and I think wholly without excuse, that the representatives in Washington of the New England States, to whom a reciprocity treaty with Canada is of such great, and indeed essential, importance, should have been so indifferent with regard to Sir Wilfrid's proposition. It can only be accounted for by the fact that our own western country was developing at such a rate that nothing else seemed worth considering. And when one comes to realize that in the thirty years from 1870 to 1900, the number of farms in the United States increased upwards of three millions in number, with an acreage of upwards of four hundred and thirty millions, — a larger area in new farms in those thirty years than the whole area of France and Germany and Austria and Hungary combined, — it is not perhaps so strange.

In some respects the time is more opportune now than heretofore for favorable negotiation on the lines I have suggested. The tendency of to-day is in the direction of a lower scale of duties, and it would therefore be easier now for the two countries to agree upon a scale of duties more in harmony with Canadian ideas than it was in 1897, when Sir Wilfrid came to Washington, just previous to the inauguration of the Dingley tariff. I am well aware that there would be many difficult questions to settle, before the countries could unite on the basis of free and unrestricted trade relations. The fact that is thought by many Canadians to stand absolutely in the way is the preference on certain manufactured articles given by Canada to England. It could hardly be expected that the United States would grant England this preference over the trade of other friendly nations; but if the United States tariffs were to be substantially reduced on goods of English manufacture, this greater opportunity of trade with one hundred millions of people would go very far toward compensating England for some small loss in her trade with seven millions of people. If all the parties to these negotiations would approach the question in a spirit of fairness, animated by friendly feelings and by wise statesmanship, I see no reason for supposing that all the questions involved in this great arrangement might not be ultimately adjusted with reasonable satisfaction to all parties concerned.

IV

Some resolutions that were passed a few months ago by the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce of Montreal have been quoted far and near as evidence of the opposition of Canadians to reciprocity with the United States. One of the reasons given was that if Canadians were permitted to buy of the American manufacturers they would get their goods cheaper than if confined to the home market. Whether this would or would not be the fact, I am not prepared to say; but if such would really be the case, it would seem an argument, so far as the mass of the people are concerned, in favor of reciprocity rather than against it. Another objection, and the most important one, was that free-trade relations with the United States would tend to weaken the attachment of the Canadians to the mother country. This must not for a moment be considered. The interest that the mother country has in her

colonies relates almost wholly to her trade affairs, and I see no reason why these should be disturbed to any great extent. As to this 'attachment' to the mother country, if it would be imperiled by friendly trade relations with the United States and if such relations would create a sentiment in favor of annexation, then the 'attachment' cannot be very strong. The very objection carries with it inherent evidence of its weakness, and of the strength of the annexation sentiment.

What might ultimately be the political effect of the establishment of friendly trade and social relations between the United States and Canada, is a problem that had best be left to work itself out in the years to come. It is quite possible, indeed I think it quite likely, considering the number of questions of domestic and foreign policy which might arise under such a condition, that the two nations would in the end become politically one; but that would be a long way in the future, if it ever came to pass at all.

I do not, however, accept the expression of the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce of Montreal as expressive of the final opinion of the mass of Canadians. I have not forgotten how difficult it was in 1867 to bring the Maritime Provinces into the Confederation. These provinces are naturally allied with the United States in all their trade affairs, and I believe that a recognition of this fact, though unexpressed, is still very strong there. And I think it is not too much to say that if the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, which was abrogated by the United States in 1866, had been continued, the task of bringing the Maritime Provinces into the Confederation would have been still harder than it was, and might have been impossible. A few years ago I was invited to speak in Toronto upon the subject of reciprocity. The atmosphere of the city was somewhat hostile to the idea, but while there I was waited upon by a committee from the Farmers' Alliance of the Dominion, and invited to address the Alliance. I was unable to do so for want of time, but we had a pleasant half-hour's talk together. I found them in entire sympathy with my own ideas, and they stated, as representing the Farmers' Alliance, that if the time should come when the United States was prepared to offer to the Canadians reciprocity upon fair and equitable lines, the plan would find general support from the farmers of the Dominion.

I believe that this feeling still abides, and that when the opportunity arises, the farmers of the Dominion, and the Canadian people generally, will be found favorable to free and unrestricted trade with the people of the United States. There is no question that it is for the best interests of the two countries.

Of course, the first step in this direction must be taken by the people of the United States. I hope that the public sentiment of the people of this country will favor a movement in this direction at an early day. And if friendly trade relations could be established between the United States and Canada and the United Kingdom, it would conduce to the benefit of all concerned and promote the peace of the world.

## V

Finally, if a reciprocity treaty on broad lines is not possible at the present time, owing to the attitude of the Canadians, why should we deny ourselves the advantage that would accrue to us from at once allowing the products of Canada's fisheries, farms, forests, and mines to come here free of duty. These are things that we need, and soon must have from some outside

source. If we were to admit Canadian grain free of tariff charges, much of it would stay with us for home consumption; a portion would go through our ports to foreign lands. In these days of high cost of living, what an absurdity it is to increase the burden by levying a duty of 25 cents per bushel on wheat, $1.50 per barrel on flour, 25 cents per bushel on potatoes, 6 cents per pound on butter and cheese, 5 cents on eggs, and so on. Open wide the door and let these things come in.

New York and Boston and Portland are the natural outlets for the foreign trade of Eastern Canada. St. John and Halifax are twice as far from Montreal as New York, or Boston, or Portland. The Canadian Atlantic ports are not to be mentioned in competition with the American Atlantic ports, for passenger business. Our steamers are larger, and social conditions count for very much with travelers. Under existing circumstances, what Canadian going abroad or coming from abroad would not prefer landing in New York, or Boston, or Portland, to disembarking in Halifax or St. John? And with the increasing size of the Atlantic liners and the growing attractions of our cities, the advantage will increase rather than diminish.

The elevators for storing and handling Canadian grain should be located on this side of the line, and the steamers of the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific should, in the winter time at least, find their 'home' port in New York, or Boston, or Portland. And if, under a reciprocity arrangement or otherwise, the farm products of Canada were admitted free of duty, the Canadian government would be friendly, instead of hostile, to the use of American ports for Canadian business. My belief is that such a course would promote the cause of reciprocity on the broad lines of free trade between the two countries.

# AVIATION IN DREAMS

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

DREAMS of flying, with the dreams of falling with which they are sometimes associated, may fairly be considered the best known and most frequent type of dream. They were among the earliest dreams to attract attention. Ruthes argues that the Greek conception of the flying Hermes, the god who possessed special authority over dreams, was based on such experiences. Lucretius, in his interesting passage on the psychology of dreaming, speaks of falling from heights in dreams; Cicero appears to refer to dreams of flying; St. Jerome mentions that he was subject to them; Synesius remarked that in dreams we fly with wings and view the world from afar; Cervantes accurately described the dream of falling. From the inventors of the legend of Icarus onwards, men have firmly cherished the belief that under some circumstances they could fly, and we may well suppose that that belief partly

owes its conviction, and the resolve to make it practical, to the experiences that have been gained in dreams.

No dreams, indeed, are so vivid and so convincing as dreams of flying; none leave behind them so strong a sense of the reality of the experience. Raffaelli, the eminent French painter, who is subject to these dreaming experiences of floating in the air, confesses that they are so convincing that he has jumped out of bed on awaking, and attempted to repeat the experience; 'I need not tell you,' he adds, 'that I have never been able to succeed.'

Herbert Spencer mentions that in a company of a dozen persons three testified that in early life they had had such vivid dreams of flying downstairs, and were so strongly impressed by the reality of the experience, that they actually made the attempt, one of them suffering in consequence from an injured ankle.

The case is recorded of an old French lady who always maintained that on one occasion she actually had succeeded for a few instants in supporting herself on the air. No one who is familiar with these dreaming experiences will be inclined to laugh at that old lady. It was during one of these dreams of levitation, in which one finds one's self leaping into the air and able to stay there, that it occurred to me that I would write a paper on the subject, for I thought in my dream that this power I found myself possessed of was probably much more widespread than was commonly supposed, and that in any case it ought to be generally known.

People who dabble in the occult have been so impressed by such dreams that they sometimes believe that the dream of flight represents a real excursion of the 'astral body.' This is the belief of Colonel de Rochas. Cæsar de Vesme, the editor of the French edition of the *Annals of Psychical Research*, has thought it worth while to investigate the matter; and after summarizing the results of a *questionnaire* concerning dreams of flying, he concludes that 'the sensation of aerial flight in dreams is simply an hallucinatory phenomenon of an exclusively physiological kind,' and not evidence of the existence of the 'astral body.' The fact, nevertheless, that so many people are found who believe such dreams to possess some kind of reality clearly indicates the powerful impression they make.

All my life, it seems to me, certainly from an early age until recently, I have at intervals had dreams in which I imagined myself rhythmically bounding into the air and supported on the air, remaining there for a perceptible interval; at other times I have felt myself gliding downstairs, but not supported by the stairs. In my case the experience is nearly always agreeable, involving a certain sense of power, and it usually evokes no marked surprise, occurring as a familiar and accustomed pleasure. On awaking I do not usually remember these dreams immediately, which seems to indicate that they are not due to causes specially operative at the end of sleep or liable to bring sleep to a conclusion. But they leave behind them a vague yet profound sense of belief in their reality and reasonableness.

Dream-flight, it is necessary to note, is not usually the sustained flight of a bird or an insect, and the dreamer rarely or never imagines that he is borne high into the air. Hutchinson states that, of all those whom he has asked about the matter, 'hardly one has ever known himself to make any high flights in his dreams. One almost always flies low, with a skimming manner, slightly, but only slightly, above the heads of pedestrians.' Beaunis — from his own experience — describes what I should consider a typical kind of dream-flight as a series of light

bounds, at one or two yards above the earth, each bound clearing from ten to twenty yards, the dream being accompanied by a delicious sensation of ease and movement, as well as a lively satisfaction at being able to solve the problem of aerial locomotion by virtue of superior organization alone. Lafcadio Hearn, somewhat similarly, describes in his *Shadowings* a typical and frequent dream of his own as a series of bounds in long parabolic curves, rising to a height of some twenty-five feet, and always accompanied by the sense that a new power had been revealed which for the future would be a permanent possession.

The attempt to explain dreams of flying has led to some bold hypotheses. I have already mentioned the notion that they are excursions of the 'astral body.' Professor Stanley Hall, who has himself from childhood had dreams of flying, argues, with scarcely less boldness, that we have here 'some faint reminiscent atavistic echo from the primeval sea'; and that such dreams are really survivals — psychic vestigial remains comparable to the rudimentary gill-slits occasionally found in man and other mammals — taking us back to the far past when man's ancestors needed no feet to swim or float. Such a theory may accord with the profound conviction of reality that accompanies these dreams, though that may be more easily accounted for; but it has the very serious weakness that it offers an explanation which will not fit the facts. Our dreams are of flying, not of swimming; but the ancestors of the mammals lived in the water, not in the air. In preference to so hazardous a theory, it seems infinitely more reasonable to regard these dreams as an interpretation — a misinterpretation from the standpoint of waking life — of actual internal sensations. If we can find the adequate explanation of a psychic state in conditions actually existing within the organism itself at the time, it is needless to seek it in conditions that ceased to exist untold millenniums ago.

My own explanation was immediately suggested by the following dream. I dreamed that I was watching a girl acrobat, in appropriate costume, who was rhythmically rising to a great height in the air and then falling, without touching the floor, though each time she approached quite close to it. At last she ceased, exhausted and perspiring, and I had to lead her away. Her movements were not controlled by mechanism, and apparently I did not regard mechanism as necessary. It was a vivid dream, and I awoke with a distinct sensation of oppression in the chest. In trying to account for this dream, which was not founded on any memory, it occurred to me that probably I had here the key to a great group of dreams. The rhythmic rising and falling of the acrobat was simply the objectivation of the rhythmic rising and falling of my own respiratory muscles, — or in some dreams, I believe, of the systole and diastole of the cardiac muscles, — under the influence of some slight and unknown physical oppression. This oppression was further translated into a condition of perspiring exhaustion in the girl, just as men with heart-disease have dreams of sweating and panting horses climbing uphill, in accordance with that tendency to magnification which marks dreams generally.

We may recall also the curious sensation as of the body being transformed into a vast bellows or steam-engine, which is often the last sensation felt before the unconsciousness produced by nitrous-oxide gas. It is the same with chloroform. 'There are marked sensations in the vicinity of the heart,' says Elmer Jones in the *Psychological Review* for January, 1909. 'The mus-

culature of that organ seems thoroughly stimulated and the contractions become violent and accelerated. The palpitations are as strong as would be experienced at the close of some violent bodily exertion.' It is significant, also, as bearing on the interpretation of the dream of flying, that under chloroform 'all movements made appeared to be much longer than they actually were. A slight movement of the tongue appeared to be magnified at least ten times. Clinching the fingers and opening them again produced the feeling of their moving through a space of several feet.' When we are lying down there is a real rhythmic rising and falling of the chest and abdomen, centring in the diaphragm, a series of oscillations which at both extremes are only limited by the air. Moreover, in this position we have to recognize that the circulatory, nervous, and other systems of the whole internal organism are differently balanced from what they are in the upright position, and that a disturbance of internal equilibrium always accompanies falling.

That the respiratory element is the chief factor in dreams of flying is clearly indicated by the fact that many persons subject to such dreams are conscious on awaking from them of a sense of respiratory or cardiac disturbance. I am acquainted with a psychologist who, though not a frequent dreamer, is subject to dreams of flying which do not affect him disagreeably, but on awaking from them he always perceives a slight fluttering of the heart. Any such sensation is by no means constant with me, but I have occasionally noted it down, in exactly the same words, after this kind of dream. H. J. Hutchinson, who in his *Dreams and their Meaning* has independently suggested that 'this flying-dream is caused by some action of the breathing organs,' mentions the significant fact that the idea of filling the lungs as a help in levitation occurs in the flying-dreams of many persons. It is worth while to observe, in this connection, how large a number of people, and especially very young people, associate their dreams of flying with staircases. The most frequent cause of cardiac and respiratory stimulation, especially in children, who constantly run up and down them, is furnished by staircases, and though in health this fact may not be obvious, it is undoubtedly registered unconsciously, and may thus be utilized by dreaming intelligence.

There is, however, another element entering into the problem of nocturnal aviation: the state of the skin-sensations. Respiratory activity alone would scarcely suffice to produce the imagery of flight if tactile sensations remained to suggest contact with the earth. In dreams, however, the sense of movement suggested by respiratory activity is unaccompanied by the pressure produced by boots or by the contact of the ground with the soles of the feet. In addition, there is probably, as Bergson also has suggested, a numbness due to pressure on the parts supporting the weight of the body. Sleep is not a constant and uniform state of consciousness; a heightened respiratory consciousness may easily coexist with a diminished consciousness of tactile pressure. In normal sleep it may indeed be said that the conditions are probably often favorable to the production of this combination, and any slight thoracic disturbance, even in healthy persons, arising from heart or stomach and acting on the respiration, serves to bring these conditions to sleeping consciousness and to determine the dream of flying.

Dreams of flying are sometimes associated with dreams of falling, the falling sensation occurring either at the beginning or at the end of the dream,

this latter dream being of the Icarus type. Lafcadio Hearn describes the fall as coming at the beginning of the dream. Dr. Guthrie in his own case describes the flying sensations as coming first, and the falling as coming afterwards, and apparently due to sudden failure of the power of flight; the first part of the dream is agreeable, but after the fall the dreamer awakes shaken, shocked, and breathless. The association of the two dreams indicates that the causation may be allied, but it scarcely seems to be identical. If it were identical we should scarcely find so often that, while the emotional tone of the dream of flying is usually agreeable, that of the dream of falling is usually disagreeable.

I have no personal experience of the sensation of falling in dreams, though Jewell and Hutchinson have found that it is more common than flying, the latter regarding it, indeed, as the most common kind of dream, the dream of flying coming next in frequency. A friend, who has no dreams of flying, but from his earliest years has had dreams of falling, tells me that they are always associated with feelings of terror. This suggests an organic cause, and the fact that the sensation of falling may occur in epileptic fits during sleep, seems further to suggest the presence of circulatory and nervous disturbance.

It would seem probable that while the same two factors — thoracic and tactile — are operative in both types of dream, they are not of equal force in each. In the dream of flying, respiratory activity is excited, and in response to excitation it works at a high level adequate to the needs of the organism; in the dream of falling it may be that respiratory activity is depressed, while concomitantly, perhaps, the anæsthetic state of the skin is increased. In the first state, the abnormal activity of respiration triumphs in consciousness over the accompanying dullness of tactile sensation; in the second state, the respiratory breathlessness is less present to consciousness than a numbness of the skin, which no longer feels any external pressure. This difference is rendered possible by the fact that in dreams of flying we are not usually far from the earth, and seem able to touch it lightly at intervals; that is to say, tactile sensitiveness is impaired but is not entirely absent, as it is in a dream of falling.

In my own experience the sensation of falling occurs only in illness or under the influence of drugs, sometimes when sleep seems incomplete; and it is an unpleasant, though not terrifying, sensation. I once experienced it in the most marked and persistent manner after taking a large dose of chlorodyne to subdue pain. In this case the sensation was probably due to the fact that the morphia in chlorodyne both weakens respiratory action and produces anæsthesia of the superficial nerves, so that the skin becomes abnormally insensitive to the contact and pressure of the bed, and the sensation of descent is necessarily aroused. Such sensations are indeed a recognized result of morphia in morphinomaniacs. Goron remarks that they are apt to feel that they are flying or floating over the world and unable to descend. It is possible that persons liable to the dream of falling are predisposed in sleep to a stage of unconsciousness in which cutaneous insensibility is marked. It is also possible that there is a contributory element of slight cardiac or respiratory failure.

In a dream belonging to this group I imagined I was being rhythmically swung up and down in the air by a young woman, my feet never touching the ground; and then that I was swinging her similarly. At one time she seemed to be swinging me in too jerky

and hurried a manner, and I explained to her that it must be done in a slower and more regular manner. There had been some dyspepsia on the previous day, and on awaking I felt slight discomfort in the region of the heart. The symbolism into which disturbed respiratory action is here transformed seems very clear in this dream, because it shows the actual transition from the subjective to the objective imagery of flying. By means of this symbolic imagery, we find sleeping consciousness commanding the hurried heart to beat in a more healthy manner.

Although in youth my dreams of flying were of what may be considered normal type, after the age of about thirty-five they tended, as illustrated by the example I have given, to take on a somewhat objective form. A further stage in this direction, the swinging movement being transformed to an inanimate object, is illustrated by a dream of comparatively recent date, in which I seemed to see a kind of music-hall athlete, a very graceful and skilled man, who was manipulating a large elastic ball, making it bound up from the floor. On awaking there was a distinct sensation of cardiac tremor and nervousness. Jules de Goncourt mentions that, after drinking port wine, to which he was unaccustomed, he had a dream in which he observed on his counterpane grotesque images in relief which rose and fell.

It may seem strange that dreams of flying, if so often due to organic disturbances, should usually be agreeable in character. It is not, however, necessary to assume that they are caused by serious interference with physiological functions; often indeed they may simply be due to the presence of a stage of consciousness in which respiration has become unduly prominent, as is apt to be the case in the early stage of nitrous-oxide anæsthesia; that is to say, to a relative wakefulness of the respiratory centres. It would seem that the disturbance is always slight, frequently almost or quite imperceptible on waking, and by no means to be compared with the more acute organic disturbances which result in dreams of murder. In some cases, however, it appears that dreams of flying are accompanied by circumstances of terror. Thus a medical correspondent, who describes his health as fairly good, writes in regard to dreams of flying: —

'I have often had such dreams and have wondered if others have them. Mine, however, are not so much dreams of flying, as dreams of being entirely devoid of weight and of rising and falling at will. A singular feature of these levitation dreams is that they are always accompanied by an intense and agonizing fear of an evil presence, a presence that I do not see but seem to feel, and my greatest terror is that I *shall* see it. The presence is ill-defined but very real, and it seems to suggest the potentiality of all possible moral, mental, and physical evil. In these dreams it always occurs to me that if this evil presence shall ever become embodied into a something that I could *see*, the sight of it would be so ineffably horrible as to drive me mad. So vivid has this fear been that on several occasions I have awakened in a cold sweat or a nameless fear that would persist for some minutes after I realized that I had only been dreaming.'

This seems to be an abnormal type of the dream of flight.

It is somewhat surprising that while dreams of floating in the air are so common, and clearly indicate the respiratory source of the dreams, dreams of floating on water seem to be rare; for as the actual experience of floating on water is fairly familiar, we might have expected that sleeping consciousness would have found here, rather than

in the never-experienced idea of floating in air, the explanation of its sensations. The dream of floating on water is, however, by no means unknown; thus Rachilde (Madame Vallette), the French novelist and critic, whose dream-life is vivid and remarkable, states that her most agreeable dream is that of floating on the surface of warm and transparent lakes or rivers. One of the correspondents of *L'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux* also states that he has often dreamed of walking on the water.

It is not in sleep only that the sensation of flying is experienced. In hysteria a sense of peculiar lightness of the body, and the idea of the soul's power to fly, may occur incidentally, and may certainly be connected both with the vigilambulism, as Sollier terms the sleep-like tendencies of such cases, and the anæsthetic conditions found in the hysterical. It is noteworthy that Janet found that, in an ecstatic person who experienced the sensation of rising in the air, there was anæsthesia of the soles of the feet. In such hysterical ecstasy, which has always played so large a part in religious manifestations, it is well known that the sense of rising and floating in the air has often prominently appeared. St. Theresa occasionally felt herself lifted above the ground, and was fearful that this sign of Divine favor would attract attention (though we are not told that that was the case); and St. Joseph of Cupertino, Christina the Wonderful, St. Ida of Louvain, with many another saint enshrined in the *Acta Sanctorum*, were permitted to experience this sensation; and since its reality is as convincing in the ecstatic state as it is in dreams, the saints have often been able to declare in perfect good faith that their levitation was real.

In all great religious movements among primitive peoples, similar phenomena occur, together with other nervous and hallucinatory manifestations. They occurred, for instance, in the great Russian religious movement which took place among the peasants in the province of Kiev during the winter of 1891–92. The leader of the movement, a devout member of the Stundist sect, who had received the revelation that he was the Saviour of the World, used not only to perceive perfumes so exquisite that they could only, as he was convinced, emanate from the Holy Ghost, but during prayer, together with a feeling of joy, he also had a sensation of bodily lightness and of floating in the air. His followers in many cases had the same experiences, and they delighted in jumping up into the air and shouting. In these cases the reality of the sensory obtuseness of the skin as an element in the manifestations was demonstrated, for Skorski, who had an opportunity of investigating these people, found that many of them when in the ecstatic condition were completely insensible to pain.

The sensation of flying is one of the earliest to appear in the dreams of childhood. It seems to become less frequent after middle age: Beaunis states that in his case it ceased at the age of fifty; I found it disappear, or become rare, at a somewhat earlier age. It is sometimes the last sensation at the moment of death. To rise, to fall, to glide away, has often been the last conscious sensation recalled by those who seemed to be dying but have afterwards been brought back to life. Piéron has noted this sensation at the moment of death in a number of cases, usually accompanied by a sense of well-being. The cases he describes were mostly tuberculous, and included individuals of both sexes, and with atheistic as well as religious beliefs. In all, the last sensation to which expression was given was one of flying, of

moving upwards. In some, death was peaceful, in others painful. In one case a girl died clasping the iron bars of the bed, in horror of being borne upwards. Piéron, no doubt rightly, associates this sensation with the similar sensation of rising and floating in dreams, and with that of moving upwards and resting on the air experienced by persons in the ecstatic state. In all these cases alike, life is being concentrated in the brain and central organs, while the outlying districts of the body are becoming numb and dead.

In this way it comes about that out of dreams and dream-like waking states, one of the most permanent of human spiritual conceptions has been evolved. To float, to rise into the air, to fly up to Heaven, has always seemed to man to be the final climax of spiritual activity. The angel is the most ethereal creature the human imagination can conceive. Browning's cry to his 'lyric Love, half angel and half bird,' pathetically crude as poetry, is sound as psychology. The prophets and divine heroes of the race have constantly seemed to their devout followers to disappear at last by floating into the sky. St. Peter once thought he saw his Master walking on the waves, and the last vision of Jesus in the Gospels reveals him rising into the air. For in the world of dreams the human soul has its indestructible home, and in the attempt to realize those dreams lies a large part of our business in life.

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF OPPOSITION

BY JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

THE University of Berlin is celebrating this autumn its one hundredth anniversary. The beginnings of this educational enterprise were intimately associated with its pioneer professor and rector — the patriot, philosopher, and teacher, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, who by his labors and personality gave to the university the early promise of distinction which through the course of its history it has so brilliantly realized. There is a phase of the philosophy of Fichte which profoundly affected the moral traditions, not only of the university, but of the German people generally, and which should prove exceedingly suggestive to all who may be concerned with a practical philosophy of life.

This idea of Fichte's I would characterize as the philosophy of opposition. His theory was born of experience, and through bitter years of adversity and deprivation he evolved the cardinal doctrine of his practical creed: that, in the making of a man, power is born of opposition; that struggle begets strength; that resistance provokes vigor of body and of spirit; and that the very obstacles to progress make progress possible. This was not merely the teaching of the class-room. It became the dominant note of his stirring appeal to the German nation. By his challenge of circumstance, Fichte sought to arouse his countrymen from the torpor of humiliation which had been induced by the disasters of the Napoleonic wars. In his *Addresses to the Ger-*

*man Nation* he endeavored to awaken the spirit of the people to an appreciation of the fundamental truth that the distress of a nation is the patriot's opportunity; and that out of the depths of adversity it is possible for a people to arise to a new life of strength and power. In this he appeared not only as a priest to the national conscience, but as a prophet as regards the nation's destiny.

Fichte's philosophy, however, is not for the past alone, nor exclusively for the German people; but now, after a century, and in reference to the present-day problems of life, we may well pause to consider the kindly offices of opposition in the evolution of human capacity and character. Human nature is the same the world over; and, quite irrespective of the age or of the land in which one may happen to live, it remains universally true that man is born to struggle, not only for what he may wish to possess, but also for what he is fitted to become. We are in this world to fight. Under what banner does one draw his sword? That is the question of chief interest and concern.

The earliest consciousness of self, the vague impression of one's individuality as distinct from the world about him, comes to the child, when for the first time he becomes aware of the barriers of his young life. As he puts forth his hand, and feels the first shock of opposition as a check upon his free activity, then and there he experiences the first throb of personality. The 'I,' the heart of his being, the inner self, is revealed by the resistance of the things or forces about him which he must encounter, and which he recognizes instinctively as something different from the self within, and never to be confused with it. The power of self-assertion is provoked by the very power which opposes the inner self and seeks to overcome it.

And later in life there often comes a second awakening to a more profound sense of personality, when we find ourselves amidst a storm of opposition which emerges in some significant crisis of our experience. Such a crisis may mark not only a new birth of power, but also a new order of being. It often becomes a moral renaissance. Under the fire of opposition, in the collision of opinion, a new spirit is quickened, daring great things and capable of great things. In an experience of such a nature, one realizes that he is something more than a human machine; that he is not a puppet nor a slave; not a being merely, to feed and sleep and play; not a creature caught in the toils of circumstance, but a man, and as such bound to recognize the truth that man's vocation is a call to freedom and to duty.

It is well for us if we early recognize the fact that every difficulty in life is a challenge. Is there something within the man to meet it, or not? That is the question which every one must ask himself. Upon his response his fate is fixed. Obstacles suggest opportunities, if they are only regarded in their true light; they put a man upon his mettle, stimulate his energies, strengthen his power of resistance, increase his art of resource, and inspire a spirit of courage and determination. If there is any latent power, resistance discovers it. The line of least resistance, on the other hand, can never be the line of development and of progress; for then there is nothing to call forth hidden possibilities. But resistance creates necessarily a demand for new methods and devices, new processes, new inventions, the conservation of forces, and the more considerate direction of effort.

Not only, however, is progress assured by overcoming resistance, and in spite of it, but resistance itself is often an essential factor in progress. No leverage

is possible without the resisting medium of a fulcrum, so that without resistance it would be impossible for us to get a foothold upon the earth even in the ordinary act of walking. We know that it is not the strength of the arm only, but the stubborn stuff of the bow which speeds the arrow. It is a commonplace, moreover, of electrical theory, that a current of electricity, passing freely through its conducting wire, gives no visible evidence of its existence; but when it meets the resistance of the carbon points, it bursts into light. The illumination results from the opposition offered by the resisting medium, and this generates heat of such intensity as to become incandescent and the bearer of light. In the world also of human affairs and relations, much of the light has its source in the clash of opposing forces, and the struggle to overcome resistance.

Life is a game, we say; and from time to time we urge one another to play the game fair and to a finish. In this reference, we must remember that the zest of a game consists in one's skill to overcome opposition. An opponent who fails to call forth our best endeavor deadens interest in the sport, whatever it may be. A one-sided contest means loose playing and flagging zeal; on the other hand, the more skilled and alert an adversary, the more resourceful and aggressive our game. In the contests of life where there is no worthy competitor, there can be but slight achievement and little glory. The uphill game, however, which is won through no adventitious aid of favor or fortune, but solely upon its merits and by stubborn persistence, brings a glow of satisfaction which is wholly unknown in the triumph of an easy victory. We do not care to play with a novice, we demand the rigor of the game, and free scope for the display of our powers. It is possible, therefore, to meet the opposition which life holds for us, in the spirit of adventure, and ride forth to meet the foe with high hope and the joy of battle in our heart.

This idea, however, which would represent life as a game, does not adequately portray the true philosophy of opposition. The game-conception of life emphasizes perhaps too much the idea of victory or defeat; for to overcome in life is not merely to win a victory, but it is rather to gain a mastery over the powers which oppose us. And complete mastery is possible only when we learn the secret of transforming opposite powers into coöperative agencies in serving our needs and ministering to our purposes. There is a savage superstition that every foe killed in battle surrenders his spirit of valor and courage to the one who slays him. In some such manner we gain in strength when we can so subdue opposing forces as to make them contributory to our resources of energy, and thus in a sense a part of us. All conquests in life come through the ability to dominate circumstance. We are not passive beings, to become the play of nature's forces about us, but free agents, with the power of initiative and the will to compel these forces to do our bidding.

The two conquests which are of supreme significance for us, which we must achieve, or else face inevitable failure in life, are the conquest of knowledge and the conquest of character. Our primal limitation throughout the various phases of experience is that of ignorance. When we find ourselves in any situation where the nature of the forces in opposition to us is unknown, such forces are not only an obstacle to progress, but may prove a most serious danger as well. It is not simply that all effort is obviously futile under such circumstances, but it is quite likely also to be disastrous, inasmuch as our very striving may become our undoing. But

when the nature of the powers arrayed against us is adequately discerned, it is then possible, not only to combat them successfully, but also to direct them to our obvious advantage.

The life of every individual may be appropriately represented by an inner circle of knowledge, placed within a vast outer circle of the unknown. Growth, progress, attainment, all are possible only when there is an ever-increasing expansion of this inner circle, transcending its own limits, and appropriating more and more of the outlying region within the area of its comprehension and appreciation.

Undiscovered countries forever lie beyond the confines of our understanding, and we feel under compulsion to push forward the frontiers and possess these new lands in the name of knowledge. The process of transforming the unknown into the known is life, education, development. It is a process essentially of assimilation. It consists in making knowledge a part of our own being; for knowledge is not primarily a possession, it is a power; it is not a stored mind, it is a trained skill; it is not a mass of information, but a living spirit. In this sense we overcome the world therefore when we so comprehend the nature of its powers as to make them our own, and compel them to obey our will.

We speak of 'the world in which we live,' or of 'the world which is about us.' These phrases, however, are quite misleading, if they are taken literally. 'The world in which we live' is in reality only so much of the great world, after all, as lives in us; it is that which we understand, and which our knowledge commands. It would be truer to fact, therefore, if we should say that the world is in us, rather than we in the world. A million persons live in one and the same city, and yet their various pursuits, occupations, and professions form distinctly separate worlds of activity and of interest. Each one makes his own world; for knowledge creates as well as discovers. Consequently one's world is large or small, as one chooses. Its boundaries are determined by that area which one's intelligence controls, and which one has reclaimed from the waste stretches of ignorance. Our world is simply the sphere in which our skill and proficiency find play, and in which we speak with authority. The building of such a world is no light task. The pursuit of knowledge is proverbially difficult, and yet in the struggle for it we are fighting for a kingdom.

The progress of knowledge is illustrated not only in the development of individual capacity and efficiency, but as well in the history of humanity as a whole. The progress of civilization has been a continuous process of enlarging the area of commanding knowledge generation after generation. By the toil of the ages, the conquests of human thought have been steadily maintained. Nature, however, does not reveal her secrets gratuitously; but they must be wrested from her. For nature, like the kingdom of heaven, suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Man has invaded nature from many sides, and has established over every conquered region his sovereign control. Even that which lies beyond the range of his observation must sooner or later surrender to the bold attack or patient siege of his subduing thought. There is a whole universe of supra-sensible phenomena, a world of the all-pervading ether, a world of magnetic fields and electric waves, a world of ultra-violet rays, of radio-active forces, of ions and electrons, of ideoplasm and entelechies, a world which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, but which the mind of man has penetrated, and brought under its control. Man possesses the earth, and his title to it is knowledge. His understanding of the laws of nature

is a patent of proprietary right over the domain of nature.

However, mere knowledge of itself is not power. To convert knowledge into power there must be ceaseless activity, and a wise direction of all our energies. With every effort of will which man puts forth to command and humanize his environment, there is an expansion of the inner circle of personality as well as that of knowledge. Wherever resistance is overcome, limitations removed, or difficulties transferred into advantages, there is a conquest of character, and the growth of a larger soul in the process of appropriating to itself a larger world. When the circle of life contracts, it is evident that the world is encroaching upon the domain of personality; but when it expands, we may be sure that the power of personality has asserted itself, and is in the way of overcoming the world. An eternal warfare is waging between the necessity of nature on the one hand, and the manifestation of the free spirit of man on the other. In this contest man has always the advantage, for he wields the weapon of thought, against which no foe can prevail.

In his philosophy of life, Fichte regards the material world, the course of its events, its routine of universal law, the every-day circumstance and commonplace of experience, as merely the stage-setting of the great moral drama of life. 'Our world,' he says, 'is the sensualized material of our duty. What compels us to yield belief in the reality of the world is a moral force, — the only force that is possible for a free being.' Every historian is bound to regard the world, in a certain sense at least, from this Fichtean point of view; for the end of history is primarily the display of character, and the office of the historian is essentially that of a psychologist who deals with human documents. All institutions — social, political, and religious — represent the objectified will of men. They make permanent record of habits, of controversies and conflicts, of received opinion and established procedure. The events of life are of slight significance which fail to show the good or evil of human nature, its weakness or its strength, its noble or ignoble strain. Even the work of a man's hands should give some evidence of his quality of mind, and disposition of heart; some intimation of his purpose and desire, of his struggles, of his defeats and victories.

The forces of nature with all the material elements of the world subserve therefore the ends of a higher order, the moral order, and they possess for us a final significance only in so far as they directly or indirectly fulfill this function. All things have a meaning for us, according to their relation to man, and man has a meaning according to the position which he is able to take, and maintain, amid the obligations and responsibilities of his surroundings.

For a man's life, however, to have a moral significance, the inner circle of power should expand in such a manner as to inclose within its bounds of control other selves as well as other things. The nature of man is such that he does not develop normally in solitude; for it is indeed true that character is formed in the stream of the world. While man has to contend against the forces of nature and subdue them to his will, the supreme test comes when the conflict is with human nature, with another personality like himself, which stands opposed to him, urging equal rights and equal privileges. The gospel of self-assertion therefore must be tempered by a due consideration of others.

When we urge the rights of freedom and of conscience for ourselves, we are constrained in consistency to recognize

similar rights for others whose wills may clash with ours. The rules of the game are made impartially for all comers, and not for any individual or for the few. The rights of an individual, however particular they may be in any specific instance, can be justified solely by proving that they rest upon some universally valid ground. What I can in justice claim for myself, and if necessary should fight to maintain, I must in all honor allow even in my thoughts to any other human being similarly situated. Life is not a struggle for existence in which one wins necessarily at the expense of another's loss, where one survives while the remnant is pushed to the wall. This is a poor view of life; it is the animal view of life; it is anti-social, and inhuman. There is no relation between man and man in which some reciprocity of advantage may not be secured, and it is our paramount duty to discover the means to this end, and cause it to prevail. The most signal victories in life are gained, not by conquering others, but conquering for them. We overcome, not by excluding our fellow men from the circle of self-realization, but by enlarging that circle so as to include others within the area of common interests and sympathies. To convert an antagonist into an ally is the consummate art of diplomacy. To conclude a wise treaty between two nations upon terms of mutual benefit is of greater service to one's country than winning a battle, or sinking an enemy's fleet. The supreme victory is that which can be shared. In human affairs the conquests of coöperation alone are worthy. Through them the individual creates for himself an empire of power whose boundaries are determined solely by the number of lives which are brought within the range of his care and concern. One who is conscious that he holds his power in trust will not be likely to use it arbitrarily, or tyrannically, but with justice to all, and to the one end, — that of the common good.

The relations of life approach the normal as individual progress is identified with some form of social welfare, and the prosperity of one becomes the good fortune of the many. When the conditions of society, however, tend to array man against man, class against class, and life becomes a veritable struggle for existence, then all coöperative endeavor must cease, which means always an abnormal state of human relations, and the deterioration of social and national life.

In the Germany of Fichte's age, foreign invasion and oppression had restricted the free spirit of high endeavor, and had discouraged all effort save that of the bare preserving of one's existence. Fichte felt that under such conditions progress either of the individual or of the nation was wholly out of the question; that coöperative effort would be unavailing, and striving for individual advantage would be ignoble.

These sentiments he expressed to his class at the close of a lecture one memorable day in the year 1813. He spoke to them with a grim fervor concerning the impending danger to their country in the presence of an invading army, and the patriot's duty to respond to the call of need; then he concluded his appeal with these ringing words, which proved to be his valedictory to his students, and to the German people: 'This course of lectures will be suspended until the end of this campaign. We will resume them in a free country or die in the attempt to recover her freedom.'

Such was the spirit of one whose philosophy of life is most strikingly illustrated in his profound conviction that 'a nation becomes a nation through common struggle.'

# A PSALM FOR OCTOBER

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

For the days he ordained who is Maker of trees
His forests have flourished, fair green, in the sun.
From the balm of the rain and the heartening breeze,
From the noon and the night and the cool of the morn,
New strength to themselves they have won;
For the hour of the quick'ning to be
They have ripened the seed of the tree;
They have sheltered the paths where the wayfarers pass,
And stood as a barrier stout for the corn
And the meadows of grass;
In the web of the moss and the cup of the spring
They have gathered the myriad drops that will keep
The rivers content with clear waters and deep;
And the wild-folk, the timid of foot and of wing,
In the cleft of the rock, in the root and the head
Of the tree, they have hidden and fed.

Long months, saith the Maker, the leaves of his trees
Have exulted, fair green, in the sun.
Is it meet, now their laughter must cease,
Now the gain of their living is won,
Is it meet that unhonored they wait for their death?
Shall a blast come forth
From the mouth of the north,
Shall the cold come down
From the pole's ice-crown,
And scatter, unheeded, these leaves with its breath?
Nay, saith the Maker, they shall not so fare;
They shall triumph in passing, shall dying declare
The worth and the grace of their service; on pyres,
That each shall ignite with its own heart's fires,
The trees of the forest shall yield up the dress
That was lent them for use and for loveliness;

And the crown of the seasons shall be,
Not noon of the summer nor dawn of the spring,
But the time when a splendor of flaming shall bring
The death of the leaves of the tree.

Now the trees of the Maker have heard—
Who doubteth? — the sound of his word,
For the forest grows bright with the glow at its heart,
And everywhere gleams
The kindling of trees that are standing apart
On the slopes of the meadows, the borders of streams.
Flame-red is the frond of the sumach now,
Fire-gold the long arch of the elm-tree bough;
As quivering light in the peace of the air
Is the flicker of aspens, the birchen-tree's flare;
Yellow and scarlet and crimson-red,
From the low-lying swamp to the hilltop spread,
Burns the blaze of the maple trees higher and higher,
And molten and lambent grow chestnut and beech,
Till pinnacles, pyramids, pillars of fire
Toward the crystalline dome of the azure upreach,
And an incense from braziers of smouldering oak,
From the torch of the ash tipped with duskier smoke,
Is blent with the mist that at nightfall o'erfills
The hollows and folds of the hills.

Incandescent the hills 'neath the far pure sky
Where the sun and the rivers of stars roll by,
Incandescent the valleys and marshlands lie;
Yet verdant, unscathed, stand the hemlock and fir
And the column and crown of the pine
In the clasp of the flame — from the Maker a sign
That the life in the veins of his forest shall stir,
And shall burst into greenness again,
In the warmth of the spring, in the springtime rain.

Shall only the children of Adam behold
Such glory unrolled?
Shall only the gaze of the earth-born desire
The miracle wrought with these wreathings of fire?
Not so. In the calm of the white sunrise
The Maker looks down with his holy eyes,

And the seraphs that stand
At his left and right hand
Chant the song of the season of sacrifice:
The psalm of the earth when, her harvesting done,
She lifts up her arms to the path of the sun,
And offers, with tithes of her vines and her sheaves,
The life of her leaves —
Their beauty of burning as praise
To the Ancient of Days.

# THE LAW AND THE INDIAN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

THE Indian was fishing — with nets. It was unlawful to fish even with pole and line at that season of the year, and it was unlawful to fish with nets at any season of the year in those waters. The game-warden told him so.

'I don't want to make trouble for you, John,' the game-warden told him, 'but you've got to quit this.'

'No hunt, no fish,' said the Indian stolidly.

'Not out of season,' explained the warden. 'You know that.'

'No can carry gun,' said the Indian.

'Not out of season,' repeated the warden. 'You'd be potting deer at all seasons.'

'How live?' asked the Indian.

'Work,' answered the warden.

The Indian straightened up, and the slow sweep of his hand took in the surrounding country. 'All mine — one time,' he declared.

'But not now,' returned the warden. 'You sold it.'

'Keep right to hunt and fish,' said the Indian.

'Well now, John, if it will make you feel any better, I don't mind telling you that I think you're getting all the worst of it,' the warden conceded amiably, 'but that is n't any of my business. I'd be willing to let you fish and hunt all the time, but I've got to go by the law, and the law says you can't. Pull up those nets, John.' The Indian sullenly obeyed. 'I ought to arrest you,' the warden went on, 'for you've made me trouble before.'

'Keep right to hunt and fish,' repeated the Indian.

'Oh, you kept it all right at first,' agreed the warden, 'but the law flimflammed you out of it somewhere. I'm not lawyer enough to tell how it was done, but they've got you tied up now, John. That's why I like to be easy on you. But you've got to quit it. Understand? I'll have to get after you in earnest if this thing happens again. And I'll just take your nets now, to make sure you don't use them any more.'

There was a moment of hesitation, a

moment when trouble was imminent; then the Indian surrendered the nets, and strode silently away. He was a 'good' Indian; he could not well be anything else, for the few left of his tribe were scattered, and he had long since learned the power of the white man; but he could not live as the white man lived. Some of his tribe had been more successful in this, since the cession of their lands to the government, and were able to gain a living from their individual holdings or the bead-work of their squaws or as guides to white hunters; but John Red-Deer — the very name illustrates the tangled conditions that troubled him — was unable to adjust himself to the new mode of life. Nor could he understand the operation of the white man's law.

In this latter failing he was not alone; there were others who could not understand the operation of the white man's law as it applied to the Indian; and the game-warden, Jim Tansey by name, was one of these. Not that Tansey troubled himself very much about it, but circumstances occasionally compelled him to give a little thought to individual cases that were puzzling. John Red-Deer was one of the puzzles.

'I'm going to have trouble with that Indian,' the warden told Pete Pemberton, when he returned to his headquarters at Woodford. 'Some day I'll have to bring the old buck in, and then he'll go to jail because he can't pay a fine.'

'What's the matter with him?' asked Pete.

'He can't understand *why* he can't hunt and fish as much as he likes,' explained Tansey, as he filled his pipe; 'and I can't understand it either. Now you can't blame an Indian for not understanding what puzzles a white man, so I always feel like being rather easy on him. Looks to me like Uncle Sam or somebody put it all over him somehow, but I don't know how.'

'All you got to do,' argued Pete, 'is to tell him that it's the law.'

'But he comes back with some grunts about an old treaty.'

'What old treaty?' asked Pete.

'I'm hazy on that,' answered Tansey, scowling at his pipe; 'but somewhere along when his tribe gave up their lands they made a treaty with the government that gave them and their descendants the right to hunt and fish as much as they liked, whenever they liked, and he thinks he's got that right yet.'

'What happened to the treaty?' persisted Pete.

'That's what beats me. Somebody told me once that the Indians was n't a separate nation and that there could n't be a treaty except between nations, so this treaty was n't a treaty at all, and that all there was for the Indian to do was to sit down, and try to figure out what happened to him.'

'But Uncle Sam got the land,' suggested Pete, after a pause.

'Yes, Uncle Sam got the land.'

'Well,' declared Pete, 'I don't think much of Indians, but Uncle Sam would have to get out the troops to keep me from fishing if I'd had any such trick played on me.'

'It does n't look like a square deal to me, not if it's the way I understand it,' admitted Tansey; 'but I don't understand it very well. There may be kinks that I don't know anything about. Anyhow, it's my business to enforce the law, and they tell me the Indian has n't any more hunting and fishing rights than the white man. So I figure I'll have to bring the old buck in before I get through with him. But I hate to do it. He fishes and hunts to live, not for sport.'

'Looks to me,' mused Pete, 'like there was some counterfeit coin in what he got for his land; but a man that trades has got to look out for that.'

'It's low-down to trick an Indian that way, though,' observed Tansey, 'and I'm sorry for the old grunter.'

Nevertheless, the game-warden confiscated the fish that he found in the Indian's possession a few days later. He thought he was lenient in not arresting him, but the Indian merely realized that he and his squaw went hungry that day.

The following week, being caught again, the Indian was brought to Woodford, and haled before the local justice. His only defense was, 'Sell land, but no sell right to fish.' The warden testified that he was a chronic offender, but he also explained that he had practically no other way of making a living, and undoubtedly believed that an old treaty with his tribe gave him the rights he claimed. The justice was sorry for the Indian, admitting in private that the red man seemed to have got the worst of it somewhere, but the law was the law, and must be respected — and the Indian went to jail for ten days. The justice thought he was lenient in the matter, but the Indian merely realized that he was locked up for trying to feed himself and his squaw.

Two days after the Indian was released, the warden left Woodford to make his usual rounds. 'And,' he told Pemberton, 'I'll bet I'll find the buck up to his old tricks, though I'm not going to look for him very hard this trip. I wish he'd be good; I don't want to make any more trouble for him.'

'You'll never break him of his bad habits till you kill him,' returned Pete.

A searching party, sent out a week later, brought back a dead warden, and a live Indian. They had known just about where to look, when the warden failed to report from any of the towns he usually visited, and the Indian had stolidly admitted his guilt. 'Me kill,' he said. 'Him no let live, so me kill.' And then, being further pressed, 'Him break treaty — make all time hell for me.'

It was, of course, a clear case of murder. There could be no question of self-defense, for it was well known that the warden felt rather sorry for the Indian, in spite of the trouble he had occasioned, and certainly would not attack him. Further, the Indian was a law-breaker, several times caught, and attributed all his troubles to the warden. It was evident, therefore, that the Indian either had deliberately waylaid the warden in a spirit of revenge, or, being caught again, had killed him to escape arrest. Indeed, the Indian himself made no claim of self-defense; so it was unquestionably murder.

But it looked like an interesting case to Tom Gates, a lawyer of Woodford. Gates was a young man, without much experience in the law, and, like most of those who knew anything of the circumstances, he was sorry for the Indian. It was a peculiar fact that, in spite of the popularity of the warden, there was quite general sympathy for the Indian. As one of the local men put it, —

'He's going to get *his*, all right, and he had no call to kill Jim Tansey, but he's been getting the worst of it at that.'

It was the fault of the law, not of Tansey, but it was natural that the Indian should charge it up against the man. They could all see that. Tansey was worth a hundred Indians, but the Indian had suffered much and had only done what *seemed* to him necessary to protect his rights.

Perhaps, if the Indian's fate had not been so certainly sealed, they might have felt differently about it, but one can always feel sympathy for a man, misguided rather than vicious, who is about to be hung. He at least *thought* he was justified, and his very ignorance of the white man's law and the white

man's courts added to his desperation.

Gates, however, was not so sure he was going to be hung. It might be impossible to secure an acquittal, but there were certainly extenuating circumstances; and, aside from his own feeling in the matter, Gates was glad to take the case for the experience and the notoriety it would give him.

'If I *could* get him off,' reasoned Gates, 'it would just about make my reputation as a lawyer; and, anyhow, I think I can give them something to think and talk about.'

Gates had been looking up that treaty, and he had found that it actually did exist. It was an old treaty, of course, but it unquestionably gave the members of the tribe and their descendants the right to hunt and fish upon the ceded lands. No time limitation had been put upon that right, and he could find no legislative or executive act that even sought to terminate it. The Indian's descent from members of this tribe was easily and incontrovertibly established. Clearly then, the Indian was entitled to hunt and fish upon at least so much of this vast tract as remained public lands, and only the public lands figured in the case.

'That Indian,' reasoned Gates, in discussing the matter with Wiley Cregan, 'was clearly within his rights in all that he did previous to the killing, and Jim Tansey was altogether in the wrong. It was n't Jim's fault, of course. Jim was no lawyer, and he simply did what he was told. The Indian was no lawyer, or he would have gone about the matter differently; but he had rights that he was entitled to protect, and these rights involved his means of livelihood. Jim, meaning well, trespassed upon the Indian's rights — did it again and again — and the Indian adopted the only means known to him to stop it. They can't hang that Indian, Wiley.'

'But they will,' asserted Cregan.

'But don't you see —'

'He's an Indian,' interrupted Cregan, 'and they'll hang him.'

'Oh, there's a good deal of sympathy for him,' argued Gates.

'That's because he's going to be hung,' was Cregan's philosophic rejoinder. 'Let them think he's going to get off, and you'll hear a howl for blood that will make the ground tremble.'

'Oh, I don't expect to get him off,' said Gates, 'but I tell you, Wiley, they can't hang him!'

'And I tell you, Tom, they will!'

'But look at it,' persisted Gates. 'He was interfered with in the exercise of his lawful rights; he was harried and worried and goaded to desperation; he was put in jail; he was practically denied the right to live; and for what? Why, just because he insisted upon doing what he had a right to do. The right was his by treaty, which is the highest form of man-made law. State legislation can't abrogate a treaty made with the national government. They would n't even suggest the absurdity of a state law superseding a treaty in dealing with anybody but an Indian.'

'But they'll hang him,' said Cregan.

'Don't you believe it,' retorted Gates warmly. 'He had no right to kill Tansey, of course, but Tansey had no right to interfere with him. That Tansey *thought* he was right does n't cut any figure at all: the Indian also thought he was right, and the Indian was right. That's what counts. Then, too, he did n't know any other way to stop this persecution. They may send him up for manslaughter, Wiley, but they can't hang him.'

'They'll hang him,' maintained Cregan doggedly.

'By thunder!' exclaimed Gates, goaded to wrath by this insistence, 'I'm not sure I won't get him off en-

tirely. There's a tremendous lot in his favor: the very fact that he's an Indian ought to count.'

'That's why they'll hang him,' said Cregan, still serenely confident.

This time, however, Gates was too absorbed in his own thoughts to resent the remark. He was thinking as a lawyer, a young lawyer, an ambitious lawyer, rather than as a man and a citizen. 'Great Jupiter!' he cried suddenly, 'but would n't it be a big thing for me if I should get him off! Just think of winning such a desperate case as that!'

'But you won't,' asserted Cregan. 'I'm sorry for the Indian, myself, but he'll hang.'

Perhaps this pessimistic view of the situation aroused in Gates more than the usual amount of natural obstinacy. At any rate, he went about his preparations for the trial with enthusiasm and confidence — at least, the outward appearance of confidence — that the people of Woodford found it difficult to understand.

The case was a simple one. The prosecuting attorney said the trial would be brief, and Gates agreed with him. The prosecuting attorney also said that he was sorry for the Indian, but that this, of course, did not affect his duty in the premises. Everybody was sorry for the Indian, but nobody was so sorry for him as to lose any sleep over his fate. It was right and necessary that the man who killed Jim Tansey should suffer the penalty, for Jim was a good man. But they were sorry for the Indian. Perhaps, however, the Indian is not to be blamed for showing no gratitude for sympathy that contemplated his death upon the gallows with so much equanimity.

Gates had the Indian's squaw present at the opening of the trial. A squaw, however wretched her plight, cannot arouse much sympathy in the breasts of a jury, but, as Gates remarked, —

'It helps some, and there's no use overlooking even the minor points.'

The squaw was a miserable creature, ugly and dirty; but even squaws have to live, and it was partly to provide food for her that the Indian had defied the game-warden.

The jury was quickly selected. Gates challenged only an occasional man whose antipathy to Indians generally made him objectionable. The case for the prosecution was presented almost as quickly. The main facts were not disputed, and it was only necessary to bring them properly to the attention of the jury, and to present such additional details as might have a bearing on the question of punishment.

The Indian had killed the game-warden. This was admitted. The warden had not been the aggressor, except in so far as, within his lawful authority, he might have attempted to confiscate the Indian's fish or place the Indian under arrest. This was not capable of proof, as there had been no witness of the actual killing, but it was admitted in part. The warden had not been an intentional aggressor, but he might have unwittingly exceeded his authority, and thus been a technical aggressor.

In view of this contention, the prosecuting attorney deemed it wise to go more into detail than was necessary where the facts were undisputed. He showed, by witnesses, that the game-warden, far from being vindictive toward the Indian, had been disposed to be as lenient with him as the circumstances would permit, and had even stated that he 'was n't going to look for him very hard' on his last trip. So it was altogether unlikely that any attack had been made by him upon the Indian.

Gates waived cross-examination.

The prosecuting attorney also showed that the Indian was a chronic law-breaker.

'Helps my case,' murmured Gates, and he waived cross-examination again.

Next it was proved that the Indian had been repeatedly warned, that his fish, game, and nets had been often confiscated, that he had been arrested and sent to jail, and that he blamed it all on the game-warden. Gates smiled, as if this were quite in line with his plans, and waived cross-examination.

The actual killing being admitted, and having proved, to his own satisfaction, that the warden was acting in the line of his duty, that he had been tolerant, that his feeling for the Indian was one of pity rather than anger, and that the Indian had a motive for the deliberate murder that he evidently committed, the prosecuting attorney rested his case.

Gates, for the defense, put the Indian on the stand. This was a surprise, for it seemed to open a way for the prosecution to show on cross-examination that the warden was in no sense the aggressor. But the Indian proved a difficult witness. He admitted the killing, of course, but, beyond that, even Gates could get no more out of him than, 'Him break treaty — make all time hell for me,' or 'Him no let live, so me kill.'

Whatever the question, the answer usually took one of these forms. It seemed almost as if Gates had coached him, and the prosecution quickly realized that every repetition served to emphasize the fact that the Indian believed he was being unwarrantably persecuted, and, driven to desperation, had sought to end that persecution in the only way that seemed possible to one of his primitive instincts. In effect, the situation presented, indirectly, extenuating circumstances. So the cross-examination was quickly dropped.

The squaw followed, and she was an equally difficult witness. Still, under skillful questioning, she did succeed in making it clear that the activity of the warden left them often hungry, there being neither fish nor game to eat, and no money wherewith to buy anything else.

Here Gates changed the line of his defense, and, first proving the descent of the Indian, then offered in evidence a copy of the treaty with the United States Government, that gave these Indians the right to hunt and fish on the ceded lands.

The prosecuting attorney immediately objected, and the judge asked Gates what he expected to prove by it.

'I expect to prove,' was the reply, 'that the warden was an aggressor, that he had exceeded his authority in practically all his dealings with this Indian, that he had deprived the Indian of rights guaranteed him by the United States Government, that it was the warden who was the law-breaker, and that the Indian, up to the moment of the killing, was wholly within his legal rights. That there was no personal malice or unlawful intent on the part of the warden in this matter is of no consequence; he did hound and persecute this Indian, and I wish to show that the Indian acted in defense of actual, not imagined, rights. Your honor will see that everything in this case depends upon which was and had been the real law-breaker when they last met.'

The judge turned to the prosecuting attorney, and the prosecuting attorney again objected.

The whole case hinged upon that treaty, and each lawyer saw that success or failure depended upon whether or not it was allowed to be put in evidence. So far as Gates was concerned, it was the keystone of his whole case. Without it, there was absolutely no-

thing upon which to hang a plea of even partial justification, nothing but the mere fact that the Indian, believing himself in the right, had defied and finally killed an official for doing his duty. So Gates went over the ground again, being careful to see that no link was missing. The Indian was a descendant of the tribe, the tribe had made the treaty with the government, the treaty never had been abrogated, the rights under it still belonged to the Indian, and it was proper to show, in extenuation of his act, that he had these rights, and was acting in defense of them.

The prosecuting attorney replied that there was no treaty. It was quite impossible that there should be any treaty. The Indian, under the Indian Appropriation Act of 1871, was held to be incapable of contracting treaty obligations. He was to be considered as either a citizen or a ward of the government, and in neither of these capacities was it possible for him to make a treaty. True, the act in question expressly stated that it was not to be construed as invalidating any existing treaty, but there had been no existing treaty in this case — certainly none covering this point.

The prosecuting attorney was an older and more experienced man than Gates, and it was evident that he had foreseen and prepared for this question. His calm denial of the existence of a treaty that had just been offered in evidence was staggering. Gates was inclined to doubt the evidence of his own senses, but he managed to call attention to the fact that he had already produced a copy of the document.

'Oh, that was abrogated long ago,' was the reply. 'The Indians may not have known exactly what happened to them, but that does not alter the facts. The form and the words still remain, but as a valid treaty it passed out of existence long before the Indian Appropriation Act became a law.'

The prosecuting attorney was unpleasantly patronizing and confident. The treaty, he said, was made previous to the admission of the state to the Union. The state had then been admitted 'on an equal footing with the original states,' and the act contained no reservation as to rights of Indians under treaties, and no mention of any special privileges granted to or held by any Indians. It had been held in at least two states, Wyoming and Wisconsin, that the admission of a state on an equal footing with other states abrogates, by implication, the treaties with Indians which grant them privileges inconsistent with the sovereignty of the state, or the rights and powers possessed by other states. In support of this he quoted from the decision in the Wyoming case of Ward *vs.* Race Horse:—

'Determining the question whether the provisions of a treaty giving the right to hunt upon unoccupied lands of the United States in the hunting districts, are repealed in so far as the land in such districts is now embraced within the State of Wyoming, it becomes plain that the repeal results from the conflict between a treaty and the act admitting that state into the Union.'

The Wisconsin case, State *vs.* Morrin, was to similar effect:—

'The Act of Congress admitting Wisconsin into the Union on an equal footing with the other states abrogated the stipulations of the treaty of March 28, 1843, with the Chippewa Indians, respecting their right to hunt and fish within the borders of the state, so that thereafter they were subject to the laws of the state in that regard.'

'So I submit, your honor,' he said in conclusion, 'that this so-called treaty is no better than waste paper and should not be admitted in evidence.'

'Ruled out,' decided the judge.

Gates saw his case crumbling, and he was desperate. He listened gloomily to the brief and formal statement of the case by the prosecuting attorney, and he became bitter. His case had collapsed, had become so weak that the prosecution deemed it hardly worth while to argue the question at all; his client had not even had the poor satisfaction of having his rights taken from him openly and boldly, but had been cunningly deprived of them, without his knowledge, by implication. *By implication!* An Indian, who at best would have difficulty in comprehending laws that dealt with him directly and frankly, was now told that his treaty had been nullified by inference. The idea rankled. He based his brief address to the jury on it.

'The tribe had these rights,' he said, 'and they should have descended to this Indian among others. The promise was made that they would so descend, but they were taken away by implication — not honestly and openly, in a way that the Indian could understand, but by implication, by inference. The Indian never knew that he had legally lost them; he thought all his troubles were due to one man; he does n't understand it yet. Uncle Sam put the little pea under the walnut shell, but it was n't there when the Indian lifted the shell. The Indian is still wondering what happened.

'"Where's my treaty?" he asks. "I had it, I thought I had it, and then I did n't have it, *but you got all you bargained for* — you never discovered anything wrong until it became inconvenient for you to carry out your share of the contract."

'"I don't really know what became of that treaty," says Uncle Sam. "It looked perfectly good the last time I noticed it, but somewhere in the course of a transfer it got frost-bitten or burned up or something. All I know about it now is what my courts tell me, and they are sometimes rather hazy and difficult to understand. I'm mighty sorry about this. You certainly had some treaty rights, but they seem to have vanished, and I'm not sure just when or how it all happened."

'And if Uncle Sam is puzzled,' demanded Gates, 'how can you expect an Indian to understand?'

More there was in explanation of the Indian's point of view and in sarcastic arraignment of the government's treatment of him, much of which might have been excluded had the prosecution cared to object, but it had no bearing on the material facts, and the prosecution did not object. The prosecuting attorney, while in no sense condoning the crime, was sorry for the Indian.

The foreman of the jury also found something in the Indian's plight to excite sympathy. 'The old buck has certainly been given the worst of it all along the line,' he remarked carelessly, when the jury had retired, 'but he killed Jim Tansey, and we don't have to bother about the rest of it.' So the verdict was 'Guilty as charged,' and it was reached without discussion.

'To be hanged by the neck until dead,' was the important detail of the sentence pronounced by the judge.

There was a silence then, which was broken only when the sheriff led the Indian back to his cell.

The jurors were thanked and discharged, the lawyers left, and the judge leaned back in his chair, and gazed moodily at the ceiling.

'I can't help being sorry for that Indian,' the judge finally muttered, and then, straightening up, —

'Call the next case.'

# THE LADY OF THE SLAVE STATES

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

THE archaic character of Southern ante-bellum society is illustrated by the rapidity with which since its collapse it has fled back in historical perspective to join the forms with which it should properly have been contemporary. It disappeared, not as things so widespread generally disappear in real life, a little at a time, and so gradually that the participants hardly notice the change. On the contrary, it disappeared as things do in dreams; it was held together, like M. Waldemar, by mesmeric passes, and when they were interrupted it was found to have been dead some time. It became immediately the theme of legend as though it had thriven in the ninth century, instead of in the nineteenth. Like most other archaic social forms, it has left but an unsatisfying documentary basis for history.

For the hundredth time fiction is proved to be incomparably more enduring than life, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* bids fair to be the form in which posterity will see the age of which it is so bewildering a mixture of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' The Homeric poems and the romances of chivalry, the Hebrew Scriptures and Uncle Tom, have established ideas against which the scientific historian, if we may assume his existence, can but file his exceptions; the jury will not heed his technicalities. The South cried out against Uncle Tom, but was unable to oppose it by a similarly persuasive work of fiction; and fiction appears to be the only form of statement that in the long run carries conviction.

So far as the voice of the South itself has been effective in helping to shape the myth, it has spoken chiefly through the lips of amiable and estimable old ladies recalling honestly, but uncritically, the days of their youth. This is a class of literature in which, notoriously, dimensions expand and colors grow bright. After a course of it the reader who visits the physical remains of its world is amazed by their shrinkage. At Monticello and Mount Vernon the traveler feels, it is true, a touching and imperishable charm; but it is the charm of modesty, not the charm of grandeur. And apart from the historic seats of the mighty, he searches in vain for the stately mansions of his fancy. Surely they were not all burned by Yankee raiders or riotous freedmen. 'Stately mansions' is, in fact, very strong language. The traveler would not immediately recognize as deserving it the large two-storied house of wood or brick, with its double gallery, that formed the well-to-do planter's residence.

The archaic lady of the South obeyed a law of her being in leaving very little written record of herself. Ladies from the real world penetrated into her territory from time to time, and gave accounts of what they saw. Two Englishwomen could hardly be more unlike in temperament and antecedents than Miss Martineau and Fanny Kemble, but they differed far more from

the Southern lady than from each other. They agreed in approaching the South with a lively interest, and each was stirred to write excellently in her own way of what she found. In the North a rather remarkable group of women arose in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, able to think and to speak, who associated, with a profounder logic than they were perhaps themselves aware of, the political and social limitations of women with those of the slave. A really noble eloquence sprang from the enthusiasm of Lucretia Mott.

The lady of the South was equally enthusiastic. The time came when she sincerely believed that the chief end of slavery was the good of the slave. But she was unable to say so. She could suffer for her faith, see her sons die for it, cherish it long after the men who fought for it had laid it aside; but it never stirred her to effective defense of it. This is not attributable to any inherent defect in it; causes just as bad have been movingly and triumphantly argued. It is not attributable to any lack on the part of the Southern lady of the talents that we call literary; for soon after the war she gained a creditable place among American men and women of letters. The trouble was that the social system based on slavery discouraged general mental effort both in men and women, but especially in women. The planter's high gifts of intelligence were concentrated on keeping his balance, and the lady in an even higher degree must make no gesture outside her prescribed rôle. Though the exigencies of the situation often made him a shrewd debater and a vigorous orator, they had no analogous effect upon his wife.

The truth is that in the days of slavery nobody was free at the South. The planter, whose autocracy was his boast, who contrasted himself with the men of other communities as being more completely a free agent than they, submitted to enact laws for himself that no other Anglo-Saxon society in the world at that time would have endured.

It may not be surprising that Louisiana, with its exotic social ideas, should make 'imprisonment at hard labor not less than three years nor more than twenty-one years, or death, at the discretion of the court,' the punishment for one who 'shall make use of language in any public discourse . . . or in private discourses, . . . or shall make use of signs or actions having a tendency to produce discontent among the free colored population of this state, or to excite insubordination among the slaves.' But it is hard to believe that the Code of Virginia of 1849 abridged the freedom of speech and press.

As the slave was a chattel of the owner, who could do what he liked with him except kill him (otherwise than 'by accident in giving such slave moderate correction'), it would seem evident that he could, if he liked, set him free. In Virginia he could generally do so, by his last will or by deed, provided his creditors were not prejudiced; though the Revised Code attached to the permission to emancipate, a rider that contained the oddest *rapprochement* of barbarism and civilization: 'If any emancipated slave (infants excepted) shall remain within the state more than twelve months after his or her right to freedom shall have accrued, he or she shall forfeit all such right, and may be apprehended and sold by the overseers of the poor, etc., for the benefit of the Literary Fund.'

But in several states an act of the legislature was required to allow a man to relinquish his property. In Georgia the penalty for attempting to free a slave in any other way was not to exceed one thousand dollars. In the

use of his chattel, the owner was hampered in many ways by laws forbidding him to teach the slave to read or write. In Georgia any one was liable to fine and imprisonment 'who shall procure, suffer or permit a slave, negro, or person of color, to transact business for him in writing.'

All these abridgments of liberty, which would at that period have been intolerable to most English-speaking people, were but the reflection of a far more coercive social sentiment. The lawlessness of the planter in certain directions may be recognized as reaction against the restrictions on which his existence as a class depended. No man was ever more enslaved by public opinion. As the last traces of serfdom and slavery vanished in other societies, the planters came gradually to realize that they were alone in the world. They were mutineers against the course of civilization, and the only safety of mutineers is to hang together lest they hang separately.

Thus a rigorous and imperative social mandate was formulated, more tyrannous than the statute-book, and another mediæval characteristic was revivified. Nothing so 'solid' had existed since the effective days of the Holy Roman Empire. Once more the world saw a society so homogeneous that if one turned over, all must. Every planter must continue steadfastly to hold his wolf by the ears, or all must let go together. If slavery was to persist, its champions must uphold it incessantly in the Senate, and on the election-platform. The whole brains of the South were applied for fifty years to the mediæval task of erecting a logic and an ethic for slavery. This was as stimulating and exciting to the planter as was the theory and practice of resisting siege to the castellan. But what sort of life did it offer to the lady?

II

It is generally remarked that a woman, whether by some real psychological idiosyncrasy or as a result of her ordinary conditions of life, is apt to be more struck with details than by generalizations. This sometimes works to her own disadvantage and that of the community, as, for instance, when it makes her the supporter of the 'bargain-counter.' Her abstract knowledge of the principles of this phenomenon is not sufficiently vivid to enable her to withstand the appeal of a concrete instance. On the other hand, this feminine trait is of inestimable service, as society is now constituted, in keeping its owner incorrigibly individualistic, easily interested in the special case, ready to ignore the law when it is inept, and thus to constitute herself a perpetual court of equity.

Bearing in mind this function, characteristic of all women and more especially of the lady, the student of slavery is baffled by the difficulty of understanding how the planter's theories were able to convince his wife in the presence of their practical results. Fanny Kemble writes: 'Mr. —— was called out this evening to listen to a complaint of overwork from a gang of pregnant women. I did not stay to listen to the details of their petition, for I am unable to command myself on such occasions, and Mr. —— seemed positively degraded in my eyes as he stood enforcing upon these women the necessity of fulfilling their appointed tasks. How honorable he would have appeared to me begrimed with the sweat and toil of the coarsest manual labour, to what he then seemed, setting forth to these wretched, ignorant women, as a duty, their unpaid, exacting labour! I turned away in bitter disgust.'

How did it happen that any gen-

tlewoman was able to command herself on such occasions? We are accustomed to think that our own social sins endure chiefly because the lady sees so little of them. In every case, others do the dirty work for her. If she had to shoot and skin her own bird, the plumage would disappear from her hat. A military journal has lately cried out against the proposition of sending out a woman as war-correspondent. If the world begins to learn through women what goes on at the front (cries this voice in the wilderness) we may as well say good-by to war! Similarly, if the sweat-shop, the tenement-house, and the Raines-law hotel were picturesquely grouped under the elms of her country-place; if her children spent their infancy in close playfellowship with the offspring of those institutions; if her husband were occasionally called out from his dinner to listen to a complaint of overwork from a gang of pregnant women, we like to imagine that the result would be a clean sweep of this class of our iniquities.

One answer to the puzzle in regard to the planter's wife is fairly obvious. The most vocal part of the South was Virginia. Nine persons out of ten in the North to-day use 'Virginia' and 'the South' as interchangeable terms. That state formed early the habit of producing distinguished men; the prestige of her Revolutionary history gave her great weight both North and South. The South (with the exception perhaps of South Carolina) was willing to make Virginia the spokesman, and the North was willing to accept her as representative. But Virginia was not representative. When an old Virginian recalls with rapture those rosy ante-bellum days which have become something of a jest to a world that knew them not, he is not touching up the picture very much as regards the relation between master and servant.

It is probably true that, at any rate after the soil was eaten up, the worst features of slavery were not visible in Virginia. A lady might live and die there without once seeing a Negro under the lash; or even witnessing, unless in exceptional circumstances, those forcible partings of families which the abolitionist rightly put his finger on as the greatest of social mistakes. She was surrounded by a community of sleek, well-fed, cheerful, comic creatures, as unlike Fanny Kemble's retinue as two groups of the same race could be. In her neighborhood, harsh treatment of servants was bad form and was punished by social ostracism. And if the Virginian emigrated to another state he took his traditions with him. If his neighbors in the new environment had a lower standard, they concealed it from him as long as possible.

'I cannot,' said Thomas Dabney, expressing a profound truth in social psychology, 'I cannot punish people with whom I associate every day.' The average Virginia gentleman could no more have a slave flogged than the average gentleman anywhere could deliberately infect a fellow creature with tuberculosis. We are so made that our victims must be out of our sight. But he could and did breed and rear strong, healthy men and women whom it would do you good to see, and sell them in large annual invoices for service in the sugar and cotton states. A Virginia gentleman told Olmsted that 'his women were uncommonly good breeders; he did not suppose there was a lot of women anywhere that bred faster than his'; and Rhodes notes a lady in Baltimore, 'richly and fashionably dressed, and apparently moving in the best society, who derived her income from the sale of children of a half-dozen Negro women she owned, although their husbands belonged to other masters.' But in the consciousness of the owner

of a human stock-farm, and still more of the owner's wife, there was a sincere contempt for the next link in the chain, the slave-trader and the auctioneer; while the overseer, the actual slave-driver of the cotton-field, the man who did the dirty work on which the whole social scheme depended, was despised by all. In fact, the lady of the plantation felt toward the overseer by whose exertions she lived, as the lady of other economic dispensations feels toward the proprietor of the sweat-shop whose product is on her back.

All the conditions that bore hardly on the man of talent were equally operative on the woman, and she had a special extinguisher of her own in the nature of the planter's conception of the lady. Her man did not wish her to be clever. There is at the first glance no obvious reason why the Southern lady should not have been a *salonière;* the type is sufficiently aristocratic and exclusive, one would think, to recommend it to the gregarious and leisured planter. The student is surprised to find that, on the contrary, the married woman had virtually no social existence. The woman of Southern romance is the young girl; the social intercourse of the little Southern cities consisted chiefly of balls and dances, at which the young girl might be seen by young men. When she was married, her husband carried her to his plantation, and there she lived in isolation. She reverted to a far earlier type than that of salonière, the type, namely, of the twelfth-century châtelaine. Only the few who maintained town-houses as well as country-houses, and spent part of every year in Richmond or Charleston or New Orleans, retained their hold upon communion with their kind, and for them a staid and modified social life was deemed fitting. Instead of being the means of a wider freedom, marriage was an abdication.

Mrs. Gilman, in her *Recollections of a Southern Matron*, describes the ideal lady of the plantation. 'Mamma possessed more than whole acres of charms, for though not brilliant she was good-tempered and sensible. A demure look and reserved manner concealed a close habit of observation. She would sit in company for hours, making scarcely a remark, and recollect afterwards every fact that had been stated, to the color of a riband or the stripe of a waistcoat. Home was her true sphere; there everything was managed with promptitude and decision; and papa, who was . . . an active planter was glad to find his domestic arrangements quiet and orderly. No one ever managed an establishment better; but there was no appeal from her opinions, and I have known her even eloquent in defending a recipe. . . . Her sausages were pronounced to be the best flavored in the neighborhood; her hog's cheese was delicacy itself; her preserved watermelons were carved with the taste of a sculptor.'

When the heroine of the work was herself married, she remarked that the planter's bride 'dreams of an independent sway over her household, devoted love and unbroken intercourse with her husband, and indeed longs to be released from the eyes of others, that she may dwell only beneath the sunbeam of his.'

If we turn to so romantic an account of Southern ante-bellum society as is contained in (for instance) Kennedy's *Swallow Barn*, we find a marked sentimental discrimination between the young girl and the matron. Lovely maidens are portrayed, brown and blond, madcap and demure. Their manners, their whims, their dresses, are important. Their love-affairs are the excitement of the countryside. But the matron, the respected head of the establishment, is touched in with some-

thing of satire. Her good qualities and achievements are duly set down; her affairs are said to go like clockwork; she rises with the lark and infuses vigor into her recalcitrant assistants. But her charms are not the author's theme. 'She is a thin woman to look upon and a feeble; with a sallow complexion, and a pair of animated black eyes which impart a portion of fire to a countenance otherwise demure from the paths worn across it in the frequent travel of a low-country ague.' Her contribution to social enjoyment seems to have consisted in playing the harpsichord for the children to dance, and in singing *The Rose-tree in Full Bearing*. For the rest, her annalist, to describe her foibles, dips his pen in some medium which from the old-fashioned acidity of its flavor might be the lady's own blackberry cordial. She takes more pride (says he) in her leechcraft than becomes a Christian woman, and prepares daily doses for the helpless youngsters of the family, both white and black. And there is an element of the mystical in some of her prescriptions: 'Nine scoops of water in the hollow of the hand, from the sycamore spring, for three mornings, before sunrise, and a cup of strong coffee with lemon-juice, will break an ague, try it when you will.' Her husband laughs at her, and depends upon her.

It is fair to say that *Swallow Barn* was written before the *femme de trente ans* had become domesticated in English literature. Mr. Page, writing in an age in which she is fully appreciated, feels it incumbent upon him to celebrate with more enthusiasm the lady of the plantation. Very charmingly he does it, yet in his page, as plain as in Kennedy's, stands the record of her limitations. Her life was, on its professional side, the life of the Greek lady. The programme laid down by Ischomachus for his child-bride governed the days of the later mistress of slaves. Each was the wife and steward of a farmer. Each was responsible for the reception in the house of produce of the farm intended for home consumption. Each must keep order regnant among slaves and goods. A surprising amount of what the household used was in each case made under the lady's direction from raw material produced on the estate. The Greek lady worked with wool, the modern lady with cotton; but each must understand spinning and weaving, shaping and sewing. Each was the chief executive of a large and motley community, in duty bound to enforce the laws. And each was responsible for the health of her household: it was her duty to prevent sickness, if possible, and when it came, to tend it. Each doubtless, if not overtaxed, derived satisfaction from the performance of important work bearing directly on the welfare and happiness of those she loved best; but neither could be called a free woman.

In the case of the Greek lady we see this plainly enough. No sentiment had arisen in her day to mask the issue. If she was constrained to an exacting profession, no one obscured the fact by calling her a queen, or, with a much stronger connotation of leisure, an angel. In the case of the lady of the plantation we are misled by her husband's vocabulary, which is that of the twelfth century. It is hard to realize that he could combine the manner and the phrases of the minnesinger with the practice of the ancient Athenian. In some aspects the law-abiding and thrifty Athenian was the better husband of the two; for the planter indemnified himself for the fear he felt for his order by a careless courage in regard to his individual life, and for the lack in his existence of some of the ordinary sources of interest by the speculative habit. Thus he might

shoot or be shot somewhat casually; and he might lose at cards anything, from his wife's most valued house-servant to the cotton-crop for the year after next.

III

One of the great burdens of slavery was that it overworked the lady. She was typically undervitalized. Mr. Page, in the full swing of his dithyrambic, declares that she was 'often delicate and feeble in frame, and of a nervous organization so sensitive as to be a great sufferer.' Mrs. Smedes, who has left us so beautiful a picture of the best type of plantation life, complains of the heavy drain it made upon the vitality of the ruling class. 'There were others who felt that slavery was a yoke upon the white man's neck almost as galling as on the slave's; and it was a saying that the mistress of a plantation was the most complete slave on it. I can testify to the truth of this in my mother's life and experience. There was no hour of the day that she was not called upon to minister to their real or imaginary wants. Who can wonder that we longed for a lifting of the incubus, and that in the family of Thomas Dabney the first feeling, when the war was ended, was of joy that one dreadful responsibility, at least, was removed?'

It is quite plain from the record that Mrs. Dabney, mistress of hundreds of slaves, the happy wife of a faithful husband, died of nervous exhaustion. She was overworked. A slaveholder could not get rid of an unprofitable servant. The good abolitionist in Boston believed that if the omelette was scorched, Mammy Venus was strung up by the thumbs to receive forty lashes; but the owner of slaves was after all a man with bowels like another. He could not flog a person with whom he associated every day.

At a time when timidity in the North and fear in the South ruled conversation, good Miss Martineau trod heavily through American society, asking terrible questions and making observations hardly less startling than obvious. Some deliberate fictions were poured into her ear-trumpet, which she was unable to check as another might have done to whom general conversation was audible; and sometimes doubtless she misunderstood what was said to her. But if her ears were not always trustworthy, her eyes enjoyed a compensating power. She passed two years in this country, devoting five months to a tour of the Southern States — Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee. She was everywhere kindly received, and found the planter ready and willing to talk of the chief circumstance of his life. Fanny Kemble, five years later, decided to set down nothing in her plantation journal that was not the result of her own observation, because she had heard people boasting how gloriously they had gulled Miss Martineau. But it will hardly be supposed that any slave-owner exerted his powers of mystification to give the stranger an unduly dark view of the peculiar institution; if we are to read her story with allowance for misinformation willfully supplied, our confidence must be least in the passages most favorable to slavery.

Miss Martineau was astonished, as other travelers were, by the hardships of the lady of the plantation. She must rise early, and but late take rest. A comfortable house is to be had only as the result of systematic arrangement, but systematic arrangement was impossible to slaves. The Englishwoman stood aghast at seeing so many servants accomplish so little. She would have preferred to serve herself rather than wait for the tardy and ineffect-

ive service of the blacks. She found them lolling against the bed-posts before she was up in the morning, leaning against sofas during the day, officiously offering service at every turn, and generally making a mess of it.

She found little real comfort in the planter's house; and said, indeed, in her downright way that with one exception she never saw a clean room or bed within the boundaries of the slave states. She saw the lady without leisure save as it was bought at the price of despair, and a momentary determination to let things go. She saw the great bunch of keys at the lady's girdle in constant requisition, for everything consumable must be locked up, and yet must be forthcoming at the whimsical demand of ministrants whose orbits were incalculable. She saw the lady constrained to follow up personally every order she gave, lest the result be confusion. She found and noted many remarkable women whose powers were equal to their responsibilities, women competent to rule over a little barbarous society, who realized the gravity of the duty that lay upon them to watch over the health and regulate the lives of a number of persons who could in no wise take care of themselves. Often she found a lady who was unequal to her task, timid, languid, and unintelligent. The house of that woman would not be a pleasant one in which to stay. But in the main she was impressed by the lady's capacity for making the best of a system for which she was not responsible, and of which she was the garlanded victim.

Miss Martineau had no hesitation in asking any lady she met for a candid expression of opinion of the system, and some very singular confessions were poured into the sympathetic ear-trumpet, if it reported truly to its ingenuous owner. Two ladies, 'the distinguishing ornaments of a very superior society,' were very unhappy, and told their new friend what a curse they found slavery to be. A planter's wife, in the bitterness of her heart, declared that she was but 'the chief slave of the harem.' One singular little anecdote shows how the lady's logic could work to her husband's credit. 'One sultry morning I was sitting with a friend who was giving me all manner of information about her husband's slaves. While we were talking one of the house slaves passed us. I observed that she appeared superior to all the rest; to which my friend assented. "She is A's wife?" said I.—"We call her A's wife, but she has never been married to him. A and she came to my husband five years ago and asked him to let them marry; but he could not allow it, because he had not made up his mind whether to sell A; and he hates parting husband and wife. They have four children, but my husband has never been able to let them marry; he has not determined yet whether he shall sell A."'

Another story is irresistible in this connection, though it came to Miss Martineau at one remove. A Southern lady told a group of friends the romantic story of a pretty mulatto girl whom she had once owned. A young man came to stay at her house who fell in love with the girl. The girl fled to her mistress for protection, and received it. Some weeks later the young man came again, saying that he was so desperately in love with the girl he could not live without her. 'I pitied the young man,' concluded the lady, 'so I sold the girl to him for fifteen hundred dollars.'

The characteristic virtue of the lady of the plantation, Miss Martineau found to be patience. Only the native, born and bred among slaves, achieved it in perfection. Foreigners or Northerners who became slaveholders could not compass it; they were impatient and sometimes severe; their tempers broke down altogether; their nerves

were racked, and their self-control shattered by the unconquerable inertia of the slave. But the mistress born in slavery hardly noticed that the company were waiting twenty minutes for the second course, and was willing to repeat an order unto seventy times seven. A certain amount of lying and stealing, of disobedience and procrastination, was allowed the slave daily with his other rations.

No problem-novel could be more interesting than the true narrative of the experiences of Frances Anne Kemble in connection with slavery. This young woman was of a strongly individualistic type, being not only English, but a Kemble, and an artist. Her appearance on the stage, followed by immediate popularity, had saved her father's theatre from insolvency. London petted her; people of importance recognized her importance. After a triumphant tour of the United States, she made a love-match with Mr. Pierce Butler of Philadelphia, and in the winter of 1838–39, she, with her two little children, accompanied her husband to his plantations in Georgia. She had contemplated the theory of slavery with entire distaste, as she admitted in a letter written before she began her journey: 'Assuredly I am going prejudiced against slavery, for I am an Englishwoman' (it was precisely five years since slavery had been abolished in Jamaica, and the slave-trade that had filled the Southern colonies with Negroes had been continued by the British government in the face of earnest prayers from the colonies that it might be stopped), 'in whom the absence of such a prejudice would be disgraceful. Nevertheless, I go prepared to find many mitigations in the practice to the general injustice and cruelty of the system — much kindness on the part of the masters, much content on the part of the slaves.'

This impetuous and able young woman, not only warm-hearted, but highly intelligent, was forced by her qualities to judge for herself of the system by which she and her children were supported. Incidentally she was forced to judge her husband, and as all the world knows, she finally went back to her own people. Her *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation* naturally deals only gingerly with her personal relations. It is easy enough to fill in the details of the bewilderment of both young people: the irritation and dismay of the planter as his uncontrollable wife went about the estates cheerfully teaching insubordination to the hands, and the panic of the wife when she discovered that her husband was sincerely unconvinced of sin toward his black people.

The two estates, one devoted to cotton, the other to rice, had long been in the hands of overseers, unvisited by a master. The pecuniary returns had been satisfactory, and the plantations had a good repute as being well-managed. But they were very different from the long-established homestead plantations of Virginia. On the rice-plantation the planter's residence consisted of 'three small rooms and three still smaller, which would be more appropriately designated as closets, a wooden recess by way of pantry, and a kitchen detached from the dwelling — a mere wooden out-house, with no floor but the bare earth; and for furniture a congregation of filthy Negroes, who lounge in and out of it like hungry hounds at all hours of the day and night, picking up such scraps of food as they can find about, which they discuss squatting down upon their hams. Of our three apartments, one is our sitting, eating, and living room, and is sixteen feet by fifteen. The walls are plastered indeed, but neither papered nor painted; it is divided from our bedroom

by a dingy wooden partition covered all over with hooks, pegs, and nails, to which hats, caps, keys, etc., are suspended in graceful irregularity. The doors open by means of wooden latches raised by means of small bits of packthread — I imagine the same primitive order of fastening celebrated in the touching chronicle of Red Riding Hood; how they shut I will not attempt to describe, as the shutting of a door is a process of extremely rare occurrence throughout the whole Southern country. The third room, a chamber with sloping ceiling, immediately over our sitting-room, and under the roof, is appropriated to the nurse and my two babies. Of the closets, one is the overseer's bedroom, the other his office, and the third, adjoining our bedroom, is Mr. ——'s dressing-room and *cabinet d'affaires*, where he gives audiences to the Negroes, redresses grievances, distributes red woolen caps, shaves himself, and performs the other offices of his toilet. Such being our abode, I think you will allow there is little danger of my being dazzled by the luxurious splendours of a Southern slave residence.'

The plantation was in fact not a home but an industrial plant.

In paying her visits, Mrs. Butler, like Miss Martineau, plunged by preference into the most delicate of questions. How can you stand slavery? she would genially ask her hostess. Where the answers are recorded, the ladies seem naturally enough to have shirked the question of abstract justice and to have argued, on the assumption of the inevitability of slavery, that kindness and indulgence were so common among masters as to make the slave's life far happier in practice than in theory. Mrs. Butler makes a shrewd comment which goes far to solve the whole problem. 'They' (women) 'are very seldom just, and are generally treated with more indulgence than justice by men,'

In Mrs. Butler's own reflections, her personal helplessness is the obstacle she comes up against when she tries to help the helpless slave. An intelligent boy of sixteen asked her to teach him to read. To do so was to break the law under which she lived, and though she would probably not have boggled at mere law-breaking, she was embarrassed by the consideration that her husband would have to pay the fines which she would incur for the first and second offenses. The third offense was punishable by imprisonment. She sighed to think that she could not begin with Aleck's third lesson, so that the penalty might light on the right shoulders. She winds up by saying, 'I certainly intend to teach Aleck to read. I certainly won't tell Mr. —— anything about it. I'll leave him to find it out, as slaves, and servants, and children, and all oppressed and ignorant and uneducated and unprincipled people do; then, if he forbids me, I can stop — perhaps before then the lad may have learned his letters.' This brilliant and energetic young woman, who had demonstrated her ability to maintain herself in economic independence, found herself suddenly reduced to the stereotyped movements of the lady-acrobat; a spontaneous gesture would topple her husband over.

When the little girl who was afterwards to be Mrs. Roger A. Pryor was not ten years old the aunt with whom she lived realized the shortcomings of education on the plantation and took up her residence in Charlottesville, which was then beginning to be the centre of a little group of cultivated people. The child was entered at the Female Seminary. The headmaster examined her and prescribed her lessons. The books given her were Abercrom-

bie's *Intellectual Philosophy*, Watts's *Improvement of the Mind*, Goldsmith's *History of Greece*, and somebody's *Natural Philosophy*. A more advanced little student blazed a trail for the child through these works, inclosing in brackets the briefest possible answers to the questions in Watts. Thus the little girl was enabled with labor and tears to say (when asked 'What is logic?'), 'Logic is the art of investigating and communicating Truth.' After a few months in the seminary she was removed by the good aunt, and home education began again. She read classical English literature with her aunt, she learned French from a German, and she studied music under the direction of an itinerant master, whose relations with the sheriff frequently made it convenient for him to appear at midnight to give a lesson.

IV

A special piquancy is lent to the spectacle of the lady as mistress of slaves by a knowledge of her history, a review of which might be fitly entitled 'Up from Slavery.' Herr Bebel, in his striking way, declares that woman was the first slave, 'she was a slave before the slave existed.' The gradual promotion of an occasional slave to comparative idleness began to make a lady of her. When she was given control over other slaves, and when she was considered to be her master's wife in some special sense which differentiated her from the other women who bore him children, the process was complete. Her idleness consisted in release from useful manual labor, and was an evidence of her husband's wealth. As such it was valuable to him, and she preserved it at his command. Not only was she excused from labor, — she was forbidden it. The Chinese, a logical and direct people, cripple the little girls of the gentle class so that they may bear the outward visible sign of incapacity to labor. The hampering dress of the European lady has the same purpose.

The etiquette which everywhere forbids the lady to serve herself is closely bound up with her husband's *amour propre*. He believes that his objection to seeing his wife occupied in useful toil is sheer consideration of the strong for the weak, whereas it is largely based on the fear that her exertions will reflect on his ability to compete with other men for the prizes of life. The lady of the proprietary household is therefore as much under orders as any of her subordinates, but her orders are not to work with her hands. This by no means dispenses her from other labor. She uses more nervous energy in causing a task to be done by incompetent servants than it would cost her to do it herself, but she is not allowed to do it herself.

In the presence of slavery, — in Constantinople, for instance, or in South Carolina, — the performance of manual labor would be, of course, more shameful than elsewhere. Writers dealing with the old South, naturally struck with its feudalistic survivals, are inclined to dwell upon them to the exclusion of its orientalism. The feudal lady was allowed to develop her mind. She was better educated than her husband. When circumstances made her a patron of literature, minnesong bloomed and the romance of chivalry. The orientalized lady of the South was discouraged from systematic education; in fact, it was virtually impossible for her to get it. Her husband was far better educated than she. The literature produced to supply her demands was that of Mrs. Southworth and Miss Evans.

It filled the planter with unfeigned horror to hear of the employment of

women in the Northern States for useful purposes. Thomas Dabney was reduced to great poverty in his old age by his determination to pay debts incurred through the bad faith of another. The touching picture of the heroic old man and his daughters giving up such ease of life as the war had left them shows that some illusions had survived. His chivalrous nature (says his daughter) had always revolted from the sight of a woman doing hard work, and he could not have survived the knowledge that his daughters had stood at the washtub. So he did the washing himself, beginning in his seventieth year. So artfully is the human mind composed that he who had complacently employed women all his life to hoe his cotton without pay, could not stand the demolition of the lady. It remains to be said that it was not every planter whose orientalism was of so altogether lovable a type as Thomas Dabney's.

The Southern lady was forced by war and ruin to make in a day the transition that the rest of the world had taken several centuries to effect. And she had to make it under the most disheartening conditions. In many cases she was mourning for a man who had died defending a cause of which no one but his fellows would take his point of view. It was plain that the men of the South would go down in history as having fought to retain an institution which the world at large had come to think altogether iniquitous. And they had been beaten. That the Southern lady should change her opinions was not to be expected; her mental training was not of a kind to make reasoning an easy or a familiar process. If she had been capable of changing her opinions, she would have been all the time a different kind of woman and slavery would have come to an end long before. It was not then with the inspiration of an awakening, but with the bitterness of uncomprehension — and therefore with all the more heroism — that after being so roughly tumbled from her high place she picked herself up, and made herself useful.

A Southern gentleman told Miss Martineau that nothing but the possession of genius, or the arrival of calamity, could rescue the lady of the plantation from her orientalism. What genius could at best have done but for an individual here and there, calamity did for a whole class. As the calamity was unexampled, so was the response. It has perhaps not happened twice in history, that so great a number of civilized women were reduced from comfort to misery in the same length of time as in the Confederate States during the last two years of the Civil War. The courage of their men and their own courage served but to prolong the struggle, and to deepen the misery. And the misery produced a type of heroism compounded of high spirit, endurance, and efficiency, that the world has agreed to honor as one of the most stimulating and admirable achievements of the race.

# A PATENT OF NOBILITY

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

RENAN, speaking of his ancestors in *Recollections of My Youth*, said of them that 'one proof of their nobility was that whenever they attempted to engage in any commercial business they were defrauded.' He explained the apparently paradoxical statement thus: 'There are some people who are born to be rich, while there are others who never would be so. The former have claws, and do not scruple to help themselves first. That is just what we have never been able to do. When it comes to taking the best piece out of the dish which is handed round, our natural politeness stands in our way.' He asserts, in fact, that the pursuit of wealth is not the pursuit of a gentleman; and that it is a more respectable and honorable position, indicative of a higher breeding and a finer taste, to be decently poor than to be even decently affluent. Long ago, and without any assistance from him, I came to the same conclusion.

Do not, my affluent reader, say 'sour grapes' to me, if you please. I admit they are ripe and luscious, and out of my reach, but protest that it is with no fox's eye that I regard them. I know it is next to impossible for a moneyed person, in his wildest flights of fancy, to imagine a human being who does not want money — almost as impossible as for a mother to believe the childless woman who blesses her freedom from maternal cares; and I seem to feel the inevitable smile that I cannot see, prepared to blight my little thesis in the bud. I beg you to take my sacred word of honor that I never made a more conscientious profession of faith. Like Renan, with whom I do not presume otherwise to compare myself, I have had a long time to work the matter out, and it is my sober, settled, and sincere conviction that it *is* better to have small means than a large superfluity.

No use. The smile only broadens. I might as well talk to a stone wall. Very well. I say no more to you. I remember that I am writing for a magazine which does not address itself to the wealthy lower orders. Its high standards are set for, and appeal to, those whose ideals of life are high, the truly high class of the civil and social as well as intellectual worlds, the high-thinking, who are almost necessarily the plain living, and almost impossibly the nurslings of the lap of luxury, accustomed, as they say, to having the best of everything. In short, I may as well say it first as last, for you and me, dear impecunious brothers, to whom I now turn with instant confidence that I shall be listened to and understood.

Not, mind you, that I regard the best of everything as other than the best. Wealth is wealth, if words are to have meaning. No one can more keenly appreciate a daintily ordered domestic life, or be more clearly aware of the ill effects upon character of grubby tablecloths and threadbare clothes, not to speak of debts and hunger. The poverty I am referring to as a state of grace is not squalid poverty, the ill-gotten poverty that is as discreditable

as ill-gotten wealth; it is the decent poverty that can pay its way without taxing time and strength, a sufficient provision for one's reasonable daily needs, but not enough to deprive one of food for hope, stimulus to effort, the pleasures of anticipation, which transcend all the pleasures of possession; freedom to call one's soul one's own, and to do with it exactly what seemeth to one good. Conversely, my conception of wealth as applied to this argument is not that of the multi-millionaire. He has put himself outside the pale of decency, and it is of the decently affluent that I speak; plebeian, of course, more or less, according to how he got his tidbits out of the dish, but not shameless in his clawings and graspings, like the most notable of the world's so-called self-made men (as if money ever made a man since the world was).

I have in mind the polished gentleman of leisure, who reads in his fine library, and buys pictures with discretion, a lover of good horses, a judge of good wine, a patron of the arts; husband of a stately lady, who gathers about her every evidence of cultivated modernity; father of university sons, and traveled, linguistic daughters; master of servants trained to the last point of perfection. A charming establishment! I have visited it many a time, and delighted in it. To arouse from sleep in my soft and delicate bed at break of day and find the fire to dress by already burning brightly; a little later the exquisite tea-tray; a little later again the warm bath on the feather-soft blanket, and all its forethoughtful adjuncts, by the glowing hearth where I sat last night to read my novel and toast my toes in an arm-chair of indescribable comfort. Then, after delicious breakfasting, the huge and cunningly furnished motor, that runs like oil without jar or sound; cushioned from my feet (on the foot-warmer) to the back of my head, befurred to the eyes, reclining at utmost ease and idly surveying the liveried men in their glass compartment or the common herd scurrying up and down the street.

Yes, it is charming — for a little while. But I never can stand it long. I begin to feel alien and oppressed. I have a vague sense of something unsatisfactory, something wrong, as if I had taken to drink or opium-smoking, or some other secretly immoral course of conduct. And I find the lap of luxury not only frightfully enervating, but a place where I should be bored to death in no time.

Of course, I am not used to it. But it is not that. I am sure it is not that, because I have a love of elegance as great as anybody's. It is because I feel in the marrow of my bones that the money-bloated form of elegance is vulgar. What do you think, poor brothers, who never had motors and yachts and diamonds, and never will have? Is the note of true refinement in it? As an expression of human culture, it is certainly very primitive. Lafcadio Hearn even calls it 'savagely bourgeoise,' and contrasts it with a civilization which, although barbarous to us, is far more finely-mannered and dignified, and, moreover, had been thousands of years in existence when ours was still that of the stone axe and the cave. 'Carpets, dirty shoes, absurd fashions, wickedly-expensive living, airs, vanities, gossip; how much sweeter the Japanese life on the soft mats, with its ever dearer courtesy and pretty, pure simplicity.'

But a patron of the arts? Only a rich man, who can encourage the artists by buying their works, is accounted such. We say of one who uses his personal wealth in this enlightened fashion, that he, at least, deserves to have it; that he, at least, is doing good with it. But let us think before we say it again. Does he? Is he?

No. In face of the most firmly-established and respectable of our social beliefs, I emphatically say no. Considering how, as a general rule, true art elevates and money debases almost everything they severally touch, it must logically be assumed, as a general principle, that the less they have to do with each other the better. Also everybody can see that, as between the artist and his patron, the volume of supply and demand is not in any way conditioned by the worth of the commodity.

There is art and art. Simplicity and sincerity are the bases of all beauty, of whatever kind, and there are more beautiful things yet to be conceived and created for the uplifting of the æsthetic sense than houses and furniture, dresses and jewelry, even pictures and statues. The world is young yet, and the human race still in a state of childhood, the stage of toys and gewgaws.

Then take science. For a long time after I had ceased to believe in the power of money to better things in general, I had one good use for it: to endow scientific research. I did think that there was that channel in which it could flow beneficently, a fructifying irrigator, not a blighting poison-water, like the stuff they pour on gravel walks to kill the weeds. I have quite given up thinking it now.

There is science and science, as there is art and art. There is the science that invents cunning collar-studs and magnificent engines, and takes out patents for them, and puts them on the market, and gets fortunes out of them, according as they make for the public convenience, and only contingently and accidentally for the public good. And there is the science of bacteriology and hygiene, the science that searches into the bases of life, the laws of the universe, to the one end that man may learn his highest duty, which is also his highest welfare, and the best means by which he may attain to a faithful performance of it. The first needs no patronage from wealth, for money is already its inspiration and reward. The second can and does do its work as well without it as with it, and better; it is work for the work's sake solely. When it is done, and money can serve in applying its benefits to the public, it is the duty of the state to supply that money, since it is in discharge of a public debt.

Thinking back along the chain of cause and effect, one sees more and more clearly that the claw-hand is at the bottom of all the mischief in the world, and that in few ways has it done more mischief than in its perversion of science to ignoble ends.

When we got railways and steamships and telegraphs and things, and began to travel about and live in and trade with all countries as if they were one, and to know foreign peoples as they knew themselves, and to see that the interests of each were the interests of all, one would think the time had come then for nations to learn that their mediæval provincialism was not patriotism, and to teach their governments, in their international dealings, to play the game as sportsmen and gentlemen. But now, to get (through science) this great new privilege of aerial flight, the freedom of that celestial, hitherto-unsullied neutral world, where there are no boundaries, no shores, no obstacles between man and man, and to use it straight away, and (one might suppose from appearances) for no other purpose than, to drop dynamite on defenseless ships and towns! — one wonders that the very babes of the kindergarten of the twentieth century do not rise up to denounce the contemptible rascality of the very thought.

I have often stolen out at night to some deserted garden bench or balcony chair, to look at the illimitable

and divinely peaceful sky, as a way of cleaning my soul of the dust of the day, and generally renovating its ragged furnishings. The stars of the Infinite have seemed to see me there, as I saw them, a heavenly host of heavenly intelligences, to which my little world belonged. I have visualized my little world as a wee point of light spinning on its path amongst them, and myself as 'flagging' them from some upper or outer window, some projecting outpost, to apologize for our presence in their majestic company, so diseased and blood-stained as we are, and unfit for their pure eyes. I have wanted to tell them that the human heart is in the right place; that the Moral Law is known, although it is not acted upon; and that some day, when the mutations of taste and thought bring the vogue for high-mindedness, they will see a change, if they can bear with us so long.

Then that wonderfully-imagined story of Rudyard Kipling's, 'The Night Mail,' has come into my head, and I have thought of the nearer sky as our blessed heritage of peace and purity, come to us when we are dying for something uncorrupt and incorruptible, some place where the claw-hand finds nothing to clutch. It has been my ambition for years to make one aerial voyage before I die. I read not long ago a little magazine article which described how a lady went up in a balloon one evening with her husband, wandered through moonlit clouds all night, and came down in a field next morning. There was nothing striking in the narrative beyond its record of the feat, but there were unspeakable suggestions in it for me; it haunts me still when I gaze at the sky at night. I feel myself floating in that uncharted sea like a disembodied spirit: 'safe from all evil,' as we say of the dead; to all intents and purposes in heaven. And now the sharks and pirates are going *there*. Some night I may look up with the old sense of adoration, and suddenly find myself saluted with a bursting bomb. It is quite a possible thing to happen to me, old as I am.

Well, it is not the 'nobles' of the scientific world who spend precious life and genius pandering to the worst vice in men and nations, adding by their very knowledge to the crimes of ignorance which work all our woe. Their science knows no frontiers; it knows that the cosmic forces are for all, everywhere potent to recreate and unite; and the true scientist, like the true artist, never uses them for any other ends. No money that was ever coined could bribe him to it.

That he is 'good for trade,' is an argument always pat and ready for adverse criticism of the excesses of the modern sybarite; but (although it is not for me to meddle with high matters of political economy) I cannot think so. For one thing, wealth in its patronage of trade is responsible for world-wide waste and misery of a singularly atrocious kind. It is gradually exterminating whole races of lovely creatures that we shall never get back, accelerating the process at times in sheer wantonness, as when somebody says it is going to be the fashion to have muffs three times larger than can conveniently be carried. It would exterminate the angels if they came within gunshot, and it could get good feathers from their wings.

Do I, then, mean that the unearned increment should be given to charity?

I do not. I mean that less than anything. No, whatever you do with money, do not give it away, to corrupt those who maybe have not yet bowed the knee to idols. And do not put it in the sea, which may seem to be indicated as a last resource. Put it in its proper place. Let it be but the useful

adjunct of life's work, and not the aim and end. In its right place it is, of course, not only legitimate but indispensable. The dish handed round was prepared for healthy appetites. Money, like opium and brandy, is an excellent thing in itself, and there is no moral law against one having more than another (in reason) if he has worthily come by it. This is no brief for socialism. The earth is the mother of all, and eternal justice demands the freedom of the common home and equal rights of sonship for all; but the same eternal justice decrees that each child's status shall match his ability and deserts, or it has no right to its name. The whole object of this disquisition is to try to define what the word 'status,' in such connection, means.

But what is the use? I know all the time that it is a voice crying in the wilderness to ears plugged with wax and cotton-wool. There is none so deaf as he who will not hear, and all my good advice will be thrown away except on those who do not need it. The Bible is piously quoted in defense of the existing situation. 'The poor [meaning the indigent] ye have always with you.' It is conveniently assumed to be a divine institution. To those who hold this view, the divinest thing on earth is the multi-millionaire.

So it will be in my time, and perhaps to the third and fourth generation after me. But the world moves fast on its upward way, and we will hope not.

There would still be a little something to say for this vulgar passion of mankind, and its dominance over all others in the present state of society, if it brought any joy to its votaries on their own account. The pursuit of wealth is, I suppose, in the last resort, the pursuit of happiness; and the luxuries they will stick at nothing to obtain represent to them the raw material of which that precious thing is made. Well, when they have all their luxuries in possession, are they happy?

No. They are not even happy. Consider, my unburdened and untrammeled comrade, whose life is peppered and salted, full of flavor and nourishment, what it must mean to be stuffed with sweets from morning till night, and have the liver of a Strassburg goose in consequence. To me, the idea of being in the position of having nothing to do, nothing to want, nothing to build air-castles with; no holiday, which presupposes work; no rest, which presupposes active energy; no novelty, no liberty, no interest, no pleasure but to chase pleasure, which is never, never to be captured by force or fraud, — to me, I say, the idea is horrible. The immense and utter boredom of such an existence, to say nothing of its ignominiousness, appalls one. Poor things! Poor, blind, plebeian things, spiritually low-born, intellectually low-bred: the only excuse for them is that they know no better.

Thank Heaven, and perhaps a nobler ancestry, we do. Ay, let us be Pharisaical for once, my brothers, and congratulate ourselves that we are not as these other men are. We have the best of them in every way. While they wallow in their soul-deadening swamp of wealth, we sprint along our hard road of poverty, in light marching order, through scenes of beauty and realms of knowledge that they will never know, and that in any case it is not in their limited intelligence to appreciate. And in the end, please God, we shall not die lonely as a camel in the desert when the vultures gather to pick his bones, the waiting heirs, our own friends and children, counting days and hours to the reading of the will; not die with the accusing spectres of starving mothers and shivering babes in rags about our bed, and with the shame in our failing hearts of having

been worse than merely unprofitable servants in the world we were born to serve. It will be with us, I hope, as with Huxley, when his splendid work, which had nothing to say to money, was accomplished. Looking back upon it from the peaceful arm-chair of his old age, the peaceful garden which it was his last occupation to tend, he said, 'I have warmed both hands at the fire of life.' Or, as with Renan, whose inherited politeness was conspicuous in his parting remark: 'I have had so much pleasure out of life that I am really not justified in claiming a compensation beyond the grave.'

# INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN JAPAN

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

THE intellectual life of less self-conscious ages than ours has had no independent existence. Men have sought some other primary purpose, and given to philosophy, to poetry, to story-telling, only that time and attention which they could spare from more strenuous, or at least outwardly more energetic, pursuits. The minnesinger or troubadour played on his viol and poetized when he was not wielding the sword. When men first begin to devote themselves entirely to the joys of the spirit, their fate is that of Ruteboeuf, — grinding poverty, and the gray misery of an outcast's life; unless perchance they may come to enjoy the patronage of some Mæcenas. From these humiliations, they cannot, with Dr. Johnson, proudly declare themselves independent, until another age has dawned, an age in which the things of the mind are valued in and for themselves.

Japan is but now emerging from a state of culture which it shared with mediæval Europe throughout a remarkable parallelism of historic development. In Japan, as in Europe, it was the priest who philosophized, though his first duty was to pray; it was the samurai, the warrior, who developed poetry, in the moments of relaxation from the severities of military discipline and warlike combat. Yet, though intellectual life under these conditions can develop only as it connects itself in an ancillary way with the two great interests of war and religion, nevertheless the clear purpose and well-defined ideals that are apt to animate an age of action are favorable to the creation of literary masterpieces, so that there may be a literature though there are no literary men. But even in Dante, the temper of priest and warrior is predominant.

In old Japan, art and philosophy were hieratic, or courtly and precious. Under the Tokugawa régime a new era dawned with the popularizing of literature through Bakin, and the picturing of the humbler phases of life in the Ukiyoye. Then with the Restoration a flood of new experiences and emotions burst upon the Japanese, carrying them along toward a more varied and specialized civilization. Yet the substructure of Japanese society is so

firm that the earlier influences and ideas are still powerful, and we cannot understand the intellectual struggles and triumphs of modern Japan unless we often revert to the literary activities of the priests and the samurai, or rather of those among them who had a feeling for the things of the mind.

With the new era has come a reign of general education. Illiteracy has almost disappeared, and a large reading public has come into being. We cannot, indeed, expect the same taste and discrimination that characterized the courtly circles of the earlier age, but there is a broader field in which intellectual life — of higher or lower aspirations — may flourish. Old class distinctions and trade-groupings have broken down, and the simple activities of the earlier societies have multiplied and have become specialized in the endless complexity of modern life. Thus there has come about an opportunity for men to devote themselves more exclusively to science, literature, or philosophy. In dignity and independence their position is not equal to that which *savants* have obtained in Western countries, but something has been achieved in that direction. The limitations inherited from the earlier society still condition these activities, but they are emerging constantly into greater prominence and repute.

Whoever desires to grasp the essential currents of Japanese thought, and picture to himself the modern development of Japanese psychology, is beset with innumerable difficulties, which all, however, contribute to the deep interest of the problem. The adjustment of an old culture, itself highly refined and complex, to entirely new conditions; trying demands upon faculties which had not been cultivated before; the adoption of new processes and modes of thought, and their amalgamation with those elements which had been retained from the past — these are the main requirements imposed upon Japan by her new situation. Of transcendent interest to the student of psychology is the rapid development of faculties such as the mathematical, which in the feudal society were considered unworthy of cultivation, being looked down upon as mercenary and plebeian.

Nor is the Japanese mind perplexed only by the difficulty of choosing between the old and the new. Added to this great problem of policy and conduct, is one common to the entire civilized world to-day, but which under Japanese conditions assumes a peculiarly troublesome aspect. It concerns the relation of the demands of material development and technical perfection to those deeper elements of culture — the art of literary and pictorial expression, the emotional life of poetry, and all that mankind yearns after when its highways have been constructed and its harvests garnered. The necessities of national self-defense and maintenance have in Japan emphasized everything that makes for material strength; and have put on the defensive, even more than in Western countries, those pursuits and enthusiasms whose value transcends mathematical demonstration.

The student of Japanese psychology will also note many other interesting likenesses to other civilizations. Though in character and temperament the Japanese have much in common with the French, yet in their intellectual and scientific culture, they have followed rather the English and the Germans. During the present era, the star of the French has not been in the ascendant; they are not preëminently a successful race. And disregarding to a certain extent intellectual sympathies, Japan has turned to those who, under present conditions, stand for

demonstrable success and positive achievement.

Before entering upon a survey of the intellectual life of Japan, it is necessary that we should divest ourselves entirely of the superficial theory, so frequently put forward, that there is an impassable gulf between the psychology of the East and that of the West. If such a view is to be held at all, we ought to accept it only after it has been forced upon us unavoidably as the result of long observation and comparison in many fields of intellectual life. Nothing is easier than to enunciate a startling and absolute theory and then give a few examples which to the superficial view bear out the aphorism. No matter how different from our own may be the Japanese mental attitude and manner of expression, it is not necessary to accept such a transcendental explanation when we still have the effects of social structure and physical environment to take into account as determining factors. Were we to enter upon this matter at this place, it would be easy to make a *prima facie* case for the identity of psychological organization and intellectual activity among Japanese and Europeans; but this is not our purpose. We would rather look at life as it presents itself and, above all, endeavor to appreciate the multitude of shades that distinguish apparently similar relations and phenomena. Thus, shunning generalization of a sweeping kind, we shall pass in review certain types of Japanese intellectual experience, and attempt to gather by accretion a composite view of the operation of intellectual forces in the Japan of to-day.

The type of priest who is also a philosopher and man of learning is still found in Japan, though modernized and adapted to new conditions. Let us look for a moment at the career of Count Kōzui Otani, by inheritance Lord Abbot of the Nishi Hongwanji, the great western monastery of the Shin sect of Buddhism. This young man, destined for the most influential position in the Buddhist Church in Japan, prepared himself for his duties and responsibilities by a long period of study abroad. He spent four years in Europe examining the relations of religion to political life, looking into the details of the government of the Established Church in England and Germany, as well as into the religious difficulties of France. Nor was he without the companionship of numerous other Buddhist students, men of high rank who were following learning with a similar purpose and from a similar point of view in the great centres of European education.

After completing his European studies, Count Otani went to India, where he carried on researches in the early history of Buddha and his religion. He gathered many inscriptions and other historical data, proceeding in the collection and criticism of historical material according to approved scientific methods. The death of the reigning Lord Abbot called him back to Japan in 1903. Here an abundance of work lay ready to his hand. Buddhist missionaries were sent to the United States and to China, and the Buddhist societies in California were given assistance and encouragement. When the great war came, a service of chaplains for the army had to be organized. The patriotic outburst of the war aroused in Buddhist endeavor new vigor and enthusiasm. Especially in the field of China was missionary work taken up with redoubled energy. Fertile in resources, an active and efficient organizer, the Lord Abbot has been the soul of the great Buddhist expansion of these recent years. Meanwhile, he leads the simplest of lives, ascetic in his conduct, living without ostentation or a large

household, but full of energy and enthusiasm in his action.

The sermons of another Buddhist ecclesiastic, Sōyen Shaku, Lord Abbot of the great Kamakura monastery, which were delivered to audiences in the United States, also give us an insight into the intellectual awakening among the higher Buddhist clergy. Not only are internal questions of belief and ethical principle dealt with in a broad and modern spirit, but these sermons also contain highly significant discussions of the relation of Buddhism to Oriental and Western culture. There is a great deal of preaching in Japan, and many books of sermons are published. These discourses are less formal than with us, they contain little of purely doctrinal matter, but discuss ethical teaching in its relation to life, and are enlivened with many ancedotes and quaint applications of folk-wisdom.

In its first effects, the Restoration in Japan was not favorable to religious fervor. The revival of Shintō proceeded from purely political motives and did not imply a strengthening of religious sentiment except as it expressed itself in loyalty to the throne and to national traditions. Whatever religious zeal was aroused by this feeling was turned into channels of state action. The attitude of mind of the leaders in this great transformation was purely secular. They judged of religions by their fruits, that is, by the ethical impulse they imparted. Nor were they inclined to view with enthusiasm the achievements of the older forms of religion in the matter of ethical culture.

Kunitake Kume has described for us, with a touch of humor, the experience of a group of representative Japanese in 1872. In that year Prince Iwakura went to America and Europe at the head of a mission of which such prominent men as Kido, Okubo, and Itō were members. Kume, who accompanied the mission in the capacity of an expert on Chinese and literary subjects, was detailed, with another member, to make an investigation of the state of religion in the West. In their zeal to begin work, they early on the voyage accosted a Roman Catholic priest, and questioned him about Western religion. They got an account of the Ten Commandments and of the Trinity; but soon the tables were turned, and they were themselves questioned on the religion of Japan. The answers which they gave did not satisfy either themselves or their hearers. So a council of war was held in the smoking-room that night. What attitude should the mission take when questioned about Japanese religion? It was first suggested that they might claim Buddhism as the religion of Japan, but it had to be confessed that there was no one in the mission who knew enough of Buddhism to give a trustworthy account of it, especially on doctrinal matters. Confucianism might be professed, but this would not help matters, as Occidentals look upon the doctrines of the great sage as merely a politico-ethical system. Shintō was ruled out, as it was then too little known in the West, and also because a religion which lacks sacred books, and one whose observances are so archaic, might not particularly impress the Western mind. There remained no alternative but to confess that Japan had no religion — an unfortunate situation, because heathen are considered but little better than wild beasts in the West.

This dilemma did not, however, prove fatal to the mission, for they were not questioned as to their religion during all the remainder of their trip. On their part they had the amusement of wondering at the strangeness of Western ceremonies and at the piety of their host, when Sir Harry Parkes took

them to a service of the Established Church in England. In relating this experience, Kume dwells upon the change which has come over the educated Japanese in the matter of religion. In the earlier part of the Meiji era most men of education shunned religion as unworthy of a rational mind and corrupting in its practices. Now they no longer denounce and repudiate religion, but admitting the importance of religious sentiment, direct their shafts of satire against beliefs and practices that seem superstitious.

On the other hand, it is apparent that the educated classes of Japan are not entirely free from what may be truly called superstition, — from the personal belief that man is surrounded by beneficent as well as by evil spirits or influences, which may be propitiated by befitting observances. Fanciful suppositions of occult influences by which the course of human destiny is determined, are common in Japan. During the Russian War, carloads of ikons were shipped to the frontier by the Orthodox believers; but the Japanese, also, did not disdain to court the favor of mystic powers by wearing amulets, and observing special rites.

It is difficult to draw the line between superstition and higher forms of religion, and the ceremonies observed by such great leaders as Togo and Kodama undoubtedly bear witness to the awakening of religious feeling under the spur of the tremendous struggle for national life. But other practices common among the people are plainly superstitious — certain sounds are believed to forebode ill, there are lucky and unlucky ways of beginning an undertaking. Wonder-working priests have a great many adherents, even among the educated and the wealthy; nor have the superstitious practices of such sects as the Jisshūkyō, whose activities are devoted mainly to exorcism and divination, abated with the progress of enlightenment.

The fading of the first flush of rationalism which dominated the beginning of the Meiji era, has thus resulted not only in a revival of religious sentiment, but also in a recrudescence of superstitious feelings and observances. In the masses of the people, rationalism had made little headway, and the grosser superstitions current among them have never been energetically combated by the priests, who profit by popular ignorance in these matters. There is, however, in Japanese superstition much that is poetical, much that has a deep meaning, approaching to a profound wisdom in matters of human destiny, as is well known to those who have read Hearn's marvelous studies in the borderland of psychic mystery.

Religious life is not stationary in Japan, or in other Oriental countries. New sects are being thrown off by the main stocks of religion, new tendencies are being developed in individual groups. Such a new sect is that of Shingaku, which attempts to represent in itself the best elements of Shintō, Confucianism, and the Buddhist faith. There are two recent Shintō sects, the Remmon Kyōkai and the Tenri Kyōkai, which seem to many to be but baneful and superstitious corruptions of Shintō.

Tenri Kyōkai (the teaching of heavenly bliss) has a strange similarity to the Christian Science movement in America, especially in the matter of healing disease through prayer. The sect was founded by a woman, Omiki, who died in 1879, and who exercised a great personal ascendancy over her followers. Its doctrines are simple. They have a tinge of individualism as well as of communism, inculcating the sacredness of labor, coöperation in the activities of life, and mutual assist-

ance in misfortune. It calls for fellowship between husbands and wives, and would give Japanese women a more independent position. But the sect appeals most to the Japanese masses by associating religion with health and material welfare. It preaches cheerfulness, and aims to uplift the masses to a more joyous condition of life. Its faith-healing practice, resting on optimistic views of psychic power, attracts many votaries. Though it teaches kindly morals, its ethical standards are not exacting, and it calls for no self-sacrifice other than that which is involved in fellowship and coöperation. The sect believes in one chief god or supreme ruler, and is true to its Shintō derivation in being extremely nationalistic in its enthusiasm. Its joyousness often takes a luxuriant form, such as hilarious dancing and wild orgies,— frowned upon by the police authorities. For this reason, the government at first refused to recognize the sect as an authorized religious body. But the growth of the Tenrikyō in numbers and influence was such that the state was forced to take official cognizance of it. In the few decades of its existence, this sect has grown so as to comprise at the present time over four million adherents, and many thousand preachers.

Japanese Buddhism is remarkable for the great number of sects into which the believers are divided. Every conceivable tendency of thought is represented by a different grouping. Of late there has moreover been great activity in the formation of Buddhist societies among the educated people. Among organizations recently formed, the Great Japan Young Men's Buddhist Association, which works among the students of the different Tokio universities, is perhaps the most important. Many of its older members have attained high position in the social and political world, and the society therefore enjoys a considerable influence among the intellectual classes. It includes among its members adherents of all the different sects of Buddhism.

Other associations are formed for special purposes, such as the scientific study of Buddhism, the commemoration of important personalities, or the development of the tenets of particular sects. The great commercial house of Mitsui and Company has been instrumental in organizing a Buddhist society of nearly one thousand members — officials, statesmen, newspaper editors, and well-known business men. This society devotes itself especially to meditation and to the study of *Hekiganroku*, one of the most popular books of the Zen sects. Recently a young Buddhist priest has established a dormitory where he brings under his educational and religious influence a great number of young men. These are some of the centres of activity through which Buddhism is regaining in part the influence which it formerly exercised among the intellectual classes of Japan.

We may note in passing that the situation is not entirely unfavorable to the further development of Christianity in Japan. The rationalistic apathy of the first part of the Meiji era was the most unpropitious soil for religious growth. Rationalism is indeed still strong, and therefore rationalistic forms of Protestantism, especially Unitarianism, have exercised a definite influence among thinking men of Japan. Some scholars even believe in the possibility of a Japanese religion constructed upon a rational basis, with an eclectic use of the best elements in other religions. Of this opinion is Dr. Tetsujirō Inouye, whose writings are quite representative of the thought of educated Japanese. Dr. Inouye's point of view is, however, essentially secular.

He values religions according to their ethical contents and the moral influence which they exert. Neither Buddhism nor Christianity, considered as forms of supernatural belief, inspires him with enthusiasm. The mixture of doctrines in Buddhism brings about a distracting confusion, and as for moral influence, 'the majority of Buddhist priests are so bad that if there was such a place as hell they ought to be the first to go there.' Christian teaching, on the other hand, to his mind lacks many of the character-forming elements in which Confucianism is rich. In common with many Japanese Christians, he believes that the future growth and influence of Christianity in Japan depends upon the manner in which it shall be able to solve the ethical questions that perplex Japan, and to adapt itself to Japanese character and social conditions.

The search for ethical standards to be applied in national life has strengthened the hold which Confucianism has upon the Japanese. The ethical elements contained in Bushidō, the warrior's code which has of late received so much applause in Europe and America, are drawn mainly from Confucian thought; therefore the success of Japan in the recent war again redounds to the prestige of the Chinese sage, as it encourages in general a return to Oriental origins. Thus it happens that we witnessed, a year or two ago, the revival in Japan of the custom of publicly paying honor to the memory of Confucius. This ceremony in honor of Confucius had been allowed to lapse at the time of the Restoration, when Japan was bent upon the revival of Shintō and was in other respects looking to Europe for light and guidance. But now the commemorative festival is again observed — a spontaneous homage to a great Oriental sage and hero. Moreover, Confucian thought has been made the basis of the practical work of several ethical societies, as notably of the association which, under the guidance of such men as Baron Shibusawa and Mr. Yano Tsuneta, is attempting to develop higher standards of morality in the Japanese business world.

In the matter of ethical ideals and common morality, Japan is passing through a critical era. The code of Bushidō, which produced the moral excellences of the feudal age, deals in the main only with the reciprocal duties of feudal vassal and superior. It has no teachings for the relations of man to man in a more democratic state of society, especially in a society of competition where men meet face to face in the strenuous and grim struggle for a livelihood. Despite itself, Japanese society is becoming individualistic. The harsh compulsion of the competitive system, ambitious striving after success, or mere grasping for the necessaries of life, has brought into play motives which were dormant in the older era of group association. The word 'success' is used as frequently in Japan as in the rest of the world, and seems to exercise the same kind of charm.

With the older restraints removed, and with a universal worship of getting ahead, there remains no ethical check upon selfish and ruthless action in the scramble for livelihood, wealth, and power. The virtues of liberality, generosity, and self-control, inculcated by the code of Bushidō, have not as yet been transferred to the ordinary relations between men. Even the greatest admirer of Bushidō would not claim that this code answers the moral needs of Japan to-day. The inspiring devotion and self-sacrifice of the Japanese soldier have not been given their counterpart in the virtues of every-day life. The principle of the

limitation of moral force seems to be borne out by Japanese experience. The potentialities of Japan are exhausted in the heroic virtues of war and the traditional loyalty and piety toward superiors and parents. A new distribution of moral energies, in accord with the new structure of society, is a task that will require the patient effort of generations.

In the field of ethical speculation, men's minds are confused by the impact of system upon system, and sect upon sect. Christian ethics is a matter of ideal to which, even in Christian societies, conduct conforms only in part; it is an aspiration which presupposes all that is contained in Western civilization. Its full bearing and influence cannot therefore be appreciated by an alien society. The greatness of Buddhism lies in the realm of psychology and in the refinement of mental powers and processes, through freeing the mind from the limitations of individual existence. On the side of popular morals, its teachings are subject to a great many conflicting interpretations. The ethics of Confucius does not deal with the relations of man to man, but with certain enumerated social relations, leaving the men who may not be thus bound together confronted with each other in the struggle of competition without any adequate ethical guidance.

Whatever instruction the masses of the Japanese people receive in ethical subjects is based upon the imperial edict on education of 1890. With great wisdom the Japanese government resolved to place public education on a secular footing; and in following the precedent set by America, it avoided the endless struggles which the introduction of religious teaching would inevitably have brought about. But it was felt that some ethical guidance should be afforded the young. The highest authority in the realm therefore addressed the nation on this matter in the edict which has become the Magna Charta of Japanese education.

The principles which this edict lays down as fundamental in ethical culture are grouped about the duties of loyalty to the sovereign, and piety toward parents and other superiors. A second edict was issued in 1908, which instills the virtues of frugality, frankness, and simplicity of life. The moral problems resulting from the victories over Russia offered the occasion for issuing this edict; but its purpose may also have been to supply guidance in the more ordinary and less heroic virtues, of which Japan has been in special need in times that require patient dutifulness in every-day relations. The reception accorded this ethical exhortation was rather cool, and some critical minds ventured to suggest that such preaching on the part of the government was not complimentary to the intelligence and self-reliance of the nation.

The complaint is often heard that while the edict might be made the basis of broad instruction, the official interpretation has been such as to confine emphasis entirely to the ideas of loyalty and filial piety (*chu ko*). Should any teacher attempt a broader treatment, or should he even suggest that the imperial edict ought to be supplemented by further instruction in order to fulfill its purpose, he might be accused of want of respect to the Emperor, and his position would be endangered. The Japanese school system exercises the most painstaking care with respect to the observance of loyalty to the Emperor. The loyalty which the Bushidō code inculcated is at the present time focused entirely upon the head of the state. The Emperor's photograph hangs in every schoolroom in the Empire. The attitude of students and teachers toward

this picture is one of veneration, sometimes almost of fearsome awe. It is certainly not in accord with the wishes of His Majesty that his picture should become a source of apprehension to his subjects, and yet such has been the result, in many cases, of official practice. Persons have lost their lives in trying to rescue the photograph from fire, and school principals have committed suicide because the imperial picture had been destroyed or removed.

A peculiar situation has thus been brought about. In the schools, from which religious instruction is excluded, there has grown up a political cult, which claims the entire force of the religious sentiments of the pupils in deep reverence, and the unquestioned acceptance of mythical explanations of national origins. The moral capital accumulated during the feudal era has been invested almost entirely in loyalty to the Emperor. By the side of this cult, no other religious feelings are encouraged in the schools; any ethical ideas that do not directly contribute to its strength are frowned upon by the authorities. A certain kind of official guardianship over morals is also illustrated by an order issued by the Tōkio police to troops of itinerant story-tellers, to the effect that only such stories are to be related as teach loyalty to superiors and filial piety. It is not difficult to imagine how readily these disreputable vagabonds will satisfy ethical requirements by allowing their hero-villains to utter a few pious sentiments — an art of ethical legerdemain which is, as we know, also practiced in higher circles.

While speaking of ethical motives in Japanese life, we ought not to overlook the fact that ethical conflicts form the deepest interest in Japanese drama and literature. The Japanese distinguish between *giri*, which is reason, principle, duty, and *ninjo*, human affections. When these two are in conflict, the knightly code of Japan demands an absolute sacrifice of all human feeling. The moral grandeur of suppressing the strongest passions and affections of the heart and obeying without a murmur the dictates of duty, will always move the Japanese, to the point of causing them to shed tears even when the conflict is presented only in poetry or on the stage. This great ethical force, though focused upon loyalty to a superior, might in time come to form a strong substructure for broader moral sentiments and enthusiasms. The problem of developing it in such a manner as to comprise the social relations between man and man, and to bring these powerful ideas of duty and justice to bear upon the ordinary affairs of life, is what Japan has set herself to solve, as a result of the social transformations during the Meiji era.

# THE BENEFICENT VALLEY

BY GRACE HERLIHY

After the first cold fog of the California coast, there came sunny days and a sparkling ocean. Lazy days, given over to watching the ship's wake, and to watching the water creatures that for a moment would show themselves, and to watching the western horizon, clear and incredibly far, its final streak of light surely the sunshine on Japan.

In a while the Mexican ports began, — a day here, an hour there. There would be a swift turning from the green ocean into a land-locked bay, always a light-blue bay with hills sheer to a light-blue sky, and with white adobe houses scattered about, wherever there was foothold between hill and sea.

At our imperious whistle, launches would come out with the ship's mail and her coal; and boats would come out laden with fruits, flowers, parrots, shells, drawn-work, fans, pottery; and on the beautiful southern water would show the still reflections of the boats and of the red-robed boat-women.

For a day — or an hour — there would be loud bartering, shrill Spanish babbling, the screeching of parrots, and the rasping of coal, — then out again to the green ocean.

At Salina Cruz the stop was for passengers, fifty of them, — an opera troupe from Spain, — who, during the rest of the way, sang for us of nights on deck; complacent, wondrous nights, with moonlight upon us, and upon old Mexico across the water.

Early on the fifteenth morning the mountains of Guatemala loomed up, and soon we were standing off Port San José whistling for row-boats.

A train waited, and there was an all-day ride up the beautiful Central American Cordillera. Toward evening came the circling of a volcano whose ridges and cañons were rich in pink and purple and strongest greens; then the final rush over a splendid plain, the flash of a white stone bridge, and a glimpse of domes and palms above a level of rich brown tiles.

But this was only the Valley of the Hermitage and Guatemala City. My valley, the valley that had, it seemed, been especially made for me, lay still farther on in the mountains, and the next morning I started for it by mule team, for, thanks be, no railway leads there.

The road went for thirty miles straight toward the volcanoes, past a three-hundred-years-old Indian city and through many a *pueblo*. The streams were high, the stone bridges moss-grown. I wondered at the beauty of sky and trees. The magnificence of the trees gave me hope; surely the hills and the air that had quickened them would be able to do something for me.

At perhaps six o'clock in the afternoon, we got into the Valley, a great volcano-trough that has often been torn and sundered, and drove toward its ruined city, Antigua, that since the earthquake of Santa Marta, in the seventeen hundreds, has lain literally prostrate at the foot of Mount Fuego.

We followed an old, crooked, tree-shaded road, across rivers and up and

down *barrancas*. The sun was setting and shone like snow on the volcano tops; but the valley itself was almost darkened by the huge pyramidal shadow of Mount Agua.

Toward evening we entered Antigua by the Gate of the Arch of Saint Catherine, and followed along the Avenida del Calvario. There were trees, trees; and ruined churches; and old adobe houses, with crosses and saints carved above the doorways, and marble virgins in niches under far-jutting eaves.

Women were about in black shawls. All was peaceful, unearthly.

We drove through the town to the Hotel Palacio, a long adobe set back amongst coffee trees; the wretched Hotel Palacio with its dark mouldy rooms, and its dinners of black beans and *tortillas;* and for ten melancholy nights I slept at the Palacio.

By day I would prowl about the narrow streets or along the outlying old avenues. Often, while passing an isolated cane-stalk hut, or some deep, silent place under canopy of the fine trees, I would find myself wondering whether or not it would be too unconventional to come out here and live in the almost open, not too far from humans, yet away from deadly walls and doors. I would incline seriously to the idea for a moment, but did not have the courage: — the snakes, the rains, — nothing would come of it. But one blessed morning I happened upon what was left of the monastery La Recoleccion. I walked about its wide arcaded corridors and climbed to its domes and towers. And, on the moment, I knew that this monastery had been as especially made for me as had the valley.

But, even in Antigua-Guatemala, one may not enter a ruined monastery and set up housekeeping without leave. I must, so the hotel people told me, see the Doñas Quevedo about it.

I found the Doñas Quevedo, two oldish bachelor sisters, in a mellow adobe opposite the ruined cathedral. They were of the old Spanish school, and it seemed incredible to them that I should plan to live alone for a year on the monastery top. They could not understand, they did not approve.

But in the end, such was my insistence, — ethically the place was more mine than theirs, — the old sisters told me graciously that La Recoleccion was at my 'disposition.' A rental was named, also at my insistence, and the sisters delivered to me twenty-eight heavy brass keys, upon whose flattened thumb-pieces were carven all sorts of heavenly things.

More than this, the next morning — so kind are ladies of the old Spanish school — the Doñas Quevedo brought to the hotel a servant for me; they said that I, myself, might be unable to find one willing to live so eccentrically as I proposed.

This servant was an *hija de la casa*, — daughter of the house, — whose people, for generations, had been born and had lived and died in the service of the Quevedo family. She was, they said, a good cook, laundress, fetcher and carrier; her name was Innocente Bolanos, and with much pleasure they would lend her to me for a year.

And for a little more than a year I lived there in the old monastery, in that silent mediæval city, with the kind servant and a few books.

The walls of La Recoleccion inclosed large *patios* — gardens — surrounded by wide, arched corridors from which open thick-walled, windowless cells. I made no use of the cells, excepting, once in a while, to look about them for hidden treasure, but lived my year up on the roof among the broken domes and turrets.

The roof is flat, its brick pavement smooth and lustrous from wind and rain and sun, and from its chinks grow

delicate flowers and fine grasses. It once had arches and vaulted roof of its own, and from the stumps of its broken columns I swung my hammocks and awnings. The night-hammock I hung in the dome that stands over the place of the high altar.

A perfect sleeping place, the dome. From the Calle Real — Royal Road — it seems entire, because the western wall and the rounding roof are entire; but from the side that gives upon the inner *patio* everything has been torn away, leaving it open to sun and air, but not to the rain, nor to the passer-by.

There are deep window-places here and there, massive as portals, with colossal stucco angels standing above them. The floor is of square bricks and, like that of the corridor outside, is grass-and-flower-grown.

My dining-room was a tower by the southern wall. I had a native carpenter make for it table and benches of mahogany, about the cheapest wood, and upon the walls I draped *savannas* of the rich cloth these people weave. But I did not cover the stucco angels, and the broken-toed creatures became a sort of company for me.

From the wide, arched doorway of my dining-room I had the whole southern sweep of the valley, with its miles of glistening coffee-bushes growing under the shade of quinine and lotus trees, its breadths of sugar-cane sweeping down the volcano from the woods above, and in the valley-centre fields of alfalfa and corn.

From the north corridor, where my day-hammocks hung, I had the tile-roofed adobe city, the volcanoes, and coming down from a ring of far-away hills, the old stone aqueduct that God may have made when he made the valley.

On the morning we took possession, I stood with Innocente Bolanos in the doorway of the monastery kitchen and asked her if it could ever be made fit to cook our food in. And Innocente, as though challenged, set to work with shovel and brooms. For two days and far into two nights she toiled, until the brown ceiling-beams, the brown wall-tiles, the brown floor-bricks were shiny. Then with twenty *pesos* — about two dollars — she bought innumerable jars and *ollas* of buff and red and brown *loza*, the native ware, which she set on the deep brick ledges; and about the walls she hung woven fire-fans, carved *molinillos* for stirring chocolate, strings of peppers, bunches of plantains.

On the evening of the third day candles were placed about in corners and on ledges, wherever there happened to be an old stone socket; fires were lighted in the square, shallow holes of the mediæval range; dinner was put to cook in the odd utensils of Indian make, and the big kitchen was athrob again; probably as full of old Spanish charm as before the night of Santa Marta.

In the spacious kitchen *patio* we found, half-hidden by vines, three *pilas* — fountains. One was tree-shaded and sunken, one was out in the sun, one was in the shade of the wall. Square brick-walled things, the *pilas*, each with its moss-grown tower and its idiotic stone face for the spewing of the water. They had been dry since the night of Santa Marta, and we found them full of stones and shrubs and poisonous spiders. But Innocente brought Indian workmen; the Doñas Quevedo brought a government permit; there were a few days of clearing, retubing, scraping, polishing; and once more through the thick stone lips came pouring water from the old aqueduct.

La Recoleccion is a wondrous and beautiful place at sunrise, at noon, at sunset. In its *patios* are columns and arches that lie as they fell on the night of Santa Marta; vines and crimson flowers grow upon them, and upon the

standing gates grow wheat and cactus plants.

But columns and vines can take malevolent shapes by night. During the first week in the monastery I saw thieves and murderers of nights, and Innocente saw ghosts and devils. We needed more humans about. I told Innocente that if she could find a native family, the members of which would be willing to bathe at the *pila* every day, she might bring them to live in her *patio*.

In a trice she found just the people: a *ladino* woman, who fashioned for sale little figures of wax and straw, her half-grown daughters, and her awful grandmother.

Innocente said these people would be only too happy to bathe instead of paying rent. But she did not let them have the liberty of her kitchen; they were given a half-dozen cells farther up the corridor, and they cooked out in the open on a portable brazier.

In the early morning they would go down to the sunken *pila* and throw calabashfuls of water over their shoulders; then all day and until far into the night the woman and her daughters would sit on the damp bricks in the doorway of a dreadful cell, intent on their absurd craft; and all day the grandmother would kneel, bent into unhuman shape, grinding corn on a stone, or washing cacao beans on a stone, or toasting *tortillas* on a stone — the soles of her terrible feet showing, from under the dull skirt, like lumps of baked mud.

Of evenings, after I had watched the sun go down behind the pale volcano Acatenango, watched the fading of the after-colors on the hills at the east, watched the coming of the stars, — they never failed me, — I would turn from the great things of the valley and look down upon the *ladino*-life in the kitchen *patio*.

The cell-bound, strangely-treed garden would be dark but for the splotch of strong flickering light in the corner where the native women were: Innocente at the *pila* washing dishes by the light of pitch-sticks; the woman and her daughters by their black doorway, moulding pink wax by the light of pitch-sticks; and, well out on the *patio* bricks, the old woman stirring a witch's cauldron, their evening meal, over the charcoal brazier.

Hours later, in what they call the richness of the night, maybe eleven o'clock, they would put aside their work and huddle over the nightly cups of hot chocolate; huddle in a circle about the burning sticks, their faces showing red, coppery, bright yellow, in the peculiar changing light.

Nor was I without the companionship of my equals. The Doñas Quevedo visited me; at first from frank curiosity, with almost unbelieving wonderment; but later, satisfied that I was safe and sane, they came every second day, and sat with me in the hammocks, or upon the broken brick and stone work of the northern roof. They dressed in black, with Early Victorian collars and brooches, and with heavy silk shawls about their heads. They were kind and formal, women with whom one might have long friendship untainted by familiarity. They always smoked as they talked; immediately the old-fashioned salutations were over, they would open little silver boxes and take therefrom the cigarettes, the bits of flint and steel, the pieces of tow. They could remember their great-grandparents, in whose house they still lived; and, with here and there an artful question from me, they would keep for hours on the phases of old Spanish and Indian life.

The rains broke in April. The mountains and valley became a-wash with every shade of green, and the rough volcano, Fuego, stood out like a tur-

quoise. Often while the sun was still bright on Antigua, I would see a storm moving about the horizon. It would circle from northeast to southeast, then come down across the valley, a black wall of water, bringing with it the fearful lightning. There would be no warning, no large, solitary rain-drops, no slanting shower. The compact, straight-falling water would come swiftly, beating the earth like horses' hoofs. I would hear it loud upon the bricks of Innocente's *patio* before the sun had quite left my own. A moment more, and both *patios* would be lakes, each with a whirlpool in the centre, where the water would be rushing away through holes that had been cut for it, centuries ago, in the centre stones.

The sky would be black and thunderous for perhaps an hour, then the storm would go over to the cemetery hills, and I would go down and walk along the streaming streets. The air would be sweet and the hills bright again; the roofs, newly washed, would show rich and dark against the cleared sky; doves would alight upon them and eat of the grass blades that grew in the hollows of the tilings. Buzzards, also, would descend to the housetops, and stand in rows with wings outstretched, drying in the sun.

Of mornings I would arise at the *madrugada* — break of day — and watch the sun come up from the Valley of the Hermitage, come up so quickly that the light would flow like milk down the opposite volcano; and, after the coffee, I would walk out the tree-darkened Alameda of Calvario to meet the Indian women on their way into Antigua with its day's food.

They were from little *ranchos* and *pueblos*, sometimes four leagues away. They would come trotting in groups, with jars and baskets on their heads, the dull blues and reds of their embroidered trappings showing richly against the bright colors about. They seemed to me almost majestic, so strong, straight, silent, calm they were, with steady eyes that told nothing. Inscrutable women. I often wondered what they saw when they lifted their eyes to the trees, the sky, the mighty *cordillera*. They would enter and cross the city to the *plaza*, — the big square in front of the church of La Merced, — and I would follow along with them and sit on the church steps, and watch them arrange their fruits, vegetables, eggs, chickens, flowers, milk, and honey, under the big seybo-trees of the *plaza;* and all the morning I would sit there watching the peculiar life of the Plaza of La Merced.

Blessed morning sun on the steps of La Merced! I would feel ready for anything: for a swift walk out the aqueduct, for a run up and down the volcanoes; but in reality, I would sit, very quiet, on the church steps.

Until June these strolls were all I had been equal to, and I always returned from them slowly; but by June I wished to go away out on the Camino Real, and to follow the alluring lanes that I could see from my housetop, shaded lanes that led over hills to the *pueblos*.

I wrote for permission. I had, of course, to wait six weeks for an answer; but six weeks in Antigua are but as a watch in the night.

Yes; I might walk out the old road; but I might walk only half an hour out, then rest an hour before returning.

The restrictions were hard, I felt equal to great things; but on the first morning, when my half-hour was up, I found myself hardly beyond the Gate of the Arch of Saint Catherine, and was glad to sit down under a mango tree for the hour's rest.

Not until October got into the air could I do better.

By November I got as far as the

house of Juan Capistrano Robledo, a weaver of fire-fans.

Juan Capistrano was an old friend of mine; I had often bought his wares at the monastery gate; so, that first day, as his wide front door stood open and he himself sat busy within, I entered and asked him to make a fan for me; and I spent my hour watching him plait the iris reeds.

There were no flowers in Juan Capistrano's *patio*, and the old man was well set off by the severe walls and the stretch of brick pavement that so often struck his own color-tone. Then too, with no trees against it, the square of sky above the warm tilings seemed wondrous delicate and heavenly.

Juan Capistrano, a serious man, thought his work important. He would stretch and bend each reed; the less than perfect he would throw aside; and as he worked, his face was grave, not a thought wandered.

And I watched him as seriously, for I too would become a weaver of fire-fans.

So until gentle December I sat out my hour, morning after morning, weaving iris reeds in the *patio* of Juan Capistrano Robledo.

The air of the beneficent valley! With the desire for work came the desire for companionship, another impulse that had long been side-tracked; and I began to return the visits of the Doñas Quevedo.

Their house had great charm for me; not the tomb-like parlors, but the *patio* with its noble corridors, its long run of heavily-barred windows, its long run of vine-covered columns, and its twelve apostles standing, life-sized, each over his own deep doorway.

Out in the centre, amongst the flowers, gabbled parrots and paroquets; and, near the gargoyled *pila*, upturned water-jars were always drying in the sun. I would sit on one of the worn stone seats under the pointed auricaria tree, drink *tiste* from a black calabash, and listen to traditions and vividly-told tales of happenings that were, to me, strange enough.

These sincere women showed me many a quaint kindness. On the feast of Santa Marta, anniversary of the great destruction, they importuned me to stay the night with them, — it seemed that on this date one 'Stanislau the Watchful' is wont to arise from his tomb under the place of the high altar, and prowl the 'Recoleccion'; and when I would not, — a Central American bedroom is so much more dangerous than a ghost, — they, much distressed, followed me home and wound about my wrist a rosary, blessed by Pius IX, that would prevent all sorts of things.

At Christmas, when I came down with nostalgia, they brought me to the house of their old friends to see the miniature Bethlehems that are always arranged in rooms set aside for that purpose.

And again, when I began to thirst for music 'as the hart panteth after the water brooks,' they brought to my sunset roof a wonderful young man who had been touched by the gods and Munich, and who, until far into the perfect January night, played for us with rapture on the violin.

By February I could walk to the nearest *pueblo*, which was a great point for me. I had long wished to see the Indian women at their weaving; and I had long wished to learn the secret of the calmness and silence, whether it were from almost superhuman intelligence, or from stupidity.

So from February until May I sat weaving with the women of San Pedro.

Innocente came walking down the lanes and over the hills with me the first morning, carrying the primitive loom, but unwillingly, — she disapproved, — and she bargained in

'Quiche Spanish,' that, for moneys, I be allowed to sit in the midst of them, and that they teach me to set the threads and charge the shuttle.

They looked at her as she explained energetically; but if they understood they gave no sign, and they made no offer to help me.

I took my loom over beside a woman who was about to set her threads, and I sat upon the ground beside her and did as she did, turn for turn.

We all sat in the sun,—the shade gives fever,—and not a word would be spoken. Hour after hour of silence, day after day. What a time for thinking, for imaginings! But the forest women sat dull-eyed; they seemed not even to think of the patterns they wove. For generations had their mothers been weaving these same men and birds and trees, and now the long brown fingers seemed to need no guidance.

By May, I too knew the weave and the patterns; knew them as though for generations my mothers had sat in the sun at San Pedro; and by May I knew that the majestic silence of the Indian women was not from intelligence, and that when they lifted their eyes to the sky, the forest, the *cordillera*, they saw nothing at all.

One morning in May I walked clear across the valley and halfway up the high hill Tigre, to a coffee plantation, whose owner, the widowed Doña Solidad, friend to the Quevedos, I knew very well.

This *finca* is one of the few that retain the old spirit and customs. Houses of Indian laborers are just inside the gates; rows of thatched bamboo huts along clean lanes, each hut with its vegetable patch and its plantain bushes, its pig, hens, dogs, parrots, and naked babies; and its leathery old woman grinding something upon a stone.

There is a school in the *pueblo*, and a church, the unshaven *padre* of which lives at the house of Doña Solidad, along with generations of her poor relations.

The coffee was in bloom that May morning, and Doña Solidad took me to the west veranda to see the glory of it; hundreds of thousands of fine little trees with dark polished leaves, their stiff branches dragged down by weight of white blossoms.

We had breakfast there on the western veranda, the coarse *finca* breakfast, black beans, *tortillas*, *tamales*, roasted plantains.

When I was leaving, Doña Solidad insisted that I let a servant accompany me, and it pleased me, when we reached home, to hear this strong Indian woman complain to Innocente that she was fagged out; that the 'Americana' walked so strong, so swift, like a man.

In May my year was rounded, and from that year are left me many a fine recollection, illusive but dominating: the gradual changing of the valley colors, the pageants and music of Holy Week, the gathering of the coffee; memories of Indian women in scarlet, washing clothes by the brooks, of charcoal-carriers in the sun, of beggars sitting by stone crosses; memories of lonely evening streets, and of dark young men in black cloaks standing beneath grated windows; memories of slow-walking women, saying the rosary on the way from vespers; memories of long rows of cocoanut palms, their slim gray bodies and green plumes delicate against the sky, their splendid shadows black on field, or road, or white adobe wall; memories of the nights: of the momentary waking in the depth of a January night to feel on cheek and forehead the tempered north wind; the momentary waking in a July tempest to the pounding of rain out in the blackness,—rain that could not enter, could not be seen, but that flung in under the dome its blessed gifts, ozone, electricity, love of life.

# DETACHMENT AND THE WRITING OF HISTORY

BY CARL BECKER

THE witty remark of Dumas, that Lamartine had raised history to the dignity of romance, would have appealed to Thomas Buckle, who was much occupied with reducing it to the level of a science. Critics have told us that the attempt of the latter was a flat failure. But the attitude of the critics toward Buckle is less reassuring than the attitude of the scientists toward history; for while the former maintain that Buckle pursued a good end by a false method, the latter to this day reproach history with being entertaining and useless.

The remarks of Herbert Spencer in this connection are well known to every one. But perhaps there are some who have not heard the complaint of Professor Minot, who recently took occasion, in some public addresses, to lament the quite obvious futility of present historical methods. Whereas, in all other departments of knowledge great and useful advances were being made, historians alone were industriously engaged in aimless endeavor. In this opinion he had been confirmed only the summer before, when he had carried with him to the mountains, or wherever it was that he spent his vacation, a work which he supposed represented the best that modern historical scholarship could offer — the first volume of the *Cambridge Modern History!* A part of his summer had been pleasantly spent in perusing this work. In it he found much of interest: events related in great detail; facts, curious and suggestive, presented, the truth of which could doubtless not be questioned. But of fruitful generalization, there was little indeed, no effort having been made, apparently, to reduce the immense mass of facts to principles of universal validity.

I do not suppose there are many historians who carry the *Cambridge Modern History* with them to the mountains. It is not a book to be read in the greenwood. Certainly, the vision of the eminent professor dropping the ponderous tome into a vacation trunk, and pressing the lid deliberately down without a qualm, is pathetic enough. And yet the *Cambridge Modern History* is a serious work. If it is not the best that modern historical scholarship can do, it should be. Until Professor Minot found it interesting, no one, I imagine, ever thought it in danger of being classed as literature. If it is not science, it is nothing.

Professor Minot, who is perfectly clear about its not being science, in spite of its being entertaining, would doubtless find the lively remarks of Bagehot, in his essay on Gibbon, even more entertaining. 'Whatever may be the uses of this sort of composition in itself and abstractedly, it is certainly of great use relatively and to literary men. Consider the position of a man of that species. He sits beside a library fire, with nice white paper, a good pen, a capital style, every means of saying everything, but nothing to say; of course he is an able man, — but still one cannot always have original ideas. Every day cannot be an era, — and how dull it is

to make it your business to write, to stay by yourself in a room to write, and then to have nothing to say! What a gain if something would happen! Then one could describe it. Something has happened, and that something is history. Perhaps when a Visigoth broke a head, he thought that that was all. Not so: he was making history; Gibbon has written it down.'

Humorous sallies like this are to be enjoyed, but happily need not be answered. At least it is so in this case, for most historians will readily agree with Professor Minot that the *Cambridge Modern History* contains a great mass of facts the truth of which cannot be questioned. But they will think that in saying so he has given the book a very good character indeed. You cannot disconcert the orthodox historian of our day by saying that he has got a mass of facts together without knowing what to do with them: if the truth of them cannot indeed be questioned, he will know very well what to do with them: he will put them in a book. But imagine the sentiments of the authors if Professor Minot had said that 'the beautifully coördinated generalizations, with which the *Cambridge Modern History* is packed, are most stimulating and suggestive.' Their chagrin would have been immense! No, the modern historian is not given to generalization. It is not his business to generalize, — so, at least, he thinks; it is his business to find out and to record 'exactly what happened.' So far, Bagehot is quite right after all. History is what happened; the historian must write it down, if not like Gibbon, at least *wie es ist eigentlich gewesen.*

If historians take this attitude somewhat uncompromisingly, it is not because they do not care for scientific history. Quite the contrary! They care for nothing so much; and to contribute a little to such history — to make 'a permanent contribution to knowledge' — is their chiefest ambition. Yet the thoughtful man knows well, in spite of what the reviewers say every month, that it is not easy to make a permanent contribution to knowledge. In nearly every age, able men have written histories; of them all, a few have proved permanent contributions to literature; as history, not one but must be edited. Even the great masters, whom we loyally advised every one to read without reading them ourselves, do not escape. Of course Tacitus was a great writer, but he was not at all scientific: he had ideas, and they were, unfortunately, the ideas of a Roman republican. Even Gibbon, with all his fine lack of enthusiasm, gave expression to the eighteenth-century dream of a golden age. Finding nothing in the Middle Ages but the 'triumph of barbarism and Christianity,' he too, in his ponderous fashion, voiced the demand *écraser l'infâme!*

As for the favorite historians of the nineteenth century, a decade or a generation has sufficed in most cases to shelve their works behind glass doors now rarely opened. Ceasing to be read, they are advertised as standard by publishers, and fall at last to be objects of glib criticism by the young professor who has himself written a monograph and three book-reviews. Not a life of drudgery, or genius itself, shall avoid disaster. Faith in democracy discredits a history of Greece; lack of it inspires the apotheosis of Cæsar. Hatred of tractarianism guides a facile pen through twelve volumes. The Reform Bill is read back into the Revolution of 1688. The memory of Sedan becomes a misleading gloss in all Merovingian manuscripts. Little wonder if the modern historian, stumbling over the wreckage that strews his path, has no desire to add anything of his own to the débris. Much better, he thinks, to be employed quarrying out of the bed-

rock of historical fact even one stone, so it be chiseled four-square, that may find its niche in the permanent structure of some future master-builder.

This attitude of mind is not peculiar to historians. In every field of intellectual activity, men of science are reconstructing the cosmos in terms of the evolutionary hypothesis. We are most of us quite proud of having reduced the universe to unstable equilibrium, and yet there is one thing that seems to be exempt from the operation of this law of change and adaptation which incessantly transforms everything else — truth itself: everything is unstable except the idea of instability. It is true, the Pragmatists are asking whether, if everything is subject to the law of change, truth be not subject to the law of change, and reality as well — the very facts themselves. But whatever scientists may think of this notion, historians have not yet been disturbed by it. For them, certainly, truth is a fixed quality: the historical reality, the 'fact,' is a thing purely objective, that does not change; a thing, therefore, that can be established once for all beyond any peradventure. So well established is this idea, that it has been formulated in a law of history.

'Il y a toujours un correspondance entre les faits intellectuels, et l'état général des esprits; une loi qui a comme corollaire la suivante: le changement du milieu intellectuel entraine toujours un changement dans les faits de l'esprit qu'il entoure. La vérité seule n'est pas soumise à l'influence du milieu; elle ne change pas avec le dernier.'[1]

The truth, which alone changes not, is what must be got at. The objective reality must be caught, as it were, and mounted like a specimen for the instruction of future ages. But this is exceedingly difficult, precisely because 'le changement du milieu intellectuel entraine toujours un changement dans les faits de l'esprit qu'il entoure.' This difficulty must therefore be the rock on which all previous historians have split. Not sufficiently aware of the disastrous influence of the *milieu*, they have unconsciously read the objective facts of the past in the light of their own purposes, or the preoccupations of their own age.

But, after all, how is it possible to avoid the influence of one's *milieu?* No one has given any very precise answer to this question, but there is a favorite phrase, familiar to every seminary fledgeling, that is supposed to point the way: one must cultivate complete *mental detachment.* Those who seek truth, says Renan, must have 'no mental reservations referring to human affairs,' must 'beware of every formula which may one day become an obstacle to the free development of their minds'; as for histories, they should be written 'with as much supreme indifference as if they were written in another planet.' But it is Nietzsche who has sketched for us, in his inimitable manner, the portrait of the detached man:—

'The objective man is in truth a mirror: accustomed to prostration before something that wants to be known, with such desires only as knowing or "reflecting" implies — he waits until something comes, and then expands himself sensitively, so that even the light footsteps and gliding past of spiritual beings may not be lost in his surface and film. Whatever "personality" he still possesses seems to him — disturbing; so much has he come to regard himself as the passage and reflection of outside forms and events. Should one wish love or hatred from him — he will do what he can, and furnish what he can. But one must not be surprised if it should not be much.

[1] Xenopol, *Les Principes Fondamentaux de l'Histoire,* p. 197.

His mirroring and eternally self-polishing soul no longer knows how to affirm, no longer how to deny; he does not command, neither does he destroy. Neither is he a model man; he does not go in advance of any one, nor after either; he places himself generally too far off to have any reason for espousing the cause of either good or evil. He is an instrument — but nothing in himself — *presque rien!*' [1]

This is surely M. Renan's man of 'supreme indifference.' If you like, you may believe there never was such a man: the wonderful creature is doubtless only an ideal. The ideal, nevertheless, is clear enough. It is an ideal based upon the familiar conception of the 'pure reason' — reason cut loose from will and emotion, from purpose and passion and desire, all these left behind, or non-existent, burned away perhaps with some methodological purifying flame. Intelligence, thus reduced to a kind of delicate mechanical instrument, set carefully in a sealed case to protect it from the deflecting influences of environment, we are to suppose capable of acting automatically when brought in contact with objective phenomena. These phenomena — the 'facts' of history, for example — come before it, 'wanting to be known'; it expands itself sensitively, and truth is registered upon its polished surface, as objects are upon a photographic plate. Only in this manner can we know the thing *wie es ist eigentlich gewesen;* but in this manner, if at all, we shall surely be able to record exactly what happened.

Certainly there is something impressive in the assertion that it is the business of the historian to 'get the facts.' In our generation, the mere word 'fact' is something to conjure with. Your practical friend, in some discussion or other, ends by saying roundly, 'But it is not a question of theory; it is a question of fact.'

Of course you give it up. A fact is something substantial, something material, something you can perhaps take up in your hand, or stand upon: it will always bear your weight. And so, with much talk about 'cold facts,' and 'hard facts,' and not being able to 'get around the facts,' it has come to a pass where the historical fact seems almost material too, something that can be handed about and pressed with the thumb to test its solidity. But, in truth, the historical fact is a thing wonderfully elusive after all, very difficult to fix, almost impossible to distinguish from 'theory,' to which it is commonly supposed to be so completely antithetical.

It is said to be a fact that Cæsar was stabbed by the senators, in the senate-house at Rome; and this is, I suppose, as simple a fact as one will ordinarily deal with: as hard as any, and quite as difficult to get around, if one should wish, for some sinister purpose, to get around it. But it is really simple only in the sense that it is a simple statement easily comprehended. It is itself made up of many simpler facts: the senators standing round, the words that were said, the scuffle, the three and twenty dagger-strokes, — numberless facts, indeed, make the single fact that Cæsar was stabbed in the senate-house.

With equal facility, this single fact may be combined with others to form a more complex, but still relatively simple fact, — the fact that Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus replaced Cæsar in the government of Rome. Thus, while we speak of historical facts as if they were pebbles to be gathered in a cup, there is in truth no unit fact in history. The historical reality is continuous, and infinitely complex; and the cold hard facts into which it is said to be analyzed are not concrete por-

[1] *Beyond Good and Evil*, p. 140.

tions of the reality, but only aspects of it. The reality of history has forever disappeared, and the 'facts' of history, whatever they once were, are only mental images or pictures which the historian makes in order to comprehend it.

How, then, are these images formed? Not from the reality directly, for the reality has ceased to exist. But the reality has left certain traces, and these help us to construct the image. Some one saw Cæsar stabbed, and afterwards wrote down, let us suppose, this:—

'On the Ides of March, Cæsar was stabbed by the senators in the senate-house at the base of Pompey's statue, which all the while ran blood.'

I suppose myself an historian, reading this statement. As I read, a mental picture is at once formed: several men in a room, at the base of a statue, driving daggers into one of their number. But it is not the statement alone that enables me to form the picture: my own experience enters in. I have seen men and rooms and daggers, and my experience of these things furnishes the elements of which the picture is composed. Suppose me to know nothing of the ancient Roman world: my picture would doubtless be composed of the senate-chamber at Washington, of men in frock coats, and of bowie-knives, perhaps. It is true, the picture changes as I read more of the Roman world. Yet at each step in this transformation, it is still my own experience that furnishes the new elements for the new picture. New sources enable me to combine the elements of experience more correctly, but experience must furnish the elements to select from. The 'facts' of history do not exist for any historian until he creates them, and into every fact that he creates some part of his individual experience must enter.

But experience not only furnishes the elements for the image which the sources guide us in forming: it is also the final court of appeal in evaluating the sources themselves. History rests on testimony, but the qualitative value of testimony is determined in the last analysis by tested and accepted experience. The historian, no less than the scientist, smiles at the naïveté of Joseph De Maistre, who imagined that the negations of science could be destroyed by the assertions of history. With a single perfectly proved historical fact, he courageously proposed to defy the whole tribe of geometers, — 'J'ai à vous répondre qu'Archimède brûle la flotte romaine avec un miroir ardent,' — if it were once perfectly proved.

But the historian knows well that no amount of testimony is ever permitted to establish as past reality a thing that cannot be found in present reality. And it is not enough to be able to find in present experience the elements for a picture of the alleged past fact. One can, for example, readily picture the destruction of the Roman fleet by means of a burning-glass, or the bleeding of Pompey's statue; the elements for such pictures are familiar. But the sources ask us to make a combination of the elements which the registered experience of our age does not warrant. In every other case the witness may have a perfect character — all that goes for nothing. Tacitus is a good witness, and when he says the Germans do not inhabit cities, we believe him, though we do not know precisely what he means by cities. But when he says that Tiberius, having lived for fifty years a sane and well-ordered life, became quite suddenly a monster of lust and cruelty, we do not believe him so readily. If he had said a thousand times over that the Germans had wings, we should still say that the Germans had no wings.

The classic expression of this truth

is of course Hume's famous argument against miracle. That argument does not really prove that miracles never occurred in history; it proves only that there is no use having a past through which the intellect cannot freely range with a certain sense of security. If we cannot be on familiar terms with our past, it is no good. We must have a past that is the product of all the present. With sources that say it was not so, we will have nothing to do; better still, we will make them say it was so. The sources say — and it is a commonplace now that they say nothing more persistently, or with greater particularization of detail — that during the Middle Ages miracles were as common as lies. The modern historian admits that there were lies, but denies that there were miracles. He not only rejects the miracle, — the explanation of the fact, — he rejects the facts as well; he says that such facts are not proved; for him, there were no such facts. And he rejects these facts, not because they are contrary to every possible law of nature, to every possible experience, but simply because they are contrary to the comparatively few laws of nature which his generation is willing to regard as established. But as rapidly as scientists can find a place for such facts in experience, historians will create them in history, — a truth which the progress of psychical research promises to illustrate in a striking manner. Even now, indeed, Anatole France and Andrew Lang cannot agree about certain facts of the fifteenth century, because one of them takes psychical research seriously, while the other thinks it is all moonshine.

If the reality of history can be reached only through the door of present experience, one may well ask how our objective man, so detached and indifferent, with no mental reservations referring to human affairs, will proceed in determining the facts. There he sits in Mars, — or, better still, the British Museum, — ready to expand sensitively when something comes, wanting to be known. Unfortunately, nothing comes. Our perfectly detached man is mildly distressed, perhaps, to find that the thing first of all absolutely required is an act of will: a painful thing, and, strictly speaking, impossible for him. Suppose this difficult step once taken, still there is nothing before him but paper with writing on it; and I think he may expand himself sensitively for an endless term with no great result. The trouble is that the dead manuscripts do not 'want to be known'; about that, they are as detached as can be. Our objective man must himself want to know, and wanting to know implies a purpose in knowing. Even the will, to be purely objective is itself a purpose, becoming not infrequently a passion, creating the facts in its own image.

But we are not told that the business of the historian is limited to finding out exactly what happened; he must also record exactly what happened. It is the fashion to call this the problem of synthesis, as distinguished from investigation, criticism, or analysis. The distinction is doubtless a convenient one, but it will not bear too close inspection. If there is no unit fact in history, if the facts are only mental images, why, then, it must be very difficult to assert a fact without thereby making a synthesis. 'Cæsar was stabbed in the senate-house' is a fact, but it is also a synthesis of other facts. Strictly speaking, analysis and synthesis cannot be rigidly distinguished. And the reason is not far to seek: it is because there is no real analysis and no real synthesis. When the historian is engaged in what the methodologists call analysis, it is not the reality that he takes apart, but only the sources, — a very different matter.

Perfect analysis is achieved when each source is transformed into as many statements as it explicitly or implicitly contains. These statements are then set down on separate cards or slips of paper; and with these cards the historian must be content, for the simple reason that nothing better is possible. Even this analysis is, indeed, not always possible. For some periods of history it is possible, but for most of modern history, at least, it remains only an ideal: a wilderness of slips would not suffice for even a few years; so that, if scientific history is inseparable from complete analysis of the sources, we are confronted with the disquieting paradox that the less knowledge we have of history the more scientific that knowledge becomes.

Without attempting to resolve this difficulty, let us suppose the work of analysis already finished: all the sources critically edited, separated into their simplest statements, recorded on separate cards ticketed with date and reference, arranged chronologically. There are the 'facts'; it remains to construct the synthesis. The chronological arrangement would, sure enough, be no mean synthesis in itself. One may ask what, after all, remains to be done by our objective man, sitting there before his card-cases, intent to record exactly what happened. Everything that happened, so far as any trace of it is left, is already recorded, it seems. But the truth is, no one is satisfied with that, unless it be our objective man. For most of us, afflicted with mere human purposes, a case full of cards may be magnificent, but it is not history. Out of these cards we *will* get some useful, intelligible meaning. The problem of synthesis is, indeed, not to record exactly what happened, but by simplification to convey an intelligible meaning of what happened. With that problem every constructive historian is engaged from the first step to the last.

This necessary simplification may be achieved, I suppose, in one of two ways: by classification in terms of common qualities, or by grouping in terms of concrete relations. Comparing what is related of all kings (assuming that the term king is precisely understood), the historian may find that all kings have been crowned. This quality common to all kings is then reduced to a single statement, 'all kings are crowned.' This is the method of the natural sciences, and of sociology as well. Certainly, it is a method well worth while; but, as we are all agreed that history is not sociology, it cannot be the method of the historian. The historian, therefore, proceeds by the other method. Concerned with a particular king, he will group the facts related of this particular king, according to their concrete relations, thus: —

'George III, having succeeded to the throne of England October 25, 1760, was immediately proclaimed in the customary manner, and formally crowned at Westminster, September 22, 1761.'

The historian, like the sociologist, has simplified the facts for the purpose of conveying an intelligible meaning. But the difference between the two methods is profound. The statement that all kings are crowned is an abstraction, a generalization of qualities common to all kings. From this generalization, it can be inferred of any actual king that he was crowned, and that inference every one must make, because the statement implies just that and nothing else. But the statement about George III is not an abstraction. It is just as concrete as any of the numberless particular statements upon which it is based. From it no particular fact can be deduced: it cannot be inferred that the Privy Council met, or that mounted heralds went forth

reading a solemn document on the London streets to crowds of gaping people. The historian knows that these things were done, and he has crowded them all into the term 'proclaimed.' But for the reader, unless he already knows that kings in England were customarily proclaimed in that way, the term will have only a vague significance: something was done, he does not know what.

The sociologist has simplified by combining particular facts in a generalization, from which any one can deduce again the particular fact, and no other. The historian has simplified by selecting, from a number of particular facts, certain facts which he considers most important to be known.

It seems, then, that the great point in historical synthesis is selection: which of the numberless particular facts shall the historian select? One wishes to know at once, therefore, if there is some objective standard for determining the relative value of facts; a standard which, being applied by any number of trained historians, will give the same result in each case. Well, yes, we are told there is such a standard, and one residing in the facts themselves, and therefore purely objective. The facts to be selected for constructing what is called the 'historical concept' have four chief characteristics which, for the initiated, distinguish them as clearly as if they were labeled 'for historians only.'

Professor Fling, in his admirable summary of the elaborate work of Rickert,[1] tells us what these characteristics are: the historian selects facts that are unique, facts that have value on account of their uniqueness, facts that are casually connected, facts that reveal unique change or evolution. Historians who proceed thus, proceed scientifically; and while it is doubtless true that no two historians will use identical terms in phrasing their 'concepts,' yet 'the progress of historical synthesis means a growing agreement among scientific historians touching the important facts of this or that period.' 'If they proceed scientifically,' the same facts will be selected 'by the opponents of the French Revolution . . . as have been selected by the supporters of it.' It seems, therefore, if this is indeed a practical standard for evaluating the facts of history, and one truly objective, that we have at last a kind of philosophical recipe for making our contributions permanent; a guide sufficient even for one who has attained complete detachment, or for our disinterested objective man. One has only to examine the facts, select such as bear the mark, and put them together: the result is sure.

Nevertheless, the use of the word value in this formula is disquieting. The difficulties which it is sure to raise have been recognized, but not altogether disposed of. 'The use of the word value,' says Professor Fling, 'seems to introduce an uncertain and arbitrary element into the problem. But the question of value is not a question of partisanship, nor of approval or disapproval; it is a question of importance. Is this fact important for the Reformation? Is an account of the Reformation intelligible without it? The Protestant may love Luther, the Catholic may hate him, but they would agree that Luther is important for the Reformation.'

To say that the question of value is a question of importance, does little to resolve the difficulty. We still ask, Important for what? The answer is, Important for the Reformation. But

[1] *American Historical Review*, vol. ix, p. 1. I am aware, of course, that the views I am criticising are not necessarily those of Professor Fling, since he has done no more than to present, for American readers, the theories of Rickert.

I suppose the Reformation is one of those very 'concepts' which Professor Fling is telling us how to construct in a scientific manner. All that we yet know, therefore, is that the concept is formed by selecting the facts that are important for the concept. If Protestant and Catholic have a concept of the Reformation to begin with, the concept is not determined by the facts; if they have no concept to begin with, why is Luther more important than Tetzel? Indeed, the historian may be neither Protestant nor Catholic, and to him I should think the Reformation might be perfectly intelligible if Luther's part in it were reduced to very slight proportions; to him, it might be intelligible on that ground only. Have we not already been told that the Reformation was primarily an illustration, on a grand scale, of the law of diminishing returns? That concept, if it is intelligible at all, is intelligible without Luther.

After all, do the facts come first and determine the concept, or does the concept come first and determine the facts? The heart of the question is there. It seems that Professor Fling virtually admits that the concept comes first.

'The historical method is thus teleological in a certain sense. The subject of an historical investigation is a unique thing. . . . It has beginning and end. We know what the end was, and we wish to know what the chain of events was that led up to the final event. We seek such facts, to be wrought up into a synthesis, as may be necessary to show how the end was attained.'

We know what the end was. But in what sense do we know what the end was, of the French Revolution, for example? Of the French Revolution, surely the end is not yet. Lord Morley tells us that it is still some way from being fully accomplished.

'The process is still going on, and a man of M. Taine's lively intellectual sensibility can no more escape its influence than he can escape the ingredients of the air he breathes.'

And if we hold to the doctrine of the continuity of history, how far back must we go to find a period that is fully accomplished? In truth, we know the end only in part. The historian may choose to consider the Restoration of 1815 as the end of the French Revolution; but his concept of that end, which must determine the facts he selects, will be born of the age in which he lives. One can scarcely imagine any historian living in 1825, even the most scientific in the world, having the same concept of the Restoration that Professor Fling has. Unfortunately, the historian and his concepts are a part of the very process he would interpret; the end of that process is ever changing, and the historian will scarcely avoid changing with it, whether he have the lively intellectual sensibility of M. Taine, or be as placid as Nietzsche's objective man.

If the historian could indeed separate himself from the process which he describes, if he were outside of history as the chemist is outside of chemistry, his greatest success should be with those periods that differ most from the one in which he lives. But he has, in fact, most success with those periods in which men's habitual modes of thought and action most resemble his own. Strange and remote events, to be synthesized intelligibly at all, must be interpreted in terms of motives that are familiar. It is true, the actions of men in all past ages have been such as to justify us in assuming a fundamental similarity in human motives. Yet familiar motives are much more intensely felt in some ages than in others.

The religious motive is still active in the twentieth century, but the exaggerated asceticism of the Middle Ages al-

ready partakes of the unreal. The historian finds that for some centuries men entered monasteries and lived impossible lives of self-stultification, and they did this, so the documents tell him, for the love of God and the salvation of souls. But the love of God, expressing itself in that fashion, is remote from us of the twentieth century. It no longer satisfies us to label monasteries with the words 'salvation of souls,' and so we are writing over their portals the words 'economic institutions' instead. Did they not serve as inns, and recover much marsh land? Of this exaggerated asceticism, St. Simeon Stylites is the classic example. In explaining him, the modern historian, whether M. Taine or another, has some difficulty. Not that he finds it impossible to form an image of the poor monk standing there; he can form the image perfectly. Nor can he reject the fact because contrary to observed experience; he has seen men standing at the top of a pillar, has done it himself, or could do it, perhaps. To find a motive that would induce him to do what Stylites is said to have done, — the difficulty is there. He can't just explain him by the lack of inns. So he says, 'interesting pathological case,' and passes quickly on. Stylites is really too remote.

For the normal child, St. Simeon would be perhaps one of the least remote objects of the whole Middle Age, because the child, even the twentieth-century child, lives in a world which we do not know, and which we are therefore pleased to call the world of fancy. The child is, in fact, perfectly detached from all those dull practical interests with which mature men are so preoccupied. He is as indifferent to them as if he did indeed live in another planet; and yet he makes a synthesis of the historical reality that would fail to satisfy, I suppose, even M. Renan. A fairly obedient child, it is true, will make any synthesis you require of him; but he regards it, for the most part, as a meaningless and vexatious business. For him, the reality is whatever relates itself to his interests, whatever coördinates readily with his dream world. He is unpatriotic enough to prefer the winged gods of Greece to John Smith or Daniel Boone. Seven-league boots and one-eyed men, impossible ladies and knights-errant without purpose, St. Simeon Stylites standing, solemn and useless, at the top of a pillar, — from these he is not detached. He, too, has a concept of the end, and will, if left to himself, select the facts that are important for that concept, thereby constructing a synthesis quite true and valuable for his purposes.

The method of the trained historian is not essentially different, I suspect, from that of the child. He achieves a different result, it is true; but that is because he has a different 'concept' round which to group the facts — a concept derived from the practical or intellectual interests that concern him. If there is a 'growing agreement among scientific historians touching the important facts of this or that period,' it is because there is, in every age, a certain response in the world of thought to dominant social forces. But the agreement is only for the particular age; the next age, or the next generation, will think very differently. In an age of political revolution there is perhaps a growing agreement that 'history is past politics.' In an age when industrial problems are pressing for solution the 'economic interpretation of history' is the thing. The advent of the social state will doubtless give us some new formula. Whatever it may be, the historian of the future will select the facts that are important for that concept. The historian, as Professor Fling has said, does indeed have a concept of the end, and he selects the facts that will

explain how that end came about. But it is the concept that determines the facts, not the facts the concept.

From beginning to end, the historian is outside the subject of his investigation, — 'the life of an historical personage, a battle, an economic crisis, a period in the life of a people,' or whatever it is that he professes to confine himself to. Instead of 'sticking to the facts,' the facts stick to him, if he has any ideas to attract them; and they will stick to him to some purpose only if his ideas are many, vivid, and fruitful. Complete detachment would produce few histories, and none worth while; for the really detached mind is a dead mind, lying among the facts of history like unmagnetized steel among iron-filings, no synthesis ever resulting, in one case or the other, to the end of time.

Consider the trained historian, intent on studying the sixteenth century. Before him are the analyzed sources — the 'facts' — neatly arranged in cases. He begins thumbing the cards, reading the statements, taking in the facts. Doubtless he says to himself: —

'This fact is unique, important because unique, casually connected; I will therefore set it aside to be wrought up into my final synthsies.'

No such thing. As he goes over and over his cards, some aspects of the reality recorded there interest him more, others less; some are retained, others forgotten; some have power to start a new train of thought; some appear to be casually connected; some logically connected; some are without perceptible connection of any sort. And the reason is simple: some facts strike the mind as interesting or suggestive, have a meaning of some sort, lead to some desirable end, because they associate themselves with ideas already in the mind; they fit in somehow to the ordered experience of the historian. This original synthesis — not to be confused with the making of a book for the printer, a very different matter — is only half deliberate. It is accomplished almost automatically. The mind *will* select and discriminate from the very beginning. It is the whole 'apperceiving mass' that does the business, seizing upon this or that new impression and building it into its own growing content. As new facts are taken in, the old ideas or concepts, it is true, are modified, distinguished, destroyed even; but the modified ideas become new centres of attraction. And so the process is continued, for years it may be. The final synthesis is doubtless composed of facts unique, casually connected, revealing unique change; but the unique fact, selected because of its importance, was in every case selected because of its importance for some idea already in possession of the field. The original concepts, which give character to the entire synthesis, were contributed, not by the facts of the sixteenth century, but by the facts of the twentieth century.

If the modern historian exhibits detachment, certainly it is not from the dominant ideas of his own age. The very purpose of the age is to comprehend without purpose, to judge of the event by the event itself, to register a fact and call it a law. The effort to be purely objective, the aversion from stereotyped religious and political formulæ, the solemn determination to see the thing as it really is, — these are fixed concepts, round which the historian constructs his synthesis. It is not because he is detached from his environment, but because he is preoccupied with a certain phase of it, that his history becomes 'scientific' — something more than a chronicle, something less than literature. The modern historian, for example, is detached from any fixed idea in religion, placing himself 'too far off — for espousing the

cause of either good or evil.' But he knows well that he must espouse, with fine enthusiasm, the cause of not espousing any cause. His synthesis must vindicate, not Luther or Leo X, but his own ideal of detachment. Was Catholicism or Protestantism true, or good, or useful? Why, both and neither, cries the modern historian, and he can answer you that without ever having expanded himself sensitively before the one or the other. In so far as either existed, it was necessary, adapted to the conditions, and therefore doubtless good and true. Whatever happens, the historian will be detached; he will not take sides.

But it is difficult not to take sides if sharp contrasts and impassable gulfs are permitted to appear. If one could serve neither God nor Mammon, it is necessary to dispense with both. The modern historian has therefore a concept, a preconcept, of continuity and evolution, with 'natural law' at the back of things. The historical reality must be conceived as all of a piece, like a woven garment. In things evil must be perceived an element of things good, and in things good an element of things evil. Facts which do not contribute to establish these concepts will not be selected; they may be unique, but they are judged not important. No man is a hero to his valet. Doubtless valets have a definite concept of what masters are, and select only the facts that are important for that concept. Nowadays, certainly, no man is a hero to his biographer, much less a villain. The historical mind is detached from all concepts of that sort, and thus Napoleon becomes a necessary process instead of a scoundrel. Do you ask the modern historian whether he loves Luther or hates him? What a question! It is not to Luther, but to the Law of Diminishing Returns, that we owe religious liberty.

There is profound truth in the biting remark of Voltaire, that, after all, history is only a pack of tricks we play on the dead. If useful social ends are served, it does not harm the dead, who had in any case tricks of their own. The trick of every past age — of St. Augustine, of Bossuet, of Gibbon and Rousseau and Voltaire himself, all the brilliant legerdemain of the eighteenth century — has long since been exposed. Yet it is the theory of the detached historian himself that these syntheses served, like every vital institution, a certain social purpose. If the mediæval Church was necessary to preserve Europe from anarchy, a synthesis like St. Augustine's, creating history in the image of the Church, was surely necessary and useful. If 'enlightenment' was all that could save Europe from obscurantism in the eighteenth century, a synthesis of history proving the Church indispensable to human welfare, as the modern synthesis does, would have been beside the mark, quite useless, and impossible. And so the synthesis constructed by modern historians may very likely have its uses. When old landmarks are being washed away, and old foundations are crumbling to dust, it is doubtless useful and necessary to conceive the historical reality as continuous, casually connected, and changing only in response to forces largely remote from purposive human will.

Some future Lord Morley will tell the world how the histories of the nineteenth century served a useful social purpose, and did 'a certain amount of good in a bad way.' And if useful and necessary, then true — true in the only way that historical synthesis is ever likely to be true, true relatively to the needs of the age which fashioned it. At least, it is difficult to understand how the modern man, so wedded to the doctrine of evolution, can conceive of

historical synthesis as true in any absolute sense. Institutions, he would agree, are true or false only as they are adapted for survival. But there is, is there not, an evolution of ideas too, only the fittest surviving? One can readily imagine the doctrine of survival of the fittest proving socially disintegrating in the end, in which case some other hypothesis will doubtless prove itself fittest to survive by surviving in fact.

Certainly, the evolutionary hypothesis gives us no assurance that detachment will forever be in fashion among historians. The state of mind best calculated to find out exactly what happened is perhaps incompatible with a disposition to care greatly what it is that happened; and whatever value the notion of detachment may have just now, the time may come — there have been such times in the past — when it is most important that every one should care greatly what happens. In that case, one can hardly think of the 'objective man' as possessing qualities exceptionally well adapted for survival. Then we may perhaps have histories as interesting as Professor Minot imagines the *Cambridge Modern History* is now. One scarcely ventures to hope they will be as scientific as he thinks they ought to be.

## THE VALLEY OF VAIN VERSES

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THE grief that is but feigning,
And weeps melodious tears
Of delicate complaining
From self-indulgent years;
The mirth that is but madness,
And has no inward gladness
Beneath its laughter, straining
To capture thoughtless ears;

The love that is but passion
Of amber-scented lust;
The doubt that is but fashion;
The faith that has no trust;—
These Thamyris disperses,
In the Valley of Vain Verses
Below the Mount Parnassian,
And they crumble into dust.

# A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD[1]

## BY GIDEON WELLES

### IX. THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT

*Thursday, December* 12, 1867.

The President requested me by note to call on him at eleven to-day. Stanbery and Browning were also there by invitation. The President submitted a message to the Senate, communicating some of his reasons for suspending the Secretary of War; no removal has yet taken place. He first asked my opinion, and I stated it, but in view of the traits and peculiar attitude of Grant, in whom the President had not lost all confidence, suggested that it would be well to inform the Senate that the Secretary *ad interim* had performed the duties acceptably, and that the reforms he had made and the economy he had practiced were of benefit to the country. He says he has dismissed some forty supernumerary clerks. Both S[tanbery] and B[rowning] concurred in the suggestion. S[tanbery] said it was a wise suggestion. A brief statement was accordingly added to the close. I should have made it more full and declared that General Grant had my confidence thus far in administering the office, if such is the fact, and thus have hitched him to the administration. It would have made an issue between him and the Stanton radicals.

*Tuesday, December* 24, 1867.

A few members of Congress remain in the city but most have left for Christmas vacation. The adjournment and an interview with their constituents may do them and the country good. The elections of the year and the unmistakable evidence of condemnation by the people have annoyed them, but there is not among them the patriotism, ability, and independence to extricate themselves from the control of intriguing conspirators, who by secret caucuses have made it impossible for them to retrace their steps, and try to do right. Among the radicals there is little statesmanship. They are striving to retain their usurped power by outrageous measures and violence.

Chief Justice Chase still aspires to be the radical candidate for President, but few of the radicals are disposed to gratify his aspirations. Among bankers, speculators, and a certain class of capitalists he finds supporters, and he has a quasi strength among the Southern radicals and Negroes. The Republicans, or the conservative element of what was the Republican party, are favoring General Grant. Comprising the largest segment, they will be likely to control party action, to the disgust of the earnest radicals who, however, dare not oppose the movement. Grant himself is not only willing but grows daily more and more anxious. His aspirations, although he strives to conceal them, are equal and even surpass those of the Chief Justice. His reticence is all a matter of calcula-

[1] Copyright, 1910, by Edgar T. Welles.

tion. He fears to commit himself on anything lest he should lose votes. But popular opinion moves him. A year since he believed that the country was fully committed to radicalism, and under that conviction he became identified with the radicals — changing his previously expressed opinions — and acting with them until the recent fall elections. Those results astonished no man more than Grant, and he has felt uneasy under his hasty committals, while striving to be reserved.

Stanton, whom he dislikes, has managed to get him committed, which he would not have done had Grant better understood public sentiment. But in Washburne[1] and other little radicals he had had surroundings that controlled him.

I am becoming impressed with the idea that Grant may prove a dangerous man. In discussion, from time to time, in Cabinet, when he has been necessarily to some extent drawn out, this shadow of military absolutism has crossed my mind. It struck me more forcibly to-day when the military government of the South was under consideration.

*Friday, January* 3, 1868.

Little of interest in Cabinet. Dined with Mrs. W[elles] at the President's. The dinner was complimentary to General Sherman. Only he and his daughter, his father-in-law, Thomas Ewing, and Stanbery and lady, who were old township acquaintances of Sherman's, were present, except the President and his daughter. It was a pleasant party. General Sherman says it is the first time he has ever dined at the Executive mansion. The President is desirous of making close friendship with Sherman, and may succeed; but he cannot detach him from General Grant, even if disposed. Although the two men are unlike, there is between them close identification.

[1] E. B. Washburne of Illinois.

*Tuesday, January* 14, 1868.

General Grant attended the Cabinet meeting to-day, but stated it was by special request of the President. The Senate had notified him last evening that the reasons for suspending Mr. Stanton were insufficient, and he had therefore gone early to the War Department, locked the doors and given the keys to the Adjutant-General. Subsequently he had sent General Comstock to the President with a letter and a copy of the resolution of the Senate, and had received a request through General C[omstock] when he returned, to be present to-day, and had therefore come over, though he was now at the Headquarters and considered himself relieved of the duties of Secretary.

The President asked if this proceeding conformed to previous understanding, etc. General Grant, without answering directly, said he had promised some time ago that he would give the President notice before relinquishing the office; but that he had not then examined closely the second and fifth sections of the Tenure-of-Office bill. He was not willing to suffer five years' imprisonment and pay ten thousand dollars fine, but preferred to give up the office.

The President asked why, when he had read the sections and come to the conclusion to leave, he had not informed him as agreed; and remarked that he would undergo the whole imprisonment and fine himself, which might be adjudged against General Grant; and said he so told Grant when he spoke of apprehensions on Saturday.

The General said he was not aware of the penalties in the Tenure-of-Office bill, until he saw the discussion in the papers, did not know of them when he

had his first talk with the President, and he came over on Saturday expressly to take up this subject. Had spoken of these difficulties at that time, and expected to see the President again on Monday, but he was busy with General Sherman, and had a good many little matters to attend to. He did not suppose the Senate intended to act so soon.

'Was it not our understanding, did you not assure me some time ago, and again on Saturday, that if you did not hold on to the office yourself, you would place it in my hands that I might select another?' said the President.

'That,' said Grant, 'was my intention. I thought some satisfactory arrangement would be made to dispose of the subject. Mr. [Reverdy] Johnson and General Sherman spent a great deal of time with me on Sunday. Did n't Mr. Johnson come to see you? I sent General Sherman yesterday, after talking the matter over. Did n't you see Sherman?'

The President said he saw each of them, but he did not see what the interview with either had to do with giving back into his hands the place, agreeably to the understanding.

'Why did you give up the keys to Mr. Stanton and leave the Department?'

General Grant said he gave the key to the Adjutant-General and sent word to the President by General Comstock.

'Yes,' said the President, 'but that you know was not our understanding.'

Grant attempted some further apologies about being very busy, stammered, hesitated, said Sherman had taken up a great deal of his time, but he had intended to call on the President on Monday, asked to be excused and left.

This is as nearly as I recollect the substance of the conversation as it occurred. I do not claim to give the precise words, though in many instances I probably have done so. My intention and wish is to do injustice to neither, but fairly present what took place and the remarks of both. I write this on the evening of Tuesday, the 14th, while the subject is fresh in my mind.

The President was calm and dignified, though manifestly disappointed and displeased. General Grant was humble, hesitating, and he evidently felt that his position was equivocal and not to his credit.

There was, I think, an impression on the minds of all present, there certainly was on mine, that a consciousness that he had acted with duplicity, [that he had] not been faithful and true to the man who had confided in and trusted him, oppressed General Grant. His manner, never very commanding, was almost abject, and he left the room with less respect, I apprehend, from those present than ever before.

The President, though disturbed and not wholly able to conceal his chagrin from those familiar with him, used no harsh expression, nor committed anything approaching incivility, yet Grant felt the few words put to him, and the cold and surprised disdain of the President, in all their force.

After Grant had left, the President remarked that it had been said no man was to be blamed for having been once deceived, but if the same person a second time imposed upon him, the fault and folly were his. He said that Reverdy Johnson and General Sherman had called on him, after the consultation with Grant alluded to, and wanted him to nominate Governor Cox of Ohio, whom *they* had selected to be *his* Secretary of War. They thought the Senate might be induced to *consent* that he might have Cox, and in that way dispose of Stanton.

There is no doubt that Grant has been in secret intrigue in this business, acting in concert with and under the direction of the chief conspirators. He did not put the office in the President's hands on Saturday, because the Senate had not acted, but he anticipated, as I and others did, that they would. If therefore the subject was delayed until Monday it would be too late. But the Senate came to no conclusion on Saturday as he expected; he therefore avoided seeing the President on Monday as he promised. On Tuesday he yielded to Stanton.

All the members of the Cabinet present were astonished and declared themselves unqualifiedly against both Grant and Stanton, except Seward, who was very reticent, but expressed an opinion that no action should be taken hastily. On grave and important questions he always perferred to take a night's sleep.

*Wednesday, February 5*, 1868.

Saw the President this evening.

I took occasion to express my apprehensions of public affairs, and of threatening impending calamities which were to be met. I reminded him that it was a duty for us all, and particularly for him, to be prepared for approaching extraordinary emergencies. Reckless, unprincipled men in Congress had control of the government, were usurping executive authority, and would exercise these powers to extreme and evidently beyond constitutional limits.

I asked the President if he was prepared for that crisis. Should they attempt to seize the government, to arrest him? Had he determined the course he would pursue? Such a step is, I know, meditated by some of the extreme radicals. They have intended, by any measure, no matter how unprincipled and violent, to get possession of and to exercise the executive authority. Grant would help them. Congress, unmindful of the Constitution, will place the money at his disposal instead of the President's. Who, I asked the President, had he got in whom he could confide if a collision took place?

The President became somewhat excited, arose, and walked the room. I had evidently touched on topics which had been in his mind. He spoke of Sherman as having been more emphatic in his language before he left, and suggested that Washington might be made a military Department and Sherman ordered to it. Sherman, he knew, would take it.

I expressed misgivings as to Sherman if Grant were to be his antagonist. He is friendly disposed, but would yield, I feared, and follow Grant rather than the President. I admitted that he was a man of superior intellect and of a higher sense of honor than Grant, but their military association and the ties and obligations of military fellowship and long personal intimacy and friendship would attach him to Grant, though I hoped not to the overthrow of the government.

*Friday, February 21*, 1868.

After disposing of regular Cabinet business, as we were about rising, the President informed us he had this morning removed Mr. Stanton. He had, he said, perhaps delayed the step too long. At all events it was time the difficulty was settled.

Some one, I believe myself, enquired who was to be his successor. The President said General Thomas, Adjutant-General, *ad interim* and until a regular Secretary was appointed.

I asked if Stanton had surrendered up the place and General Thomas taken possession. The President said General Thomas had called on S[tanton] and informed him of his appointment,

that Stanton seemed calm and submissive, that some little conversation had passed between them as to removing his books and papers, and S[tanton] was willing that Thomas should act as his successor.

Browning said he had been informed that Stanton intended sending in his resignation to-day or to-morrow. A few remarks took place on this subject. I wholly discredited it, and expressed the belief he would under no circumstances resign, except on the single contingency of an assurance that he would not have radical support. I was surprised to hear that he had quietly surrendered to General Thomas and should be glad to hear that he had left, and that General T[homas] was in the room in possession. McCulloch said he doubted if Stanton had resigned, or intended to. He and I had once differed. He had thought Stanton would resign as soon as re-instated. I then said he would not. The result, McCulloch said, had proved that I was right and he was wrong. He now concurred with me. Browning said he gave no credit to the rumor which he had heard. It came to him through Cox, his Chief Clerk, who caught everything afloat.

The President said he had also brevetted Major-General G. H. Thomas to be Lt. General and General, or rather that he had sent in these brevets to the Senate. He had also nominated General McClellan as Minister to England, in place of Mr. Adams.

These acts of the President will excite the radicals, and the violent ones will undoubtedly improve the opportunity to press on impeachment. Impulse rather than reason or common sense governs them. The President is vigorous and active, but too late, and has attempted too much at once.

*Saturday, February* 22, 1868.

There was great excitement and many rumors last evening in regard to the President, and Congress, and others. Stanton, on getting notice of his removal, immediately sent it to the House of Representatives through the Speaker, and fire and wrath were exhibited.

The Senate were promptly informed by the President of the removal of Stanton, and the appointment of Thomas [1] *ad interim*. That body at once stopped all business and went into Executive session, where a fierce and protracted debate took place, extending far into the night. A resolution was finally adopted by a strict party vote, except Edmunds, who though a strong partisan has a legal mind, that the President had no constitutional or legal power to remove the Secretary of War and appoint another, thus giving an opinion in advance of impeachment on a point for which the President may be presented to themselves for trial.

A committee was appointed in a radical caucus, hastily convened, while the Senate was in session, who proceeded to the War Department, and counselled and conferred with Stanton how to resist the Executive, and they afterwards called on General Grant, who was inclined to be 'reticent.'

This morning General Thomas was arrested, on a writ issued by Judge Cartter, a tool of Stanton, on a complaint by Stanton, that General T[homas] had violated the Civil Tenure law in accepting office against the provisions of that law, which he, Stanton, had himself emphatically declared as unconstitutional.

General Thomas readily submitted to the arrest and gave bail to appear next Wednesday. Stanton remained at the Department all night with a parcel of radical senators and representatives, and is there now and has been all day, most of the time locked up.

[1] General Lorenzo Thomas.

It was impolitic for Thomas who is a subordinate and not an independent or self-reliant man to have given bail; better to have gone to jail and sued out a writ of habeas corpus. Better still, it seems to me, if he had first got out a process against Stanton. The people still have great deference to law and to legal proceedings.

I called about noon on the President. He was in the library with the Attorney-General. We had a brief conversation on affairs, when the Attorney-General proposed to the President to ask my opinion on the subject they were discussing when I entered. The President said that was his intention, and I was asked what I thought of Thomas Ewing, Senior, for Secretary of War. I asked if a person of his years was the man for the occasion; the crisis was important. The President said he was sound and right on the questions before us, trustworthy, and he believed reliable. I still hesitated and debated the subject; his former standing, his relationship to Sherman,[1] his great age, etc. Stanbery said McClellan had just been nominated Minister to England from the Democratic side, if we now name Ewing from the old Whig ranks, the two will go well together. The President smiled assent. I remarked that I thought it would be well to get a nomination in early. The President said if we two approved, he would send in Mr. Ewing's name at once. I said if that was his view, I should acquiesce cheerfully, he was unquestionably the man who should select his own advisers.

The President directed Colonel Moore to immediately write a nomination, which he at once signed and sent to the Senate. But the Senate, although it had assigned this day to a speech from Senator Doolittle, met and adjourned, without doing any business, so that when Colonel Moore reached the Capitol the Senate was not in session.

The President needs, at this time, resolute and energetic surroundings, men of intelligence and courage as well as of caution and prudence. With them he should counsel freely and without reserve. I apprehend he has not sufficiently fortified himself with such men. In his Cabinet, he has an honest lawyer in Mr. Stanbery, who will be faithful to him so long as he has law and precedent, but when new questions arise he is at sea and knows not how to steer. He will take no new step, or enter on any untrodden path. In the meantime the radicals are breaking over constitutional law and all legal restraints, and will, if they dare, arrest the President and his principal friends and imprison them. I do not anticipate this, yet the scheme is agitated by leading conspirators and I shall not be surprised at any movement they may make.

Returning from an evening ride, I called upon the President hoping to find him alone, but McCulloch and Jeffries[2] were with him. Jeffries was advising strong measures, thought if the President were to send a communication to the Senate, or to Congress, saying he wished the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office bill and the reconstruction acts decided by the Courts, that he would submit the laws to them, and if they should decide against him, or that the laws were constitutional, he would resign.

Such a proposition J[effries] thought would carry the country with the President. If Congress would not acquiesce in such a submission or reference, but were to proceed to extremities, then resist, seize the principal conspirators, etc. Fifty armed men would be all that

[1] Ewing was Sherman's father-in-law.

[2] General N. L. Jeffries.

were necessary. The President made no reply, nor did he enter into any conversation with J[effries] on the subject. I merely observed that their theories would not be carried out, however plausible they might seem when not commenced.

Congress would consent to no reference of their laws and proceedings to any court — that would be a trial of the Legislature as well as the Executive by the Judiciary. It was the purpose of the Legislature to try the Executive themselves. And then, as to the fifty military men, what could they do? Here was the General of the armies in the conspiracy, secretly urging it on. He might be arrested if insubordinate, but who was to do it? Emory is in command of the District. Can the President depend on him in an emergency? I have but little confidence in him, but the President ought to know him, and I presume does. He should have the best friend he has got in the army in that place.

I called on the President this morning in consequence of an incident which took place at a party given by Mrs. Ray last evening. After the company assembled an orderly appeared, requiring all officers of the 5th Cavalry to appear at Headquarters. Shortly after, another orderly requiring all officers under General Emory's command to appear at Headquarters. Both orders came from E[mory]. I asked the President if he had made preparations, had issued orders to E[mory]. He said he had not. Some one, said I, has. Who is it and what does it indicate? While you, Mr. President, are resorting to extreme measures, the conspirators have their spies, have command of the troops. Either Stanton or Grant or both issued orders which were proclaimed aloud and peremptorily at this large social gathering.

The President was disturbed, but said very little. It is an error with him that he does not more freely communicate with his Cabinet and friends. This whole movement of changing his Secretary of War has been incautiously and loosely performed, without preparation.

*Monday, February* 24, 1868.

I have sometimes been almost tempted to listen to the accusation of the President's enemies that he desired and courted impeachment. Yet such is not the case. He is courageous and firm, with great sagacity and wide comprehension, yet is not in many respects wise and practical. It may be that he is willing the radicals should make themselves ridiculous by futile assaults, but he hardly could have expected this flurry for so peaceful and justifiable a movement.

The House this afternoon decided by a vote of 126 to 47 to impeach the President. The alleged cause of impeachment is the removal of a contumacious, treacherous and unprincipled officer, who intrudes himself into the War Department under the authority of a law, which he himself denounced as unconstitutional, a law to fetter the President and deprive the Executive of his rights.

The impeachment is a deed of extreme partisanship, a deliberate conspiracy, involving all the moral guilt of treason for which the members would, if fairly tried, be liable to conviction and condemnation. If the President has committed errors, he has done no act which justifies this proceeding. The President is innocent of crime, his accusers and triers are culpably guilty. In this violent and vicious exercise of partyism, I see the liberties and happiness of the country and the stability of the government imperilled.

The President has a reception this evening, and though neither my wife nor myself are well, and the night is

inclement, we shall, with all the family, be present.

*Tuesday, February* 25, 1868.

There is, I think, less excitement today. The weather, which is damp and dreary, perhaps contributes to it. A feeling of doubt and sadness pervades the minds of sensible men. Some of the less intense radicals are dissatisfied with their own doings.

John Bigelow, late Minister to France, spent an hour with me this P. M. He has been here some ten days, a looker-on and a good and honest observer. The proceedings at the Capitol have greatly interested him. He complains, and perhaps with reason, that the President was in fault in not communicating to his friends in Congress his purpose in removing Stanton, that they might have been prepared for the contest. The President's measures, he thinks also, should have been taken with deliberation, that he should not have permitted himself to be foiled by Stanton; that Thomas, or the man who was to take the place of Stanton, should have ejected him at once. All this is very true. It is easy, now that the matter has passed, to say that so great a scoundrel, so treacherous, false and deceitful a man, should not have been treated like a gentleman. The President has, from the first, extended to Stanton a consideration and leniency that has surprised me, for he knew him to be false, remorseless, treacherous, and base. I expressed my disbelief in his quiet retirement last Friday, when the President announced his removal and the appointment of Thomas.

Bigelow is confident, or rather has high hopes, that impeachment will fail in the Senate. Says that the large conservative force in the Senate, with the Chief Justice, look with repugnance and horror to the accession of Wade, and would prefer to continue the President. Unless, therefore, Wade will resign and allow some good conservative Senator to be made President of the Senate, he thinks impeachment will be defeated.

*Wednesday, February* 26, 1868.

General Lorenzo Thomas was arrested last Saturday morning at the instigation of E. M. Stanton, on a writ, issued by Cartter, Chief Justice of the District Court. General T[homas] gave bail in $5,000, and the case came up today, when he was prepared to submit to imprisonment, with a view of suing out a writ of habeas corpus and getting a decision from the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Civil Tenure bill. This the radicals and Stanton dreaded, and after various twistings and turnings, General T[homas] was discharged.

Cartter in the whole proceeding, from its inception to the close, showed himself a most unfit judge. He has secretly visited Stanton at the War Department, and his associate, Fisher, has spent much of his time since Thomas' arrest, with Stanton.

A summons was issued for Stanton to appear as a witness for Thomas today, and to produce his commission, but the quondam Secretary refused to appear.

*Friday, February* 28, 1868.

Some laughter took place, after Cabinet Council, over the fortification and entrenchment of the War Department, and the trepidation of Stanton, who has this morning doubled his guard. Kennedy, Chief of New York police, sent a letter to Speaker Colfax, that some nitro-glycerine had disappeared from New York, and that shrewd, sagacious and patriotic functionary knew not where it had gone, unless to Washington.

The chivalrous and timid Speaker at once laid this tremendous missive before the House, and the consternation

of the gallant band of radicals became excessive. A large additional police force had been placed around the Capitol, but as it was still considered unsafe an immediate adjournment was called for. Stanton, unfortunate man, could not adjourn. There was no refuge for him save in the War Department, which is surrounded and filled with soldiers to protect him against an inroad from old General Thomas. As Stanton, Grant, and the Radical Congress have assumed the entire control of the military, to the exclusion of the President who is Commander-in-Chief, the apprehension seems to be that the Adjutant-General and his friends have resorted to nitro-glycerine.

Browning enquired whether there should not be more free communication and interchange of opinion among the members of the Cabinet in regard to the measure before Congress.

I regretted that we had not been more free in expressing our views to each other at all times — though it was felt we could not, so long as Stanton was with us, be frank and friendly. McCulloch took the same view. Browning said he had, perhaps, done wrong in bringing the subject forward; it was not his intention to intrude on the President, but the times demanded the united counsel of all. Seward, after remarking that 'too many cooks usually spoiled the broth,' expressed his readiness to meet and consult at all times. The subject of counsel in case of a trial was then introduced. Every man advised the retention of Judge Curtis. O'Conor was mentioned. McCulloch objected that he was counsel for Jeff Davis, and that party antipathy would [counteract?] his ability. Evarts was mentioned and rather pressed. I admitted his ability, but feared his want of heart in the cause. He had united with the radicals when their cause seemed strong; it must have been from no mental and moral workings of such a mind as his; in that act he was not true to his nature and to what he knew to be right.

*Saturday, February* 29, 1868.

The impeachment committee have presented ten articles. Nine of them contain a mountain of words, but not even a mouse of impeachment material. The tenth is even weaker than the other nine, and has a long tail from General Emory. I never had faith in the firmness and honest stability of this man, who was false in 1861, and whimpered back into the service which he had deserted. His willing, volunteered testimony has been evidently procured and manufactured, and yet is nothing. The President had sent for him on the 22nd in consequence of information and suggestions from myself, and questioned him. Emory puts the *questions* in the form of *averments* by the President, and throughout exhibits himself a radical partisan for the time being.

Mr. Stanbery says that Judge Curtis will be here on Tuesday evening next. There is, Stanbery thinks, an intention on the part of the managing radicals to exclude him (Stanbery) from taking part in defence of the President before the court of impeachment, because he is Attorney-General. He queries whether he had not better resign forthwith, and devote his whole time to the case. To this we were each and all opposed, or to any resignation unless he were compelled.

A writ of *quo warranto* is to be sued out, but with the court in the District wholly under the influence of the radical conspirators, action will be delayed as long as possible, for there is nothing they so much dread as a decision of the Supreme Court on their unconstitutional laws.

There is no 'high crime or misdemeanor' in these articles that calls for

impeachment, and those who may vote to convict upon these articles would as readily vote to impeach the President had he been accused of stepping on a dog's tail. But any pretext will serve unprincipled, unscrupulous partisan vengeance.

*Tuesday, March* 3, 1868.

The journals of the day and the published proceedings will be a record of what occurs in matters of impeachment. I do not therefore record details of official transactions, but such only as seem to me proper together with individual movements. The spirit which has led to the impeachment movement and its consummation in the House is strange and varied. A considerable portion of those who voted for it did violence to their own convictions. There is another large element which had no convictions, but are mere shallow reckless partisans who would as readily have voted that the President should be hung in front of the White House as that he should be impeached in the Capitol, provided their leaders, Stevens, Boutwell, and others had presented papers in form for that purpose. Another and different class like Boutwell seek and expect notoriety and fame. They have read Macaulay's interesting history of the trial of Warren Hastings, and flatter themselves they are to be the Burkes and Sheridans of some future historian. Malignant party hate, and unscrupulous party thirst for power stimulate others.

*Wednesday, March* 4, 1868.

Seward and I met in the Council-room while waiting for the President; allusion was made to our meeting seven years ago yesterday, and of events which have since transpired. He says it is nineteen years this 4th of March since he entered the service of the United States, seven years since he became a Cabinet Minister. 'How few of all the men,' said he, 'with whom we have been associated have proved faithful, — how many have disappointed us.' This was said in connection with present transactions, and had particular reference to Stanton.

The Cabinet met last evening at half-past seven instead of at noon. But little official business was done. We had a two hours' talk of the condition of public affairs, and especially of the great question now before the country. Judge Curtis was expected to-day. He is associated with Mr. Stanbery as one of the counsel of the President. Other names were talked of, but no conclusion come to.

McCulloch expressed a hope that the President would go to the Senate on the first day, but not afterwards. Seward said if he went the whole Cabinet ought to accompany him. I objected to either. It would give dignity and imposing form to the proceedings, which the conspirators wished, but we did not.

*Tuesday, March* 10, 1868.

Stanton is still making himself ridiculous by entrenching his person in the War Department, surrounded by a heavy guard. This is for effect. He is, it is true, an arrant coward, but can have no apprehension of personal danger requiring a military force to protect him. Some of his *wise* Senatorial advisers, doubtless, in their conspiracy to defeat Executive action, counselled and advised the redoubtable Secretary to hold on to the War Department building, and to fortify himself in it.

*Thursday, March* 12, 1868.

At a special Cabinet meeting the matter of Stanbery's resignation was considered. The general wish was that he should retain the office and act as counsel; but he prefers to be untrammelled, and has his heart much set on the trial. The President has recently

had a conversation with a newspaper correspondent (The World's) in which he disclosed Pinckney's case, who was removed by John Adams, — a point on which the counsel were relying and which we all had studiously kept secret.

Stanbery, having presented his resignation and the matter being adjusted, was about leaving, when he stopped, addressed the President and resumed his seat. 'You are now, Mr. President,' said he, 'in the hands of your lawyers who will speak and act for you, and I must begin by requesting that no further disclosures be made to newspaper correspondents. There was in the papers yesterday, or this morning, what purported to be a conversation between the President and a correspondent, in which the Pinckney correspondence was brought out and made public. This is all wrong, and I have to request that these talks or conversations be stopped. They injure your case and embarrass your counsel.' Browning followed in the same vein and more at length. The President was taken aback. He attempted some apologetic remark. Said the correspondence was in the books, accessible to all, etc. But no one justified, apologized for, or attempted to excuse him. He saw that there was general disapproval.

Some of these proceedings of the President are unaccountable and inexcusable. He seems to take pleasure in having these 'talks' of the President with this or that correspondent published. It is in his position hardly a pardonable weakness.

*Friday, March* 13, 1868.

Impeachment was the order of the day. The reports render the description and detail unnecessary. Of course, the President was not there, nor were any of his Cabinet. The hollow farce has no friends — hardly any with the radicals — beyond mere pretence. An attempt to proceed forthwith to trial was made, and the Senate had a Star Chamber sitting on the measure, from which all but Senators were excluded. Little of interest took place at the Cabinet meeting.

*Saturday, March* 14, 1868.

I was confined to my house in consequence of a severe cold which threatened congestion of the lungs, by order of Dr. H[orwitz], but went a short time this evening in a close carriage to the President. Browning and Randall were there. No others. The President indicated more uncomfortable and uncertain feeling than I had before witnessed. He has great calmness, great fortitude, great self-reliance, but it is evident these qualities are put to a severe test by late proceedings. Browning is also disquieted, though not prepared to confess it. Randall, who mixes more with all classes and has better opportunities of feeling the pulse of the public here in Washington than others of us, expresses the strongest conviction that the President will be sustained and that the impeachment will fail. I should have no doubt myself of such a result in an ordinary case in ordinary times — or were the Senators above fanatical partisan prejudice and influence, were they statesmen and independent patriots. But, I am sorry to say I have so little confidence in a majority of the Senators that I make no reliance upon an acquittal. Should a sufficient number evince moral principle and independence to discharge their duty honestly, he may not only be acquitted but have a majority in his favor.

I have seen none of the counsel since the session of yesterday. They asked for forty days to prepare. The Senate went into secret session and gave them nine. This has a bad look. Only nine days for so great a cause, affecting the

Chief Magistrate and the Nation itself. Men who would so limit time in so grave a matter, even under secret caucus stimulants, can scarcely be considered worthy to sit in judgment in such a case. The charges are indeed frivolous — contemptible — but the House of Representatives having preferred them, the President should have been allowed ample time for his defence. But a majority of the Senators have prejudged the case, and are ready to pronounce judgment without testimony.

It is pretty evident that the radicals in Congress are in a conspiracy to overthrow not only the President but the Government. The impeachment is but a single act in the drama. Alabama is to be admitted by a breach of faith and by violence to honest, fair legislation. By trick, imposition and breach of courtesy an act was slipped through both Houses repealing the laws of 1867 and 1789 — the effect of which is to take from the Supreme Court certain powers, and [which] is designed to prevent a decision in the McCardle case. Should the Court in that case, as it is supposed they will, pronounce the reconstruction laws unconstitutional, the military governments will fall and the whole radical fabric will tumble with it. Only one course can prolong the miserable contrivance, and that is a President like Wade, who will maintain the military governments regardless of courts, or law or right. Hence I have very little expectation that the President will escape conviction. His deposition is a party necessity, and the Senators have not individually the strength, ability, nor honesty to resist the radical caucus decisions which Stevens, Ben Butler, and other chief conspirators sent out.

*Tuesday, March* 17, 1868.

The Cabinet met in the Library — the Council-room being occupied by the President's lawyers preparing for the impeachment trial. There was little of interest. General Thomas was present as the *ad interim* Secretary of War. The President is anxious and more than usually abstracted. I trust he communicates freely with his counsel, though always inclined to be reserved. It has been, and is his misfortune that he has tried to and still does carry on this great government without confidants, without consulting or advising except to a very limited extent with anybody. It wears upon him, and his measures are not always taken with the caution and care that wisdom dictates.

In his movements the President is irregular. Sometimes he is inexcusably dilatory; sometimes he appears to act from impulse. His best friends expected the removal of Stanton two years earlier than it was made. So far as he communicated anything on the subject, I supposed on several occasions that change would take place. But he delayed until Congress passed a law to prevent Stanton's removal and the President from acting.

The conduct of Stanton was not gratifying to the radicals or to one wing of the Republican party — the more moderate. They were becoming tired of him. A little skilful management would have made a permanent break in that party. But the President had no tact himself to effect it; he consulted with no others; the opportunity passed away, and by a final hasty move, without preparation, without advising with anybody, he took a step which consolidated the radicals of every stripe, strengthened Stanton, while it weakened his supporters, and brought down a mountain of trouble on himself. Had he unbosomed himself to his Cabinet, received their suggestions and canvassed fully and deliberately the subject, results would have been different.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE PRIVILEGE

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

To-day I can think about only one thing. It is in vain I have tried to busy myself with my sermon for next Sunday. Last week, for another reason, I had recourse to an old sermon; but I dislike to make a practice of so doing, even though I strongly suspect that none of our little Salmon River congregation would know the difference. We are a very simple people, in this out-of-the-way Cape Breton parish, called mostly to be fishers, like Our Lord's apostles, and recking not a whit of the finer points of doctrine. Nevertheless it is an hireling shepherd who is faithless only because the flock do not ask to be fed with the appointed manna; and I shall broach the sermon again, once I have set down the thing that is so heavy on my heart.

For all I can think of just now is that Renny and Suse, out there on Halibut Head, four miles away, are alone; alone for the first time in well-nigh thirty years. The last of the brood has taken wing.

Yet it came to me this morning, as I watched Renny on the wharf saying good-by to the boy, and bidding him wrap the tippet snug about his neck in case the wind would be raw — it came to me that there is a triumph about the nest when it is empty that it could never have earlier. I saw the look of it in Renny's face, — not defeat, but exultation.

'And what are you going to do now, Renny?' I asked him, as the steamer finally slipped out of sight behind the lighthouse rock.

He stared at me a little contemptuously, a manner he has always had.

'*Do*, Mr. Biddles?' says he, with a queer laugh. 'Why, what *would* I do, sor? They ain't no less fish to be catched, is they, off Halibut Head, just becaust I got quit of a son or two?'

He left me, with a toss of his crisp, tawny-gray curls, jumped into his little two-wheeled cart, and was off. And I thought, 'Ah, Renny Marks, outside you are still the same wild beast as when I had my first meeting with you, two-and-thirty years ago; but inside — yes, I knew then it must come; and it was not for me to order the how of it.'

So as I took my way homeward, alone, toward the Rectory, I found myself recalling, as if it were yesterday, the first words I had ever exchanged with that tawny giant, just then in his first flush of manhood, and with a face as ruddy and healthy-looking as one of these early New Rose potatoes. Often, to be sure, I had seen him already in church, of a Sunday, sitting defiant and uncomfortable on one of the rear benches, struggling vainly to keep his eyes open; but before the last Amen was fairly out of the people's mouth, he had always bolted for the door; and I had never come, as you may say, face to face with him until this afternoon when I was footing it back, by the cove road, from a visit to an old sick woman, Nannie Odell. And here comes Renny Marks on his way home from the boat; and over his shoulder was the mainsail and gaff and a mackerel-seine and two great oars; and by

one arm he had slung the rudder and tackle and bait-pot; and under the other he lugged a couple of bundles of lath for to mend his traps; and so he was pacing along there as proud and careless as Samson bearing away the gates of Gaza on his back (*Judges* xvi, 3).

Now I had entertained the belief for some time that it was my duty, should the occasion offer, to have a serious word with Renny about matters not temporal; and this was clearly the moment. Yet even before we had met he gave me one of those proud, distrustful, I have said contemptuous, looks of his; and I seemed suddenly to perceive the figure I must cut in his eyes, pattering along there so trimly in my clerical garb, and with my book of prayers under one arm; and, do you know, I was right tongue-tied; and so we came within hand-reach, and still never a word.

At last, 'Good-day to ye, Mister Biddles,' says he with a scant, off-hand nod; and, as if he knew I must be admiring of his strength, 'I can fetch twice this load, sor,' says he, 'without so mucht as knowing the difference.'

'It's a fine thing, Renny Marks,' said I, gaining my tongue again, at his boast, 'a fine thing to be the strongest man in three parishes, if that's what ye be, as they tell me.'

'It is that, sor,' says he. 'I never been cast yet; and I don't never expect for to be.'

'But it's still finer a thing, Renny,' I went on, 'to use that strength in the honor of your Maker. Tell me, do you remember to say your prayers every night before you go to bed?'

Never shall I forget the horse-laugh the young fellow had at those words.

'Why, sor,' he exclaimed, as if I had suggested the most unconscionable thing in the world, 'saying prayers! that's for the likes of them as wash their face every day. I say my prayers on Sunday; and that's enough for the likes of me!'

And with that, not even affording me a chance to reply, he strode off up the beach road; and in every movement of his great limbs I seemed to see the pride and glory of life. Doubtless I was to blame for not pressing home to him more urgently at that moment the claims of religion; but as I stood there, watching him, it came to me that after all he was almost to be pardoned for being proud. For surely there is something to warm the heart in the sight of the young lion's strength and courage; and even the Creator, I thought, must have taken delight in turning out such a fine piece of mortal handiwork as that Renny Marks.

But with that thought immediately came another: 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth' (*Hebrews* xii, 6). And I went home sadly, for I seemed to see that Renny had bitter things ahead of him before he should learn the great lesson of life.

Well, and this is the way it came to him. At the age of four-and-twenty, he married this Suse Barlow from down the coast a piece, — Green Harbor was the name of the town, — and she was a sweet young thing, gentle and lady-like, though of plainest country stock, and with enough education so they'd let her keep school down there. He built a little house for her, the one they still live in, with his own hands, at Halibut Head; and I never saw anything prettier than the way that young giant treated his wife; — like a princess! It was the first time in his life, I dare say, he had ever given a thought to anything but himself; and in a fashion, I suppose, 't was still but a satisfaction of his pride, to have her so beautiful, and so well-dressed.

I remember of how often they would

come in late to church, — even as late as the Te Deum, — and I could almost suspect him of being behindhand of purpose, for of course every one would look around when he came creaking down the aisle in his big shoes, with a wide smile on his ruddy face that showed all his white teeth through his beard; and none could fail to observe how fresh and pretty Susie was, tripping along there behind him, and looking very demure and modest in her print frock, and oh, so very, very sorry to be late! And during the prayers I had to remark how his face would always be turned straight toward her, as if it were to her he was addressing his supplications; the young heathen!

Now there is one thing I never could seem to understand, though I have often turned it over in my mind, and that is, why it should be that a young Samson like Renny Marks, and a fine, bouncing girl like that Suse of his, should have children who were too weak and frail to stay long on this earth; but such was the case. They saved only three out of six; and the oldest of those three, Michael John, when he got to be thirteen years of age, shipped as cabin boy on a fisherman down to the Grand Banks, and never came back. So that left only Bessie Lou, who was twelve, and little Martin, who was the baby.

If ever children had a good bringing up, it was those two. I never saw either of them in a dirty frock or in bare feet; and that means something, you must allow, when you consider the hardness of the fisherman's life, and how often he has nothing at all to show for a season's toil except debts! But work, — I never saw any one work like that Renny; and he made a lovely little farm out there; and Suse was n't ashamed to raise chickens and sell them in Salmon River; and she dyed wool, and used to hook these rugs, with patterns of her own design, baskets of flowers, or handsome fruit-dishes; and almost always she could get a price for them. But, as you may believe, she could n't keep her sweet looks with work like that. Before she was thirty she began to look old, as is so often true in a hard country like ours; and not often would she be coming in to church any more, because, she said, of the household duties; but my own belief is that she did not have anything to wear. But Bessie Lou and little Martin, when the boy was well enough, were there every fine Sunday, as pretty as pictures, and able to recite the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, and the Collects, and the Commandments, quite like the children of gentlefolk.

Well, when Bessie Lou got to be sixteen, she took it into her head that she must go off to Boston, where she would be earning her own living, and see something more of the world than is possible for a girl in Salmon River. Our girls all get that notion nowadays; they are not content to stay at home as girls used to do; but off they go in droves to the States, where wages are big, and there is excitement and variety. So the old people finally said yes, and off goes Bessie Lou, like the others; and in two years we heard she was to be married to a mechanic in Lynn (I think that is the name of the city) somewhere outside of Boston. She has been gone eight years now, and has three children; and she writes occasionally. She is always wishing she could come down and visit the old folks; but it is hard to get away, I presume, and they are plain working people.

So after Bessie Lou's going, all they had left at home was Martin, who was always ailing more or less. And on my word, I never saw anything like the care they gave that boy. There was n't anything too good for him. All these most expensive tonics and patent medicines they would be for trying, one

after another, and telling themselves every time that at last they had found just the right thing, because he'd seem to be bracing up a bit, and getting more active. And then he would take another of his bad spells, and lose ground again; and they would put by that bottle and try something else. One day when I was out there his ma showed me all of twenty bottles of patent medicine, some of them scarcely touched, that Renny had got for him, one time or another.

You see, Martin could n't run about outdoors very much because of his asthma; and then, his eyes being bad, that made him unhappy in the house, for he could n't be reading or studying. His father got him an old fiddle once, he'd picked up at an auction, and the boy took to it something wonderful; but not having any teacher and no music he soon grew tired of it. And whenever old Renny would be in the village, he must always be getting some little thing to take out to Martin: a couple of bananas, say, or a jack-knife, or one of those American magazines with nice pictures, especially pictures of ships and other sailing craft, of which the lad was very fond.

Well, and so last winter came, which was a very bad winter indeed, in these parts; and the poor lamb had a pitiful hard time; and whenever Renny got in to church, it was plain to see that he was eating his heart out with worry. He still had his old way of always snoring during the sermon; but oh, if you could see once the tired, anxious, supplicating look in his face, as soon as his proud eyes shut, you never would have had the heart to wish anything but 'Sleep on now, and take your rest' (*Mark* xiv, 41), for you knew that perhaps, for a few minutes, he had stopped worrying about that little lad of his.

Spring came on, at last, and Martin was out again for a while every fine day in the sun; and sometimes the old man would be taking him abroad for a drive or for a little sail in the boat, when he was going out to his traps; and it appeared that the strain was over again for the time being. That is why I was greatly surprised and troubled one day, about two months ago, to see Renny come driving up toward the Rectory like mad, all alone in his cart. I had just been doing a turn of work myself at the hay; for it is hard to get help with us when you need it most; and as I came from the barn, in my shirt-sleeves, Renny turned in at the gate.

'Something has happened to the boy,' was my thought; and I was all but certain of it when I saw the man's face, sharp set as a flint stone, and all the blood gone from his ruddy skin so that it looked right blue. He jumped out before the mare stopped, and came up to me.

'Can I have a word with ye?' said he; and when he saw my look of question, he added, 'It ain't nothink, sor. He's all right.'

I put my hand on his shoulder, and led him into my study, and we sat down there, just as we were, I in my shirt-sleeves, and still unwashed after the hayfield.

'What is it, Renny, man?' says I.

It seemed like he could not make his lips open for a moment, and then, suddenly, he began talking very fast and excitedly, pecking little dents in the arms of the chair with his big black fingernails.

'That Bessie Lou of oors up to Boston,' said he, as if he were accusing some one of an outrage, 'we got a letter from 'er last night, we did, and she sayse, says she, why would n't we be for a-sending o' the leetle lad up theyr? They'd gladly look oot for him, she sayse; and the winter ain't severe, she sayse; and he could go to one o' them fine city eye-doctors and 'ave his eyes

put right with glasses or somethink; and prob'ly he could be for going to school again and a-getting of his learning, which he's sadly be'indhand in, sor, becaust he's ben ailing so much.'

His eyes flashed, and the sweat poured down his forehead in streams.

I don't know why I was so slow to understand; but I read his look wrong, there seemed so much of the old insolence and pride in it, and I replied, I dare say a little reproachfully, —

'Well, and why would n't that be an excellent thing, Renny? I should think you would feel grateful.'

He stared at me for a second, as if I had struck him. Ah, we can forget the words people say to us, even in wrath; but can we ever free ourselves from the memory of such a look? Without knowing why, I had the feeling of being a traitor. And then, all of a sudden, there he had crumpled down in his chair, and put his head in his big hands, and was sobbing.

'I cain't — I cain't let him go,' he groaned. 'I woon't let him go. He's all what we got left.'

I sat there for a time, helpless, looking at him. You might think that a priest, with the daily acquaintance he has with the bitter things of life, ought to know how to face them calmly; but so far as my own small experience goes, I seem to know nothing more about all that than at the beginning. It always hurts just as much; it's always just as bewildering, just as terrible, as if you had never seen anything like it before. And when I saw that giant of a Renny Marks just broken over there like some big tree, shattered by lightning, it seemed as if I could not bear to face such suffering. Then I remembered that he had been committed into my care by God, and that I must not be only an hireling shepherd. So I said: —

'Renny, lad, it is n't for ourselves we must be thinking. It 's for him.'

He lifted up his head, with the shaggy, half-gray hair all rumpled on his wet forehead, and pulled his sleeve across his eyes.

'Hark 'e, Mister Biddles,' he commanded harshly. 'Ain't we did the best we could for him? Who dares say we ain't did the best we could for him? *You?*'

I made no answer, and for a minute we faced each other, while he shook his clenched fists at me, and the creature in him that had never yet been cast challenged all the universe.

'They 're tryin' to tak my boy away from me,' he roared, 'and they cain't do it, — I tell you they cain't. He's all what we got left, now.'

'And so you mean to keep him for yourself?' I asked.

'Ay, that I do,' he cried, jumping out of his chair, and striding up and down the room as if clean out of his wits. 'I do! I do! Why *would n't* I mean to, hey? Ain't he mine? Who's got a better right to him?'

Of a sudden he comes to a dead halt in front of me, with his arms crossed. 'Mister Biddles,' he says, very bitterly, 'you may well be thankfu' you never wast a father yoursel'. Nobody ain't for trying to tak nothink away from you.'

'That's quite true, Renny,' said I. 'But remember,' I said, not intending any irreverence, but uttering such poor words as were given to me in my extremity, 'remember, Renny, it's to a Father you say your prayers in church every Sunday; and you need n't think as that Father does n't know full as well as you what it is to give up an only Son for love's sake.'

'Hey? — What's that, sor?' cries Renny, with a face right like a dead thing.

'And would He be asking of you for to let yours go, if He did n't know there was love enough in your heart to stand the test?'

Renny broke out with a terrible groan, like the roar of anguish of a wild beast that has got a mortal wound; and the same instant the savage look died in his eyes, and the bigger love in him had triumphed over the smaller love. I could see it, I knew it, even before he spoke. He caught at my hand, blunderingly, and gave it a twist like a winch.

'He shall go, sor. He shall go for all of I. And Mr. Biddles, while I'm for telling the old woman and the boy, would ye be so condescending as to say over some of them there prayers, so I could have the feeling, as you might say, that some one was keeping an eye on me? It'll all be done in less nor a half-hour.'

And with that, off he goes, and jumps into his cart, and whips up the mare, tearing down the road like a whirlwind, just as he had come, without so much as saying good-by. And the next day I heard them saying in the village that Renny Marks's boy was to go up to the States to be raised with his sister's family.

Ah, well, that's only a common sort of a story, I know. The same kind of things happen near us every day. I can't even quite tell why I wanted to set it down on paper like this, only that, some way, it makes me believe in God more; even when I have to remember, and it seems to me just now like I could never stop remembering it, that Renny and Susan are all alone to-day out there on Halibut Head. Renny is at the fish, of course; and Suse, I dare say, is working in her little potato patch; and Martin is out there on the sea, being borne to a world far away, and from which, I suppose, he will not be very anxious to return; for few of them do come back, nowadays, to the home country.

# THE COMMUTER AND THE 'MODERN CONVENIENCES'

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE cottages are closed; the summer people have gone back to the city; only the farmers and the commuters — barnacled folk — remain as the summer tide recedes, fixed to the rocks of winter because they have grown fast. To live is to have two houses: a country house for the summer, a city house for the winter; to close one, and open the other; to change, to flit!

How different it used to be when I was a boy — away yonder in the days of farms and homes and old-fashioned winters! Things were prepared for, made something of, and enjoyed in those days — the 'quiltings,' the 'raisings,' the Thanksgivings! What getting ready there used to be — especially for the winter! for what was n't there to get ready! and how much of everything to get ready there used to be!

It began along in late October, continuing with more speed as the days

shortened and hurried us into November. It must all be done by Thanksgiving Day — everything brought in, everything housed and battened down tight. The gray lowering clouds, the cold snap, the first flurry of snow, how they hastened and heartened the work! Thanksgiving found us ready for winter, indoors and out.

The hay-mows were full to the beams where the swallows built; the north and west sides of the barnyard were flanked with a deep wind-break of corn-fodder that ran on down the old worm-fence each side of the lane, in yellow zigzag walls; the big wooden pump under the rambo tree by the barn was bundled up and buttoned to the tip of its dripping nose; the bees by the currant bushes were double-hived; the strawberries mulched; the wood all split and piled; the cellar windows packed; and the storm-doors put on. The cows had put on an extra coat too, and turned their collars up about their ears; the turkeys had changed their roost from the ridge-pole of the corn-crib to the pearmain tree on the sunny side of the wagon-house; the squirrels had finished their bulky nests in the oaks; the muskrats of the lower pasture had completed their lodges; the whole farm — house, barn, fields, and wood-lot — had shuffled into its greatcoat, its muffler and muffetees, and settled comfortably down for the winter.

The old farmhouse was an invitation to winter. It looked its joy at the prospect of the coming cold. Low, weather-worn, mossy-shingled, secluded in its wayward garden of box and bleeding-hearts, sheltered by its tall pines, grape-vined, hop-vined, clung to by creeper and honeysuckle, it stood where the roads divided, half-way between everywhere, unpainted, unpretentious, as much a part of the landscape as the muskrat-lodge; and, like it, roomy, warm, and hospitable.

Round at the back, under the wide, open shed, a door led into the kitchen, another led into the living-room, another into the store-room; and two big, slanting double-doors, scoured and slippery with four generations of sliders, covered the cavernous way into the cellar. But they let the smell of apples up, as the garret door let the smell of sage and thyme come down; while from the door of the store-room, mingling with the odor of apples and herbs, filling the whole house and all my early memories, came the smell of broom-corn, came the sound of grandfather's loom.

Behind the stove in the kitchen, fresh-papered like the kitchen walls, stood the sweet-potato box (a sweet potato must be kept dry and warm), an ample box, a ten-barrel box full of Jersey sweets that *were* sweet, — long, golden, syrupy potatoes, grown in the warm sandy soil of the 'Jethro Piece.' Against the box stood the sea-chest, fresh with the same paper and piled with wood. There was another such chest in the living-room near the old fireplace, and still another in grandfather's work-room behind the 'ten-plate stove.'

But wood and warmth and sweet smells were not all. There was music also, the music of life, of young life and of old life — grandparents, grandchildren (about twenty-eight of them). There were seven of us alone — a girl at each end of the seven and one in the middle, which is Heaven's own mystic number and divine arrangement. Thanksgiving always found us all at grandfather's and brimming full of thanks.

That, of course, was long, long ago. Things are different nowadays. There are as many grandfathers, I suppose, as ever; but they don't make brooms in the winter any more, and live on farms. They live in flats. The old farm with its

open acres has become a city street; the generous old farmhouse has become a button, a tube, five rooms, bath — all the 'modern conveniences'; the cows have evaporated into convenient cans of condensed 'milk'; the ten-barrel box of potatoes has changed into a convenient ten-pound bag; the wood-pile into a convenient five-cent bundle of blocks tied up with a tarred string; the fireplace into a convenient moss-and-flame-painted gas log; the seven children into one, or none, or into a convenient Boston bull-terrier pup. But still, let us give thanks, for, convenient as life has become to-day, it has not yet all gone to the dogs.

It is true, however, that there might be fewer dogs, possibly, and more children; fewer flats and more farms; less canned milk (or whatever the paste is) and more real cream. Surely we might buy less and raise more; hire less and make more; travel less and see more; hear less and think more. Life might be quieter for some of us; profounder, perhaps, for others of us, — more inconvenient indeed, for all of us, and yet a thing to be thankful for.

It might; but most of us doubt it. It is not for the things we possess, but only for the things we have not, for the things we are relieved of, the things we escape, — for our conveniences, — that we are thankful nowadays. Life is summed up with us in negations. We tally our conveniences only, quick-detachable-tired, six-cylindered, seventy-horse-powered conveniences. To construct eighteen-million dollars' worth of destruction in the shape of a gun-boat! to lay out a beautiful road and then to build a machine to 'eat it'! to be allotted a span of time, and study how to annihilate it! O Lord, we thank Thee that we have all the modern conveniences, from cucumbers at Christmas to a Celestial Crêche! Heaven is such a nice, fit, convenient place for our unborn children! God is their home. The angels can take such gentle care of them! Besides, they are not so in the way there; and, if need be, we have the charity children and other people's children; or we have the darling little sweet-faced Boston bull-terrier pup.

For myself, I have never had a little cherub-faced bull-pup; but at this present writing I am helping to bring up our fourth baby, and I think I see the convenience of the pup. And I am only the *father* of the baby at that!

To begin with, you can buy a pup. You can send the stable-man after it. But not a baby. Not even the doctor can fetch it. The mother must go herself after her baby — to Heaven it may be; but she will carry it all the way through Hell before she brings it to the earth, this earth of sunlit fields and stormy skies, so evidently designed to make men of babies. A long perilous journey this, across a whole social season.

Certainly the little dog is a great convenience; and as certainly he is a great negation, — the substitution, as with most conveniences, of a thing for a self.

Our birth may be a sleep and a forgetting, but life immediately after is largely an inconvenience. That is the meaning of an infant's first strangling wail. He is protesting against the inconvenience of breathing. Breathing is an inconvenience; eating is an inconvenience; sleeping is an inconvenience; praying is an inconvenience; but they are part and parcel of life, and nothing has been done yet to relieve the situation, except in the item of prayer. From the several other inconveniences not mentioned above, that round out life (death excepted), we have found ways of escape — by borrowing, renting, hiring, avoiding, denying, until living, which is the sum of all incon-

veniences, has been reduced to its minimum.

But not for the Commuter. Living for him is near its maximum. I have been reckoning up my inconveniences: the things that I possess; the things I have that are mine; not rented, borrowed, hired, avoided, but claimed, performed, made, owned; that I am burdened with, responsible for; that require my time and my hands. And I find that, for this essay, I must confine myself strictly to the inconveniences incidental to commuting.

To begin with, there is the place of the Commuter's home. Home? Yes, no doubt, he has a home, but where is it? Can Heaven, beside the Commuter, find out the way there?

You are standing with your question at the entrance of the great terminal station as the wintry day and the city are closing, and it is small wonder that you ask if God knows whither, over the maze of tracks reaching out into the night, each of this commuting multitude is going. But follow one, any one of the bundled throng — this one, this tired, fine-faced Scotchman of fifty years whom we chanced to see during the day selling silks behind the counter of a vast department store.

It is a chill November evening, with the meagre twilight already spent. Our Commuter has boarded a train for a nineteen-mile ride; then an electric car for five miles more, when he gets off, under a lone electric light, swinging amid the skeleton limbs of forest trees. We follow him on, now afoot, down a road dark with night and overhanging pines, on past a light in a barn, and on, when a dog barks, a horse whinnies, a lantern flares suddenly into the road and comes pattering down at us on two feet, calling, 'Father! father!'

We stop at the gate as father and daughter enter the glowing kitchen; then a moment later we hear a cheerful voice greeting the horse, and had we gone closer to the barn we might have heard the creamy tinkle of milk, spattering warm into the bottom of the tin pail.

Heaven knew whither, over the reaching rails, this tired seller of silks was going. Heaven was there awaiting him. The yard-stick was laid down at half-past five o'clock; at half-past six by the clock the Commuter was far away, farther than the other side of the world, in his own small barn where they neither sell silk nor buy it, but where they have a loft full of fragrant meadow hay, and keep a cow, and eat their oatmeal porridge with cream.

It is an inconvenient world, this distant, darkened, unmapped country of the Commuter. Only God and the Commuter know how to get there, and they alone know why they stay. But there are reasons, good and sufficient reasons — there are inconveniences, I should say, many and compelling inconveniences, such as wife and children, miles in, miles out, the isolation, the chores, the bundles — loads of bundles — that keep the Commuter commuting. Once a commuter, always a commuter; because there is no place along the road, either way, where he can lay his bundles down.

Bundles, and miles in, and miles out, and isolation, and children, and chores? I will count them all.

The bundles I have carried! And the bundles I have yet to carry! to 'tote'! to 'tote'! But is it all of life to be free from bundles? How indeed may one so surely know that one has a hold upon life as when one has it done into a bundle? Life is never so tangible, never so compact and satisfactory, as while still wrapped up and tied with a string. One's clothes, to take a single example, as one bears them home in a box, are an anticipation and a pure joy — the very clothes that, the next

day, one wears as a matter of course, or wears with disconcerting self-consciousness, or, it may be, with physical distress.

And here are the Commuter's weary miles. Life to everybody is a good deal of a journey; to nobody so little of a journey, however, as to the Commuter, for his traveling always brings him home.

Now with his isolation and his chores it is different, because they really have no separate existence save in the urban mind, as hydrogen and oxygen have no separate existence save in the corked flasks of the laboratory. These gases are found side by side nowhere in nature. Only water is to be found free in the clouds and springs and seas — only the union of hydrogen and oxygen, because it is part of the being of these two elements to combine. So is it the nature of chores and isolation to combine — into water, like hydrogen and oxygen; into a well of water, springing up everlastingly to the health, the contentment, and to the self-sufficiency of the Commuter.

At the end of the Commuter's evening journey, where he lays his bundles down, is home, which means a house, not a latch-key and 'rooms'; a house, I say, not a 'floor,' but a house that has foundations and a roof, that has an outside as well as inside, that has shape, character, personality, for the reason that the Commuter, and not a Community, lives there. Flats, tenements, 'chambers,' 'apartments' — what are they but public buildings, just as inns and hospitals and baths are, where you pay for your room and ice-water, or for your cot in the ward, as the case may be? And what are they but unmistakable signs of a reversion to early tribal conditions, when not only the cave was shared in common, but the wives and children and the day's kill? The differences between an ancient cliff-house and a modern flat are mere details of construction; life in the two would have to be essentially the same, with odds, particularly as to room and prospect, in favor of the cliff-dweller.

The least of the troubles of flatting is the flat; the greatest is the shaping of life to fit the flat, conforming, and sharing one's personality, losing it indeed! I'll commute first! The only thing I possess that distinguishes me from a factory shoe-last or an angel of heaven is my personality. Shoe-lasts are known by sizes and styles, angels by ranks; but a man is known by what he is n't, and by what he has n't, in common with anybody else.

One must commute, if one would live in a house, and have a home of one's own, provided, of course, that one works in New York City, or in Boston or Chicago; and provided, further, that one is as poor as one ought to be. And most city-workers are as poor as they ought to be — as poor, in other words, as I am.

Poor! Where is the man rich enough to buy Central Park or Boston Common? For that he must needs do who would make a city home with anything like my dooryard and sky and quiet. A whole house, after all, is only the beginning of a home; the rest of it is dooryard and situation. A house is for the body; a home for body and soul; and the soul needs as much room outside as inside the house, — needs a garden and some domestic animal and the starry vault of the sky.

It is better to be cramped for room within the house than without. Yet the yard need not be large, certainly not a farm, nor a gentleman's estate, nor fourteen acres of woodchucks, such as my own. Neither can it be, for the Commuter, something abandoned in the remote foothills, nor something wanton, like a naked brazen piece of sea-sand 'at the beach.'

The yard may vary in size, but it must be of soil, clothed upon with grass, with a bush or a tree in it, a garden, and some animal, even if the animal has to be kept in the tree, as with one of my neighbors, who is forced to keep his bees in his single weeping willow, his yard not being quite large enough for his house and his hive. A bee needs considerable room.

And the soul of the Commuter needs room, — craves it, — but not mere acres, nor plenitude of things. I have fourteen acres, and they are too many. Eight of them are in woods and gypsy moths. Besides, at this writing, I have one cow, one yearling heifer, one lovely calf, with nature conspiring to get me a herd of cows; also ten colonies of bees, which are more than any Commuter needs, even if they never swarmed; nor does he need so many coming cows.

But with only one cow, and only one colony of bees, and only one acre of yard, still how impossibly inconvenient, how unnecessarily expensive, indeed, the life of the Commuter is! A cow is truly an inconvenience if you care for her yourself — an inherent, constitutional, unexceptional inconvenience are cows and wives if you care for them yourself. A hive of bees is an inconvenience; a house of your own is an inconvenience, and, according to the figures of many of my business friends, an unwarranted luxury. It is cheaper to rent, they find. 'Why not keep your money in your business, where you can turn it?' they argue. 'Real estate is a poor investment generally, — so hard to sell, when you want to, without a sacrifice.'

It is all too true. The house, the cow, the children, are all inconvenient. I can buy two quarts of blue Holstein milk of a milkman, typhoid and scarlet-fever germs included, with much less inconvenience than I can make my yellow-skinned Jersey give down her fourteen quarts a day. I can live in a rented house with less inconvenience than in this house of my own. I am always free to go away from a rented house, and I am always glad to go. The joy of renting is to move, or sublet; also to be rid of taxes and repairs. 'Let the risers rot! It is n't my house, and if I break my neck I'll sue for damages!' There is your renter, and the joy he gets in renting.

There are advantages, certainly, in renting; your children, for instance, can each be born in a different house, if you rent; and if they chance to come all boys, like my own, they can grow up at the City Athletic Association — a more or less permanent place, nowadays, which may answer very well their instinctive needs for a fixed abode, for a home. There are other advantages, no doubt; but however you reckon them, the rented house is in the end a tragedy, as the willful renter and his homeless family is a calamity, a disgrace, a national menace. Drinking and renting are vicious habits. A house and a bit of land of your own are as necessary to normal living as fresh air, food, a clear conscience, and work to do.

If so, then the question is, Where shall one make his home? 'Where shall the scholar live?' asks Longfellow; 'in solitude or society? In the green stillness of the country where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark gray city where he can feel and hear the throbbing heart of man? I make answer for him to say, In the city.'

I should say so, too, and I should say it without so much oracular solemnity. The city for the scholar. He needs books, and they do not grow in cornfields. The pale book-worm is a city worm, and feeds on glue and dust and faded ink. The big green tomato-worm lives in the country. But this is not a question of where scholars should live;

it is where *men* should live, and their children. Where shall a man's home be? Where shall he eat his supper? Where lay him down to sleep when his day's work is done? Where find his odd job and spend his Sunday? Where shall his children keep themselves usefully busy and find room to play? Let the Commuter, not the scholar, make answer.

The Commuter knows the dark gray city, knows it darker and grayer than the scholar, for the Commuter works there, shut up in a basement, or in an elevator, maybe, six days a week; he feels and hears the throbbing heart of man all the day long; and when evening comes he hurries away to the open country where he can hear the heart of nature beat, where he can listen a little to the beating of his own.

Where, then, should a man live? I will make answer only for myself, and say, Here in Hingham, right where I am, for here the sky is round and large, the evening and the Sunday silences are deep, the dooryards are wide, the houses are single, and the neighborhood ambitions are good kitchen-gardens, good gossip, fancy chickens, and clean paint.

There are other legitimate ambitions, and the Commuter is not without them; but these go far toward making home home, toward giving point and purpose to life, and a pinch of pride.

The ideal home depends very much, of course, on the home you had as a child, but I can think of nothing so ideally homelike as a farm, — an ideal farm, ample, bountiful, peaceful, with the smell of apples coming up from the cellar, and the fragrance of herbs and broom-corn haunting store-room and attic.

The day is past when every man's home can be his farm, dream as every man may of sometime having such a home; but the day has just arrived when every man's home can be his garden and chicken-pen and dooryard, with room and quiet and trees.

The day has come, for the means are at hand, when life, despite its present centralization, can be more spread out, roomier, simpler, healthier, more nearly normal, because lived nearer to the soil. It is time that every American home was built in the open country, for there is plenty of land — land in my immediate neighborhood for a hundred homes where children can romp, and your neighbor's hens, too, and the inter-neighborhood peace brood undisturbed. And such a neighborhood need not be either the howling wilderness, where the fox still yaps, or the semi-submerged suburban village, where every house has its Window-in-Thrums. The Commuter cannot live in the wild country, else he must cease to commute; and as for small-village life — I suppose it might be worse. It is not true that man made the city, that God made the country, and that the Devil made the village in between; but it is pretty nearly true, perhaps.

But the Commuter, it must be remembered, is a social creature, especially the Commuter's wife, and no near kin to stumps and stars. They may do to companion the prophetic soul, but not the average Commuter, for he is common and human, and needs his own kind. Any scheme of life that ignores this human hankering is sure to come to grief; any benevolent plan for homesteading the city poor that would transfer them from the garish day of the slums to the sweet solitudes of unspoiled nature had better provide them with copies of *The Pleasures of Melancholy* and leave them to bask on their fire-escapes.

Though to my city friends I seem somewhat remote and incontiguous, still I am not dissevered and dispersed from my kind, for I am only twenty

miles from Boston Common, and as I write I hear the lowing of a neighbor's cows, the voices of his children as they play along the brook below, and off among the fifteen square miles of tree-tops that fill my front yard, I see two village spires, two Congregational spires, once one, that divided and fell and rose again on opposite sides of the village street. I often look at those spires, and as often think of the many sweet trees that wave between me and the tapering steeples, where they look up to worship toward the sky, and look down to scowl across the street.

Any lover of the city could live as far out as this; could live here and work there. I have no quarrel with the city as a place to work in. Cities are as necessary as wheat-fields and as lovely too — from twenty miles away, or from Westminster Bridge at daybreak. The city is as a head to the body, the nervous centre where the multitudinous sensations are organized and directed, where the multitudinous and inter-related interests of the round world are directed. The city is necessary; city work is necessary; but less and less is city living necessary.

It is less and less possible also. New York City — the length and breadth of Manhattan — and Boston, from the Fenway in three directions to the water-front, are as unfit for a child to grow up in as the basement floor of a china store for a calf. There might be hay enough on such a floor for a calf, as there is doubtless air enough on a New York City street for a child. It is not the lack of things — not even of air — in a city, that renders life next to impossible there; it is rather the multitude of things. City life is a three-ringed circus, with a continuous performance, with interminable side-shows and peanuts and pink lemonade; it is jarred and jostled and trampled and crowded and hurried; it is overstimulated, spindling, and premature — it is too convenient.

You can crowd desks and pews and work-benches without much danger, but not outlooks and personalities, not beds and doorsteps. Men will work to advantage under a single roof; they cannot sleep to advantage so. A man can work under almost any conditions; he can live under very few.

Here in New England — as everywhere — the conditions of labor during the last quarter-century have vastly changed, while the conditions of healthful living have remained essentially the same, as they must continue to remain for the next millennium.

Some years ago I moved into an ancient house in one of the oldest of New England towns. Over the kitchen, one day, I found a room that had to be entered by ladder from without. That room was full of lasts and benches — all the kit necessary for shoe-making on a small scale. There were other houses scattered about with other such rooms — closed as if by death. Far from it. Yonder in the distance smoked the chimney of a great factory. All the cobblers of these houses had gathered there to make shoes by machine. But where do they live? and how? Here in the old houses where their fathers lived, and as their fathers lived, riding, however, to and from their work on the electric cars.

I am now living in an adjoining town where, on my drive to the station, I pass a small hamlet of five houses grouped about a little shop, through whose windows I can see benches, lasts, and old stitching-machines. Shoes were once made here on a large scale, by more recent methods. Some one is building a boat inside now. The shoemakers have gathered at the great factory with the shoemakers of the neighbor town. But they continue to live in the hamlet, as they used to, under the open sky, in

their small gardens. And they need to. The conditions of their work have quite changed, the simple, large needs of their lives remain forever the same.

Let a man work where he will, or must; let him live where only the whole man can live — in a house of his own, in a yard of his own, with something green and growing to cultivate, something alive and responsive to take care of; and let it be out under the sky of his birthright, in a quiet where he can hear the wind among the leaves, and the wild geese as they *honk* high overhead in the night to remind him that the seasons have changed, that winter is following down their flying wedge.

As animals (and we are entirely animal) we are as far under the dominion of nature as any ragweed or woodchuck. But we are entirely human too, and have a human need of nature, that is, a spiritual need, which is no less real than the physical. We die by the million yearly for lack of sunshine and pure air; and who knows how much of our moral ill-health might be traced to our lack of contact with the healing, rectifying soul of woods and skies?

A man needs to see the stars every night that the sky is clear. Turning down his own small lamp, he should step out into the night to see the pole star where he burns or 'the Pleiads rising through the mellow shade.'

One cannot live among the Pleiads; one cannot even see them half of the time; and one must spend part of one's time in the mill. Yet never to look for the Pleiads, or to know which way to look, is to spend, not part, but all of one's time in the mill.

'The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,' and life for something other than mere work!

The Commuter is bound to see the stars nightly, as he goes down to shut up the hens. He has the whole outdoors in his yard, with the exception of a good fish-pond; but if he has no pond, he has, and always has, to save him from the round of the mill, a little round of his own — those various endless, small, inconvenient home-tasks, known as 'chores.' To fish is 'to be for a space dissolved in the flux of things, to escape the calculable, drop a line into the mysterious realms above or below conscious thought'; to 'chore' is for a space to stem the sweeping tides of time, to outride the storms of fate, to sail serene the sea of life — to escape the mill!

Blessed is the man who has his mill-work to do, perfunctory, necessitous, machine-work to do; twice blessed the man who has his mill-work to do and who loves the doing of it; thrice blessed the man who has it, who loves it, and who, besides, has the varied, absorbing, self-asserting, self-imposed labors about his own barn to perform!

There are two things in the economy of unperverted nature that it was never intended, I think, should exist: the childless woman and the choreless man. For what is a child but a woman with a soul? And what is a chore? Let me quote the dictionary: —

'*Chore, char*, a small job; especially a piece of minor domestic work, as about a house or barn; . . . generally in the plural.'

A small, domestic, plural job! There are men without such a job, but not by nature's intention; as there are women without children, and cows without cream.

What change and relief is this small, domestic, plural job from the work of the shop! That work is set and goes by the clock. It is nine hours long, and all in the large or all in the infinitesimally small, and all in the singular. It may deal with millions, but seldom pays in more than ones and twos. And too

often it is only for wages; too seldom is it for love — for one's self.

Not so this small domestic job. It is plural and personal, to be done for the joy of doing it. So it ought to be with these Freshman themes that I go on, year after year, correcting; so it ought to be with the men's shoes that my honest neighbor goes on, year after year, vamping. But the shoes are never all made. Endless vistas of unvamped shoes stretch away before him down the days of all his years. He never has the joy of having finished the shoes, of having a change of shoes. But recently he reshingled his six by eight hen-coop and did a *finished* piece of work; he trimmed and cemented up his apple tree and did a finished piece of work; he built a new step at the kitchen door and did a finished piece of work. Step and tree and hen-coop had beginnings and ends, little undertakings, that will occur again, but which, for this once, were started and completed; small, whole, various domestic jobs, thrice halting for my neighbor, the endless procession — the passing, the coming, the trampling of the shoes.

And here are the teachers, preachers, writers, reformers, politicians — men who deal, not in shoes, but in theories, ideals, principalities, and powers; those large, expansive, balloonish commodities that show the balloon's propensity to soar and to explode — do they not need ballast as much as the shoemaker, bags of plain sand in the shape of the small domestic job?

During some months' stay in the city not long ago, I sent my boys to a kindergarten. Neither the principal nor the teachers, naturally, had any children of their own. Teachers of children and mothers' advisers seldom have. I was forced to lead my dear lambs prematurely forth from this Froebel fold, when the principal, looking upon them with tears, exclaimed, 'Yes, your farm is no doubt a *healthful* place, but they will be so without guidance! They will have no one out there to show them how to play!'

That dear woman is ballooning, and without a boy of her own for ballast. Only successful mothers and doting old grandfathers (who can still go on all fours) should be allowed to kindergarten. Who was it but old Priam, to whom Andromache used to lead little Astyanax?

Indeed all of the theorizing, sermonizing, inculcating professions ought to be made strictly avocational, strictly incidental to some real business. Let our Presidents preach (how they love it!); let our preachers nurse the sick, catch fish, or make tents. It is easier for the camel, with both his humps, to squeeze through the eye of the needle than for the professional man of any sort to perform his whole duty with sound sense and sincerity.

But ballast is a universal human need — chores, I mean. It is my privilege frequently to ride home in the same car with a broker's book-keeper. Thousands of dollars' worth of stock pass through his hands for record every day. The 'odor' of so much affluence clings to him. He feels and thinks and talks in millions. He lives over-night, to quote his own words, 'on the end of a telephone wire.' That boy makes ten dollars a week, wears 'swagger clothes,' and boards with his grandmother, who does all his washing, except the collars. What ails him? and a million other Americans like him? Only the need to handle something smaller, something realer than this pen of the recording (American) angel — the need of chores. He should have the wholesome reality of a buck-saw twice a day; he might be saved if he could be interested in chickens; could feed them every morning, and every evening could 'pick up the eggs.'

So might many another millionaire. When a man's business prohibits his caring for the chickens, when his affairs become so important that he can no longer shake down the furnace, help dress one of the children, or tinker about the place with a hammer and saw, then that man's business had better be put into the hands of a receiver, temporarily; his books do not balance.

I know of a college president who used to bind (he may still) a cold compress about his head at times and, lying prone upon the floor, have two readers, one for each ear, read simultaneously to him different theses, so great was the work he had to do, so fierce his fight for time — time to lecture to women's clubs and to write his epoch-making books.

Oh, the multitude of epoch-making books!

But as for me, I am a Commuter, and I live among a people who are Commuters, and I have stood with them on the banks of the Ohio, according to the suggestion of one of our wisest philosophers (Josh Billings, I think), and, in order to see how well the world could get on without me, I have stuck my finger into the yellow current, pulled it out, and looked for the hole.

The placid stream flowed on.

So now, when a reasonable day's work is done, I turn homeward to the farm; and these early autumn nights I hang the lantern high in the stable, while four shining faces gather round on upturned buckets behind the cow. The lantern flickers, the milk foams, the stories flow — 'Bucksy' stories of the noble red-man; stories of Arthur and the Table Round, of Guyon and Britomart, and the heroes of old; and marvelous stories of that greatest hero of them all — their father, far away yonder when he was a boy, when there were so many interesting things to do, and such fun doing them!

Now the world is so 'full of a number of things' — things to do still, but things, instead of hands, and things instead of selves, so many things to do them with — even a *thing* to milk with, now! But I will continue to use my hands.

No, I shall probably never become a great milk-contractor. I shall probably remain only a commuter to the end. But if I never become anything great, — the Father of my Country, or the Father of Poetry, or the Father of Chemistry, or the Father of the Flying Machine, — why, I am at least the father of these four shining faces in the lantern light; and I have, besides them, handed down from the past, a few more of life's old-fashioned inconveniences, attended, to be sure, with their simple old-fashioned blessings.

# MY LITTLE TOWN

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

VIVIDLY at times my memory restores to me the sensation of the eternal Sabbath. Beyond the stained-glass windows, the sunshine is sifted over daisied graves. Perhaps, for all one knows, the grown-up angels are letting the little ones sport over those graves at this very minute, even though it is Sunday, for there are no parishes in heaven to say no to naughtiness. My mother is held home from the sanctuary that morning. The three of us sit a-row in the front pew. Above us our father thunders forth his sermon, to which we give but scant attention, that roar in his voice being part of the programme of this one day in seven. Against my own shoulder drowses my little sister's head. On my other side, my little brother conceals his yawns by receiving them into a little brown paw, and then, as it were, softly sliding them into his pocket, as if his hand had other business there. But I, I sit erect and unwinking, for I am the minister's eldest, and the Parish is at my back.

While the younger ones nodded, while the infant angels played hide-and-seek out in the graveyard sunshine, of what was I thinking? This: of the minister's daughter who had lived in that Parish before me. A great girl of five she had been when she used, having waited until her father was engrossed in his sermon, to slip from that very front pew in which I sat, to steal up into the chancel, and there, all silently but with impish grimace and antics, would she hold the horrified gaze of the Parish so fascinated that her father would at length be diverted from his eloquence, and forthwith, swooping from the pulpit all in a swirl of wrathful surplice, would bear his small daughter into the vestry room and lock her there before resuming his sermon. She was very naughty, but oh, what larks, what larks! So I thought then, and still to-day I am querying whether that little girl — inevitably though she must, under steady parochial pressure, have been subdued to a womanhood of decency and decorum — does not to-day in middle life rejoice that once upon a time, at five, she had her little fling in her father's chancel!

But we were children of no such independent pattern; and so on every Sabbath we presented to the Parish's criticism unwriggling infant backs, little ramrods of religion, while our thoughts went flying off on impish business of their own; and, as the years flowed by, on and up to man's estate we tramped, always thrusting forward in sight of the Parish, fashionable, urban, critical, our shabby best foot, skittish though that foot might be. Holding well together, on we went, running the gauntlet of many parishes, until at last we trudged us into Littleville. We supposed my little town would be a parish too, but it is not.

Cosily remote and forgotten among its blue hills, Littleville has preserved a primitive hospitality, so that, battered nomads of much clerical adventuring, we sank gratefully into its little rectory. There was perhaps a reason for our sincerity of welcome, for if

we had had our parishes, so, too, had Littleville had its parsons. It belongs to that class of far-away, wee congregations whither they send old ministers outwearied, to be alone with old age and memories beside the empty, echoing churches reminiscent of the days when farmers attended service. And if among these venerable shepherds there have fallen to Littleville's lot some whose scholarly old wits had gone a bit doddering, so that they believed and preached whimsical doctrine, or could no longer trace without assistance the labyrinth of the liturgy, or others, younger, who had proved ministerial shipwrecks because they were burdened by some fatal handicap in child or wife,—if such have come to Littleville, Littleville has been very kindly. My little town has accepted its hay-crop as the rain has willed, and its ministers as the bishop has sent them. Its views on both visitations are produced in a spirit of comment rather than criticism; its conduct toward both is that of adaptation rather than argument.

For instance, there was that bachelor-rector who preferred the society of beasts to that of his parishioners in the rectory, and to that of his fellow saints in the new Jerusalem. During his incumbency a setting-hen occupied the fireplace in the spare room, and a dog sat on a chair at his celibate table, and crouched before the pulpit during service. Littleville did not protest; rather, of a week-day, the female members from time to time descended upon the unhappy man in his retirement, and with broom and mop-pail cleaned him up most thoroughly; and of a Sunday the whole body of the congregation listened unwinking while their rector's brandished fist demanded from their stolid faces eternal salvation for his Rover,—listened with those inscrutable eyes I have come to respect: for I know that while Littleville never argued with their parson the point of kennels in the skies, they will turn this theological morsel under their tongues down at the hardware store unto the third and fourth generation.

Then there was the vicar whose poor boy was scarred in a way that Littleville, sympathetic but always delightedly circumstantial, has painted upon my imagination. When, during this rectorate, rival sectarians would point to the goodly ruddiness of some Baptist or Methodist scion, the Littleville Anglicans would loyally argue that Seth Lawson over at Hyde's Crossing had a little girl who had four thumbs, and Seth was just a plain man, and no minister.

Tradition tells also of a parson who trod the mazes of the ritual so uncertainly that he was just as likely to jump backwards as forwards in the psalter. With inimitable delicacy Littleville would stand holding its prayer-books at attention, ready to jump with him, whichever way he went. However, certain women have confided to me how fearful they were, on their wedding-day, lest this retrograde movement might occur during the solemnization of matrimony.

Thus it came about, I fancy, that Littleville received us with relief as well as warmth, for our theology was so simple and sound that hardly could the agnostic barber find fault with it; a family studiously normal, we showed

> Never mole, harelip, nor scar,
> Nor mark prodigious;—

and we proved able to conduct service with sonorous equilibrium.

Here we have been accepted and courteously entreated. Here we have not had to live up to any parochial pretensions, for my little town does not play bridge or give dinner-parties. Here in my little town we need not rise betimes to perform miracles of domestic

service on the sly in order to be free to attend on the lordly city parishioner possessed of maid-servants and man-servants. Rather we may wear our gingham pinafores on the front porch, and pop our peas under the very nose of the senior warden, and very probably with his assistance, if he perchance slouch down beside us, blue-overalled and genial.

Littleville, always leisurely, took its time about getting acquainted with us. It hurtled us through no round of teas, it did not put us through the paces of a parish reception. Rather it came and hammered together our broken furniture, decayed by much moving, it stole in at the back door to help us when we were sick, it let us know it missed us when we went worldward, visiting. Of such as it had, it made us gifts, — a yellow pumpkin vaulting our back fence, potatoes rattling into our cellar-bins unannounced while we were still abed, golden maple syrup flowing for us at the time when tin pails gleam all up and down the street, and the sap-vats bubble and steam pungently; or perhaps the gift is the reward of the gunning season, as when a vestryman-huntsman, as we stand about the social door after church, darts aside into the coal-bin and thence presents a newspaper package streaked with pink; peeped at to please his beaming eye, it exhibits a brace of skinned squirrels, which we bear oozily homeward from divine service.

There is in the mere aspect of Littleville a latent friendliness perceptible to all eyes that give more than a touring-car glance. Over our hilly streets slumbers eternal leisure. Whatever it is, Littleville always has time to talk about it. When anything happens we all go running out of our front doors to discuss it, but otherwise our streets are very still: rows of farm-houses planted side by side for sociability, while behind each stretch its acres of stony pasture and half-shown woodland. At night, silence and darkness settle upon us early. By nine even the hotel has gone to bed, so that it would with difficulty be summoned forth in protesting pajamas if a late traveler should clamor at the door. Of a starless night you may look forth at eight and see no glimmer of light or life all up and down the street. When we come to church of a winter evening, we carry lanterns as we plod a drifted path in high-girt skirts and generous galoshes. One's sleep is sometimes startled by a flare of light that streams from wall to wall and passes, as some mysterious late lantern-bearer goes by, leaving the night again all blackness, pierced sometimes by the crazy laughter of an owl, or beaten upon by the insistent clamor of frogs.

Those who live by Littleville's quiet streets have had time to have their little ways. For example, they still have "comp'ny" in Littleville. In other places they no longer have comp'ny, no longer sacrifice for unprotesting hours and days and weeks all domestic peace and privacy to the exigencies of an intrusive guest. Comp'ny, imminent, instant, or past, is discussed in bated whispers at back doors. Assistance and sympathy are proffered as in a run of fever. As for the comp'ny itself, it knows its privileges and never resigns its prerogatives. However efficient at home, when a-visiting, it can sit on the barnyard bars in its best store suit and without an emotion of conscience watch its host milk twenty cows, or within doors it can fold its housewifely hands upon its waistline, regard without compunction a lap for once apronless, and rock and chatter hour after hour while its hostess pants and perspires to feed it. But Littleville has one revenge: one day, it, too, can put on its best and drive off, and itself be somebody's comp'ny.

Comp'ny by definition comes from abroad, invading our peaceful citadel from some hillside farm or neighboring village; within our own bulwarks we are all too neighborly for any such alien stiffness. Our streets are cheery with greeting. Among the younger fry, 'Hello' is the universal term of accost. 'Hello!' some youngster yodels to me from across the street, 'hello,' supplemented by the frank employment of my baptismal name, sign and seal of my adoption. We are careless of the little formalities of Miss and Mr. here, just as our gentlemen are careless of their hat-raising. Why should Littleville man endanger head and health from false deference to his hearty, workaday comrade, woman? From the older men, surely, twinkle and grin are greeting enough without any up-quirking of rheumatic elbows; and as for the younger men, I have a fondness for their method of raising the right index finger to the hat-brim, with a smile that points in the same direction.

Although we are without formality, certain conventions always belong to a call. The popular hours are two and six, with the tacit exemption of Saturday evening, for then we might inconsiderately intercept the gentleman of the house en route from his steaming wash-tub in the kitchen to his ice-bound bedroom. We have our set forms of greeting and departure. A hostess must always meet a caller with a hearty, 'Well, you're quite a stranger.' A caller must always remain a cordial two hours, and rising to leave must invariably say, 'Well, I'm making a visit, not a call'; to which the hostess responds, 'Why, what's your hurry?' Conversation must hold itself subject to interruption, must be prepared to arrest itself in the midst of the most lurid recital in order that all may fly to the window if man or beast or both pass by.

As to that conversation itself, we really do not care for feverish animation. We allow ourselves long pauses while we creak our rockers, pleasantly torpid. Should our emptiness become too acute, there is always one subject that can fill it. We always have the sick. We report to each other anxiously that So-and-So is having 'a poor spell,' a condition that, if obstinate, will result in the poor man or woman's 'doctoring,' a perilous substitute for home treatment. We have our hereditary nostrums of combinations quainter than Shakespeare's cauldron, and home-made brews of herbs that sound almost Chaucerian. There is suggestion still more remote in 'hemlock tea.' I am not certain of its ingredients, but its effect is to produce a state of affairs known as a 'hemlock sweat.' A 'hemlock sweat' is the last resort before sending for the doctor, and it generally brings him.

If our interest in our diseases should ever flag, we have, of course, always, our neighbors. In Littleville, gossip has become an art, in so far as it possesses the perfection of pungency without taint of malice, like the chat of an inquisitive Good Samaritan. When Littleville talks about its neighbors, I listen in reverence before a penetration I have never seen anywhere else. Littleville has not gone abroad to study human nature; it has stayed at home, and watched every flicker of its neighbor's eyelash, has marked each step taken from toddling infancy to toddling old age, has listened to every word uttered from babyhood to senility. Oh, Littleville knows its own; and knowing its own, knows other folk too. New-comer though I am, I should venture no pretense in the face of that slumbering twinkle in Littleville's eyes, — Littleville, sharp of tongue and genial in deeds.

This grace of Littleville charity,

charity, keen-eyed yet tender, can be, I suppose, the possession of stationary people only; of people who have been babies together, have wedded and worked, been born and been buried together, whose parents and grandparents also are unforgotten, whose dead lie on white-dotted hillsides in every one's knowledge. The thought of this bond of permanence, of memories, has its wistfulness for us others. You can never be very hard on the woman, however fallen, who was once the little Sallie to share her cooky with you at recess; and, however his poor grizzled head be addled now with drink and failure, a man is still the little Joey whose bare feet trod with yours the stubble of forbidden midnight orchards.

All the world looks askance at a gypsy, and we are gypsies, we clericals; yet never gypsies more involuntary, more home-loving at heart. We are pilgrims, never dropping, as we sojourn in parish after parish, the pilgrim cloak of an affable reserve. Back to the edges of my memory, we ourselves have been always the Ministry. Sundays in that straight front pew, week-days in that well-watched rectory, always the Ministry, never ourselves. But here at last in my little town is that straight cloak of ministerial decorum slipping from us? May we set down our scrip and staff? At last do we dare to be ourselves, neighbors with neighbors? Do we dare to be part of a place? Perhaps.

Already in brief years I have acquired a little of that admitted intimacy with a community that comes only through knowing some bit of its history for one's self and not on hearsay; for I have observed the course of several of our thrifty Littleville courtships whereby our youngsters in their later teens set themselves sturdily beneath the yoke of matrimony, promptly bringing forth a procession of babes, as promptly led to baptism. Also I have stood with the rest in our little graveyard when some old neighbor has been laid to rest. I share with the rest the memory of kind old hands grown motionless, and chirrupy old voices now stilled; so that some of these graves, turning slowly from raw soil to kindlier green, are mine, the stranger's.

Because those newer graves are mine, I may linger in more assured friendliness among the older ones, for to me these brief white-portaled streets of this other Littleville are kindly too; so that I like to go a-calling here also, letting my fancy knock at these low green mounds beneath the mat of periwinkle, above which sometimes flash the blue wings of birds or of sailing butterfly, while just beyond the fence the bobolinks go singing above the clover-fields. Country graveyards are pleasant places; at least ours has no gloom of tangled undergrowth and dank cypress shadow, for we are a housewifely company, and we like all things well swept and ship-shape, even cemeteries.

Even the tragedies the marbles tell are softened now. There are many little gravestones in our cemetery, recording little lives long ago cut short. Many of them belong to that winter I have heard about, a winter long before antitoxin or even disinfectants, when one Sunday in Littleville twenty children lay dead. It was sad then, but to-day to the tune of soaring bobolinks I must be thinking how gayly the little ones put on their winglets all together, and, a white flock, went trooping off, shepherded by angels. In a village graveyard where the dead lie so cosily close to home, in a graveyard so blue above and green below, one has to remember how many things are sadder than death.

I come back from reverie as the 'bus bell goes tinkling by, beyond the white-

arched gate, and I rise to gaze to see who has come to us from the world, for the 'bus comes from the train, and the train comes from far away, where the world runs its whirligig far from Littleville.

The 'bus connects us with life. When one arrives at home, usually at nightfall, there always is the old 'bus man at the train step, peering up and stretching out both welcoming arms to receive our packages and bags. When he has stowed all away, in he climbs rheumatically, and off we trundle, rattling and wheezing along, for driver and horses and 'bus are all in the last stages of decrepitude. The lantern hung between the shafts plays out its straight jet of light, but within it is so dark that I cannot guess our whereabouts until we draw up at the hotel. The hotel-keeper comes out in his shirt-sleeves to receive the fat agents we have brought him, and, peering hospitably into the dark recesses, gives me welcome too. Off and on we rumble, and as we draw rein at the post-office, the postmaster, shouldering the mail-bag, spies me and extends his hearty handshake; from the newspaper office near by, where the editor is working, comes a hazarded greeting to which I respond cheerily from my dark hole, and become forthwith one of to-morrow's items.

On and up the hill. I can just discern the white belfry against the blue-black sky. Beyond the church is the rectory, and there a lantern on the step and a ruddy door flung wide. I have drawn up, returning, to rectory doors before, but somehow in Littleville it is different; to-morrow, on Sunday, Littleville will be glad I have come back, and will say so, at church, for in Littleville Sunday is different, too.

Here there is never the Sabbath stiffness of my childhood. Here the front pew does not straighten my spine intolerably. Rather I turn half about, run a careless arm along the pew-rail, and chat huskily with my rear neighbor until church begins, and even in service I may nod encouragement to the choir if they happen to be brought to confusion in the Te Deum, or in the very sermon I may peep under some little flowered straw hat and get a delighted grin in response. When service is over I shall be a long time getting to the door, having so many hands I want to shake, for we do not call my little town, Parish; we call it home.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## ON NAMES

It is interesting to remember the fascination that names had for Balzac; to him the name not only preceded the story, but even evoked it. Resounding imaginary titles, each with its family history and characteristics, marched musically through the corridors of his mind, so that, ere he put pen to paper, the people who were to bear those names possessed a full identity. The sign of one Z. Marcas upon a street-corner became at once the kernel of a tale. The names of his characters were not so much created as discovered, and that is the ideal method.

Floating in the limbo of the creative imagination, there is a vague coagulation of habits, ideas, idiosyncrasies; it is given a name — and thereupon at once it takes form, has existence, history, destiny. Such is the effect upon us poor mortals of our immortal faith in identity.

After all, was Balzac wrong? When the creature is named is not his fate foreshadowed? There must be a key to his cypher, and many of us make use of it without realizing just what we are about. Mr. Lang calls attention to a character of Meredith's, 'whose name sounded like the close of a rich hexameter — Clare Doria Forey.' But for my part I never could believe in Miss Forey, nor summon any interest in her fate; her name is too unreal; it is created, not discovered, by the novelist who evoked her. Every time I go to the play and stare at the curtain, I protest inwardly against any one's bearing the name Lee Lash, and wonder why parents as well as novelists try to create instead of to discover the names of their progeny.

There are cases in which the name seems to have been the really evil gift of the mischievous fairy. Either it inspires confidence where confidence were misplaced, or else it tends to arouse distrust without the slightest warrant. A certain eminent cardinal must be constantly struggling against the refractory influence exerted upon his career by such a name as Merry Del Val. There is a perverse jocosity in the sound. And think of the weapon placed by inscrutable Providence in the hand of a person bearing a name so frank and trustworthy as Thérèse Humbert! No wonder there was but a collar-button in the safe. Contrariwise, if you have the wrong name, how useless even to attempt to defraud the public. Who, I ask in all sincerity, would ever trust any one called Ann Aurelia Diss Debar?

I heard of a colored butler once named Geoffrey Conquest. I know nothing about him; he must have been an admirable person. I would myself have handed him the key of the plate-chest without a reference, — his name was enough.

If, after reading the above passages of incontrovertible logic, anybody needs to be further convinced that his destiny is not recorded on the lines of his palm, nor on the bumps of his head, I will recall to his mind a supreme instance in real life of the psychological significance of names. He to whom the key was given, must from the very beginning have seen clearly through all the tortuosities of *L'Affaire*. The good and evil power of names strove

for supremacy in that contest. For instance, had Dreyfus borne the name of Lévy, the first accusation would have been impossible. But his name, with its ugly German twang, was bound to exert its malign influence upon its unfortunate possessor. This being so, doubtless the Gods of Nomenclature began to take sides in the struggle, like the gods in Homer. What name destined to die the death but Henry? What one to pique the public but Picquart? What more clouded with suspicion than Esterhazy? And what more plainly marked with villainy than that of De Paty du Clam? Could a virtuous man live, think you, called De Paty du Clam? Nor did the obscure contention end here. What trumpet-call of a name halted this infamy? — Zolà! Who was to labor in that tangle but Labori; or to listen with dignity and clemency but — Clémenceau! The riddle was almost too plain.

Your great novelist invariably discovers rather than invents the names of his people. We have often marveled at the accuracy of Dickens's Quilp and Pickwick; where he goes astray into artificialities it is because he is in too great a hurry to discover, so must invent. Thackeray is often quoted and praised for his felicity in this regard, and his mere caricatures of naming, like the Southdowns and Bareacres, — or the receptions in *Vanity Fair* attended by chickens and cheeses, — seem even less remarkable than the serious genius of names like Clive Newcome and Becky Sharp. Could Richardson's first heroine have been named other than Pamela? The gods christened her. And in the name Clarissa Harlowe, tragedy vies with distinction. Had she been called Argemone Lavington, or Emma Woodhouse, surely the same stars would not have shone upon her fate.

It is a pity that this gift of the novelist should be so conspicuously lacking to the scholar. Our antiquaries love to create, they have not the patience or the insight to discover the names buried in the sand or scrawled upon the potsherd. Men were humbler in the past: such names as Rameses and Nebuchadnezzar held shape and color, and sound and idea. But to-day these are being taken from us, the crystal shattered into meaningless syllables, the plant torn up and dried in an herbal. To the mind of Thackeray, the name of an Egyptian queen suggested a pleasant phrase. When he says, 'as dead as Queen Tiah,' we understand just the mummified condition he implies. But to-day the lady has become — the Gods of cacophony alone know wherefore — Queen *Thi-iy!* A strong protest should be registered against such an absurdity. No one cares how her majesty was pronounced in her antediluvian existence; the rendering of hieratics into English letters must needs be approximate at best. For heaven's sake, then, let us retain those names to which we have attached both associations and ideas!

There is a Dutch savant, — I never read his works, — but that they are erudite I know, and that they are distinguished I am convinced. For once I heard his name, spoken as it should be spoken, 'trippingly on the tongue,' and knew all that he must be, — all to which his name destined him. Fortunate, thrice fortunate, M. Chantepie de la Saussaye!

## SWASHBUCKLING DAYS IN VERMONT

THERE was lately tried, in Bennington County Court, a very interesting case, involving the alleged embezzlement, by one citizeness, of 'a six-quart pail of blueberries' harvested by another. The case attracted spectators, and excited comment in the press of

southern Vermont. And well it might do so. Though unlikely to be carried to the Supreme Court, the Blueberry Case may very well go down in history as the triumph of a principle, and the end of an era in Vermont.

Time was when the courts would have had no jurisdiction over such a matter, in any section of the Green Mountains. When the 'Beech Seal' was affixed, not to the deeds, but to the backs, of interlopers on the farms granted by New Hampshire; when Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga 'in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,' though 'holding,' as one historian very justly remarks, '*no commission from either*'; — when, in short, Vermont was still

> The outlaw state that held her own
> In single-handed fight
> Against the British on the left,
> The Yorkers on the right; —

then, indeed, the mountain where these blueberries were picked would have been the scene of their last reckoning; and neither of the stalwart housewives would have troubled judge or jury in the matter.

> She should take who had the power.

Turbulent, indeed, were the Green Mountains of the early days! Ethan Allen was, I think, the only great swashbuckler of the Revolution. His swaggering feats are commemorated by at least three monuments in his native state; whereas the finer genius of Seth Warner is unmemorialized, save by that graceful shaft in the mountain township of Peru. Vermont sent to Congress, in her adopted son, the Irishman Matthew Lyon, a swashbuckling legislator if ever there was one. His resort to the arbitration of fists with his colleague Griswold is not, to be sure, unparalleled in Congressional history; but there was a unique element of swagger in his solitary session in the House, when every other member of House and Senate marched away in state to pay their customary devoirs to the President. Lyon justly represented, on that occasion, his almost Jacobin constituency.

Vermont used then to cast her tiny vote with herculean energy for Thomas Jefferson. Which of our forbears in these rocky valleys could have foreseen what a phalanx we were later to present on the Conservative and Whiggish side? Republican Vermont to-day seems to require 'breaking up' more urgently than the most solid regions of the South!

Our early Democracy is departed, along with our Wild West airs of a century ago; but there survives in Vermont a very sturdy democracy of the uncapitalized description. We may, I think, be fairly called 'democratic Republicans.' Who ever heard of sumptuary laws in Vermont? The very names of our villages are a lesson in democracy. Pumpkin Hollow alternates with the proud names of Danby, Shaftesbury, and Arlington. Our southwestern counties abound in the names of famous English noblemen of the seventeenth century; a certain page of Green's History is like a roll-call of townships in Bennington, Rutland, and Windham counties. Yet intermixed with these sounding and splendid titles, on the leveling map of Vermont, are Bald Mountain, Owl's Head, Mother Merrick, Chiselville, and Bear Town.

The anecdote is still told in our valley of the reply which Mrs. Chittenden, the Governor's wife, made to some squeamish guests who objected to meeting the farmhands at dinner. 'We usually all dine together,' said the first lady of Vermont, 'but I really think there should be two tables set: the first for the farmhands, because they have been working very hard, and must be

very hungry; and the second for the rest of us, who can very well wait.'

A certain importance once attached to Vermont as the eldest daughter of the Revolution. She took a slight precedence in statehood over Kentucky. The two were, however, in sisterly agreement in their dispositions. There was a great deal of 'uppishness' in the conduct of both. Congress thought it very bad taste in any of her frontier children to demand or threaten her dignified and deliberate procedure; but Vermont and Kentucky set an example of anything but meekness and patience to the swarming young brood of would-be states.

In the old curiosity shop of history several interesting parallels can be traced between Vermont and Kentucky. Before the former entered on her half-century of prohibition, strong waters were fully as popular in the Green Mountains as in the Blue Grass. Account-books are extant of an old shop-of-all-goods in our village, where incredible quarts, nay gallons, of rum were sold to many a deacon and elder. A singular circumstance it seems that Stephen A. Douglas came from Vermont, while Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky. ('And of Sion it shall be reported, that he was born there.') The Little Giant, when he left Vermont, was but one of the crowding, ever-increasing army of emigration from 'that sapphire of a state.' Chicago in its early days was rich in Vermonters. They built up the West, and left their native valleys, as the biographer of Bishop Hopkins indignantly remarks, 'feeble and fainting' behind them. From 1850 to 1860 the railroad and the stock combined brought fewer than a hundred persons a year to Vermont.

The mountaineers swarmed, and are still swarming, away from the sugar-bush and marble-quarries of home. Like the Irish, we love home, and leave it. Unlike the Irish, we have, however, no homesick poetry. Who will write a 'Far Corrymeela,' or a 'Dark Rosaleen' about Vermont? — who will praise our

> Little stony pastures, whose flowers are sweet,
> though rare?

Ireland, however, has paid a high, a prohibitive price for her poetry. Better for Vermont that she has not been a distressful country, such as produces a Mangan or a Ferguson. And yet Company E, of the Fifth Vermont, might, I always thought, have been accorded a poem. They were recruited and drilled in my own village, and marched away to Virginia to be annihilated in an obscure skirmish, the very name of which is hardly to be found outside the files of our village paper. Into the mouths of those young men, on the eve of that dreadful little battle, might well have been put the fine lines of Miss Lawless (with a slight change in geography, and a shade less bitterness): —

> The wind is wild to-night, and there 's tempest in
> the air;
> The wind is from the North, and it seems to blow
> from Clare;
> . . . . . .
> The whole night long we dream of home, and
> waking think we're there; —
> Vain dream, and foolish waking! we never shall
> see Clare.

## THEM YELLOW-BACKS

THE love of poetry and music is dying, or dead, in America. This fact is admitted, deplored, and explained by various erudite theories. What no one has yet suggested is a way to replant the seed, to revive the love of rhythm which once found expression in folk-ballad and plantation-song. Music is recognized as a means of culture, but it is a luxury, for grand opera and Paderewski 'come high.'

How many people do you know who read poetry for delight, and sing while they saw wood or wash dishes? Even music-loving foreigners fail to hand down their folk-poetry to their children.

The sounds to be heard in America are chiefly discords: in the cities there are the roar and shriek of the cars; in the country the 'chug-chug' of the corn-shredder, or the monotonous 'click, click, click' that announces the approach, not of Peter Pan's crocodile, but of the manure-spreader. No milk-maid 'singeth blithe.' The barefoot boy, we fear, has lockjaw, — at least now he never opens his mouth to sing. Even the roustabouts on the Mississippi River steamboats no longer 'tote' freight to a musical cadence. Their chorus has given place to a high-collared darkey who pounds a tin piano or scares the peaceful cows on the river-banks with the raucous echoes of the calliope.

This musical famine in the land is lamentable, and if you are inclined to hope for better times, look over the poetry in the current periodicals, or read the latest volume of verse. Nor may we expect help from the schools. Invaluable though they may be as a means of culture, sight-singing in the grades, and the study of Shakespeare and the *Ancient Mariner*, come too late in life to instill in our children a love for rhythm and harmony; such qualities must be cultivated from infancy. When the cradle was banished from nursery and kitchen, with it went lullaby and slumber-song. Is it possible that herein lies the true explanation of the present condition, and that a well-planned course of slumber-songs for infants would tend to remedy the evil?

A recent experience has suggested this unsuspected cause for the atrophy of the musical sense. Whether the induction be logical or fanciful, the incident is in itself worth relating.

Charlie, the chore-boy on the farm, is quick, willing, a good worker, but illiterate to the last degree. Born in Illinois of American parents, at fourteen he can barely sign his name, multiply seven by nine, and spell out the baseball news in the paper. His vocabulary is so limited that he sometimes fails to obey orders because he does n't understand ordinary words. For a future president he is shockingly ignorant; Roosevelt he has heard of, but Taft and Bryan are empty names. His father and older brother he 'guesses' are Republicans, but he does n't rightly know. In American history he has 'never got beyont Washington's administration,' because he always has to stop school in March to plant corn. The study he likes best at school is 'etymology,' which, he explained in answer to questions, 'tells you all about your body.'

Realizing his deficiencies, Charlie accepts help most gratefully, and last summer we spent many a sultry evening working examples in the greatest common divisor, or reading about the Constitution, of which he said he had never heard. One night when I told him he had better go to bed, he rose with evident relief, mopping his hot little face with his shirt-sleeve. At the door, however, he balanced a moment on one foot and hesitatingly asked, —

'Miss Mary, have you got any more of them yellow-backs?'

With a confused notion of hornets and dime novels, I said, 'Yellow-backs? What do you mean?'

'Oh, them books with po'try in 'em. I read one th' other day, — it had nice po'try. You left it out in the hammock, and I read it at noon instead of taking a nap. There 't is now'; and he picked up the *Atlantic Monthly*. Turning the

pages he added, 'This is the one I read. I'd like to read some more if you happen to have another of them books handy.'

Too amazed for speech, afraid, indeed, of scaring away the shy bird by questions, I handed him the August *Atlantic*.

The next morning when I presented him with two old books, *Snowbound* and the *Courtship of Miles Standish*, his face beamed even more radiantly than when I had given him a ticket to the circus, and a few days later he said, 'I'm learnin' some o' them books by heart. I like 'em better even than the po'try in the yellow-backs.'

Now, how will you explain the love of poetry in this ignorant boy? Is it merely an accident? Is Charlie a freak, a reversion to an extinct type? Or is the explanation to be found partly in environment?

That question brought to light a few facts about the boy's home. The fourth in a family of eight children, Charlie has had considerable experience in caring for the babies, especially in putting them to bed. He confided to me that 'the quickest way to put a real little baby to sleep is to jog her while you sing.'

'What do you sing?' I inquired.

'Oh, hymns or 'most anything 'll do. I know a lot of baby-songs I've heard my mother sing.'

Charlie's father is a milkman, a reformed drunkard, who beats the drum and relates his experience in the Salvation-Army meetings on the street-corner. His mother, a little slip of a woman, leads the singing. Brought up on baby-songs and Salvation-Army hymns, Charlie has developed a love for po'try in any form, hot or cold, even the conventional sonnet.

Dare I hazard a generalization from one instance? If all babies were hushed to sleep with song, might not the next generation be musical and poetic?

DELIVERY D

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# A YEAR IN A COAL-MINE

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

TEN days after my graduation from Harvard I took my place as an unskilled workman in one of the largest of the great soft-coal mines that lie in the Middle West. It was with no thought of writing my experiences that I chose my occupation, but with the intention of learning by actual work the 'operating end' of the great industry, in the hope that such practical knowledge as I should acquire would fit me to follow the business successfully. That this mine was operated in direct opposition to the local organization of union labor and had won considerable notoriety by successfully mining coal in spite of the most active hostility, gave an added interest to the work. The physical conditions of the mine were the most perfect that modern engineering has devised: the 'workings' were entirely electrified; the latest inventions in coal-mining machinery were everywhere employed, and every precaution for the safety of the men was followed beyond the letter of the law.

## I

It was half-past six on a July morning when the day-shift began streaming out of the wash-house: some four hundred men,—white, black, and of perhaps twenty-eight nationalities,—dressed in their tattered, black, and greasy mine-clothes. The long stream wound out of the wash-house door, past the power-house where the two big generators that feed the arteries of the great mine all day long with its motive power were screaming in a high, shrill rhythm of sound,—past the tall skeleton structure of the tipple-tower, from which the light morning breeze blew black clouds of coal-dust as it eddied around the skeleton of structural iron-work,—to a small house at the mine-mouth, sheathed in corrugated iron, where the broken line formed a column, and the men, one by one, passed through a gate by a small window and gave their numbers to a red-faced man who checked down in a great book the men who were entering the mine.

From the window we passed along to a little inclosure directly above the mouth of the main hoisting-shaft. Sheer above it the black tower of the tipple pointed up into the hot, blue morning sky; and the dull, dry heat of the flat Illinois country seemed to sink down around it. But from the square, black mouth of the shaft a strong, steady blast of cool air struck the faces of the men who stood at the head of the little column waiting for the next hoist.

On the one side of the shaft-mouth, long lines of empty railroad cars stretched out beyond into the flat country, each waiting its turn to be filled some time during the day with coal that would come pouring down over the great screens in the tipple; and on the other side of the shaft-mouth, under the seamed roof of the building where the checker wrote down the numbers of the day-shift, sat the hoisting engineer — a scrawny, hard-faced man with a mine-cap pushed back from his forehead.

Beside him was the great drum on which the long steel cables that lifted and lowered the hoisting-cage were rapidly unwinding, and in his hand he held a lever by which he controlled the ascent or descent of the 'cage.' The first cage had been lowered, and as I watched him and the dial before him, I saw his hand follow his eye, and as the white arrow passed the 300-foot level, the hand drew back a notch and the long, lithe wire began to uncoil more slowly. Three hundred and fifty feet — and another notch — and as the arrow reached near the 400-foot mark, his foot came down hard on the brake, and a minute later a bell at his elbow sounded the signal of the safe arrival of the hoist. A minute, and another signal; and then, releasing his foot from the brake, and pulling another lever toward him, the drums, reversed, began to re-wind; and as the arrow flew backwards, I realized that the cage was nearing the top, — the cage on which a minute later I was to make my descent as a 'loader' into one of the largest, and perhaps most famous, of the vast soft-coal mines that lie in our Middle States.

As the thin cables streamed upward and over the sheave-wheels above the shaft and down to the reeling-drums, I looked at the men about me and felt a sudden mortification at the clean blue of my overalls, and the bright polish on my pick and shovel. A roar at the shaft-mouth, the grind of the drums as the brakes shot in, and the cage lifted itself suddenly from the shaft.

The cage, or elevator, on which the men were lowered into the mine, was a great steel box divided into four superimposed compartments, each holding ten men, and I stood, with nine others, crowded on the first or lowest deck. As the last man pushed into his place and we stood shoulder to shoulder, the hoisting engineer slowly slipped his lever again toward him, and as slowly the cage sank. Then, in an instant, the white-blue of the sky was gone, except for a thin crack below the deck above us, through which a sheet of white light sliced in and hung heavily in the dusty air of our compartment. The high song of the generators in the power-house, the choking puffs of the switch-engine in the yards, and the noise of men and work which I had not noticed before, I now suddenly missed in the absence of sound. There was a shuffling of feet on the deck above, and again we sank, and this time all was darkness, while we paused for the third deck to fill. Once more — and again for the fourth. Then, as the cage started and the roar of the shoes on the guide-rails struck my ears, I looked at the men about me. They were talking in a whirr of foreign words; and in the greasy yellow light of their pit-lamps, which hung like miniature coffee-pots in the brims of their caps, the strong, hard lines of their faces deepened. The working day was begun.

As the cage shot down, the wall of the shaft seemed to slip up, and from its wet, slimy surface an occasional spatter of mud shot in on the faces of the miners. Strong smells of garlic, of sweat, and of burning oil filled the compartment, and the air, which sucked up through the cracks beneath our feet as though under the force of a piston, fanned and pulled the yellow flames in the men's caps into smoking streaks.

Then I felt the speed of the 'hoist' diminish. A pressure came in my ears and I swallowed hard; and a second later, a soft yet abrupt pause in our descent brought me down on my heels. The black wall of the shaft before me suddenly gave away and we came to a stop on the bottom of the mine.

It was cool, and after the heat of a July morning, the damp freshness of the air chilled me. With dinner-pails banging against our knees we pushed out of the hoist; and as the men crowded past me, I stood with my back against a great timber and looked around me. Behind, the hoist had already sunk into the 'sump' or pit, at the bottom of the shaft, in order that the men on the second compartment might pass out into the mine; and a second later they swarmed by me — and still I stood, half-dazed by the roar of unknown sounds, my eyes blanketed by the absence of light, and my whole mind smothered and crushed. I was standing just off the main entry or tunnel of the mine, which began on my left hand out of blackness and passed again, on my right, into a seeming wall of darkness. The low, black roof, closely beamed with great timbers, was held by long lines of great whitewashed tree-trunks. A few electric lights shone dimly through their dust-coated globes, and the yellow flames from the men's pit-lamps, which had flared so bright in the compartment of the hoisting-cage, seemed now but thin tongues of flame that marked rather than disclosed the men.

Out of the blackness on the left, two tracks passed over a great pit and stretched on into the blackness on the right, as though into the wall of the coal itself. Then, far off, a red signal-light winked out and made distance visible; and beyond it came the sound of grinding wheels; there was the gleam of a headlight on the steel rails. The ray grew larger and two yellow sparks above it flamed out into pit-lights. A train was coming out of the entry and I waited until it should pass. With a grind of brakes it suddenly loomed out of the blackness and into the dull haze of light at the shaft-bottom. With a a roar it passed by. The locomotive, a great iron box, was built like a battering-ram, the headlight set in its armor-plated bow, and behind, on two low seats, as in a racing automobile, sat the motorman and the 'trip-rider' or helper, the motorman with one hand on the great iron brake-wheel, the other on his controller, and the trip-rider swinging on his low seat, half on the motor and half over the coupling of the rocking car behind, clinging to the pole of the trolley. Their faces were black with the coal-dust, — black as the motor and their clothing, — and from their pit-lamps the flames bent back in the wind and streamed out straight along their cap-tops. Low above the head of the trip-rider the wheel on the trolley streaked out sudden bursts of greenish-white sparks along the wire; and as the train passed by, the roar of the locomotive gave place to the clattering of the couplings of the long string of stocky cars, each heaped high with its black load of coal. Some one seized me by the elbow.

'What 's yer number,' he asked.

'419.'

'Loader? New man?'

I nodded.

'Then come along with me.'

He was a tall, thin man, who walked with his head thrown forward and his chin against his chest as though in constant fear of striking the low beams overhead. I followed him, stumbling rather clumsily over the broken coal beside the track. The train had come to a stop over the pit between the rails, and men with iron bars were beating loose the frogs and releasing the hopper-bottoms of the cars. Heavy clouds of

fine coal-dust poured up from the cars as the coal roared down into the bins; and the clanking of metal, the crash of falling coal, and the unintelligible shouting of the foreigners, filled the entry with a dull tumult of sounds. Dodging the low trolley-wire which hung about five feet above the rails, we crawled across the coupling between two of the cars to the other side of the entry and walked to the left, past the locomotive where the motorman was still sitting in his low seat, waiting to pull out his train of empty cars into the sudden darkness of the tunnel beyond. Then, for the first time, I learned that mines are echoless, and that sound — like light — is absorbed by the blotter-like walls of the tunnels.

We walked down the entry between the rails, and after a hundred yards turned with the switch in the track sharply to the right, and again on. Sense of direction or angles was lost, and, like the faces in a foreign race of people, where one can see little or no individuality, so here, each corner seemed the same, and in a hundred yards I was utterly lost. Above was the smooth, black roof; below, the ties and the rails; and on either side, behind the two long rows of props, the face of the coal-seam, which glittered and sparkled in the light from our pit-lamps like a dull diamond. We talked a little. My companion asked me where I had worked before, how much I knew of mines, and a few other questions; and still we walked on, dodging the low wire that comes level with one's ear, and stumbling over the layer of broken coal that lay strewn here and there between the rails.

The silence was like the darkness — a total absence of sound, rather than stillness, as my first impression of the mine had been that of an absence of light, rather than of darkness. The smoking lights in our caps seemed to press out through the blackness twenty feet around us, where the light disappeared and was gone. And always in front of us, out of the black darkness, the two long lines of props on either side of the track stepped one by one into the yellow haze of light and sank again into darkness behind us as we walked.

The air was cool and damp, but as we turned the last corner the dampness seemed suddenly gone from it. It was warmer and closer. Here the track swerved up from one of the main tunnels into a 'room,' and at the end, or 'heading' of this room, which we reached a few minutes later, empty and waiting for its first load, stood one of the square cars which I had seen before at the mine-bottom and which we passed several times on sidings by the track. The car was pushed up to the end of the track and its wheels 'spragged' by two blocks of coal. Here the tunnel suddenly ended, and from the blank, back 'face' a rough, broken pile of coal streamed down on both sides of the car and reared up before it against the roof.

'Just shovel 'er full, then wait till the motor takes her out and sends in an empty, and fill that one. I 'll look in on you once in a while and see how you 're getting along.'

Then he turned and walked down the track and left me in the dim light of my single pit-lamp.

II

In the first days of coal-mining — as in many mines to-day where modern methods have not superseded those of old-time miners — a man did all the work. With his hand-drill he bored into the face of the coal at the head of his room, or entry, and from his keg of powder he made long cartridges and inserted them into his drill-holes. Then, when the coal was blasted down, and he had broken it with a pick, he loaded it

with his shovel into a car; and trimming square the face of the tunnel, propping when necessary, he pushed on and on until he broke through and joined the next tunnel or completed the required length of that single entry.

But to-day these conditions are, in most instances, changed. The work begins with the 'machine-men,' who operate the 'chain-machines.' In order that the blast may dislodge by gravity an even block of coal the dimensions of the cross-section of the tunnel, these men cut with their machines a 'sump-cut,' or, in other words, carve out an opening level with the floor, about six inches high and six feet deep at the end of the tunnel. The machines — which are propelled by electricity — consist of a motor and a large oblong disk, about which travels an endless chain containing sharp steel 'bits' or picks. The machine is braced, the current turned on, and the disk advanced against the coal, automatically advancing as the bits grind out the coal. As soon as the machine has entered to the full six feet, the disk is withdrawn and the cut continued until it extends across the entire face.

In the evening the drillers, with their powerful air-drills, bore a series of five or six six-foot 'shot-holes,' four along the roof, and two on each side for the 'rib-shots.' Then a third crew of men, the 'shot-firers,' fill the deep drill-hole with long cartridges of coarse black powder, and blast down the coal, which falls broken and crumbled into the cut prepared by the machine-men. In the morning, when the ever-moving current of air, forced into the mine by the fan at the mouth of the air-shaft, has cleared away the dust and smoke, the loaders enter the mine and all day long load into the ever-ready cars the coal that has been blasted down, until the 'place' is cleaned up, and their work is done. Then they move on to another 'place,' and so the work goes on in a perfect system of rotation.

My companion had told me, as we walked from the mine-bottom, that his name was Billy Wild. 'Call me Billy,' he said; and as we walked down the track to the main entry, he turned and called over his shoulder, 'You're in Room 27, third west-south. That's where you are, if you want to know.' The light in my lamp was burning low, and I sat down on a pile of coal beside the track, lifted it out of the socket in my cap, and pried up the wick with a nail which one of the men 'on top' had given me for the purpose. Then I stripped to the waist and began to load, shovelful after shovelful, each lifted four feet and turned over into the waiting car, for two long hours, sometimes stopping to break with my pick great blocks of coal that were too large to lift, even with my hands. Then finally, lumps of coal began to show above the edge of the car, and I 'trimmed' it, lifting some of the larger pieces to my knees, then against my chest, and then throwing them up on the top of the pile.

The noise of the shovel scraping against the floor and the clatter of the coal as the great pile slid down and filled each hole that I dug out at its foot, filled the tunnel with friendly sounds; but when the car was loaded and I slipped on my coat and sat down on a pile of fine coal-dust beside the track to wait, silence suddenly submerged me. I could hear my heart beat, and curious noises sang in my ears. Up in the roof, under the stratum of slate above the coal, came a trickling sound like running water — the sound of gas seeping out through the crevices in the coal. I was wet with sweat, and my face, hands, and body were black where the great cloud of dust which my shovel had created, had smeared my wet skin. Dull pains in the small of my back

caught me when I moved, and every muscle in my body ached. (In a week my hands had blistered, the blisters had broken, and then over the cracked flesh ingrained with coal-dust healing callouses had begun to form.)

Then, far off in the distance, came a muffled, grinding sound that grew louder and louder, — a sound that almost terrified. A dull, yellow light, far down in the mouth of the room, outlined the square of the tunnel, and then, around the corner came the headlight of the electric 'gathering' or switching locomotive, and above it, the bobbing yellow flames of two pit-lamps. With a grinding roar, the motor struck the upgrade and came looming up the tunnel, filling it with its bulk. There was sound and the silence was gone. The coupling of the locomotive locked with the coupling of the waiting car, and they rumbled away. Once more the locomotive came, this time with an 'empty' to be filled. In the old days, mules were used to 'gather' the loaded cars, and, in fact, are still employed in most mines to-day; but electricity permits bigger loads, and the dozen or two of mules that lived in the mine were used only where it was impossible to run the locomotives.

At the end of the week I was given a companion, or 'buddy.' Our lockers in the wash-house were near together, and we usually went down on the same hoist; but some mornings I would find Jim ahead of me, waiting by the scale-house. Jim rarely took the full benefit of the wash-house privileges, and morning found him with the dirt and grime of the work of the previous day still on his face. He was a Greek, short, with a thin, black moustache, which drooped down into two 'rat-tail' points. Around each eye a heavy black line of coal-dust was penciled, as though by an actor's crayon. His torn black working clothes, greasy with oil dripped from his pit-lamp, hung on him like rags on a scarecrow. From the scale-house we walked up the now familiar entries in 'third west-south' to the room where we worked, and dug out our picks and shovels from under a pile of coal where we had hidden them the night before. Then in the still close air of the silent room we began each morning to fill the first car.

Down in the scale-house, where the cars were hauled over the scales set in the track, before being dumped into the bins between the rails, Old Man Davis took the weights; and when the loader's number — a small brass tag with his number stamped upon it — was given to him, he marked down opposite it the pounds of coal to the loader's credit; and so each day on the great sheet, smootched with his dusty hands, stood a record of each man's strength measured in tons of coal.

When Jim and I worked together, we took turns hanging our numbers inside the car, and each night we remembered to whose credit the last car had been, and the next morning, if my number had been hung in the last car of the day before, Jim would pull one of his tags out of his pocket and hang it on the hook just inside the edge of the empty car. Then, he on one side and I on the other, we worked, shovelful after shovelful, until the coal showed above the edge. And then came the 'trimming' with the great blocks that had to be lifted and pushed with our chests and arms up on the top of the filled car.

Time went slowly then, for we could load a car together in less than an hour; and sometimes it took an hour and a half before the 'gathering' motor would come grinding up into the room to give us an 'empty.' In those long half-hours we would sit together on a pile of coal-dust beside the track and try to talk to each other.

Jim was a Greek, and from what I was able to gather, he came from somewhere in the southern part of the peninsula. I remembered a little Homer, and I often tried stray words on him; but my pronunciation of the Greek of ancient Athens was not the Greek of Jim Bardas; and although he recognized attempts at his own tongue and oftentimes the meaning of the words, it was not until we discovered a system of writing that we began to get along. Mixed in with the coal that had been blasted down by the shot-firers the night before, we occasionally found strips of white paper from the cartridges. We always saved these and laid them beside our dinner-pails; and when the car was filled and we had sat down again in the quiet beside the track, we would take our pit-lamps out of our caps and, rubbing our fingers in the greasy gum of oil and coal-dust that formed under the lamp-spout, we would write words with our fingers on the white strips of paper: ἄνθρωπος, ἵππος, Ἕλληνες.

Jim knew some English, the word for coal, car, loader — and he learned that my name was Joe, and called me 'My friend,' and 'buddie.' Then sometimes, after the fascination of writing words had worn away, we would sit still and listen to the gas or for the approach of the motor; and sometimes when the wicks in our lamps had burned low, I would take out of my pocket the round ball of lamp-wick and, like old women with a skein of yarn, we would wind back and forth, from his fingers to my own, sixteen strands of lamp-wick; and then, tying the end in a rude knot and breaking it off, stick the skein of wick down the spout of the lamp until only the end remained in sight. Next, lifting the little lid on the top, we would fill the body with oil, shaking it until the wick was thoroughly soaked so that it would burn.

III

There was comparatively little gas in the mine. Each morning, as we entered our room, we made a rough test for gas, for occasionally during the night some door down in the entry was accidentally left open and the air-current, short-circuited, might fail to reach up into the room and clean out the ever-generating gas. And so, as we left the entry, we would take our lamps from our caps and, walking one before the other, holding them out before us and slowly lifting them above our heads, watch to see if a sudden spurt of blue flame from the pit-lamps would disclose the presence of 'fire-damp,' the most feared of all mine-gases.

There is always some gas up under the roof at the head of a room or an entry, and when the cars were loaded we would sometimes burn it out, holding our lamps high up against the roof until the gas up in the end of a drill-hole, or in a hollow of a rock, burst suddenly into a soft blue and yellow flame that puffed out against the roof and down toward our hands. There was never much of it, but once in a while where the drill bored through into a pocket, there was more gas than the men anticipated; and twice I have seen men come staggering down the entry, holding their faces in their hands, when the flame had swerved suddenly down and caught them. We could always hear it — the trickling, like water running over pebbles; and sometimes, too, as we sat and waited, we could hear far up in the strata above a sudden crackling as the pressure of four hundred feet of solid stone bent beneath its weight the supporting timbers and pillars of coal that held up the roof of the mine. Old miners call these noises the 'working' of a mine; and often, where the rooms were close together and the walls of coal between

them were thin, there was a constant splintering sound and louder noises that would bring us suddenly to our feet in a little panic of fear.

It is not the loading, nor the long hours with the shovel and pick, that grind into the brain; but it is the silence and the waiting, the silence and then the sounds, and then the silence again.

A coal-mine is a vast city in an underground world. Beside the hoisting-shaft, down which the men are lowered into the mine and from which the coal is lifted in great 'skips,' or more often in the mine-cars themselves, there is the air-shaft. These are usually the only two connections between the mine and the outer world. Shaft one, where we worked, was about four hundred feet below the surface, and comprised over seventy-five miles of tunnels laid out by the engineers' transit according to a perfect system for the hauling of the coal and the ultimate mining of the maximum quantity. From the air-shaft to the hoisting-shaft ran the main tunnel, or entry; and parallel and at right angles with this tunnel ran other entries, dividing the mine into great sections.

Down into the air-shaft, every hour of the day and night, an enormous fan in the fan-house at the top of the shaft pumped air into the mine, and by means of many doors, stoppings, and bridges or 'overcasts,' this strong current of air passed through every mile of tunneling, never crossing its own path and never stopping, until it again reached the main entry, but this time at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, through which — fouled by the gases, the dust, and impurities of the mine — it poured out, a cold blast in summer, and in winter a tower of misty vapor that ascended far into the structure of the tipple-tower above the shaft-mouth. To keep this current of air from taking the path of the least resistance and 'short-circuiting,' cutting off whole sections of the mine, there was arranged a system of doors which were opened to allow the trains and the mine-cars to pass, and closed again when they had gone through. As an additional precaution to take care of this life-blood circulation, without which work in the mine would be impossible, inspectors — whose duty it was to measure the strength of the current, and to inspect the doors and stoppings to see that no part of the mine escaped the cleansing draft — passed constantly from place to place, testing for the presence of gas with their safety-lamps, and ever measuring the volume and flow of the air-current.

And through all this vast system of tunnels ran the great underground electric railway, with its low-hanging wire, its switching-stations, its sidings, and its main belt-line. Small electric locomotives in the various outlying sections of the mine gathered the loaded cars from the rooms where they were filled by the loaders, and made up the trains on sidings near the main belt-line. All day long the large 13-ton locomotives gathered these trains and dragged them past the scale-house — where Old Man Davis checked up the weight of the loaded cars to each man's credit — to the great pit between the rails at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, where half-naked, blackened Greeks beat open the hopper-bottoms and dropped the coal down into the waiting bins below. And from the bins, with automatic regularity, giant buckets or 'skips' lifted the coal four hundred and six feet upward to the open air, and then fifty feet more to the top of the tipple-tower, where like a tumbling torrent it poured down over the sorting-screens into the railroad cars beneath.

There were four hundred men on the day-shift; and the loaders were, for

the most part, Bulgarians and Greeks. Few spoke English, and few had been many years in America. Some worked and saved in order to return at a future day to the Old Country and purchase with their earnings an acre or two that would give them a position in the little village of their birth. Others plodded on, sending monthly remittances to their families and hoping against hope that they too might some day return. Others, with less strong ties of home and country, spent their earnings prodigally on gay clothes from the Company Store, and much beer in the evening at the long boarding-houses half a mile from the mine.

There was Big John, a huge Bulgarian giant, who had figured that a dollar a day was sufficient to give him all that life offered. His great body was able to earn twice that sum during the working day, for we were paid entirely by piece-work, and a loader, at the rate of twelve and a half cents a ton, might earn as high as $2.25 a day. But he was lazy, and learning that the only excuse for laziness was sickness, each day at two o'clock in the afternoon, Big John presented himself to Pete Christofalus, the 'cage-boss,' at the mine-bottom, and rubbing his stomach with one hand, told him, 'Me sick; thees place no got steam, no can work,' and demanded that he be allowed to leave the mine. There were others who would work at night, in addition to the day, if they were permitted. An old Russian and his son, who would enter the mine on the earliest shift in the morning, worked all day long, enraged and clamoring for cars if they did not receive empties immediately, and sometimes the track-men on the night-shift would find them loading all the empty cars that they could find and leaving late at night, to retire alone to the corner of the room at the boarding-house in which they lived.

Once or twice on Greek Church days the white starched kilts and braided jackets of Macedonia gave color to the dingy streets, and once came a half-dozen Egyptians who added their copper faces to our medley of nations. The head men were Americans, Scotchmen, and Englishmen. I can remember how 'Uncle Jimmy' wept on the Fourth of July when the band played 'Dixie,' and how quiet steel-eyed Sandy would take his fiddle (Harry Lauder had been in St. Louis that winter), and marching up and down the little parlor of his house, stroke out with no tender touch, but with a wealth of feeling, 'I Love a Lassie.'

'Little Dick,' interpreter, spoke ten tongues, and read Virgil. When he was drunk you might guess that he had been once a gentleman, and that there was a reason for his leaving Austria; dull sobriety vulgarized him.

In every tunnel ran the long, thin pipe along the rail, through which came the compressed air to drive the air-drills of the night-shift. The air in the room-headings was supposed to be good enough for men to work in if it was free from gas, but sometimes when the smoke from the pit-lamps and the smells of sweat and garlic, and the fine clouds of coal-dust that rose against the roof with every shovelfull, made it rank and choking, we would take our picks, and working loose the valve in the air-pipe, hold our hands and faces in the strong, cool stream that seemed to come, driven by an unknown power, from a world above.

The temperature in a mine is about the same, year in and year out; cool in summer, and warm in winter, in comparison to the outer air; but when the exertion of labor brought the sweat streaming out from every pore, the water in our dinner-buckets seemed sometimes almost too warm to drink, and it was Jim who taught me to loosen

the valve on the air-pipe and, propping my dinner-bucket with a chunk of coal against the vent, chill the water with a blast of compressed air.

Day after day we loaded, and one day when the great pile of coal that had been shot down by the night-men had been shoveled into the cars and dragged away, and we had attacked the loosened blocks at the head of the room with our picks, there was a hollow sound, and a minute later my pick struck through and we found that we had broken into the heading of a room driven from another entry in the opposite direction from ours; and half an hour later we were talking to two Greeks who had climbed through the opening.

Up in the wash-house, by a locker near to my own, I often chatted with another loader at the beginning or at the end of the day. We went down on the same hoist one morning, and an hour later, as my first car stood half-filled, the section boss came tramping noisily up the track and told us that the shift was called off. As we reached bottom, a motor came grinding down the track, and in the pale light of the pit-lamps and the flashing green of the trolleys, we saw a long, white bundle, wrapped in the coarse canvas that is used to build stoppings for the ventilation system. It was the man whom I had known in the wash-house — the man who, an hour before, had gone with me into the mine. We had parted at the mine-bottom, and he had gone up to his room, a half-mile from the shaft; a room in which the track, turning from the main entry, ran up at a fairly high grade to the heading. There he found an empty car waiting for him — one of the great, heavy, square cars that stood ready each morning to begin the day. Climbing up, perhaps to hang his brass tag inside, he had kicked loose from under the wheel the block of wood that held it, or perhaps the weight of his body had moved the car; at all events, it had become loosened and had started down the track. Catching a piece of wood in his hand, he had followed it, vainly trying to block its wheels. At the foot of the room, where it joined the main entry at right angles, the track ran within a few inches of the solid wall of coal. In the darkness, the man had misjudged his distance and the car had caught him between the coal and its side, and had passed on.

That evening, as we walked home to the boarding-house, we saw a dozen men walk slowly from the Company Hospital carrying on their shoulders a long white-pine box. Perhaps he had hoped some day to return to his village; perhaps he sent monthly remittances to his family in some obscure town in the Croatian highlands; or perhaps he had come alone, seeking a fortune in a new land.

## IV

To the ear accustomed to the constant sound of a living world, the stillness of a coal-mine, where the miles of cross-cuts and entries and the unyielding walls swallow up all sounds and echo, is a silence that is complete; but, as one becomes accustomed to the silence through long hours of solitary work, sounds become audible that would escape an ear less trained. The trickling murmur of the gas; the spattering fall of a lump of coal, loosened by some mysterious force from a cranny in the wall; the sudden knocking and breaking of a stratum far up in the rock above; or the scurry of a rat off somewhere in the darkness — strike on the ear loud and startlingly. The eye, too, becomes trained to penetrate the darkness; but the darkness is so complete that there is a limit, the limit of the rays cast by the pit-lamp.

There is a curious thing that I have

noticed, and as I have never heard it mentioned by any of the other men, perhaps it is an idea peculiar to myself; but on days when I entered the mine with the strong yellow sunlight and the blue sky as a last memory of the world above, I carried with me a condition of fair weather that seemed to penetrate down into the blackness of the entries and make my pit-lamp burn a little more brightly. On days when we entered the mine with a gray sky above, or with a cold rain beating in our faces, there was a depression of spirits that made the blackness more dense and unyielding, and the lights from the lamps seemed less cheerful.

Sometimes the roof was bad in the rooms, and I soon learned from the older miners to enter my room each morning testing gingerly with my pit-lamp for the presence of gas and reaching far up with my pick, tapping on the smooth stone roof to test its strength. If the steel rang clean against the stone, the roof was good; but if it sounded dull and drummy, it might be dangerous. Sometimes, when the roof was weak, we would call for the section boss and prop up the loosened stone; but more often, the men ran their risk. We worked so many days in safety that it seemed strange that death could come; and when it did come, it came so suddenly that there was a surprise, and the next day we began to forget.

I had heard much of the dangers that the miner is exposed to, but little has been said of the risks to which the men through carelessness subject themselves. Death comes frequently to the coal-miners from a 'blown-out shot.' When the blast is inserted in the drill-hole, several dummy cartridges are packed in for tamping. If these are properly made and tamped, the force of the explosion will tear down the coal properly, but if the man has been careless in his work, the tamps will blow out like shot from a gun-barrel, and igniting such gas or coal-dust as may be present, kill or badly burn the shot-firers. The proper tamping is wet clay, but it is impossible to convince the men of it, and nine out of ten will tamp their holes with dummies filled with coal-dust (itself a dangerous explosive) scooped up from the side of the track. Again, powder-kegs are sometimes opened in a manner which seems almost the act of an insane man. Rather than take the trouble to unscrew the cap in the head of the tin powder-keg and pour out the powder through its natural opening, the miner will drive his pick through the head of the keg and pour the powder from the jagged square hole he has punched. And these are but two of the many voluntary dangers which a little care on the part of the men themselves would obviate.

A mine always seems more or less populated when the day-shift is down, for during the hours of the working day, in every far corner, at the head of every entry and room, there are men drilling, loading, and ever pushing forward its boundaries. At five o'clock the long line of blackened miners which is formed at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, begins to leave the mine; and by six o'clock, with the exception of a few inspectors and fire-bosses, the mine is deserted.

The night-shift began at eight, and it was as though night had suddenly been hastened forward, to step from the soft evening twilight on the hoist, and, in a brief second, leave behind the world and the day and plunge back into the darkness of the mine.

We were walking up the track from the mine-bottom toward six west-south, — Billy Wild, Pat Davis, two track-repairers, and I. As we turned the corner by the run-around, there came suddenly from far off in the thick stillness a faint tremor and a strong

current of air. The 'shooters' were at work. For a quarter of a mile we walked on, stopping every once in a while to listen to the far-off 'boom' of the blasts that came through the long tunnels, faint and distant, as though muffled by many folds of heavy cloth. We pushed open the big trappers' door just beyond where First and Second Right turn off from the main entry, and came into the faint yellow glow of a single electric lamp that hung from the low beamed roof.

Beside the track in a black niche cut in the wall of coal, two men were working. A safe twenty feet from them their lighted pit-lamps flared where they were hung by the hooks from one of the props. Round, black cans of powder tumbled together in the back of the alcove, a pile of empty paper tubes, and great spools of thick, white fuse lay beside them. We sat down on the edge of the track at a safe distance from the open powder, and watched them as they blew open the long, white tubes and with a battered funnel poured in the coarse grains of powder until the smooth, round cartridge was filled, a yard or two of white fuse hanging from its end. In fifteen minutes they had finished, and one of the men gathered in his arms the pile of completed cartridges and joined us in the main entry.

A few minutes later, as we neared the heading, a sudden singing 'boom' came down strongly against the air-current and bent back the flames in our pit-lamps. Far off in the blackness ahead, a point of light marked the direction of the tunnel; another appeared. Suddenly, from the thick silence, came the shrill whine of the air-drills. A couple of lamps, like yellow tongues of flame, shone dimly in the head of the tunnel and the air grew thick with a flurry of fine coal-dust. Then below the bobbing lights appeared the bodies of two men, stripped to the waist, the black coating of dust that covered them moist with gleaming streaks of sweat.

'How many holes have you drilled?' yelled Wild, his voice drowned by the scream of the long air-drill as the writhing bit tore into the coal.

There was a final convulsive grind as the last inch of the six-foot drill sank home, then the sudden familiar absence of sound save for the hiss of escaping air.

'All done here.'

Slowly the two men pulled the long screw blade from the black breast of the coal, the air-hose writhing like a wounded snake about their ankles. The driller who had spoken wiped his sweaty face with his hands, his eyes blinking with the dust. He picked up his greasy coat from beside the track and wrapped it around his wet shoulders.

'Look out for the gas,' he shouted. 'There is a bit here, up high.'

He raised his lamp slowly to the jagged roof. A quick blue flame suddenly expanded from the lamp and puffed down at him as he took away his hand.

In the black end of the tunnel six small holes, each an inch and a half in diameter and six feet deep, invisible in the darkness and against the blackness of the coal, marked where the blasts were to be placed. On the level floor, stretching from one wall of the entry to the other, the undercut had been ground out with the chain-machines by the machine-men during the afternoon, and as soon as the blasts were in and the fuses lighted, the sudden wrench of these charges would tear down a solid block of coal six feet deep by the height and depth of the entry, to fall crushed and broken into the sump-cut, ready for the loaders on the following morning.

Selecting and examining each cartridge, the shooters charged the drill-

holes. Two cartridges of black powder, tamped in with a long copper-headed rod, then dummies of clay for wads, leaving hanging like a great white cord from each charged drill-hole a yard of the long, white fuse.

We turned and tramped down the tunnel and squatted on the track a safe fifty yards away. Down at the end of the tunnel we had just deserted bobbed the tiny flames of the lights in the shooters' pit-caps. There was a faint glow of sparks. 'Coming!' they yelled out through the darkness, and we heard them running as we saw their lights grow larger. For a minute we silently waited. Then from the far end of the tunnel, muffled and booming like the breaking of a great wave in some vast cave, came a singing roar, now like the screech of metal hurled through the air, and the black end of the tunnel flamed suddenly defiant; a solid square of crimson flames, like the window of a burning house; and a roar of flying air drove past us, putting out our lights and throwing us back against the rails.

'It's a windy one,' yelled Wild. 'Look out for the rib-shots.'

Like a final curtain in a darkened theatre, a slow pall of heavy smoke sank down from the roof, and as it touched the floor, a second burst of flame tore it suddenly upward, and far down the entry, the trappers' door banged noisily in the darkness. Then we crept back slowly, breathing hard in an air thick with dust and the smell of the burnt black powder, to the end of the tunnel, where the whole face had been torn loose — a great pile of broken coal against the end of the entry.

Often, bits of paper from the cartridges, lighted by the blast, will start a fire in the piles of coal-dust left by the machine-men; and before the shooters leave a room that has been blasted, an examination must be made in order to prevent the possibility of fire.

All night long we moved from one entry to another, blasting down in each six feet more of the tunnel, which would be loaded out on the following day; and it was four in the morning before the work was finished.

It was usually between four and five in the morning when we left the mine. As we stepped from the hoist and left behind us the confining darkness, the smoky air, and the sense of oppression and silence of the mine below, the soft, fresh morning air in the early dawn, or sometimes the cool rain, seemed never more refreshing. One does not notice the silence of a mine so much upon leaving the noise of the outer world and entering the maze of tunnels on the day's work, as when stepping off the hoist in the early morning hours when the world is almost still: the sudden sense of sound and of living things emphasizes, by contrast, the silence of the underworld. There is a noise of life, and the very motion of the air seems to carry sounds. A dog barking half a mile away in the sleeping town sounds loud and friendly, and there seems to be a sudden clamor that is almost bewildering.

V

It is natural that a mine should have its superstitions. The darkness of the underworld, the silence, the long hours of solitary work, are all conditions ideal to the birth of superstition; and when the workmen are drawn from many nationalities, it is again but natural that the same should be true of their superstitions.

One night when Carlson, the general manager, was sitting in his office, there was a knock at the door, and two loaders, from the Hartz Mountains, came into the room, talking excitedly, with Little Dick, the interpreter. Their story was disconnected, but Carlson gathered the main facts. They had

been working in the northwest corner of the mine, in an older part of the workings, and on their way out that afternoon, as they were passing an abandoned room, they had noticed several lights far up at its heading. Knowing that the room was no longer being worked, and curious as to who should be there, they had walked up quietly toward the lights. Here their story became more confused. There were two men they insisted — and they were certain that they were dwarfs. They had noticed them carefully, and described them as little men, with great picks, who were digging or burying something in the clay floor at the foot of one of the props. A sudden terror had seized them, and they had not delayed to make further investigation; but on the way out they had talked together and had decided that these two strange creatures had been burying some treasure: 'a pot of gold,' one of them argued.

Carlson was interested. The questions and answers grew more definite and more startling. The two men whom they had seen were certainly hump-backed. They were wielding enormous picks, and one of the loaders believed that he had seen them put something into the hole. Then came their request that they might be allowed to go back that night into the mine, and with their own tools go to this abandoned room and dig for the buried treasure. It was against precedent to allow any but the night-shift into the mine, but superstitions are demoralizing, and the best remedy seemed to be to allow them to prove themselves mistaken. An hour later they were lowered on the hoist; and all that night, alone in the silence of the mine, they dug steadily in the heading of the abandoned room, but no treasure was discovered. All the next night they dug, and it was not until seven nights' labor had turned over a foot and a half of the hard clay of the entire heading that they abandoned their search.

It is the custom of the men, when they leave the mine at the close of the shift, to hide their tools; and the imaginations of the loaders, worked upon by eight hours of solitary work, had doubtless seen in the forms of two of their companions who were hiding their shovels the traditional gnomes of their own Hartz Mountains.

In another part of the mine another superstition was given birth that led to a more unfortunate result. This time it happened among the Croatians, and, unfortunately, the story was told throughout the boarding-houses before the bosses learned of it, and one morning a great section of the mine was abandoned by the men. Up in the headings of one of the entries — so the story went — lived the ghost of a white mule. As the men worked with the coal before them, and the black emptiness of the tunnel behind, this phantom mule would materialize silently from the wall of the entry, and with the most diabolical expression upon its face, creep quietly down behind its intended victim, who — all unconscious of its presence — would be occupied in loading his car. If the man turned, and for even a fraction of a second his eyes rested upon the phantom, the shape would suddenly disappear; but if he were less fortunate and that unconscious feeling of a presence behind him did not compel him to turn his eyes, the phantom mule would sink his material teeth deep into the miner's shoulder; and death would follow. It was fortunate, indeed, that the only two men who had been visited by this unpleasant apparition had turned and observed him.

Perhaps it had been the sudden white glare cast from the headlight of a locomotive far down the entry, or per-

haps it had been entirely the imagination, but, at all events, a man had come from his work early one afternoon inspired with this strange vision, and the next day another man also had seen it. The story was noised around, and two days later the men stuck firmly to their determination that they would not enter that part of the mine. Fortunately for the superintendent, a crowd of Bulgarians had just arrived from East St. Louis seeking employment. The Croatians were sent into another part of the mine to work, a mile from the haunted entries, where there were no unpleasant ghosts of white mules to disturb their labors; and so long as the mine remained in operation there is no further record of the unpleasant ramblings of this fantastical animal; at least, none of the Bulgarians ever saw it.

With the mule came the ghost of a little white dog; but for some curious reason, although the dog was reported by many to have run out from abandoned rooms and barked at the men as they stumbled up the entry, but little attention was paid to it, and it seemed to possess no particularly disturbing influence.

There were many Negroes in the mine and they, too, had their 'h'ants' and superstitions; but these were of a more ordinary nature. In Room 2, third west-south, a sudden fall of rock from the roof had caught two miners. Tons of stone had followed, and in a second, two men had been crushed, killed and buried. Death must have been instantaneous, and months of labor would have been required to recover the bodies, which were probably crushed out of human resemblance; but even years after this happened, Room 2 was one that was carefully avoided by all the Negroes, and if it ever became necessary for one of them to pass it alone, he would always go by on the run; for back under the tons of white shale that came down straight across the room-mouth the ghosts of Old Man Gleason and another, whose name was forgotten, still remained — immortal.

It was to prevent the establishment of such superstitions that the shift was always called off for the day if a man was killed in the mine; and the next morning when the men returned to their work, the section boss of that section in which the unfortunate miner had met his death took particular care to place several men together at that place in order that no superstition might grow up around it.

[In the next issue, Mr. Husband will describe a long fight against fire in the mine. — The Editors.]

# THE PATRICIANS

## BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

[Lord Milton, son of the Earl of Valleys, and grandson of Lady Casterley of 'Ravensham,' is in the thick of a political campaign. By birth, training, and education he represents the old order, and is opposed by Humphrey Chilcox, with whom is associated a socialistic leader, Courtier, who is an enthusiast in the cause of Peace.

Milton, dreamy and ascetic, meets by chance a Mrs. Noel, discreetly referred to by the family as 'Anonyma.' They are mutually attracted. Little is known of her antecedents, and Lady Casterley determines to keep them apart. During one of his daring speeches against Milton's candidacy, a mob attacks Courtier, and Milton goes to his rescue. To do so, he happens, by chance, to leave Mrs. Noel's house at a late hour in the evening. In the resulting fray Courtier is slightly injured, and is removed to 'Ravensham.' While he is talking to Lady Valleys a young girl enters the drawing-room.]

### VII

She had been riding, and wore high boots and a skirt which enabled her to sit astride. Her eyes were blue, and her hair — the color of beech-leaves in autumn with the sun shining through — was coiled up tight under a small soft hat. Five feet nine inches in height, she moved like one endowed with great length from the hip-joint to the knee; and there radiated from her whole face and figure such perfect joy in life, such serene, unconscious vigor, as though Care fled before her, and she had winged to the earth straight from the home of Good Fortune.

'Ah, Babs!' said Lady Valleys. 'My daughter Barbara — Mr. Courtier.'

Greeting Courtier with a smile of the frankest curiosity, the young girl said, —

'Milton's gone up to town, mother; I was going to motor into Bucklandbury after lunch, and fetch Granny. Anything I can do for you?'

'Nothing, my dear; unless Mr. Courtier would like an airing. Is your leg fit, do you think?'

Having looked at Barbara, Courtier replied, —

'It is.'

From the Monkland estate, flowered, lawned, and timbered, to the open moor, was like passing to another world. When the last lodge of the western drive was left behind, there came into sudden view the most pagan bit of landscape in all England. In this parliament-house of the wild gods, clouds, rocks, sun, and winds met and consulted. The 'old' men too had left their spirits among the great stones, which lay couched like lions on the hill-tops, under the white clouds, their brethren, and the hunting buzzard-hawks. Here the very rocks were restless, changing form, sense, and color from day to day, as though worshiping the unexpected, and refusing themselves to law. The winds in their passage up here revolted against their courses, and came tearing down wherever there were combes or crannies, so that men in their shelters might still learn the power of the wild gods.

The wonders of this prospect were somewhat lost on Courtier, too busy admiring his young companion, too conscious of the curiosity masked by self-possession in her blue eyes.

They passed the wreck of a little

house standing close to a wild stone man who had possessed that hill before ever there were men of flesh. Over this sorry ruin one patch of roof still clung, but all the rest was open to the sun, the starlight, or the mist.

'They say,' said Barbara, 'that Ashman is still seen in his Folly.'

'Alive?'

'Not quite — it's just a hundred years ago.'

'What made him build up here?'

'He hated women, and — the roof fell in on him.'

'I see: a crank — like me; I was almost going to say, like your brother, Lady Barbara.'

He saw her eyes opening wide; and this childlike gesture secretly delighted him.

'I don't think you must call Milton names. He is a dear.'

'I quite see that,' said Courtier.

An exhilaration had come on him. Whatever life might do to others, it could surely not touch this beautiful young creature! She was like a thoroughbred filly stepping out of Ascot paddock for her first race, with the sun gleaming on her satin chestnut skin, her neck held high, her eyes all fire — as sure to win as that God had made grass green. It was difficult to believe her Milton's sister. It was difficult to believe any of those four young Caradocs related. The grave ascetic Milton, wrapped in the garment of his spirit — mild, domestic, strait-laced Agatha — Bertie, muffled, shrewd, and steely — and this frank, joyful, conquering Barbara — the range was wide.

But the car had left the moor, and down a steep hill began to pass numbers of small villas and little gray workmen's houses outside the town of Bucklandbury.

'I have to go on to Milton's headquarters, Mr. Courtier. Shall I drop you at the enemy's? Stop, please, Frith.'

And before Courtier could assent, they had pulled up at a house on which was inscribed with extraordinary vigor, 'Chilcox for Bucklandbury.'

Hobbling into the committee-room of Mr. Humphrey Chilcox, Courtier took with him the scented memory of youth, and ambergris, and Harris tweed. In that room three men were assembled round a table. The eldest of these, who had little gray eyes, a stubbly beard, and that mysterious something only found in those who have been mayors, rose at once and came toward him.

'Mr. Courtier, I believe,' he said bluffly; 'glad to see you, sir. Most distressed to hear of this outrage. Though in a way, it's done us good. Yes, really. Grossly against fair play. Should n't be surprised if it turned a couple of hundred votes. You carry the effects of it about with you, I see.'

A thin, refined man with wiry hair came up, too, holding a newspaper in his hand.

'It has had one rather embarrassing effect,' he said. 'Read this!

'"Outrage on a Distinguished Visitor."

'"Lord Milton's Evening Adventure."'

The man with the little eyes broke an ominous silence.

'One of our side must have seen the whole thing, jumped on his bicycle, and brought in the account before they went to press. They make no imputation on the lady — simply state the facts. Quite enough,' he added, with impersonal grimness; 'I think he's done for himself, sir.'

The man with the refined face said nervously, —

'We could n't help this, Mr. Courtier; I really don't know what we can do. I don't like it a bit.'

'Has your candidate seen it?' Courtier asked, in a rather husky voice.

'Can't have,' struck in the third committee-man; 'we had n't seen it ourselves until an hour ago.'

'I should never have permitted it,' said the man with the refined face; 'I blame the editor greatly.'

'Oh! well! come to that,' said the little-eyed man, 'it's a plain piece of news. If it makes a stir, that's not our fault. The paper imputes nothing; it states. Position of the lady happens to do the rest. Can't help that; and moreover, sir, speaking for self, don't want to. We'll have no loose morals in public life down here, please God!'

There was real feeling in his words; then, catching sight of the expression of Courtier's face, he added, 'Do you know this lady, sir?'

'Ever since she was a child. Whoever speaks evil of her, has to reckon with me.'

The man with the refined face said earnestly, —

'Believe me, Mr. Courtier, I entirely sympathize. We had nothing to do with the paragraph. It's one of those incidents where one benefits against one's will. Most unfortunate that this lady came out on to the green with Lord Milton; you know what people are.'

'It's the headline that does it,' said the third committee-man; 'they've put what will attract the public.'

'I don't know, I don't know,' said the little-eyed man stubbornly; 'if Lord Milton will spend his evenings with lonely ladies, he can't blame anybody but himself.'

Courtier looked from face to face.

'This closes my connection with the campaign,' he said. 'What's the address of this paper?'

And without waiting for an answer, he took up the journal and hobbled from the room. He stood a minute outside, to find the address of the paper, then made his way down the street.

## VIII

Barbara sat leaning back amongst the cushions of the car. In spite of being already launched into that high-caste life which brings with it such early knowledge of the world, she had still some of that eagerness in her face which makes children lovable. And encircled by the aureole of her high destiny, she seemed to the citizens of Bucklandbury part of the glamour of that summer day. In their eyes, turned toward her, could be seen a glimmer of the devotion crystallized for all time in the eye of Botticelli's cow. A candle was lighted in their hearts at sight of her.

It was not merely that she was beautiful, for the girl in the post-office had as much beauty; it was rather that she satisfied for them the deep mysterious longing in the souls of Englishmen, to slant their eyes just a little upwards. That longing, crudely sneered at in the phrase, 'he dearly loved a lord,' had in truth built the whole national house, and insured it afterwards. No little thing was that upturned eye — the foe of cynicism, pessimism, or anything French or Russian; the parent of all the national virtues and all the national vices. It did not grudge or envy, but admired, and so it had founded sentiment; it could not see things fair and square, and so it had begotten muddle-headedness. It had brought forth the twins, independence and servility. It had encouraged conduct, and sat heavily on speculation. Men had called it snobbery; men had called it the political sense. It was very deep; and where it came from, no one knew.

Sitting in the centre of that upturned eye, Barbara looked at it a little eagerly, though a little carelessly. A little eagerly because life was full of joy, and this was part of life; a little carelessly because they were mostly such funny little people.

She was thinking of Courtier. To her he was a creature from another world, and something of a wounded knight. She wanted to stroke and pet him; to be amused and petted by him. She had met so many men, but not as yet one quite of this sort. It was rather nice to be with a man who was clever, who had none the less done so many out-door things, been through so many bodily adventures. The mere writers, or even the 'Bohemians,' whom she occasionally met, were after all only 'chaplains to the Court,' necessary to keep aristocracy in touch with the latest developments of literature and art. But this Mr. Courtier was a man of action; he could not be looked on with the amused, admiring toleration suited to men remarkable only for ideas, and the way they put them into paint or ink. He had used, and could use, the sword, even in the cause of Peace. He could love, had loved. If Barbara had been a girl of twenty in another class, she would probably never have heard this, and if she *had* heard, it might very well have dismayed or shocked her. But she had heard, and without shock; not because she was unhealthy-minded, but because she knew that men were like that, and women too sometimes.

It was with quite a little pang of motherly concern that she saw him hobbling down the street toward her. And when he was once more seated, she told the chauffeur, 'To the station, Frith. Quick, please!' and began, — 'You're not to be trusted a bit. What were you doing over there?'

But Courtier smiled grimly, and did not answer.

This was almost the first time Barbara had ever yet felt up against something that would not yield to her; she quivered, as though she had been touched lightly with a whip. Her lips closed firmly, and her eyes began to dance. 'Very well, my dear,' she thought. But presently stealing a look at him, she became aware of such a queer expression on his face that she forgot she was offended.

'Is anything wrong, Mr. Courtier?'

'Yes, Lady Barbara, something is very wrong — that cursed mean thing, the human tongue.'

Barbara had an intuitive wisdom of the world, a knowledge of how to handle things, a kind of moral sang-froid, drawn in from the faces she had watched, the talk she had heard, from her youth up. She trusted those intuitions.

'Has it anything to do with Mrs. Noel?' Seeing that it had, she added quickly, 'And Milton?'

Courtier nodded.

'I thought that was coming. Let them babble! Who cares?'

Courtier looked at her. 'Good!' he said.

But the car had drawn up at Bucklandbury station.

The little steel-clad figure of Lady Casterley, coming out of the station doorway, showed but slight sign of her long travel. She stopped to take the car in, from chauffeur to Courtier.

'Well, Frith! Mr. Courtier, is it? I know your book, and I don't approve of you, sir; you're a dangerous man. How do you do? I must have those two bags. The cart can bring the rest — Randle, get up in front, and don't get dusty — Keep still, with your poor leg — We can sit three. — Now, my dear, I can kiss you! You've grown!'

Lady Casterley's kiss, once received, was never forgotten; neither perhaps was Barbara's. Yet were they different. For, in the first case, the old eyes, bright and investigating, could be seen deciding the exact spot for the lips to touch, then the face with its firm chin was darted forward; the lips paused a second, as though to make quite certain, suddenly dug hard and dry into

the middle of the cheek, quavered for the fraction of a second, as if trying to remember to be soft, and were relaxed like the elastic of a catapult. And Barbara's? First a sort of light came into her eyes, then her chin tilted a little, then her lips pouted a little, her body quivered, as if it were getting a size larger, her hair breathed, there was a sweet little sound, it was over.

While she was kissing her grandmother thus, Barbara looked at Courtier. 'Sitting three' as they were, he was touching her, and it seemed to her somehow that he did not mind this.

The wind had risen, blowing from the west, and sunshine was flying on it. There was a dapple of light, and blue-black shadows. The call of the cuckoos — a little sharpened — followed the swift-traveling car. And that essential sweetness of the moor, born of the heather-roots and the southwest wind, was stealing out from under the young ferns.

With her thin nostrils distended to this scent, Lady Casterley bore a resemblance to some small, fine, game-bird.

'You smell nice down here,' she said. 'Now, Mr. Courtier, before I forget — who is this Mrs. Noel that I hear so much of?'

For the life of her, Barbara could not help sliding her eyes round at him. How would he stand up to Granny? It was the moment to see what he was made of. Granny was terrific!

'A very charming woman, Lady Casterley.'

'No doubt; but I am tired of hearing that. What is her story?'

'Has she one?'

'Ha!' said Lady Casterley.

Ever so slightly Barbara let her arm press against Courtier's. It was delicious to hear Granny getting no forwarder.

'I may take it she *has* a past, then?'

'Not from me, Lady Casterley.'

And again Barbara gave him that imperceptible and flattering touch.

'Well, this is all very mysterious. I shall find out for myself. You know her, my dear. You must take me to see her.'

'Dear Granny! If people had n't pasts they would n't have futures.'

Lady Casterley let her little steel-like hand descend on her grand-daughter's thigh.

'Don't talk nonsense, and don't stretch,' she said, 'you're too large already.'

The great dining-hall at Monkland was one of the finest of its period in the United Kingdom. And since they who dined in it numbered, at the moment, only twelve, they were collected at a table athwart the eastern end.

From their casual references to this great room, no one would have suspected the Caradocs of the possessive pride in it which had soaked into their fibre till it had vanished into their spiritual life.

Courtier found them all in possession of the news. Lady Agatha and her husband, Sir William Shropton, — whose grandfather had been created a baronet by the fourth William, on account of a great and useful fortune made in iron, — had brought it back from Staverton. Lord Harbinger had been interrupted there in his speech by rude questions, and informed of the rumor afterwards by the local agent. The Hon. Geoffrey Winlow, having sent his wife on, had flown over in his bi-plane from Winkleigh, and brought a copy of 'the rag' with him. The one member of the house-party who had not heard the report before dinner, was Lord Dennis Fitz-Harold, Lady Casterley's brother, known in society by the nickname of 'Old Magnificat.'

Little, of course, was said at dinner.

DELIVERY D



But after the ladies had withdrawn, Harbinger, with that plain-spoken spontaneity which was rather charming in connection with his handsome face, uttered words to the effect that, if they did not fundamentally kick that rumor, it was all up with Milton. Really this was serious! And the beggars knew it, and they were going to work it. And Milton had gone up to town, no one knew what for. And it was the devil of a mess!

'What is, my dear young man?' The voice was that of 'Old Magnificat' — why so called, no one now knew, for the name had come down from the fifties, when he who bore it was at Eton.

Looking for the complement and counterpart of Lady Casterley, one would have chosen out her brother. All her steely decision was negated in the profound urbanity of that old man. His voice and look and manner were like his velvet coat, which had here and there a whitish sheen, as if it had been touched by moonlight. His hair too had that sheen. His very delicate features were framed in a white beard and moustache of Elizabethan shape. His eyes, hazel and still clear, looked out with a strange, rather touching directness, and that kindly simplicity which persists in the eyes of some old people who will never learn better. His face, though unweathered and unseamed, and too fine and dry in texture, had a strange affinity with the faces of old sailors or fishermen, who have lived a simple life of conduct in the light of an overmastering tradition.

Owing to lack of advertising power, natural to one not conscious of his dignity; and to his devotion to a certain lady, only closed by death, his life had been lived, as it were, in shadow. Yet, in spite of this, he possessed peculiar influence, because it was known to be impossible to get him to look at things in a complicated way. He was regarded as a last resort. 'Bad as that? Tut, tut! Well, there's "Old Magnificat"! Try him! He won't advise you, but he'll say something. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!'

In the heart of that irreverent young man, Lord Harbinger, there stirred a sort of affectionate misgiving. Had he expressed himself too freely? Had he said anything too thick? He had forgotten the old boy! And stirring Bertie up with his foot, he murmured, 'Forgot you did n't know, sir. Bertie will explain.'

Thus called on, Bertie opened his lips a very little way, and fixing half-closed eyes on his great-uncle, began.

'Lady at the cottage — nice woman — Mr. Courtier knows her — old Milton goes there sometimes — rather late the other evening — these devils making the most of it — suggesting, you know — lose him the election. Rot!'

His last word was rich with resentment. Old Milton had been a flat to let the woman out with him on to the green, showing clearly where he had come from when he ran out to Courtier's rescue. Old Milton was as steady as Time; but you could n't play about with women who had no form that any one knew anything of, however promising they might look.

What was to be done, then? Winlow asked. Should Milton be wired for? A thing like this spread like wild-fire!

Sir William Shropton — a man not accustomed to underrate difficulties — was afraid that it was going to be difficult. Lord Harbinger wished to know what Mr. Courtier had done when he heard it in the afternoon? Severed his connection? Good! Spoken his mind? Good! Cursed the editor? D—d good! Where was Milton? At Valleys House? It might n't be too late to wire to him. The thing ought to be stemmed at once.

Then, out of another silence came the words, —

'I am thinking of this poor lady.'

Turning a little abruptly toward that dry suave voice, and recovering the self-possession which seldom deserted him, Harbinger murmured, —

'Ah! yes. Quite so, sir; of course.'

## IX

In the lesser withdrawing-room, used when there was so small a party, Mrs. Winlow had gone to the piano and was playing to herself. For Lady Casterley, Lady Valleys, and her two daughters had drawn together, as though united in face of this invading rumor.

It was curious testimony to Milton's character that, no more here than in the dining-hall, was there any doubt of the integrity of his relations with Mrs. Noel. But whereas there the matter was confined to its electioneering aspect, here that aspect was already perceived to be only the fringe of its importance. The feminine mind, going with intuitive swiftness to the core of anything which affected their own males, had already grasped the fact that the rumor would, as it were, chain a man of Milton's temper to this woman.

But they were walking on such a thin crust of facts, and there was so deep a quagmire of supposition beneath, that talk was almost painfully difficult. Never before perhaps had each of these four women realized so clearly how much Milton — that rather strange and unknown grandson, son, and brother — counted in the scheme of things. Their suppressed agitation was manifested in very different ways.

Lady Casterley, upright in her chair, showed it only by an added decision of speech, a continual restless movement of one hand, a thin line between her usually smooth brows.

Lady Valleys wore a puzzled look, as if she were a little surprised that she felt serious.

Agatha looked frankly anxious. She was in her quiet way a woman of much character, endowed with that natural piety which accepts without questioning the established order in life and religion. Essentially domestic, her thoughts and aspirations forever revolved round her husband and children, for whom no exertion that she could make was ever grudged. The world to her was home and family; and of all that she instinctively felt to be dangerous to this ideal, she had a real, if gently expressed, horror. People judged her a little quiet, dull, and narrow; they compared her to a hen forever clucking round her chicks. The streak of heroism that lay in her nature was not of the order which is patent. Her feeling about her brother's situation was sincere, and was not to be changed or comforted. She saw him in danger of being damaged in the only sense in which she could conceive of a man — as a husband and a father. It was this that went to her heart, though her piety proclaimed to her also the peril of his soul; for she shared the High Church view of the indissolubility of marriage.

Barbara stood by the hearth, leaning her white shoulders against the carved marble, her hands behind her, looking down. Now and then her lips curled, her level brows twitched, a faint sigh came from her; sometimes a little smile broke out, and was instantly suppressed. She alone was silent — Youth criticizing Life; her judgment seemed to voice itself in the untroubled rise and fall of her young bosom, the impatience of her brows, the downward look of her blue eyes, full of a lazy, inextinguishable light.

'If he were n't such a queer boy!' Lady Valleys sighed. 'He's quite cap-

able of marrying her from sheer perversity.'

Lady Casterley gripped the gilded rails of her chair.

'Out of the question!' she exclaimed.

'You have n't seen her, my dear. A most unfortunately attractive creature — a really nice face.'

Agatha said quietly, —

'Mother, if she *was* divorced, I don't think Eustace would.'

'There's *that*, certainly,' murmured Lady Valleys. 'Hope for the best.'

'H'm!' muttered Lady Casterley; 'don't you even know that?'

'The vicar,' murmured Lady Valleys, 'says it was she who divorced her husband, but he's very charitable; it may be as Agatha hopes.'

'I detest vagueness. Why does n't some one ask the woman?'

'You shall come with me, Granny dear, and ask her yourself; you will do it so nicely.'

Lady Casterley looked up at the audacious speaker.

'H'mph!' she said. 'We shall see.'

Something struggled with the autocratic criticism of her eyes. No more than the rest of the world could she help indulging Barbara. As one who believed in the divinity of her order, she liked this splendid child. She liked, and even admired — though admiration was not what she excelled in — that warm joy in life, as of some great nymph, parting the waves with bare limbs, tossing from her the foam of breakers. She felt that in her, rather than in the sweet and good Agatha, the patrician spirit was housed.

There were points to Agatha, earnestness and high principle; but something morally a little narrow and over-Anglican slightly offended the practical, this-worldly temper of Lady Casterley. It was a weakness, and she disliked weakness. Barbara would never skirmish with moral doubts or matters of form, such as were not really essential to aristocracy. She might indeed err too much the other way from sheer high spirits. As the impudent child had said, 'If people had no pasts, they would have no futures.' And Lady Casterley could not bear people without futures. She was ambitious; not with the vulgar ambition of one who had risen from nothing, but with the higher passion of one on the top, who meant to stay there.

'And where have *you* been meeting this — er — anonymous creature?' she asked.

Barbara came from the hearth, and bending down beside Lady Casterley's chair, seemed to envelop her completely.

'I'm all right, Granny; she could n't corrupt me.'

Lady Casterley's small carved-steel face peered out from that warmth, wearing a look of disapproving pleasure.

'I know your wiles!' she said. 'Come now!'

'Well, I see her about. She's nice to look at. We always have a talk.'

Again with that hurried quietness Agatha said, —

'My dear Babs, I do think you ought to wait.'

'My dear angel, why? Who cares if she's had four husbands?'

Agatha bit her lips, and Lady Valleys laughed.

'You really are a terror, Babs,' she murmured.

The sound of Mrs. Winlow's music ceased, the men were coming in; instantly the faces of the four women changed. They seemed to don an outer garment, as though making ready for a game. The talk at once became a swift, incessant tossing of semi-jesting nothings. It glanced from the War Scare — Winlow had it very specially that this would be over in a week — to

Brabrook's speech, in progress at that very moment, of which Harbinger provided an imitation. It sped to Winlow's flight — to Andrew Grant's articles in *The Parthenon* — to the caricature of Lord Harbinger in *The Cackler*, inscribed 'The New Tory — L-rd H-rb-ng-r bringing Social Reform beneath the notice of his friends,' which depicted him introducing a naked baby to a number of coroneted old women. Thence to a semi-nude dancer, and how some one had said she wore too many clothes; thence to the Bill for Universal Assurance; then back to the War Scare. Then to the last book of a great French writer; and once more to Winlow's flight.

Not one of these subjects, except perhaps Winlow's flight, was without its intellectual value, or its spiritual significance; but the talk, interspersed with personal gossip, skimmed lightly from surface to surface, as though each talker were thinking, 'If once I admit that anything has depth, I shall seem in real earnest, and if I seem in real earnest — Good God!'

Courtier was not present; he had gone straight to his room after dinner. And suddenly in that queer, half-hypnotized way in which talk falls on the absent member of a group, it fastened on him.

Lord Dennis, at the far end of the room, studying a portfolio of engravings, felt a touch on his cheek, and conscious of a certain fragrance, said without turning his head, —

'Well, Babs?'

Receiving no answer, he looked up.

There indeed stood Barbara, biting her under lip.

'What is it, my dear?'

'Don't you hate sneering behind people's backs?'

There had always been good comradeship between these two, since the days when Barbara, a golden-haired child, astride of a gray pony, had been his morning companion in the Row all through the season. His riding days were past; he had now no out-door pursuit but fishing, which he followed with the extraordinary persistence and tranquillity of a straightforward nature, which feels the mysterious finger of old age laid across it. Though she was no longer his companion, he still had a habit of expecting her confidences, and of listening to them gravely.

But she had moved away from him, over to the window.

It was one of those nights, dark yet gleaming, when there seems a flying malice in the heavens; when the white stars, and the black clouds about them, are like eyes frowning and flashing down at men with purposed malevolence. The trees, even, had caught this spirit; so that those great dumb sighing creatures had more than their wonted look of life. But one, a dark spire-like cypress, planted three hundred and fifty years ago, whose tall form incarnated the very spirit of tradition, neither swayed nor soughed like the others. From her, too close-fibred, too resisting, to admit the breath of nature, only a dry rustle came. Still almost exotic, in spite of her centuries of sojourn, and now brought to life by the eyes of the night, she seemed almost terrifying, in her narrow, spear-like austerity, as though something had dried and died within her.

Barbara turned from the window; and Lord Dennis, looking at her curiously, said, —

'What's the matter, Babs?'

'We can't do anything in our lives, it seems to me, but *play* at taking risks!'

'I don't think I quite understand, my dear.'

'Look at Mr. Courtier!' muttered Barbara. 'His life's so much freer, so

much more risky altogether, than any of our men-folk lead!'

'Let me see,' said Lord Dennis; 'what has he done? I'm not up with these things.'

'Oh! I dare say not very much; but it's all neck or nothing. But what does anything matter to Harbinger, for instance? If his Social Reform comes to nothing, he'll still be Harbinger, with thirty thousand a year.'

'But surely,' murmured Lord Dennis, 'the young man is in earnest?'

Barbara shrugged; a strap slipped a little off one white shoulder.

'It's all play; and he knows it is — you can tell that from his voice. He can't help its not mattering, of course; and he knows that too.'

'Old Magnificat' looked up at her.

'I have heard that he's after you, Babs; is that true?'

'He has n't caught me yet.'

'Will he?'

Barbara's answer was another shrug; and, for all their statuesque beauty, the movement of her shoulders was like the shrug of a little girl in her pinafore.

'And this Mr. Courtier,' said Lord Dennis slyly; 'are you after him, Babs?'

'I'm after everything; did n't you know that, dear?'

'In reason, my child,' said 'Old Magnificat' dryly.

'In reason, of course — like poor Eusty!'

The voice of Lord Harbinger interrupted them.

'Will you sing that particular song I like, Lady Babs?'

His gallant, easy face and figure, in the type commonly known as Norman, wore an air as nearly approaching reverence as was ever to be seen there. In truth, the way he looked at Barbara was rather touching.

They moved away together. Lord Dennis, gazing after that magnificent young couple, stroked his beard gravely.

## X

Milton's sudden journey to London had been undertaken in pursuance of a resolve slowly forming from the moment he met Mrs. Noel in the stone-flagged passage of Burracombe Farm. If she would have him — and since last evening he believed she would — he intended to marry her.

It has been said that except for one lapse his life had been austere, but this is not to assert that he had no capacity for passion. The contrary was the case. That flame which had been so jealously guarded, had flared up within him the moment his spirit was touched by the spirit of this woman. She was the incarnation of all that he desired. Her hair, her eyes, her form, the tiny tuck or dimple at the corner of her mouth just where a child places its finger; her way of moving, a sort of unconscious swaying or yielding to the air; the tone of her voice, which seemed to come not so much from her own happiness as from an innate wish to make others happy; and that natural, if not robust, intelligence, which belongs to the very sympathetic, and is rarely found in women of great ambitions or enthusiasms — all these things had twined themselves round his heart. He not only dreamed of her and wanted her, but he believed in her. She filled his thoughts as one who could never do wrong, as one who, though a wife, would remain a mistress, and though a mistress, would always be the companion of his spirit.

It has been said that no one spoke or gossiped about women in Milton's presence, and the tale of her divorce was present to his mind simply in the form of a conviction that she was an injured woman. He had only once al-

luded to it, soon after he first saw her, in answer to the speech of a lady staying at the Court: 'Oh, yes, I remember her case perfectly. She was the poor woman who —' 'Did *not*, I am certain, Lady Bonington.'

The tone of Milton's voice had made some one laugh uneasily; the subject was changed.

All divorce was against his sentiment, but in a blurred way he admitted that there were cases where divorce was unavoidable. He was not a man to ask for confidences, or expect them to be given him. He himself had never confided his spiritual struggles to any living creature; and the unspiritual struggle had little interest for Milton. He was ready at any moment to stake his life on the perfection of the idol he had set up in his soul, as simply and straightforwardly as he would have placed his body in front of her to shield her from harm.

The same fanaticism which looked on his passion as a flower by itself, entirely apart from its suitability to the social garden, was also the driving force which sent him up to London to declare his intention to his father before he spoke to Mrs. Noel. The thing should be done simply, and in right order. For he had that kind of moral courage found in those who live retired within the shell of their own aspirations. It was not perhaps so much active moral courage as indifference to what others thought or did, coming from his inbred resistance to the appreciation of what they felt.

That peculiar smile of the old Tudor Cardinal, which had in it invincible self-reliance, and a sort of spiritual sneer, played over his face when he thought of his father's reception of the coming news; and very soon he ceased to think of it at all, burying himself in the work he had brought with him for the journey. For he had in high degree the faculty, so essential to public life, of switching off his whole attention from one subject to another.

On arriving at Paddington he drove straight to Valleys House.

This enormous dwelling, with its pillared portico, seemed to wear an air of faint surprise that, at the height of the season, it was not more inhabited. Three servants relieved Milton of his little luggage; and having washed, and learned that his father would be dining in, he went for a walk, taking his way toward his rooms in the Temple. His long figure, somewhat carelessly garbed, attracted the usual attention, of which he was as usual unaware.

He strolled along the Strand, meditating deeply. He was thinking of a London, an England, different from this flatulent hurly-burly, this omnium gatherum, this great discordant symphony of sharps and flats. A London, an England, kempt and self-respecting; swept and garnished of slums and plutocrats, advertisement and jerry-building, of sensationalism, vulgarity, vice, and unemployment. An England where each man should know his place, and never change it, but serve in it loyally in his own caste. Where every man, from nobleman to laborer, should be an oligarch by faith, and a gentleman by practice. An England so steel-bright and efficient that the very sight should suffice to impose peace. An England whose soul should be stoical, and fine with the stoicism and fineness of each soul amongst her many million souls; where the town should have its creed and the country its creed, and there should be contentment and no complaining in her streets.

And as he walked down the Strand, a little ragged boy cheeped out between his legs, —

'Bloodee discoveree in a Bank — Grite sensytion! Pi—er!'

Milton paid no heed to that saying;

yet, with it, the wind that blows where man lives, the careless, wonderful, unordered wind, had dispersed his austere and ordered vision. Great was that wind — the myriad aspirations of men and women, the praying of the uncounted multitudes to the goddess of Sensation — of Chance, and Change. A flowing from heart to heart, from lip to lip, as in spring the wistful air wanders through a wood, imparting to every bush and tree the secrets of fresh life, the passionate resolve to grow, and *become* — no matter what! A sighing, as eternal as the old murmuring of the sea, as little to be hushed, as prone to swell into sudden roaring!

Milton held on through the traffic, not looking overmuch at the present forms of the thousands he passed, but seeing with the eyes of faith the forms he desired to see. Near St. Paul's he stopped in front of an old book-shop. His grave, pallid, not unhandsome face was well known to William Rimall, its small proprietor, who at once brought out his latest acquisition — a More's *Utopia*. That particular edition (he assured Milton) was quite unprocurable — he had never sold but one other copy, which had been literally crumbling away. This copy was in even better condition. If not used, it might last another twenty years — a genuine book, a bargain. There was n't so much movement in More as there had been two years back.

Milton opened the tome, and a little book-louse who had been sleeping on the word 'Tranibore,' began to make its way slowly toward the very centre of the volume.

'I see it 's genuine,' he said.

'It 's not to read, my lord,' the little man warned him. 'Hardly safe to turn the pages. As I was saying — I've not had a better piece this year. I have n't really!'

'Shrewd old dreamer,' said Milton; 'the Socialists have n't got beyond him, even now.'

The little man's eyes blinked, as though apologizing.

'Well,' he said, 'I suppose he *was* one of them. I forget if your lordship 's very strong on politics?'

Milton smiled.

'I want to see an England, Rimall, something like the England of More's dream. But my machinery will be different. I shall begin at the top.'

The little man nodded.

'Quite so, quite so,' he said; 'we shall come to that, I dare say.'

'We must, Rimall.'

And Milton turned the page.

The little man's face quivered.

'I don't think,' he said, 'that book 's quite strong enough for you, my lord, with your taste for reading. Now I've a most curious old volume here — on Chinese temples. It 's rare — but not too old. You can peruse it thoroughly. It 's what I call a book to browse on — just suit your taste. Funny principle they built those things on,' he added, opening the volume at an engraving, 'in layers. We don't build like that in England.'

Milton looked up sharply; the little man's face wore no signs of understanding.

'Unfortunately we don't, Rimall,' he said; 'we ought to and we shall. I'll take this book.' Placing his finger on the print of the pagoda, he added, 'A good symbol.'

The little bookseller's eyes strayed down the temple to the secret price-mark.

'Exactly, my lord,' he said; 'I thought it 'd be your fancy. The price to *you* will be twenty-seven and six.'

Milton, pocketing the book, walked out. He made his way into the Temple, left the book at his chambers, and passed on to the bank of Mother Thames. The sun was loving her passionately

that afternoon; he had kissed her into warmth and light and color. And all the buildings along her banks, as far as the towers at Westminster, seemed to be smiling. It was a great sight for the eyes of a lover. And another vision came haunting Milton, of a soft-eyed woman with a low voice, bending amongst her flowers. Nothing would be complete without her; no work would bear fruit; no scheme could have full meaning.

Lord Valleys greeted his son at dinner with good-fellowship and a faint surprise.

'Day off, my dear fellow? Or have you come up to hear Brabrook pitch into us? There's no longer any doubt — no trouble this time, thank God!'

And he eyed Milton with that clear gray stare of his, so cool, level, and curious. Now, what sort of bird *is* this — it seemed saying. Certainly not the partridge I should have expected from his breeding!

Milton's answer, 'I came up to tell you something, sir,' riveted his father's stare for a second longer than was quite urbane.

It would not be true to say Lord Valleys was afraid of his son. Fear was not one of his emotions, but he certainly regarded him with a respectful curiosity that bordered on uneasiness. The oligarchic temper of Milton's mind and political convictions almost shocked one who knew both by temperament and experience how to wait in front! This instruction he had frequently had occasion to give his jockeys when he believed his horses could best get home first in that way. And it was an instruction he longed to give his son. He himself had 'waited in front' for over fifty years, and he knew it to be the best way of insuring that he would never be compelled to alter this admirable policy — for something in Lord Valleys's character made him fear that, in real emergency, he would exert himself to the point of the gravest discomfort sooner than be left behind.

A fellow like young Harbinger, of course, he understood — versatile, 'full of beans,' as he expressed it to himself in his more confidential moments, who had imbibed the new wine (very intoxicating it was) of desire for social reform. He would have to be given his head a little, but there would be no difficulty with him, he would never 'run out,' — light, handy build of horse that only required steadying at the corners. He would want to hear himself talk, and be let feel that he was doing something.

All very well, and quite intelligible; but when it came to Milton (and Lord Valleys felt this to be no mere paternal fancy), it was a very different business. His son had a way of forcing things to their conclusions which was dangerous, and reminded him of his mother-in-law. He was a baby in public affairs, of course, as yet; but as soon as he once got going, the intensity of his convictions, together with his position and real gift, — not of the gab, like Harbinger's, but of restrained, biting oratory, — was sure to bring him to the front with a bound in the present state of parties.

And what were those convictions? Lord Valleys had tried to understand them, but up to the present he had failed. And this did not surprise him exactly, since, as he often said, political convictions were not, as they appeared on the surface, the outcome of reason, but merely symptoms of temperament. And he could not understand because he could not sympathize with any attitude toward public affairs that was not essentially level, attached to all the plain, common-sense factors of the case. Yet he could not fairly be called a temporizer, for deep down in him there was undoubtedly a vein of

obstinate, fundamental loyalty to the traditions of a caste which prized high spirit above everything. But Milton was altogether too much the 'pukka' aristocrat. He was no better than a Socialist, with his confounded way of seeing things all cut and dried; his ideas of forcing reform down people's throats and holding it there with the iron hand! With his way, too, of acting on his principles! Why! he even admitted that he acted on his principles! This thought always struck a very discordant note in Lord Valleys's breast. It was almost indecent; worse — ridiculous!

The fact was, the dear fellow had unfortunately a deeper habit of thought than was wanted in politics — dangerous — very! Experience might do something for him! And out of his own long experience the Earl of Valleys tried hard to recollect any politician whom practice had left untouched. He could not think of a single one. But somehow this gave him little comfort; and, above a piece of late asparagus, his steady eyes sought his son's. What had he come up to tell him?

The phrase was ominous; he could not recollect Milton's ever having told him anything. For though a really kind and indulgent father, he had — like so many men occupied with public and other lives — a little acquired toward his offspring the look and manner: Is this mine? Of his four children, Barbara alone he claimed with conviction; he admired her, and, being a man who savored life, he was unable to love much except where he admired. But, the last person in the world to hustle any man or force a confidence, he waited to hear his son's news, without betraying his uneasiness.

Milton seemed in no hurry. He described Courtier's adventure, which tickled Lord Valleys a good deal.

'Ordeal by red pepper! Should n't have thought them equal to it. So you've got him at Monkland now? Is Harbinger still with you?'

'Yes. I don't think Harbinger has much stamina.'

'Politically?'

Milton nodded.

'I rather resent his being on our side — I don't think he does us any good. You've seen that cartoon, I suppose? it cuts pretty deep. I could n't recognize you amongst the old women, sir.'

Lord Valleys smiled impersonally.

'Very clever thing,' he said. 'By the way, I shall win the Eclipse, I think.'

And thus, spasmodically, the conversation ran till the last servant had left the room.

Then Milton, without any preparation, looked straight at his father and said, —

'I want to marry Mrs. Noel, sir.'

Lord Valleys received the shot with exactly the same expression as that with which he was accustomed to watch his horses beaten. Then he raised his wine-glass to his lips, and set it down again untouched. This was the only sign he gave of interest or discomfiture.

'Is n't this rather sudden?'

Milton answered, 'I've wanted to from the moment I first saw her.'

Lord Valleys, almost as good a judge of a man and a situation as of a horse or a pointer dog, leaned back in his chair, and said with faint sarcasm, —

'My dear fellow, it's good of you to have told me this. But, to be quite frank, it's a piece of news I would rather not have heard.'

A dusky flush burned slowly up in Milton's cheeks. He had underrated his father; the man had coolness and courage in a crisis.

'What is your objection, sir?'

And suddenly he noticed that a wafer in Lord Valleys's hand was quivering. This brought into his eyes no look of compunction, but such a smouldering

gaze as the old Tudor churchman might have bent on his adversary who showed sign of weakness. Lord Valleys, too, noticed the quivering of that wafer, and ate it.

'We are men of the world,' he said.

Milton answered, 'I am not.'

Showing his first sign of impatience, Lord Valleys rapped out,—

'So be it! I am.'

'Yes?' said Milton.

'Eustace!'

Nursing one knee, Milton faced that appeal without the faintest movement. His eyes continued to burn into his father's face.

A tremor passed over Lord Valleys's heart. What intensity of feeling there was in the fellow, that he could look like this at the first breath of opposition!

He reached out and took up a cigar-box; held it absently toward his son, then drew it quickly back.

'I forgot,' he said; 'you don't.'

And lighting a cigar, he smoked gravely, looking straight before him, a furrow between his brows. He spoke at last.

'She looks like a lady. I know nothing else about her.'

The smile deepened round Milton's mouth, cruel in its contempt.

'Why should you want to know anything else?'

Lord Valleys shrugged; his philosophy had hardened.

'I understood,' he said coldly, 'that there was a matter of divorce. I thought you took the Church's view on this subject.'

'She has not done wrong,' said Milton.

'You know her story, then?'

'No.'

Lord Valleys raised his brows, in irony and a sort of admiration.

'Chivalry the better part of discretion, eh?'

'You don't, I think, understand the kind of feeling I have for Mrs. Noel,' Milton answered. 'It does not come into your scheme of things. It is the only feeling, however, with which I should care to marry, and I am not likely to feel it for any one again.'

Lord Valleys felt once more that uncanny sense of insecurity. Was this true? And suddenly he felt: Yes, it is true! The face before him was the face of one who would burn in his own fire sooner than depart from his standards.

'I can say no more at the moment,' he muttered. And he got up from the table.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE SOUL OF PLAY

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

WHY is it that everybody is taking play so seriously to-day? We used to think of it as something permissible within limits, something which we might *indulge in*, something necessary even, for young people, in order that they might be the better prepared for work. 'All work and no play,' we used to say, 'makes Jack a dull boy,' — dull, of course, at his *lessons*, which were supposedly the real object of his existence. But despite these admissions, no one would have dreamed, a generation ago, of a National Playground Association, or of groups of sober adults, taking counsel together in prayerful spirit and with missionary zeal, to the end that they may spread abroad the gospel of play! To our fathers it would have sounded as absurd as a gospel of sweetmeats, as blasphemous as a gospel of laxity.

Jack, indeed, has been permitted (for motives of economy and of hygiene) to play, but this indulgent proverb was framed only to excuse the young. There is no hint that married women and professors, clergymen, and bankers in business suits, are also dreadfully prone to dullness if they fail to frisk and gambol on the green. Yet here we are to-day, first broadening out *play* till it spells *recreation*, — then dreaming of *public* recreation as the birthright of all men, women and children, — yes, even venturing since Miss Addams's latest and greatest book, *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets*, to think of recreation as something sacred and holy.

What is it that has come over us so swiftly and so silently? Can we deliberate about play, make a serious study of it, devote time, money, and brains to working it up, without losing our sense of humor and of proportion, — without stultifying ourselves?

To answer these questions with a 'Yes' that has a ring to it, and so to confirm myself and others in this joyful radicalism, is the object of the following words. Would they might echo and pass on to you the deep and rallying note of the Spirit of Youth and of the City Streets — both of which I love!

I

Every human being — man, woman, and child, hero and convict, neurasthenic and deep-sea fisherman, athlete and invalid — needs the blessing of God through three, and only three, great channels: responsibility, recreation, and affection; work, play, and love. With these any life is happy, in spite of sorrow and pain, successful despite the bitterest failures. Without them a man breaks his heart, severs his conscious connection with God. If you want to keep a headstrong, fatuous youth from overreaching himself, you try to give him responsibility, recreation, and affection. If you want to put courage and aspiration into the gelatinous character of a street-walker, or the flickering mentality of a hysteric, you labor to furnish just the same trio, — work, recreation, and affection. In every case, the healing

power which you want to give is *real life*, and real life means just these three things. The same needs are fixed for all of us — and if we can get and keep in touch with it, the same all-sufficing bounty in the supply.

Despite many exceptions, we Americans are expert (relatively expert anyway) in our understanding of work. We are the most intelligent, the most resourceful, and I believe the best satisfied workers on the planet. But we are dunces when it comes to recreation, bunglers in all matters of affection. Most of us are '*stupid in the affections*' as Eleanor Hallowell Abbott says so keenly in her story, *The Amateur Lover*. She hits us all, for we are amateur lovers of whomever or whatever we love, — except work. We know how to work. We do not know how to love, nor how to play. So like thousands of others in a penitent spirit I am striving to learn more of this long neglected life-force. Some day perhaps a conference will be called to study, to nourish, and to conserve the other great life-force, — to the end that we may be less 'stupid in the affections.' Who will dare to call such a conference?

II

I have endeavored to cut up existence into these three slices, chiefly because I believe that if, for the moment, we leave work and affection out of account, everything else which we demand of life is left. Like all specialists, I am imperialistic and insist that my territory is much broader than other people suppose. We who have faith in play push forward our boundaries (a step at a time) as follows: —

First, we recognize in play a universal need, not for fooling and slackness, but for *recreation*, — one of the three essential foods for any healthy life, young or old.

Next, we insist that recreation is precious because it can be pronounced *re-creation:* out of it we are born again, and better born. We start our work with deeper-seeing eyes, we are less 'stupid in the affections.'

What is it that art, music, literature, drama, do for us? Is it not just this same *re-creating* of our jaded, humdrum lives? Art carries us off into a far country, more beautiful, more poignant, more tragic, perhaps more humorous and sparkling, perhaps nobler and more heroic, than is shown us in the workshop or the home. We emerge as from a bath of intense experience, and for a few precious minutes we look upon the world as if our eyes had never seen it before, never been dulled and stupefied by repetition and inattention, never lost the child's divine power of surprise.

Art and play, then, fulfill the same function, provide us the same refreshment. Moreover they are both their own excuse for being. Each is done for its own sake, not for some ulterior object. In work, and, to some extent, in love, we are building for the future; we are content to save, to sacrifice, and to repress, for the sake of a 'far-off divine event.' But in all art, including the variety called play, we anticipate heaven and attain immediate fruition; we give full rein to what is caged and leashed in us. Subject to the rules of the game, or the rules of the art, we let our energies go at full gallop. We utter ourselves like a school-house turned inside out for recess. We all know the sound!

Play and art then are essentially one; beauty lives in each, and though the beauty of athletics or of whist is not always quite obvious, it is no more obscure than the beauty of tragedy or of rhyme. Artificial they all are; an outlet for the cramped human spirit they all furnish.

Luckily for my present thesis, *dancing* has come so much to the fore of late years that our minds are prepared for the transition from art to athletics and play. Anybody can see without an opera-glass that dancing is at once play, art, and athletics. So are football and baseball, though I fear that some of my readers have not been regular enough in their attendance upon the exhibitions of our greatest national art to thrill with recollection as I mention the exquisite beauty of the line-drive over short-stop, or the noble dignity of the curved throw from third to first. Nothing in the art of dancers like Isadora Duncan is more beautiful than the habitual motions of ball-players as they throw, strike, catch, or slide. Of course beauty is not the whole of baseball nor of any other art. There is also significance, heroism, suspense, success, failure, response from an audience or chorus. Also there are serviceable materials, such as catgut, pigskin, horsehair, oil-paint, grease-paint, printer's ink, voices, muscles, whereby spiritual meanings are expressed and conveyed from the artists who create to us the receptive artists in the audience.

Furthermore, we get fun and sometimes health from play and from all other arts; but if any reader thinks that athletic games exist merely or chiefly for the sake of fun, let him turn for a moment to another field of art and look over my shoulder at the face of the artist or musician while I inflict upon him that ancient, painful congratulation: 'What a *pleasure* it must be to you, Mr. Genius, to produce so much beauty.' Now, watch his bitter effort to cover with a smile his pitying contempt for your greenhorn's ignorance. 'Pleasure? — yes — but at what a cost!' Art is grinding hard work, — much of the time; so is athletics; and but for this arduous element, half its attraction to the youth would be gone. He wants what is hard, fortuitous, and therefore exhilarating. Things soft and easy, like passing examinations, do not attract him.

My thesis then is this: conduct, in Matthew Arnold's sense, cannot be three-quarters of life; for play is at least one-third, and the expression of love another third. But play, the part which concerns me now, means recreation, and this is also the essential function of art. Play then is one type or aspect of art, — a fleeting, fragile improvisation in children oftentimes, — a sternly limited, disciplined piece of construction in games like chess, football, or aviation. But like other arts it is at all times relatively complete in itself. It is not, like washing, gymnastics, or telephones, a means to some ulterior end, — a means to life. It is life itself, striving Quixotically for immediate perfection, breaking for a moment into perishable blossoms.

It must be admitted that some of the noblest and wisest men in America still think of athletics chiefly as a means to health and morality. Ex-President Eliot apparently wants the sound body as a means to mental soundness. Like other eminent educators, he thinks of athletics, and even of dancing, as a good method to build up the body and divert sexual energy from vicious outlets. That athletics and dancing often accomplish these ends is certainly true. It is also true that cows are a valuable means to leather boots, and (I believe) to gum-drops; but I doubt if that is the end and aim of the cow's existence. Violin-playing strengthens the fingers; dancing strengthens the calves; 'nothing like dissection,' said Bob Sawyer (you remember), 'to give one an appetite.' But, God in Heaven! lives there a man with sense of humor so dead that never to himself hath said, 'This is infernal nonsense'?

Violin-playing strengthens the fin-

gers. But it is hardly worth while to remark that we don't play the violin for our health or for our finger-ends. Violin-playing also flattens, deforms, and callouses the finger-ends, but there are easier ways of attaining these results. The art is good despite these drawbacks. So football is good despite many injuries, not because it always improves health, but because it is a magnificent expression of the human spirit, a fine example of popular art.

We make a ridiculous fetish of health nowadays. Three of the very best things in life — heroism, artistic creation, and child-bearing — are usually bad for the health. To avoid heroism, creative work and child-bearing because they are bad for health would show a conception of life no more warped and distorted than that which bids us dance and be merry because forsooth it is healthy to do so. As a rule, and in the long run, athletics and games probably promote that total enhancement of life, one aspect of which is health. But temporarily, and in some cases permanently, they leave their scars upon the body —though not such scars as are ploughed into mortals by the more strenuous and dangerous activities of helping to create a new machine, a new symphony, or a new child.

Let us therefore give play, recreation, and the other *popular arts*, their proper place beside the *fine arts*, and avoid the vulgar error which degrades play to a medical instrument. Thus we shall help to preserve the 'fine arts' from dying of isolation.

Chilled by our formal respect, discouraged by our practical neglect, mortified by our sentimental petting, musician, sculptor, and painter, are dangerously out of the current of vigorous life in America to-day. Or, to put it from the other side, American life is dangerously neglectful of some forms of art as well as of most forms of science. The drama, baseball, and dancing are the popular arts of America to-day. To realize that they are genuine arts, and so to plant them close beside music, literature, painting, and sculpture, is in my opinion one of the chief tasks for all of us to-day. Such a realization will help to keep vulgarity and repetition out of popular art, and to save the fine arts from degenerating into fastidiousness or dying of super-refinement.

III

There is one more dignity, one more life-saving quality that I wish to attribute to play.

All the games and arts so far referred to are arranged to fill up such gaps as may be left in or after the working day. They come at stated hours; we leave our jobs and our homes to attend them. Doubtless this must always be so with the more heroic and permanent forms of art. We cannot play a football game or a symphony on the hearth-rug. We cannot carve statues or write novels while we wait on customers in a shop. But there are other and less celebrated forms of art which can interpenetrate and irradiate every place and every hour. With them I am concerned in the remainder of this paper.

One of the best recognized of these minor arts is *humor;* another is *good humor*, a form of good manners. I have seen a patient dying of lingering disease who by his fun and radiant good humor kept at bay the spectre of death, and in 'the pleasant land of counterpane' maintained to the last a successful, happy life.

When on my morning visit I would ask him to turn on his side so that I might examine his back, you would fancy from his expression that I had invited a hungry man to eat. He could have answered with no more engaging alacrity if we had proffered him the

chance to step back into health. He took pleasure and gave it in each of the trifling services rendered him in the hospital routine. He beamed and thanked me for shifting a pillow as if I had given him a diamond. He chuckled over my clumsy attempt to tilt the glass feeding-tube into his mouth without forcing him to raise his head; and each morning he smoothed and folded the flap of the top sheet as if it were an act of ritual.

As we exchanged the most unpoetic information about his daily routine, the dull framework of question and answer was irradiated and spangled over with a profusion of delicate, brilliant, meaningful looks that rose and flowered silently over his listening face, or leaped from dull sentences like morning-glories on a trellis. As he went step by step down the last gray week of his life, he taught me all unconsciously as many lessons about art, beauty, and playfulness as about heroism.

One of his greatest and most naïve arts, one of the best of all his good manners, was that million-hued miracle called a smile. I can recall but a tithe of the unspoken verses, the soundless melodies that he wove into our talks by the endless improvisations of his smile, serene, wistful, mischievous, deprecating, tender, joyful, welcoming. Not a moment of his ebbing life seemed prosaic or joyless, for each had in it the foretaste or the after-taste of a smile, born without effort and dying without pain, — birth, fruition, and end all equally and differently beautiful. Sometimes at the beginning of our talk his face and eyes were silent and only the lines of his eloquent hand spoke to me. Then, at a rousing recollection, there would break from his face a perfect chorus of meanings, each feature carrying its own strand of harmonious but varied melody.

Well — I must stop talking about him and come to the duller business of explaining what he has to do with play and art.

He exemplifies some of the *minor arts* through which life may be enhanced and refreshed from moment to moment, whatever its literal content, regardless of whether it is marching up hill or down dale. They say that the best crew is the one which gets its rest between every two strokes. We need the games and the arts that recreate us from moment to moment so that our souls shall never get dry, prosaic, or discouraged. Play and beauty running like a gold thread through the warp and woof of our life-fabric are surely as needful as the more concentrated and exclusive recreations. To sing (or whistle) at one's work, to carry melodies and verses in our heads, to do things with a swing and a rhythm as some Japanese and all sailors do, is to preserve our souls from drouth. The games that we play with vocal intonations, the dramas we carry on with smile and glance and grimace, need not interrupt work. They call for no apparatus and no stage. Best of all, each of us 'makes the team' in these games; in these dramas each of us has 'a speaking part.'

I have not tried to imagine how these minor arts are to be cultivated and popularized. I should surmise that, like the fine arts and the popular arts, they are contagious, unless we are so unhappy as to be conventional and immune. But doubtless much can be done to favor their growth, — much that I have not time or ability to consider.

Let me end this paper by condensing my themes into as effective a *coda* as I can make.

*First.* There are but three prime foods for the human soul. In some form or other, each of us must get his share of these three foods from the Source of all creation. Then only are we safe

or sound, for through responsibility, recreation, and affection, God can make a happy and successful life out of any material and in any environment.

*Secondly.* One of these foods, Recreation, — the re-vitalizing of our lives, the re-charging of our batteries, the subject of this paper, — comes to us out of the *fine arts;* out of the *popular arts*, such as athletics, dancing, and the drama; and out of the *minor arts*, which may be roughly grouped as manners and dress.

*Thirdly.* All these arts need to be more intimate with one another. In them all there is beauty and renewal of the soul. There is fun and play in them all. A material basis is presupposed for them all. Health is an uncertain by-product in them all. Being thus congenial, they need one another. Popular arts and minor arts can win dignity and strength from closer association with fine arts. The latter will gain inspiration, dash, and effectiveness when they are freed from solitary confinement and allowed to mingle about town with their less self-conscious fellow arts.

It rests with this generation to introduce these long-lost brothers each to each.

# NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN A DEMOCRACY

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

In this paper I endeavor to lay down the fundamental principles which should govern the Negro franchise in a democracy, and to outline a practical programme for the immediate treatment of the problem.

As I see it, the question of Negro suffrage in the United States presents two distinct aspects: —

*First:* the legal aspect.

*Second:* the practical aspect.

It will be admitted, I think, without argument, that all governments do and of a necessity must exercise the right to limit the number of people who are permitted to take part in the weighty responsibilities of the suffrage. Some governments allow only a few men to vote; in an absolute monarchy there is only one voter; other governments, as they become more democratic, permit a larger proportion of the people to vote.

Our own government is one of the freest in the world in the matter of suffrage; and yet we bar out, in most states, all women; we bar out Mongolians, no matter how intelligent; we bar out Indians, and all foreigners who have not passed through a certain probationary stage and have not acquired a certain small amount of education. We also declare — for an arbitrary limit must be placed somewhere — that no person under twenty-one years of age may exercise the right to vote, although some boys of eighteen are to-day better equipped to pass intelligently upon public questions than many grown men. We even place adult white men on probation until they have resided for a certain length of time, often as

much as two years, in the state or the town where they wish to cast their ballots. Our registration and ballot laws eliminate hundreds of thousands of voters; and finally, we bar out everywhere the defective and criminal classes of our population. We do not realize, sometimes, I think, how limited the franchise really is, even in America. We forget that, out of nearly ninety million people in the United States, fewer than fifteen million cast their votes for President in 1908 — or about one in every six.

Thus the practice of a restricted suffrage is very deeply implanted in our system of government. It is everywhere recognized that even in a democracy lines must be drawn, and that the ballot, the precious instrument of government, must be hedged about with stringent regulations. The question is, where shall these lines be drawn in order that the best interests, not of any particular class, but of the whole nation, shall be served.

Upon this question, we, as free citizens, have the absolute right to agree or disagree with the present laws regulating suffrage; and if we want more people brought in as partakers in government, or some people who are already in, barred out, we have a right to organize, to agitate, to do our best to change the laws. Powerful organizations of women are now agitating for the right to vote; there is an organization which demands the suffrage for Chinese and Japanese who wish to become citizens. It is even conceivable that a society might be founded to lower the suffrage age-limit from twenty-one to nineteen years, thereby endowing a large number of young men with the privileges, and therefore the educational responsibilities, of political power. On the other hand, a large number of people, chiefly in our Southern States, earnestly believe that the right of the Negro to vote should be curtailed, or even abolished.

Thus we disagree, and government is the resultant of all these diverse views and forces. No one can say dogmatically how far democracy should go in distributing the enormously important powers of active government. Democracy is not a dogma; it is not even a dogma of free suffrage. Democracy is a life, a spirit, a growth. The primal necessity of any sort of government, democracy or otherwise, whether it be more unjust or less unjust toward special groups of its citizens, is to exist, to be a going concern, to maintain upon the whole a stable and peaceful administration of affairs. If a democracy cannot provide such stability, then the people go back to some form of oligarchy. Having secured a fair measure of stability, a democracy proceeds with caution toward the extension of the suffrage to more and more people — trying foreigners, trying women, trying Negroes.

And no one can prophesy how far a democracy will ultimately go in the matter of suffrage. We know only the tendency. We know that in the beginning, even in America, the right to vote was a very limited matter. In the early years, in New England, only church-members voted; then the franchise was extended to include property-owners; then it was enlarged to include all white adults; then to include Negroes; then, in several Western States, to include women.

Thus the line has been constantly advancing, but with many fluctuations, eddies, and back-currents — like any other stream of progress. At the present time the fundamental principles which underlie popular government, and especially the whole matter of popular suffrage, are much in the public mind. The tendency of government throughout the entire civilized

world is strongly in the direction of placing more and more power in the hands of the people. In our own country we are enacting a remarkable group of laws providing for direct primaries in the nomination of public officials, for direct election of United States Senators, and for direct legislation by means of the initiative and referendum; and we are even going to the point, in many cities, of permitting the people to recall an elected official who is unsatisfactory. The principle of local option, which is nothing but that of direct government by the people, is being everywhere accepted. All these changes affect, fundamentally, the historic structure of our government, making it less republican and more democratic.

Still more important and far-reaching in its significance is the tendency of our government, especially our Federal Government, to regulate or to appropriate great groups of business enterprises formerly left wholly in private hands. More and more, private business is becoming public business.

Now, then, as the weight of responsibility upon the popular vote is increased, it becomes more and more important that the ballot should be jealously guarded and honestly exercised. In the last few years, therefore, a series of extraordinary new precautions have been adopted: the Australian ballot, more stringent registration systems, the stricter enforcement of naturalization laws to prevent the voting of crowds of unprepared foreigners, and the imposition by several states, rightly or wrongly, of educational and property tests. It becomes a more and more serious matter every year to be an American citizen, more of an honor, more of a duty.

'At the close of the Civil War, in a time of intense idealistic emotion, some three-quarters of a million of Negroes, the mass of them densely ignorant and just out of slavery, with the iron of slavery still in their souls, were suddenly given the political rights of free citizens. A great many people, and not in the South alone, thought then, and still think, that it was a mistake to bestow the high powers and privileges of a wholly unrestricted ballot — a ballot which is the symbol of intelligent self-government — upon the Negro. Other people, of whom I am one, believe that it was a necessary concomitant of the revolution; it was itself a revolution, not a growth, and like every other revolution it has had its fearful reaction. Revolutions, indeed, change names, but they do not at once change human relationships. Mankind is reconstructed not by proclamations, or legislation, or military occupation, but by time, growth, education, religion, thought. At that time, then, the nation drove down the stakes of its idealism in government far beyond the point it was able to reach in the humdrum activities of everyday existence. A reaction was inevitable; it was inevitable and perfectly natural that there should be a widespread questioning as to whether all Negroes, or indeed any Negroes, should properly be admitted to full political fellowship. That questioning continues to this day.

Now, the essential principle established by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution was not that all Negroes should necessarily be given an unrestricted access to the ballot; but that the right to vote should not be denied or abridged 'on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.' This amendment wiped out the color-line in politics so far as any written law could possibly do it.

Let me here express my profound conviction that the principle of political equality then laid down is a sound, valid, and absolutely essential principle

in any free government; that restrictions upon the ballot, when necessary, should be made to apply equally to white and colored citizens; and that the Fifteenth Amendment ought not to be, and cannot be repealed. Moreover, I am convinced that the principle of political equality is more firmly established to-day in this country than it was forty years ago, when it had only Northern bayonets behind it. For now, however short the practice falls of reaching the legal standard, the principle is woven into the warp and woof of Southern life and Southern legislation. Many Southern white leaders of thought are to-day *convinced*, not *forced* believers in the principle; and that is a great omen.

Limitations have come about, it is true, and were to be expected as the back-currents of the revolution. Laws providing for educational and property qualifications as a prerequisite to the exercise of the suffrage have been passed in all the Southern States, and have operated to exclude from the ballot large numbers of both white and colored citizens, who on account of ignorance or poverty are unable to meet the tests. These provisions, whatever the opinion entertained as to the wisdom of such laws, are well within the principle laid down by the Fifteenth Amendment. But several Southern States have gone a step further, and by means of the so-called 'grandfather laws,' have exempted certain ignorant white men from the necessity of meeting the educational and property tests. These unfair 'grandfather laws,' however, in some of the states adopting them, have now expired by limitation.

Let me then lay down this general proposition: —

Nowhere in the South to-day is the Negro cut off *legally*, as a Negro, from the ballot. Legally, to-day, any Negro who can meet the comparatively slight requirements as to education, or property, or both, can cast his ballot on a basis of equality with the white man. I have emphasized the word legally, for I know the *practical* difficulties which confront the Negro votes in many parts of the South. The point I wish to make is that legally the Negro is essentially the political equal of the white man; but that practically, in the enforcement of the law, the legislative ideal is still pegged out far beyond the actual performance.

Now, then, if we are interested in the problem of democracy, we have two courses open to us. We may think the laws are unjust to the Negro, and incidentally to the 'poor white' man as well. If we do, we have a perfect right to agitate for changes; and we can do much to disclose, without heat, the actual facts regarding the complicated and vexatious legislative situation in the South, as regards the suffrage. Every change in the legislation upon this subject should, indeed, be jealously watched, that the principle of political equality between the races be not legally curtailed. The doctrine laid down in the Fifteenth Amendment must, at any hazard, be maintained.

But, personally, — and I am here voicing a profound conviction, — I think our emphasis at present should be laid upon the practical rather than upon the legal aspect of the problem; I think we should take advantage of the widely prevalent feeling in the South that the question of suffrage has been settled, legally, for some time to come: of the desire on the part of many Southern people, both white and colored, to turn aside from the discussion of the political status of the Negro.

In short, let us for the time being accept the laws as they are, and build upward from that point. Let us turn our attention to the practical task of finding out why it is that the laws we

already have are not enforced, and how best to secure an honest vote for every Negro and equally for every 'poor white' man, who is able to meet the requirements, but who for one reason or another does not or cannot now exercise his rights. I include the disfranchised white man as well as the Negro, because I take it that we are interested, first of all, in democracy, and unless we can arouse the spirit of democracy, South and North, we can hope for justice neither for Negroes, nor for the poorer class of white men, nor for the women of the factories and shops, nor for the children of the cotton-mills.

Taking up this side of the problem we shall discover two entirely distinct difficulties: —

First, we shall find many Negroes, and indeed hundreds of thousands of white men as well, who might vote, but who, through ignorance, or inability or unwillingness to pay the poll-taxes, or from mere lack of interest, disfranchise themselves.

The second difficulty is peculiar to the Negro. It consists in open or concealed intimidation on the part of the white men who control the election machinery. In many places in the South to-day no Negro, no matter how well qualified, would dare to present himself for registration; when he does, he is rejected for some trivial or illegal reason.

Thus we have to meet a vast amount of apathy and ignorance and poverty on the one hand, and the threat of intimidation on the other.

First of all, for it is the chief injustice as between white and colored men with which we have to deal, — an injustice which the law already makes illegal and punishable, — how shall we meet the matter of intimidation? As I have already said, the door of the suffrage is everywhere legally open to the Negro, but a certain sort of Southerner bars the passage-way. He stands there and, law or no law, keeps out many Negroes who might vote; and he represents in most parts of the South the prevailing public opinion.

Shall we meet this situation by force? What force is available? Shall the North go down and fight the South? You and I know that the North to-day has no feeling but friendship for the South. More than that — and I say it with all seriousness, because it represents what I have heard wherever I have gone in the North to make inquiries regarding the Negro problem — the North, wrongly or rightly, is to-day more than half convinced that the South is right in imposing some measure of limitation upon the franchise. There is now, in short, no disposition anywhere in the North to interfere in internal affairs in the South — not even with the force of public opinion.

What other force, then, is to be invoked? Shall the Negro revolt? Shall he migrate? Shall he prosecute his case in the courts? The very asking of these questions suggests the inevitable reply.

We might as well, here and now, dismiss the idea of force, express or implied. There are times of last resort which call for force; but this is not such a time.

What other alternatives are there?

Accepting the laws as they are, then, there are two methods of procedure, neither sensational nor exciting. I have no quick cure to suggest, but only old and tried methods of commonplace growth.

The underlying causes of the trouble in the country being plainly ignorance and prejudice, we must meet ignorance and prejudice with their antidotes, education and association.

Every effort should be made to extend free education among both Ne-

groes and white people. A great extension of education is now going forward in the South. The Negro is not by any means getting his full share; but, as certainly as sunshine makes things grow, education in the South will produce tolerance. That there is already such a growing tolerance no one who has talked with the leading white men in the South can doubt. The old fire-eating, Negro-baiting leaders of the Tillman-Vardaman type are swiftly passing away: a far better and broader group is coming into power.

In his last book, Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama, expresses this new point of view when he says, —

'There is no question here as to the unrestricted admission [to the ballot] of the great masses of our ignorant and semi-ignorant blacks. I know no advocate of such admission. But the question is as to whether the individuals of the race, upon conditions or restrictions legally imposed and fairly administered, shall be admitted to adequate and increasing representation in the electorate. And as that question is more seriously and more generally considered, many of the leading publicists of the South, I am glad to say, are quietly resolved that the answer shall be in the affirmative.'

From an able Southern white man, a resident of New Orleans, I received recently a letter containing these words: —

'I believe we have reached the bottom, and a sort of quiescent period. I think it most likely that from now on there will be a gradual increase of the Negro vote. And I honestly believe that the less said about it, the surer the increase will be.'

Education — and by education I mean education of all sorts, industrial, professional, classical, in accordance with each man's talents — will not only produce breadth and tolerance, but will help to cure the apathy which now keeps so many thousands of both white men and Negroes from the polls: for it will show them that it is necessary for every man to exercise all the political rights within his reach. If he fails voluntarily to take advantage of the rights he already has, how shall he acquire more rights?

And as ignorance must be met by education, so prejudice must be met with its antidote, which is association. Democracy does not consist in mere voting, but in association, the spirit of common effort, of which the ballot is a mere visible expression. When we come to know one another we soon find that the points of likeness are much more numerous than the points of difference. And this human association for the common good, which is democracy, is difficult to bring about anywhere, whether among different classes of white people, or between white people and Negroes. As one of the leaders of the Negro race, Dr. Du Bois, has said, —

' Herein lies the tragedy of the age. Not that men are poor: all men know something of poverty. Not that men are wicked: who is good? Not that men are ignorant: what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of each other.'

After the Atlanta riot I attended a number of conferences between leading white men and leading colored men. It is true these meetings bore evidence of awkwardness and embarrassment, for they were among the first of the sort to take place in the South, but they were none the less valuable. A white man told me after one of the meetings, —

'I did not know that there were any such sensible Negroes in the South.'

And a Negro told me that it was the first time in his life that he had ever heard a Southern white man reason in

a friendly way with a Negro concerning their common difficulties.

More and more these associations of white and colored men, at certain points of contact, must and will come about. Already, in connection with various educational and business projects in the South, white and colored men meet on common grounds, and the way has been opened to a wider mutual understanding. And it is common enough now, where it was unheard of a few years ago, for both white men and Negroes to speak from the same platform in the South. I have attended a number of such meetings. Thus slowly — awkwardly, at first, for two centuries of prejudice are not immediately overcome — the white man and Negro will come to know one another, not merely as master and servant, but as co-workers. These things cannot be forced.

One reason why the white man and the Negro have not got together more rapidly in the South than they have, is because they have tried always to meet at the sorest points. When sensible people, who must live together whether or no, find that there are points at which they cannot agree, it is the part of wisdom to avoid these points, and to meet upon other and common interests. Upon no other terms, indeed, can a democracy exist, for in no imaginable future state will individuals cease to disagree with one another upon something less than half of all the problems of life.

'Here we all live together in a great country,' say the apostles of this view; 'let us all get together and develop it. Let the Negro do his best to educate himself, to own his own land, and to buy and sell with the white people in the fairest possible way.'

It is wonderful, indeed, how close together men who are stooping to a common task soon come.

Now, buying and selling, land ownership and common material pursuits, may not be the highest points of contact between man and man, but they are real points, and help to give men an idea of the worth of their fellows, white or black. How many times, in the South, I heard white men speak in high admiration of some Negro farmer who had been successful, or of some Negro blacksmith who was a worthy citizen, or of some Negro doctor who was a leader of his race.

It is curious, once a man (any man, white or black) learns to do his job well, how he finds himself in a democratic relationship with other men. I remember asking a prominent white citizen of a town in Central Georgia if he knew anything about Tuskegee. He said, —

'Yes; I had rather a curious experience last fall. I was building a hotel and could n't get any one to do the plastering as I wanted it done. One day I saw two Negro plasterers at work in a new house that a friend of mine was building. I watched them for an hour. They seemed to know their trade. I invited them to come over and see me. They came, took the contract for my work, hired a white man to carry mortar at a dollar a day, and when they got through it was the best job of plastering in town. I found that they had learned their trade at Tuskegee. They averaged four dollars a day each in wages. We tried to get them to locate in our town, but they went back to school.'

When I was in Mississippi a prominent banker showed me his business letter-heads.

'Good job, is n't it?' he said. 'A Negro printer did it. He wrote to me asking if he might bid on my work. I replied that although I had known him a long time I could n't give him the job merely because he was a Negro.

He told me to forget his color, and said that if he could n't do as good a job and do it as reasonably as any white man could, he did n't want it. I let him try, and now he does most of our printing.'

Out of such points of contact, then, encouraged by such wise leaders as Booker T. Washington, will grow an ever finer and finer spirit of association and of common and friendly knowledge. And that will inevitably lead to an extension upon the soundest possible basis of the Negro franchise. I know cases where white men have urged intelligent Negroes to come and cast their ballots, and have stood sponsor for them, out of genuine respect. As a result, to-day, the Negroes who vote in the South are, as a class, men of substance and intelligence, fully equal to the tasks of citizenship.

Thus, I have boundless confidence not only in the sense of the white men of the South, but in the innate capability of the Negro, and that once these two come really to know each other, not at sore points of contact, but as common workers for a common country, the question of suffrage will gradually solve itself along the lines of true democracy.

Another influence also will tend to change the status of the Negro as a voter. That is the pending break-up of the political solidarity of the South. All the signs point to a political realignment upon new issues in this country, both South and North. Old party names may even pass away. And that break-up, with the attendant struggle for votes, is certain to bring into politics thousands of Negroes and white men now disfranchised. The result of a real division on live issues has been shown in many local contests in the South, as in the fight against the saloons, when every qualified Negro voter, and every Negro who could qualify, was eagerly pushed forward by one side or the other. With such a division on new issues the Negro will tend to exercise more and more political power, dividing, not on the color line, but on the principles at stake.

Thus in spite of the difficulties which now confront the Negro, I cannot but look upon the situation in a spirit of optimism. I think sometimes we are tempted to set a higher value upon the ritual of a belief than upon the spirit which underlies it. The ballot is not democracy: it is merely the symbol or ritual of democracy, and it may be full of passionate social, yes, even religious significance, or it may be a mere empty and dangerous formalism. What we should look to, then, primarily, is not the shadow, but the substance of democracy in this country. Nor must we look for results too swiftly; our progress toward democracy is slow of growth and needs to be cultivated with patience and watered with faith.

# THE TRUMPET-CALL

BY ALFRED NOYES

I

TRUMPETER, sound the great recall!
Swift, O swift, for the squadrons break,
The long lines waver, mazed in the gloom!
Hither and thither the blind host blunders!
Stand thou firm for a dead Man's sake,
Firm where the ranks reel down to their doom,
Stand thou firm in the midst of the thunders,
Stand where the steeds and the riders fall,
Set the bronze to thy lips and sound
A rally to ring the whole world round!
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us!
Sound the great recall.

II

Trumpeter, sound for the ancient heights!
Clouds of the earth-born battle cloak
The heaven that our fathers held from of old;
And we — shall we prate to their sons of the gain
In gold or bread? Through yonder smoke
The heights that never were won with gold
Wait, still bright with their old red stain,
For the thousand chariots of God again,
And the steel that swept thro' a hundred fights
With the Ironsides, equal to life and death,
The steel, the steel of their ancient faith!
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us!
Sound for the sun-lit heights!

III

Trumpeter, sound for the faith again!
Blind and deaf with the dust and the blood,
Clashing together we know not whither
The tides of the battle would have us advance!

Stand thou firm in the crimson flood,
Send the lightning of thy great cry
Through the thunders, athwart the storm,
Sound till the trumpets of God reply
From the heights we have lost in the steadfast sky,
From the Strength we despised and rejected. Then,
Locking the ranks as they form and form,
Lift us forward, banner and lance,
Mailed in the faith of Cromwell's men,
When from their burning hearts they hurled
The gaze of heaven against the world!
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
Up to the heights again.

IV

Trumpeter, sound for the last Crusade!
Sound for the fire of the red-cross kings,
Sound for the passion, the splendor, the pity
That swept the world for a dead Man's sake,
Sound, till the answering trumpet rings
Clear from the heights of the holy City,
Sound till the lions of England awake,
Sound for the tomb that our lives have betrayed;
O'er broken shrine and abandoned wall,
Trumpeter, sound the great recall,
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us;
Sound for the last Crusade!

V

Trumpeter, sound for the splendor of God!
Sound the music whose name is law,
Whose service is perfect freedom still,
The order august that rules the stars!
Bid the anarchs of night withdraw,
Too long the destroyers have worked their will,
Sound for the last, the last of the wars!
Sound for the heights that our fathers trod,
When truth was truth and love was love,
With a hell beneath, but a heaven above,
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
On to the City of God.

# THE ANIMAL MIND

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

When I try to picture to myself the difference between the animal mind and the human mind, I seem to see the animal mind as limited by the organization and the physical needs of its possessor in a sense that the mind of man is not; its mental faculties, if we may call them such, are like its tools and weapons, a part of its physical make-up, and are almost entirely automatic in their action. Almost, I say; but in the case of the higher animals, not entirely so. In the anthropoid apes, in the dog, in the elephant, and maybe occasionally in some others, there do seem to be at times the rudiments of free intelligence, something like mind emancipated from the bondage of organization or inherited habit.

When an animal acts in obedience to its purely physical needs and according to its anatomical structure, as when ducks take to the water, or hens scratch, or hogs root, or woodpeckers drill, etc., we do not credit it with powers of thought. These and similar things animals do instinctively. When the wood-mice got into my cabin the other day and opened two small glass jars of butter that had loose tin tops, I did not credit them with anything like human intelligence, because to use their paws deftly — digging, climbing, manipulating — is natural to mice. I have seen a chipmunk come into a house from his den in the woods and open a pasteboard box with great deftness, and help himself to the nuts inside, which, of course, he smelled. We do not credit a bird with rational intelligence when it builds its nest, no matter how skillfully it may weave or sew, or how artfully it may hide it from its enemies. It is doing precisely as its forebears have done for countless generations. Hence it acts from inherited impulse.

But the monkey they told me about at the zoölogical park in Washington, that had been seen to select a stiff straw from the bottom of its cage, and use it to dislodge an insect from a crack, showed a gleam of free intelligence. It was an act of judgment on the part of the monkey, akin to human judgment. In like manner the chimpanzee Mr. Hornaday tells about, that used the trapeze-bar in the cage as a lever with which to pry off the horizontal bars on the side of the cage, and otherwise to demolish things, showed a kind of intelligence that is above instinct, and quite beyond the capacity, say, of a dog.

I would not say, as Mr. Hornaday does, that this ape discovered the principle of the lever as truly as Archimedes did. Would it not be better to say that he discovered the *use* to which he could put that particular stick, without any notion of the principle involved? just as he had doubtless found out that an object, or his own body, unsupported, would fall to the floor of his cage, without having grasped the principle of gravitation.

The earliest men must have discovered the uses of the lever long be-

fore they had any true understanding of its principle. I do not believe that any of the orders below man grasp principles at all, though they may apply a principle in their act. The beaver applies the principle of the dam to the creek where he locates his house, but to say that he works from an intellectual conception of that principle, I think, would be to lift him to the human plane at once. The swallow, and the robin, and the phœbe-bird, all act upon the principle that mud will adhere to a rough surface, and that it will harden; shall we, therefore, credit them with a knowledge of the properties of mud? However, I freely admit that the act of the chimpanzee was of a higher order than the swallow's use of mud in sticking its nest to a rough surface. Its superior intelligence is seen in its purposeful use of a tool, an object in no wise related to itself, to bring about a definite end; just as another monkey, of which Mr. Hornaday speaks, did in using a stick to punch a banana out of a pipe.

I do not agree with those who urge that an animal, such as the beaver, for instance, gives proof of its gift of reason when it amputates its leg in order to escape from a trap. I dissent from it for several reasons. Animals apparently much lower in the scale of intelligence than the beaver, such as the musk-rat and the skunk, will do the same thing; and animals much higher, such as the dog, the fox, the wolf, will not do it. Indeed it has been found that an all but brainless animal, like the star-fish, will do it. In order to get free of a piece of rubber-tubing placed over one of its arms, the star-fish has, after exhausting other expedients, been known to amputate the arm. Hence, I infer that the beaver, caught in a trap, does not reason about it, and 'reach the conclusion that he must inflict upon himself the pain of amputating his foot.' He only shows the promptings of a very old and universal instinct, the instinct of self-preservation.

Every creature, little and big, that has powers of locomotion, struggles against that which would forcibly hold it, or which opposes it. A cricket or a grasshopper will leave a leg in your hand in order to escape. Try forcibly to retain the paw of your dog, or your cat, and see how it will struggle to be free. A four-footed animal caught in a trap is filled with rage and pain; it bites at everything within reach, the bushes, the logs, the rocks; of course it bites the trap, but upon the steel its teeth make no impression. If the animal is small, the part of the foot that protrudes on the inside of the jaws of the trap soon becomes numb and dead or frozen, and is gnawed off. The leg above the trap may become frozen and senseless, and the amputation of it give little pain. Trappers tell us that bears often resort to all manner of devices to get rid of the trap, some of which seem very intelligent, as for instance, when one climbs a tree, and getting the trap fast amid the branches, brings its weight to bear upon it, thus calling in the aid of gravity. But I would no sooner think that such behavior on the part of the bear was the result of a reasoning process — a knowledge of the force of gravity — than I would attribute reason to a tree because it tries to assume the perpendicular, or to clouds because they soar aloft in order to let down the rain. The bear is doing his best to get his paw out of the jaws of the trap, and in his blind fury and desperation he climbs a tree and tries to detach the trap there, but only succeeds in getting it fast, when, as a matter of course, he drops down and pulls out. He could have pulled his own weight and more upon the ground had he got the trap fast. The trapper's hope is that he will not get it fast.

We reason for the brute when we interpret its action in this way. I do not suppose that with the anger, or joy, or fear, or love-making, of our brute-neighbors there goes any idea, or mental process, or image whatever; only involuntary impulse stimulated by outward conditions. We ourselves are often happy without thought, scared without reason, angry without volition, and act from spontaneous impulse. I suppose that if man were not a reasonable being he would never laugh, because it is the perception of some sort of incongruity that makes us laugh, though we may not be conscious of it.

Animals never laugh, and probably never experience in any degree the emotion that makes us laugh, because their minds do not perceive incongruities. Such perception is an intellectual act that is beyond them. The incongruous only strikes them as something strange, and excites their suspicion or their fears. When one day I suddenly appeared before my dog in a suit of khaki, a garb in which he had never before seen me, did it excite his mirth, as it did that of some of my neighbors? on the contrary, it alarmed him: he hesitated a moment, showing conflicting emotions, then edged away suspiciously, and when I made a hostile demonstration toward him, fled precipitately in a high state of anger and excitement. Not till I spoke to him in the old tone did he recover himself and approach me in a humiliated, apologetic way.

We are often glad in our sleep, but do we ever dream of laughing? Reason slumbers at such times, and we have no perception of incongruities.

Our anger, our joy, our sex-love, our selfishness, our cruelty, are of animal origin; but our sense of the ludicrous, which is the basis of our wit and humor, our hope, our faith, our feeling of reverence, of altruism, of worship, are above the animal sphere, as is the faculty of reason. They are of animal origin only in the sense that man himself is of animal origin. They are not endowments from some external or extra-human source. They must have been potential in the lower orders, just as our limbs were potential in the fins of the fish, and our lungs potential in its bladder. Evolution must always have something to go upon, but that something may be quite beyond our human ken, as it certainly is in the case of man's higher nature. It is much easier to trace the feather of the bird to the scale of the fish than it is to trace our moral nature to its animal origin. Yet this is the only possible source science can assign to it, because it is the only source that falls within the sphere of physical causation, the only causation science knows.

When the lower animals laugh I shall believe they have the faculty of reason also. Think how long man must have lived before he became a laughing animal — before he was sufficiently developed mentally to take note of incongruities, or for this or that object or incident to excite his mirth instead of his fear! When I first saw a trolley-car running along the street without any apparent means of propulsion, it excited my surprise and curiosity. When my horse first saw it, he was filled with alarm. I do not suppose my horse had the same mental process about it that I had; an effect without an apparent cause could have been nothing to him. He was moved simply by the strangeness of the spectacle. It was a sight the like of which he had never seen before.

Stories are told of monkeys that would seem to indicate in them some perception of the humorous, however rudimentary, but I recall nothing of the kind in the other animals. Of course the impulse of play in animals

springs from another source — the instinct to develop the particular powers that their life-careers will most require. Puppies and kittens fight mock battles and pursue and capture mock game, kids leap and bound, colts run and leap, birds swoop and dive as if to escape a hawk: in each case training the powers that are likely to be the most useful to them in after-life. Our play-instinct is no doubt of animal origin, but not in the same sense is our sense of the humorous of animal origin. It originated in man, as did so many of the higher emotions.

II

One of the best illustrations I ever had of the difference between animal and human behavior under like conditions, was afforded me one May day in the woods, when I unwittingly pulled down the stub of a small tree in which a pair of bluebirds had a nest and young. Now, if a man were to come home and find his house gone, and only empty space where it had stood, he would not go up to the place where the door had been and try repeatedly to find the entrance. But this is exactly what the bluebirds did. As I have elsewhere described, I had pulled down the stub that held their nest and young, not knowing there was a nest there; and then on discovering my mistake had set the stub up again twelve or fifteen feet from where I had found it. Presently the mother-bird came with food in her bill, and alighted on a limb a few feet above the spot where the trunk of the tree holding her nest had been, and where, doubtless, she was in the habit of alighting. She must have seen at once that her house was gone, but if she did, the fact made no impression upon her.

Quite undisturbed, she dropped down to the exact spot in the vacant space where the entrance to her nest used to be. She hovered there a moment and then, apparently greatly bewildered, flew back to the perch above. She waited there a moment, peering downward, and then tried it again. Could she not see that her house was gone? But the force of habit was stronger with her than any free intelligence she might possess. She had always found the nest there and it must be there still. An animal's reflexes are not influenced by the logic of the situation. Down she came again and hovered a moment at the point of the vanished nest, vainly seeking the entrance. This movement she repeated over and over. I have no doubt that she came each time to the precise spot in the air where her treasures had been. It seemed as if she could not convince herself that the nest was not there. She had brought a beetle in her bill, and this she hammered upon the limb each time she perched, as if it in some way might be at fault. How her blue wings flickered in the empty air above the dark water, not more than ten or twelve feet from the actual visible entrance to the nest she had lost!

Presently she dropped her bug and flew off through the woods, calling for her mate. Her action seemed very human. Surely he would clear up the mystery. In a moment or two, both birds with food in their bills were perched upon the branch a few feet above the spot where the nest had been. I can recall yet the confident air with which the male dropped down to that vacant spot. Could he not see that there was nothing there? No, seeing was not convincing. He must do just as he had done so many times before. He tried it again and again; then the two birds took turns in trying it. They assaulted the empty air vigorously, persistently, as if determined that it must give up their lost ones. Finally they perched

upon a branch higher up and seemed to pause to consider. The machines ceased to act. At this instant the mother-bird spied the hole that was the entrance to her nest and flew straight to it. Her treasures were found.

In that moment did she cease to be a machine, and show a spark of free intelligence? It looks so at least. She acted like a rational being, she seemed at last to have got it into her head that the nest was no longer in the old place, and that she must look about her. I do not say that this is the true explanation of her conduct; it is rather putting one's self in her place. But how long it took the birds to break out of the rut of habit! It did not seem as if their intelligence was finally influenced; but as if their instincts had become discouraged or fatigued. They were not convinced, they were baffled. Of course you cannot convince an animal as you can a person, because there is no reason to be convinced; but you can make an impression, you can start the formation of a new habit. See the caged animal try to escape, or the tethered one try to break its tether, — how long the struggle continues! A rational being would quickly be convinced, and would desist. But instinct is automatic, and the reaction continues. When the animal ceases its struggles, it is not as the result of a process of ratiocination, — 'this cage or this chain is stronger than I am, therefore I cannot escape,' — but because the force of instinct has spent itself. Man, too, is more or less the creature of habit, but the lower animals are almost entirely so. Only now and then, as in the case of the mother-bluebird, is there a gleam of something like the power of free choice.

Darwin quotes the case of a pike in an aquarium that for three months dashed itself with great violence against a plate-glass that separated it from the fish upon which it was wont to feed. Then, he says, it learned caution, and would not seize the fish when the glass was removed. It was not convinced, I should say, but another habit had been formed.

The whole secret of the training of wild animals is to form new habits in them. A certain regular, absolutely regular, routine must be kept up till the habit is formed of doing the trick. The animal does not learn the trick in a sense that implies the exercise of free intelligence: it is shaped to it as literally as the root of a tree shapes itself to a rock; or, we may say, it is trained as we train a tree against a wall.

Animal intelligence is like the figures and designs made in a casting; it is not acquired or much changed by experience, while human intelligence is slowly developed through man's educative capacity. The animal is a creature of habits inherited and acquired, in a sense that man is not; certain things may be stamped into the animal's mind, and certain things may be stamped out; we can train it into the formation of new habits, but we cannot educate or develop its mind as we can that of a child, so that it will know the why and the wherefore. It does the trick or the task because we have shaped its mind to the particular pattern; we have stamped in this idea, which is not an idea to the animal but an involuntary impulse. That which exists in the mind of man as mental concepts, free ideas, exists in the mind of the animal as innate tendency to do certain things. The bird has an impulse to build its nest, not any free or abstract ideas about nest-building; probably the building is not preceded or attended by any mental processes whatever, but by an awakening instinct, an inherited impulse.

A man can be reached and moved or influenced through his mind, an animal

can be reached and moved only through its senses.

The animal mind seems more like the mind we see manifested in the operations of outward nature, than like our own. The mind we see active in outward nature — if it *is* mind — is so unlike our own, that when we seek to describe it in terms of our own, ascribing to it design, plan, purpose, invention, rationality, etc., we are accused of anthropomorphism, and science will not listen to us. Yet all we know of laws and principles, of cause and effect, of mechanics and dynamics, of chemistry and evolution, etc., we learn from this outward nature. Through our gift of reason we draw out and formulate, or translate into our mental concepts, nature's method of procedure. Shall we say, then, that nature is rational without reason? wise without counsel? that she builds without rule, and dispenses without plan? is she full of mind-stuff, or does she only stimulate the mind-stuff in ourselves? It is evident that nature knows not our wisdom or economics, our prudence, our benevolence, our methods, our science. These things are the result of our reaction to the stimulus she affords, just as the sensation we call light is our reaction to certain vibrations, the sensation we call sound is the reaction to other kinds of vibrations, and the sensation we call heat, the reaction to still other. The mind, the reason, is in us; the cause of it is in nature. She has no mechanics, no chemistry, no philosophy, yet all we know of these things we draw from her.

When we translate her methods into our own terms, we call it the method of 'trial and error,' — a blind groping through infinite time and infinite space, till every goal is reached. If her arch falls, a stronger arch may be formed by its ruins; if her worlds collide, other worlds may be born of the collision; if one species perishes, other species may take its place; always if her 'bark sinks, 't is to another sea.' She is all in all, and all the parts are hers. Her delays, her failures, her trials, are like those of a blind man who seeks to reach a particular point in an unknown landscape; if his strength holds out, he will finally reach it. Nature's strength always holds out; she reaches her goal because she leaves no direction untried.

She felt her way to man through countless forms, through countless geological ages. If the development of man was possible at the outset, evolution was bound to fetch him in time; if not in a million years, then in a billion or a trillion. In the conflict of forces, mechanical and biological, his coming must have been delayed many times; the cup must have been spilled, or the vessel broken, times without number. Hence the surplusage, the heaping measures in nature, her prodigality of seed and germ. To produce one brook trout, thousands of eggs perish; to produce one oak, thousands of acorns are cast. If there is the remotest chance that our solar system will come in collision with some other system, — and of course there is, — that collision is bound to occur, no matter if the time is so distant that it would take a row of figures miles in extent to express it.

I am aware that it is my anthropomorphism that compels me to speak of nature the way I am speaking; we have to describe that which is not man in terms of man, because we have no other terms, and thereby tell a kind of untruth. It is as when we put bird-songs or animal-calls into words, or write them on the musical scale — we only hint what we cannot express.

I look out of my window and see the tide in its endless quest, racing up and racing down the river; every day, every

night, the year through, for a thousand, for a million years it goes on, and no one is the wiser, yet the tides have played their part in the history of the globe. But nature's cradle keeps rocking after her child has left it. Only the land benefits from the rain, and yet it rains upon the sea as upon the land. The trees ripen their fruits and their nuts whether there is any creature to feed upon them, or any room to plant them or not. Nature's purpose (more anthropomorphism) embraces them all, she covers the full circle, she does not need to discriminate and husband her resources as we do.

> Far and forgot to me are near,
> Shadow and sunshine are the same;
> The vanished gods to me appear,
> And one to me are shame and fame.

The animals are so wise in their own way, such a success, without thought, yet so provocative of thought in us! They are rational without reason, and wise without understanding. They communicate without language, and subsist without forethought. They weave and spin and drill and bore without tools, they traverse zones without guide or compass, they are cunning without instruction, and prudent without precept. They know the ends of the earth, the depths of the sea, the currents of the air, and are at home in the wilderness. We ascribe to them thought and reason, and discuss their psychology, because we are anthropomorphic; we have no other standards than those furnished by our own nature and experience.

Animal behavior, as I have said, is much more like the behavior of natural forces than is that of man: the animal goes along with nature, borne along by her currents, while the mind of man crosses and confronts nature, thwarts her, uses her, or turns her back upon herself. During the vast eons while the earth was peopled by the lower orders alone, nature went her way. But when this new animal, man, appeared, in due time nature began to go his way, to own him as master. Her steam and her currents did his work, her lightning carried his messages, her forces became his servants.

I am not aware that any animal in the least degree confronts nature in this way — cuts its paths through her, and arbitrarily shapes her. Probably the nearest approach to it is among the insects, such as the balloon-spiders, the agricultural ants, etc. In some parts of the country one might think that the cow was a landscape gardener, from the pretty cone-shaped forms that she carves out of the wild-apple and thorn trees, but she does this quite unwittingly through her taste for the young shoots of these trees. It is like her engineering skill in laying out paths, quite inevitable from the nature of her wants and activities.

Man is the only inventive and tool-using animal, because he alone has the faculty of reason, and can see the end of a thing before the beginning. With his mind's eye he sees a world hidden from the lower orders. There are hints of this gift in the lower orders, hints of reason, of language, of tool-using, and the like, but hints only.

The cries and calls of animals must have preceded human speech, but who can measure the gulf between them? Man must have had animal emotions — fear, hunger, joy, love, hate — long before he had ideas. His gift of language and his gift of ideas must have grown together, and mutually reacted upon one another. Without language could he possess ideas, or possess ideas without language? Which was first?

An animal's use of signals — warning signals and recognition signals, if this is the true significance of some of their markings — is as unwitting as the flower's use of its perfume or its colors to attract insects. The deer

flashes its shield to its foe as well as to its fellow.

III

Considering the gulf that separates man from the lower orders, I often wonder how, for instance, we can have such a sense of companionship with a dog. What is it in the dog that so appeals to us? It is probably his quick responsiveness to our attention. He meets us half-way. He gives caress for caress. Then he is that light-hearted, irresponsible vagabond that so many of us half-consciously long to be if we could and dared. To a dog, a walk is the best of good fortunes; he sniffs adventure at every turn, is sure something thrilling will happen around the next bend in the path. How much he gets out of it that escapes me! The excitement of all the different odors that my sense is too dull to take in; the ground written over with the scent of game of some sort, the air full of the lure of wild adventure. How human he is at such times: he is out on a lark. In his spirit of hilarity he will chase hens, pigs, sheep, cows, which ordinarily he would give no heed to, just as boys abroad in the fields and woods will commit depredations that they would be ashamed of at home.

When I go into my neighbor's house, his dog of many strains, and a great crony of mine, becomes riotous with delight. He whines with joy, hops up on my lap, caresses me, and then springs to the door, and with wagging tail and speaking looks and actions says, 'Come on! let's off.' I open the door and say, 'Go, if you want to.' He leaps back on my lap, and says, 'No, no, not without you.' Then to the door again with his eloquent pantomime, till I finally follow him forth into the street. Then he tears up the road to the woods, saying so plainly, 'Better one hour of Slabsides than a week of humdrum at home.' At such times, if we chance to meet his master or mistress on the road, he heeds them not, and is absolutely deaf to their calls.

Well, I do not suppose the dog is in our line of descent, but his stem-form must join ours not very far back. He is our brother at not very many removes, and he has been so modified and humanized by his long intercourse with our kind, stretching no doubt through hundreds of thousands of years, that we are near to him and he is near to us. I do not suppose that, if this affectionate intercourse were to continue any number of ages or cycles longer, the dog would ever be any more developed on his intellectual side; he can never share our thoughts any more than he does now. He has not, nor have any of the lower orders, that which Ray Lankester aptly calls educability, that which distinguishes man from all other creatures. We can train animals to do wonderful things, but we cannot develop in them, or graft upon them, this capacity for intellectual improvement, to grasp and wield and store up ideas. Man's effect on trained animals is like the effect of a magnet on a piece of steel: for the moment he imparts some of his own powers to them, and holds them up to the ideal plane, but they are not permanently intellectualized; no new power is developed in them; and they soon fall back to their natural state. What they seem to acquire is not free intelligence that they can apply to other problems. We have not enlarged their minds, but have shaped their impulses to a new pattern. They are no wiser, but they are more apt. They do a human stunt, but they do not think human thoughts.

IV

In all the millions of years that life has been upon the globe, working its

wonders and its transformations, there had been no bit of matter possessing the power that the human brain-cortex possesses till man was developed. The reason of man, no matter how slow it may have been in finding itself, was a new thing in the world, apparently not contemplated by nature's plan, as, in a sense, it is at war with that plan, and a reversal of it.

Just as life was a new thing in the inorganic world, contravening the ordinary laws of matter, expressing a kind of energy not derived from gravitation, making chemical and physical forces its servants, so was the reason of man a new thing, evolved, of course, from preëxisting conditions, or animal automatism, but, when fairly differentiated, a new mode of energy, making its possessor a new kind of animal, reversing or annulling many of the laws that have sway in the rest of the animal kingdom, defeating the law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, rising superior to climate and to geographical conditions, controlling and changing his environment, making servants of the natural forces about him; in short, fairly facing and mastering nature in a way no other animal had ever done.

The conditions that have limited the increase and spread of the other animals, have been in a measure triumphed over by man. The British scientist I have quoted above, Ray Lankester, has described man as nature's rebel — he defies her and wrests her territory from her. 'Where nature says, "Die!" man says, "I will live." According to the law previously in universal operation, man should have been limited in geographical area, killed by extreme cold or heat, subject to starvation if one kind of diet were unobtainable, and should have been unable to increase and multiply, just as are his animal relatives, without losing his specific structure and acquiring new physical characters according to the requirements of the new conditions into which he strayed — should have perished except on the condition of becoming a new morphological species.'

All this because man in a measure rose (why did he rise? who or what insured his rising?) above the state of automatism of the lower orders. His blind animal intelligence became conscious human intelligence. It was a metamorphosis, as strictly so as anything in nature. In man, for the first time, an animal turned around and looked upon itself and considered its relations to the forces outside of self. In other words, it developed mental vision; it paused to consider; it began to understand.

The mechanism called instinct gave place slowly to the psychic principle of reason and free will. Trouble began with the new gift. This was the real fall of man, a fall from a state of animal innocence and non-self-consciousness to a state of error and struggle — thenceforth man knew good from evil, and was driven out of the paradise of animal innocency. Reason opened the door to error, and in the same moment it opened the door to progress. If failure became possible, success also became possible. The animal with his instincts was doomed to a ceaseless round of unprogressive life; man with his reason had open to him the possibility of progressive mastery over nature. His race-mind developed slowly, from period to period, going through an unfolding and a discipline analogous to that of a child from infancy to manhood: many failures, many sorrows, much struggle; but slowly, oh, so slowly, has he emerged into the light of reason in which we find him now. The price the lower animals pay for unerring instinct is the loss of progress; the price man pays for his erring reason is the chance of failure.

Man's mastery over nature has made him the victim of scores of diseases not known to the animals below him. The artificial conditions with which he has surrounded himself, his material comforts, his extra-natural aids and shields, have opened the way to the invasion of his kingdom by hosts of bacterial enemies from whose mischievous activities the lower orders are exempt. He has closed his door against wind and cold, and thereby opened it to a ruthless and invisible horde. Nature endows him with reason, and then challenges it at every turn. She puts a weapon into his hand that she has given to no other animal, and then confronts him with foes such as no other animal knows. He pays for his privileges. He has entered the lists as a free lance, and he must and does take his chances. For the privileges of mastering certain of nature's activities, he pays in a host of natural enemies. For the privilege of fire, he pays in the hazard of fire; for the privilege of steam, he pays in the risks of steam; for knowing how to overcome and use gravity, he pays in many a deadly surrender to gravity. He shakes out his sail to the wind at the risk of the wind's power and fury. So always does the new gift bring new danger and new responsibilities.

Man is endowed and blest above all other creatures, and above all other creatures is he exposed to defeat and death. But the problem is not as broad as it is long. The price paid does not always, or commonly, eat up all the profit. There has been a steady gain. Nature exacts her fee, but the service is more than worth it. Otherwise man would not be here. Unless man had been driven out of Paradise, what would he have come to? The lower orders are still in the Garden of Eden; they know not good from evil; but man's evolution has brought him out of the state of innocence and dependence, and he is supreme in the world.

# FIFTY YEARS OF JOHN BURROUGHS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

JOHN BURROUGHS began his literary career (and may he so end it!) by writing an essay for the *Atlantic Monthly;* as good an introduction (and conclusion), speaking by the rhetoric, as a lifelong composition need have. That first essay entitled *Expression,*' a somewhat Emersonian Expression,' says its author, was printed in the *Atlantic* for November, 1860, which was fifty years ago. Fifty years are not threescore and ten; many men have lived past threescore and ten, but not many men have written continuously for the *Atlantic* for fifty years, with eye undimmed and natural force unabated. Mr. Burroughs's eye for the truth of nature has grown clearer during these fifty years, and the vigor of his youth has steadied into a maturity of strength which in some of his latest essays — *The Long Road,* for in-

stance — lifts one and bears one down the unmeasured reaches of geologic time, compassing the timelessness of time, its beginninglessness, its endinglessness, as none of his earlier chapters have done.

Many men have written more than Mr. Burroughs. His eighteen or twenty books, as books may be turned out, are nothing remarkable for fifty years of work. It is not their numbers, but the books, that are remarkable; that among them should be found *Wake-Robin*, *Winter Sunshine*, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, *Pepacton*, *Fresh Fields*, *Signs and Seasons*, *Riverby*, *Far and Near*, *Ways of Nature*, and *Leaf and Tendril;* for these ten nature books, as a group, stand alone at the head of the long list of books written about the out-of-doors since the days of the *Historia Animalium*, and the mediæval *Fables* and *Beasteries*.

These ten volumes are Mr. Burroughs's characteristic, his important work. His other books are eminently worth while: there is reverent, honest thinking in his religious essays, a creedless, but an absolute and joyous faith; there is simple and exquisite feeling in his poems; close analysis and an unmitigatedness, wholly Whitmanesque, in his interpretation of Whitman; and no saner, happier criticism anywhere than in his *Literary Values*. There are many other excellent critics, however, many poets, and religious writers; many other excellent nature-writers, too; but is there any other who has written so much upon the ways of nature as they parallel and cross the ways of men, upon so great a variety of nature's forms and expressions, and has done it with such abiding love, with such truth and charm?

Yet such a comparison is beyond proof, except in the least of the literary values — mere quantity; and it may be with literature as with merchandise: the larger the cask the greater the tare. Charm? Is not charm that which *I* chance to like, or *you* chance to like? Others have written of nature with as much love and truth as has Mr. Burroughs, and each with his own peculiar charm: Audubon, with the spell of wild places and the thrill of fresh wonder; Traherne, with the ecstasy of the religious mystic; Gilbert White, with the sweetness of the evening and the morning; Thoreau, with the heat of noonday; Jefferies, with just a touch of twilight shadowing all his pages. We want them severally as they are; Mr. Burroughs as he is, neither wandering 'lonely as a cloud' in search of poems, nor skulking in the sedges along the banks of the Guaso Nyero looking for lions. We want him at Slabsides, near his celery-fields. And whatever the literary quality of our other nature-writers, no one of them has come any nearer than Mr. Burroughs to that difficult ideal — a union of thought and form, no more to be separated than the heart and the bark of a live tree.

Take Mr. Burroughs's work as a whole, and it is beyond dispute the most complete, the most revealing, of all our out-door literature. His pages lie open like the surface of a pond, sensitive to every wind, or calm as the sky, holding the clouds and the distant blue, and the dragon-fly, stiff-winged and pinned to the golden knob of a spatter-dock.

All out-door existence, all out-door phenomena, are deeply interesting to him. There is scarcely a form of out-door life, scarcely a piece of landscape, or natural occurrence, characteristic of the Eastern States, which has not been dealt with suggestively in his pages: the rabbit under his porch; the paleozoic pebble along his path; the salt breeze borne inland by the Hudson; the flight of an eagle; the whirl of a

snow-storm; the work of the honey-bees; the procession of the seasons over Slabsides; even the abundant soil out of which he and his grapes grow and which, 'incorruptible and undefiled,' he calls divine.

He devotes an entire chapter to the bluebird, a chapter to the fox, one to the apple, another to the wild strawberry. The individual, the particular thing, is always of particular interest to him. But so is its habitat, the whole of its environment. He sees the gem, not cut and set in a ring, but rough in the mine, where it glitters on the hand of nature, all the more that it is worn in the dark. Naturally Mr. Burroughs has written much about the birds; yet he is not an ornithologist. His theme has not been this or that, but nature in its totality, as it is bred within the circle of his horizon, as it surrounds, supports, and quickens him.

That nature does support and quicken the spiritual of him, no less than the physical, is the inspiration of his writing and the final comment it requires. Whether the universe was shaped from chaos with man as its end, is a question of real concern to Mr. Burroughs, but of less concern to him than the problem of shaping himself to the universe, of living as long as he may upon a world so perfectly adapted to life, if only one be physically and spiritually adaptable. To take the earth as one finds it, to plant one's self in it, to plant one's roof-tree in it, to till it, to understand it, and the laws which govern it, and the Perfection which created it, and to love it all — is the heart of Mr. Burroughs's religion, the pith of his philosophy, the conclusion of his books.

But if a perfect place for the fit, how hard a place is this world for the lazy, the ignorant, the stubborn, the weak, the physically and spiritually ill! So hard that a torpid liver is almost a mortal handicap, the stars in their courses fight against the bilious to defeat them, to drive them to exercise, to copious drinking of water, to knowledge of burdock and calomel — to obedience and understanding.

Underlying all of Mr. Burroughs's thought and feeling, framing every one of his books, is a deep sense of the perfection of nature, the sharing of which is physical life, and its understanding a knowledge of God himself, in some part of His perfection. 'I cannot tell what the simple apparition of the earth and sky mean to me; I think that at rare intervals one sees that they have an immense spiritual meaning, altogether unspeakable, and that they are the great helps, after all.' How the world was made — its geology, its biology — is the great question; for its answer is poetry and religion and life itself. Mr. Burroughs is serenely sure as to who made the world; and the theological speculation as to why it was made, he answers by growing small fruits on it, living upon it, writing about it.

Temperamentally Mr. Burroughs is an optimist, as vocationally he is a writer, and avocationally a vine-dresser. He plants and expects to gather — grapes from his grape-vines, books from his book-vines, years, satisfactions, sorrows, joys, all that is due him.

> The waters know their own and draw
> The brook that springs in yonder heights;
> So flows the good with equal law
> Unto the soul of pure delights.

And what is it that is due him? Everything: everything essential; as everything essential is due the pine tree, the prairie, the very planet. Is not this earth a star? Are not the prairie, the pine tree, and man the dust of stars? Each a part of the other? All parts of one whole — a universe, round, rolling, without beginning, without end, without flaw, without lack, self-sustained, perfect!

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Mr. Burroughs came naturally by such a view of nature and his consequent optimism. It is due partly to his having been born and brought up on a farm where he had what was due him from the start. Such birth and bringing-up is the natural right of every boy. To know and to do the primitive, the elemental; to go barefoot, to drive the cows, to fish, and to go to school with not too many books but with 'plenty of real things' — these are nominated in every boy's bond.

Serene I fold my hands and wait

is the poem of a childhood on the farm, and the poem of a manhood on the farm; for, after teaching school and becoming a United States bank examiner, Mr. Burroughs returned to the country where he still lives. He is now in his seventies, and coming full of years, and fuller and fuller of books as his vines are full of years, and fuller and fuller of grapes.

Could it be otherwise? If men and grapes are of the same divine dust, should they not grow according to the same divine laws? Here in the vineyard along the Hudson, Mr. Burroughs planted himself in planting his vines, and every trellis that he set has become his own support and stay. The very clearing of the land for his vineyard was a preparation of himself physically and morally for a more fruitful life.

'Before the snow was off in March,' he says in *Literary Values*, 'we set to work under-draining the moist and springy places. My health and spirits improved daily. I seemed to be underdraining my own life and carrying off the stagnant water, as well as that of the land.' And so he was. There are other means of doing it — taking drugs, playing golf, walking the streets; but surely the advantages and the poetry are all in favor of the vineyard. And how much fitter a place the vineyard to mellow and ripen life, than a city roof of tarry pebbles and tin!

Though necessarily personal and subjective, Mr. Burroughs's writing is entirely free from self-exploitation and confession. There are pages scattered here and there dealing briefly and frankly with his own natural history, but our thanks are due to Mr. Burroughs that he never made a business of watching himself. Once he was inveigled by a magazine editor into doing *An Egotistical Chapter*, wherein we find him as a boy of sixteen reading essays, and capable at that age of feeding for a whole year upon Dr. Johnson! Then we find him reading Whipple's essays, and the early out-door papers of Higginson; and later, at twenty-three, settling down with Emerson's essays, and getting one of his own into the *Atlantic Monthly!*

How early his own began to come to him!

That first essay in the *Atlantic* was followed by a number of out-door sketches in the New York *Leader* — written, Mr. Burroughs says, 'mainly to break the spell of Emerson's influence and get upon ground of my own.' He succeeded in both purposes; and a large and exceedingly fertile piece of ground it proved to be, too, this which he got upon! Already the young writer had chosen his field and his crop. The out-of-doors has been largely his literary material, as the essay has been largely his literary form, ever since. He has done other things — volumes of literary studies and criticisms; but his theme from first to last has been the Great Book of Nature, a page of which, here and there, he has tried to read to us.

Mr. Burroughs's work, in out-door literature, is a distinct species, with

new and well-marked characteristics. He is the nature-writer, to be distinguished from the naturalist in Gilbert White, the mystic in Traherne, the philosopher in Emerson, the preacher, poet, egoist in Thoreau, the humorist in Charles Dudley Warner. As we now know the nature-writer we come upon him for the first time in Mr. Burroughs. Such credit might have gone to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, had he not been something else before he was a lover of nature — of letters first, then of flowers, carrying his library into the fields; whereas Mr. Burroughs brings the fields into the library. The essay whose matter is nature, whose moral is human, whose manner is strictly literary, belongs to Mr. Burroughs. It is distinguished by this threefold and *even* emphasis. In almost every other of our early out-door writers either the naturalist, or the moralist, or the stylist, holds the pen.

Early or late, this or that, good out-door writing must be marked, first, by fidelity to fact; and, secondly, by sincerity of expression. Like qualities mark all good literature; but they are themselves the *very* literature of nature. When we take up a nature-book we ask (and it was Mr. Burroughs who taught us to ask), 'Is the record true? Is the writing honest?'

In these ten volumes by Mr. Burroughs there are many observations, and it is more than likely that some of them may be wrong, but it is not possible that any of them could be mixed with observations that he knows he never made. If Mr. Burroughs has written a line of sham natural history, which line is it? In a preface to *Wake-Robin*, the author says his readers have sometimes complained that they do not see the things which he sees in the woods; but I doubt if there ever was a reader who suspected Mr. Burroughs of not seeing the things.

His reply to these complaints is significant, being in no manner a defense, but an exquisite explanation, instead, of the difference between the nature that anybody may see in the woods and the nature that every individual writer, because he is a writer, and an individual, must put into his book: a difference like that between the sweet-water gathered by the bee from the flowers and the drop of acid-stung honey deposited by the bee in the comb. The sweet-water undergoes a chemical change in being brought to the hive, as the wild nature undergoes a literary change — by the addition of the writer's self to the nature, while with the sweet-water it is by the addition of the bee.

One must be able to walk to an editorial office and back, and all the way walk humbly with his theme, as Mr. Burroughs ever does — not entirely forgetful of himself, nor of me, because he has invited me along; but I must be quiet and not disturb the fishing — if we go by way of a trout-stream.

True to the facts, Mr. Burroughs is a great deal more than scientific, for he loves the things — the birds, hills, seasons — as well as the truths about them; and true to himself, it must not be inferred that he is a simple countryman who has never seen the city, a natural idyl, who lisps in *Atlantic* essays, because the essays come. He is fully aware of the thing he wants to do, and by his own confession has a due amount of trouble shaping the raw material into finished literary form. He is quite in another class from the authors of *The Complete Angler* and *New England's Rarities Discovered*. In Isaak Walton, to quote Leslie Stephen, 'a happy combination of circumstances has provided us with a true country idyl, fresh and racy from the soil, not consciously constructed by the most skillful artistic hand.' The skillful artistic hand is

everywhere seen in Mr. Burroughs. What writer nowadays could expect happy combinations of circumstances in sufficient numbers for ten volumes? Albeit a stone house, in a vineyard by the Hudson, seems a very happy combination.

Now being an idyl is not at all the result of a happy combination of circumstances, but rather of stars — of horoscope. You are born an idyl or you are not, and where and when you live has nothing to do with it.

Who would look for a true country idyl to-day in the city of Philadelphia? Yet one came out of there yesterday, and lies here open before me, on the table. It is a slender volume, called *With the Birds, An Affectionate Study*, by Caroline Eliza Hyde. The author is discussing the general subject of nomenclature and animal distribution, and says, —

'When the Deluge covered the then known face of the earth, the birds were drowned with every other living thing, except those that Noah, commanded by God, took two by two into the Ark.

'When I reflect deeply and earnestly about the Ark, as every one should, thoughts crowd my mind with an irresistible force.'

And they crowd my mind, too.

'Noah and his family had preserved the names of the birds given them by Adam. This is assured, for Noah sent a raven and a dove out to see if the waters had abated, and we have birds of that name now. Nothing was known of our part of the globe, so these birds must have remained in the Holy Land for centuries. We do not hear of them until America was discovered. . . .

'Bats come from Sur. They are very black mouse-like birds, and disagreeable. . . . The bobolink is not mentioned in the Bible, but it is doubtless a primitive bird. The cock that crows too early in the morning . . . can hardly be classed with the song-birds. The name of the humming-bird is not mentioned in the Bible, but as there is nothing new under the sun, he is probably a primitive bird.'

Mr. Burroughs will agree that the humming-bird is probably a primitive bird; also that this is a true idyl, and that he could not write a true idyl if he tried. No one could write like that by trying. And what has any happy combination of circumstances to do with it? No, a book essentially is only a personality in type, and he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write a true idyl must himself be born a true idyl. A fine Miltonic saying!

Mr. Burroughs is not an idyl, but an essayist, with a love for books only second to his love for nature; a watcher in the woods, a tiller of the soil, a reader, critic, thinker, poet, whose chief business these fifty years has been the interpretation of the out-of-doors.

Upon him as interpreter and observer, his last two books, *Ways of Nature* and *Leaf and Tendril*, are an interesting comment.

Truth does not always make good literature, not when it is stranger than fiction, as it often is, and the writer who sticks to the truth of nature must sometimes do it at the cost of purely literary ends. 'Have I sacrificed truth to literature?' asks Mr. Burroughs of his books. 'Have I seen in nature the things that are there,' or the strange man-things, the 'winged creeping things which have four feet,' and which were an abomination to the ancient Hebrews, but which the readers of modern nature-writing do greedily devour — are these the things I have seen?' And so he sets about a re-examination of all he has written, from *Wake-Robin* to *Far and Near*, hoping 'that the result of the discussion or threshing will not be to make the reader love the animals less, but rather to love the truth more.'

But the result, as embodied in *Ways of Nature* and in *Leaf and Tendril*, is quite the opposite, I fear; for these two volumes are more scientific in tone than any of his other work; and it is the mission, not of science, but of literature, to quicken our love for animals, even for truth. Science only adds to the truth. Yet here, in spite of himself, Mr. Burroughs is more the writer, more the interpreter, than the investigator. He is constantly forgetting his scientific thesis, as for instance, in the account of his neighbor's errant cow. He succeeds finally, however, in reducing her fairly well to a mechanical piece of beef, acting to vegetable stimuli upon a nerve ganglion located somewhere in the region between her horns and her tail.

Now, all this is valuable, and the use made of it is laudable, but would we not rather have the account than the cow, especially from Mr. Burroughs? It is the account that he has come to stand for. And so, if we do not love Mr. Burroughs's scientific animals more, and his scientific findings more, we do, I think, love all his other books more; for we see now that, from the beginning, he has regarded the facts of nature as the solid substance of his books, to be kept as free from fancy and from false report as his interpretation of them is to be kept free from all exaggeration and cant.

Here then are ten volumes of honest seeing, honest feeling, honest reporting. Such honesty of itself may not make good nature-literature, but without such honesty there can be no good nature-literature.

Nature-literature is not less than the truth, but more; how much more, Mr. Burroughs himself suggests to us in a passage about his literary habits.

'For my part,' he says, 'I can never interview nature in the reporter fashion. I must camp and tramp with her to get any good, and what I get I absorb through my emotions rather than consciously gather through my intellect. . . . An experience must lie in my mind a certain time before I can put it upon paper — say from three to six months. If there is anything in it, it will ripen and mellow by that time. I rarely take any notes, and I have a very poor memory, but rely upon the affinity of my mind for a certain order of truths or observations. What is mine will stick to me, and what is not will drop off. We who write about nature pick out, I suspect, only the rare moments when we have had glimpses of her, and make much of them. Our lives are dull, our minds crusted over with rubbish like those of other people. Then writing about nature, or about most other subjects, is an expansive process; we are under the law of evolution; we grow the germ into the tree; a little original observation goes a good way.' For 'when you go to nature, bring us good science or else good literature, and not a mere inventory of what you have seen. One demonstrates, the other interprets.'

Careful as Mr. Burroughs has been with his facts, so careful as often to bring us excellent science, he yet has left us no inventory of the out-of-doors. His work is literature; he is not a demonstrator, but an interpreter, an expositor who is true to the text and the whole of the context.

One's pleasure in Mr. Burroughs as an interpreter comes as much from his wholesome good sense, from his balance and sanity, I think, as from the assurance of his sincerity. Free from pose and cant and deception, he is free also from bias and strain. There is something ordinary, normal, reasonable, companionable, about him; an even tenor to all his ways, a deliberateness, naturalness to all his paths, as if they might have been made

originally by the cows. So they were.

If Mr. Burroughs were to start from my door for a tramp over these Hingham hills he would cross the trout-brook by my neighbor's stone bridge, and nibbling a spear of peppermint on the way, would follow the lane and the cow-paths across the pasture. Thoreau would pick out the deepest hole in the brook and try to swim across; he would leap the stone walls of the lane, cut a bee-line through the pasture, and drop, for his first look at the landscape, to the bottom of the pit in the seam-face granite quarry. Here he would pull out his note-book and a gnarly wild apple from his pocket, and intensely, critically, chemically, devouring said apple, make note in the book that the apples of Eden were flat, the apples of Sodom bitter, but this wild, tough, wretched, impossible apple of the Hingham hills united all ambrosial essences in its striking flavor of squash-bugs. Mr. Burroughs takes us along with him. Thoreau comes upon us — jumps out at us from behind some bush, with a '*Scat!*' Burroughs brings us home in time for tea; Thoreau leaves us tangled up in the briars. It won't hurt us to be jumped at now and then and told to '*scat!*' To be digged by the briars is good for us, else we might forget that *we* are beneath our clothes; good for us and highly diverting, but highly irritating too.

For my part, when I take up an outdoor book I am glad if there is quiet in it, fragrance, and something of the sameness and sweetness of the sky. Not that I always want sweet skies. It is 98 degrees in the shade, and three weeks since there fell a drop of rain. I could sing like a robin for a sizzling, crackling thunder-shower — less for the sizzling and crackling than for the shower. Thoreau is a succession of showers — 'tempests'; his pages are sheet-lightning, electrifying, purifying, illuminating, but not altogether conducive to peace. There is a clear sky to most of Mr. Burroughs's pages, a rural landscape, wide, gently rolling, with cattle standing beneath the trees.

His natural history is entirely natural, his philosophy entirely reasonable, his religion and ethics very much of the kind we wish our minister and neighbor might possess; and his manner of writing is so unaffected that we feel we could write in that manner ourselves. Only we cannot.

Since the time he can be said to have 'led' a life, Mr. Burroughs has led a literary life; that is, nothing has been allowed to interfere with his writing; yet the writing has not interfered with a quiet successful business — with his raising of grapes. He has a study and a vineyard.

Not many men ought to live by the pen alone. A steady diet of inspiration and words is hard on the literary health. The writing should be varied with some good wholesome work, actual hard work for the hands; not so much, perhaps, as one would find in an eighteen-acre vineyard, yet Mr. Burroughs's eighteen acres have certainly proved no check — rather, indeed, a stimulus — to his writing. He seems to have gathered a volume out of every acre; and he has put a good acre into every volume. *Fresh Fields* is the name of one of the volumes, *Leaf and Tendril* of another; but the freshness of his fields, the leaves and the tendrils of his vineyard, enter into them all. The grapes of the vineyard are in them also.

Here is a growth of books out of the soil that have been trimmed, trained, sprayed, and kept free from rot. Such books may not be altogether according to the public taste; they will keep, however, until the public acquires a better taste. Sound, ripe, fresh, early and late, a full crop! Has the vineyard anything to do with it?

It is not every farmer who should go to writing, nor every writer who should go to farming; but there is a mighty waste of academic literature, of premature, precocious, lily-handed literature, of chicken-licken literature, because the writers do not know a spade when they see one, would not call it that if they knew, and need to do less writing and more farming, more real work with their hands in partnership with the elemental forces of nature, or in comradeship with average elemental men — the only species extant of the quality to make writing worth while.

Mr. Burroughs has had this labor, this comradeship. His writing is seasoned and sane. It is ripe, and yet as fresh as green corn with the dew in the silk. You have eaten corn on the cob just from the stalk and steamed in its own husk? Green corn that is corn, that has all its milk and sugar and flavor, is cob and kernel and husk, not a stripped ear that is cooked with the kitchen air.

Literature is too often stripped of its human husk, and cut from its human cob: the man gone, the writer left; the substance gone, the style left — corn that tastes as much like corn as it tastes like puffed rice, — which tastes like nothing at all. There is the sweetness of the husk, the flavor of the cob, the substance of the corn to Mr. Burroughs.

There is no lack of cob and husk to Thoreau, of shell and hull, one should say, for he is more like a green walnut than an ear of green corn. Thoreau is very human, a whole man; but he is almost as much a tree, and a mountain, and a pond, and a spell of weather, and a state of morals. He is the author of *Walden*, and nobody else in the world is that; he is a lover of nature, as ardent a lover as ever eloped with her; he is a lover of mankind, loving them with an intensity that hates them bag and baggage; he is poetical, prophetic, paradoxical, and utterly impossible.

But he knew it. Born in Concord, under the transcendental stars, at a time when Delphic sayings and philosophy, romance, and poetry ran wild in the gardens, where Bouncing-Bet with Wayward Charlie now run wild, Thoreau knew that he was touched, and that all his neighbors were, and sought asylum at Walden. But Walden was not far enough. If Mr. Burroughs, in New York State, found it necessary to take to the woods in order to escape Emerson, then Thoreau should have gone to Chicago, or to Xamiltapec.

Thoreau overworked, even in his bean-patch. But perhaps he had to, in order to produce beans with minds and souls. Such beans! Yet, for baking, plain beans are better than these transcendental beans, because your transcendental beans are always baked without pork.

It is the strain, in Thoreau, that wearies us; his sweating among the stumps and wood-chucks, a bean-crop netting him eight dollars, seventy-one and one-half cents. A family man cannot contemplate that fiddling patch with any patience, even though he have a taste for literature as real as his taste for beans. It is better to watch Mr. Burroughs pruning his grape-vine for a crop to net him one thousand, three hundred and twenty-five dollars, and *no* cents, and no half-cents. Here are eighteen acres to be cultivated, whose fruit is picked, shipped, and sold in the New York markets at a profit.

The most worthy qualities of good writing are those least noticeable — negative qualities of honesty, directness, sincerity, euphony; noticeable only by their absence. Yet in Mr. Burroughs they amount to a positive charm. Indeed, are not these same negative qualities the very substance of

good style? Such style as is had by a pair of pruning-shears, or is embodied in the exquisite lines of a flying swallow — the style that is perfect, purposeful adaptability?

But there is more than efficiency to Mr. Burroughs's style; there are strengths and graces existing in and for themselves. Here is a naturalist who has studied the art of writing. 'What little merit my style has,' he declares, 'is the result of much study and discipline.' And whose style, if it be style at all, is not the result of much study and discipline? Flourish, fine-writing, wordiness, obscurity, and cant are exorcised in no other way; and as for the 'limpidness, sweetness, freshness,' which Mr. Burroughs says should characterize out-door writing, and which do characterize his writing, how else shall they be obtained?

Out-door literature, no less than other types, is both form and matter; the two are mutually dependent, inseparably one; but the writer is most faithful to the form when he is most careful of the matter. It makes a vast difference whether his interest is absorbed by what he has to say, or by the possible ways he may say it. If Mr. Burroughs writes in his shirt-sleeves, as a recent critic says he does, it is because he goes about his writing as about his vineyarding — for grapes, for thoughts, and not to see how pretty he can make a paragraph look, or into what fantastic form he can train a vine. The vine is lovely in itself, — if it bear fruit.

And so is language. Take Mr. Burroughs's manner in any of its moods: its store of single, sufficient words, for instance, especially the homely, rugged words and idioms, and the flavor they give, is second to the work they do; or take his use of figures — De Quincey's 'discursive, roundabout style, herding his thoughts as a collie dog herds sheep,' — and unexpected, vivid, apt as they are, they are even more effective. One is often caught up by the poetry in the prose of these essays and borne aloft, but never on a gale of words; the life and sweep are genuine emotion and thought.

As an essayist, — as a nature-writer I ought to say, — Mr. Burroughs's literary care is perhaps nowhere so plainly seen as in the simple architecture of his essay-plans, in their balance and finish, a quality that distinguishes him from others of the craft, and that neither gift nor chance could so invariably supply. The common fault of out-door books is the catalogue — raw data, notes. There are paragraphs of them in Mr. Burroughs, volumes of them in Thoreau. The average nature-writer sees not too much of nature, but knows all too little of literary values; he sees everything, gets a meaning out of nothing; writes it all down; and gives us what he sees, which is precisely what everybody may see; whereas we want what he thinks and feels. Some of our present writers do nothing but feel and divine and fathom — the animal psychologists, whatever they are. The bulk of nature-writing, however, is journalistic, done on the spot, into a note-book, as were the journals of Thoreau — fragmentary, yet often exquisite, like bits of old stained glass, unleaded, and lacking unity and design.

No such fault can be found with Mr. Burroughs. He goes pencilless into the woods, and waits before writing until his return home, until time has elapsed for the multitudinous details of the trip to blur and blend, leaving only the dominant facts and impressions for his pen. Every part of his work is of selected stock, as free from knots and seams, and sap-wood, as a piece of old-growth pine. There is plan, proportion, integrity to his essays — the naturalist

living faithfully up to a sensitive literary conscience.

Mr. Burroughs is a good, but not a great naturalist, as Audubon and Gray were great naturalists. His claim (and Audubon's in part) upon us is literary. He has been a watcher in the woods; has made a few pleasant excursions into the primeval wilderness, leaving his gun at home, and his camera, too, thank Heaven! He has broken out no new trail, discovered no new animal, no new thing. But he has seen all the old, uncommon things, and seen them oftener, has watched them longer, through more seasons, than any other writer of our out-of-doors; and though he has discovered no new thing, yet he has made discoveries, volumes of them, — contributions largely to our stock of literature, and to our store of love for the earth, and to our joy in living upon it. He has turned a little of the universe into literature; has translated a portion of the earth into human language; has restored to us our garden here eastward in Eden — apple-tree and all.

For a real taste of fruity literature, try Mr. Burroughs's chapter on 'the apple.' Try Thoreau's too, — if you are partial to squash-bugs. There are chapters in Mr. Burroughs, such as 'The Flight of the Eagle,' 'A River View,' 'A Snow-Storm,' which seem to me as perfect, in their way, as anything that has ever been done — single, simple, beautiful in form, and deeply significant; the storm being a piece of fine description, of whirling snow across a geologic landscape, distant and as dark as eternity; the whole wintry picture lighted and warmed at the end by a glowing touch of human life: —

'We love the sight of the brown and ruddy earth; it is the color of life, while a snow-covered plain is the face of death; yet snow is but the mark of life-giving rain; it, too, is the friend of man — the tender, sculpturesque, immaculate, warming, fertilizing snow.'

There are many texts in these ten volumes, many themes, which unite, however, in one real message: that this is a good world to live in; these are good men and women to live with; that life, here and now, is altogether worth living.

# THE MARBLE CHILD

BY E. NESBIT

All over the pavement of the church spread the exaggerated cross-hatching of the old pews' oak, a Smithfield market of intersecting lines such as children made with cards in the old days when kings and knaves had fat legs bulging above their serviceable feet, and queens had skirts to their gowns and were not cut across their royal middles by mirrors reflecting only the bedizened torso of them and the charge — heart, trefoil, or the like — in the right-hand top corner of the oblong that framed them.

The pew had qualities: tall fat hassocks, red cushions, a comparative se-

clusion, and, in the case of the affluent, red curtains drawn at sermon-time.

The child wearied by the spectacle of a plump divine, in black gown and Geneva bands, thumping the pulpit-cushions in the madness of incomprehensible oratory, surrendered his ears to the noise of intonations which, in his own treble, would have earned the reprimand, 'Naughty temper.' His eyes, however, were, through some oversight of the gods of his universe, still his own. They found their own pasture: not, to be sure, the argent and sable of gown and bands, still less the gules of flushed denunciatory gills.

There is fair pasture in an old church which, when Norman work was broken down, men loved and built again as from the heart, with pillars and arches, that, to their rude time, symbolized all that the heart desires to materialize, in symbolic stone. The fretted tombs where the effigies of warrior and priest lay life-like in dead marble, the fretted canopies that brooded above their rest. Tall pillars like the trunks of the pine woods that smelt so sweet, the marvel of the timbered roof, — turned upside down it would be like a ship. And what could be easier than to turn it upside down? Imagination shrank bashfully from the pulpit already tightly tenanted, but the triforium was plainly and beautifully empty; there one could walk, squeezing happily through the deep thin arches and treading carefully by the unguarded narrow ledge. Only if one played too long in the roof aunts nudged, and urgent whispers insisted that one must not look about like that in church. When this moment came it came always as a crisis foreseen, half-dreaded, half longed-for. After that the child kept his eyes lowered, and looked only at the faded red hassocks that the straw bulged from, and in brief, guarded, intimate moments, at the other child.

The other child was kneeling, always, whether the congregation knelt or stood or sat. Its hands were clasped. Its face was raised, but its back bowed under a weight — the weight of the font, for the other child was of marble and knelt always in the church, Sundays and weekdays. There had been once three marble figures holding up the shallow basin, but two had crumbled or been broken away, and now it seemed that the whole weight of the superimposed marble rested on those slender shoulders.

The child who was not marble was sorry for the other. He must be very tired.

The child who was not marble, — his name was Ernest, — that child of weary eyes and bored brain, pitied the marble boy while he envied him.

'I suppose he does n't really feel, if he's stone,' he said. 'That's what they mean by the stony-hearted tyrant. But if he does feel — How jolly it would be if he could come out and sit in my pew, or if I could creep under the font beside him. If he would move a little there would be just room for me.'

The first time that Ernest ever saw the marble child move was on the hottest Sunday in the year. The walk across the fields had been a breathless penance, the ground burned the soles of Ernest's feet as red-hot ploughshares the feet of the saints. The corn was cut, and stood in stiff yellow stooks, and the shadows were very black. The sky was light, except in the west beyond the pine trees, where blue-black clouds were piled.

'Like witches' feather-beds,' said Aunt Harriet, shaking out the folds of her lace shawl.

'Not before the child, dear,' whispered Aunt Emmeline.

Ernest heard her, of course. It was always like that: as soon as any one spoke about anything interesting, Aunt

Emmeline intervened. Ernest walked along very melancholy in his starched frill. The dust had whitened his strapped shoes, and there was a wrinkle in one of his white socks.

'Pull it up, child, pull it up,' said Aunt Jessie; and shielded from the world by the vast silk-veiled crinolines of three full-sized aunts, he pulled it up.

On the way to church, and indeed, in all walks abroad, you held the hand of an aunt; the circumferent crinolines made the holding an arm's-length business, very tiring. Ernest was always glad when, in the porch, the hand was dropped. It was just as the porch was reached that the first lonely roll of thunder broke over the hills.

'I knew it,' said Aunt Jessie, in triumph; 'but you would wear your blue silk.'

There was no more thunder till after the second lesson, which was hardly ever as interesting as the first, Ernest thought. The marble child looked more tired than usual, and Ernest lost himself in a dream-game where both of them got out from prison and played hide-and-seek among the tombstones. Then the thunder cracked deafeningly right over the church. Ernest forgot to stand up, and even the clergyman waited till it died away.

It was a most exciting service, well worth coming to church for, and afterwards people crowded in the wide porch and wondered whether it would clear, and wished they had brought their umbrellas. Some went back and sat in their pews till the servants should have had time to go home and return with umbrellas and cloaks. The more impetuous made clumsy rushes between the showers, bonnets bent, skirts held well up. Many a Sunday dress was ruined that day, many a bonnet fell from best to second-best.

And it was when Aunt Jessie whispered to him to sit still and be a good boy and learn a hymn, that he looked to the marble child with, 'Is n't it a shame?' in his heart and his eyes, and the marble child looked back, 'Never mind, it will soon be over,' and held out its marble hands. Ernest saw them come toward him, reaching well beyond the rim of the basin under which they had always, till now, stayed.

'Oh!' said Ernest, quite out loud, and dropping the hymn-book, held out his hands, or began to hold them out. For before he had done more than sketch the gesture, he remembered that marble does not move and that one must not be silly. All the same, marble *had* moved. Also Ernest had 'spoken out loud' in church. Unspeakable disgrace!

He was taken home in conscious ignominy, treading in all the puddles to distract his mind from his condition.

He was put to bed early, as a punishment, instead of sitting up and learning his catechism under the charge of one of the maids while the aunts went to evening church. This, while terrible to Ernest, was in the nature of a reprieve to the housemaid, who found means to modify her own consequent loneliness. Far-away whisperings and laughings from the back or kitchen windows assured Ernest that the front or polite side of the house was unguarded. He got up, simulated the appearance of the completely dressed, and went down the carpeted stairs, through the rosewood-furnished drawing-room, rose-scented and still as a deathbed, and so out through the French windows to the lawn, where already the beginnings of dew lay softly.

His going out had no definite aim. It was simply an act of rebellion such as, secure from observation, the timid may achieve; a demonstration akin to putting the tongue out behind people's backs.

Having got himself out on the lawn, he made haste to hide in the shrubbery, disheartened by a baffling consciousness of the futility of safe revenges. What is the tongue put out behind the back of the enemy without the applause of some admirer?

The red rays of the setting sun made splendor in the dripping shrubbery.

'I wish I had n't,' said Ernest.

But it seemed silly to go back now, just to go out and to go back. So he went farther into the shrubbery and got out at the other side where the shrubbery slopes down into the wood, and it was nearly dark there — so nearly that the child felt more alone than ever.

And then quite suddenly he was not alone. Hands parted the hazels and a face he knew looked out from between them.

He knew the face, and yet the child he saw was not any of the children he knew.

'Well,' said the child with the face he knew; 'I've been watching you. What did you come out for?'

'I was put to bed.'

'Do you not like it?'

'Not when it's for punishment.'

'If you'll go back now,' said the strange child, 'I'll come and play with you after you're asleep.'

'You dare n't. Suppose the aunts catch you?'

'They won't,' said the child, shaking its head and laughing. 'I'll race you to the house!'

Ernest ran. He won the race. For the other child was not there at all when he reached the house.

'How odd!' he said. But he was tired and there was thunder again and it was beginning to rain, large spots as big as pennies on the step of the French window. So he went back to bed, too sleepy to worry about the question of where he had seen the child before, and only a little disappointed because his revenge had been so brief and inadequate.

Then he fell asleep and dreamed that the marble child had crept out from under the font, and that he and it were playing hide-and-seek among the pews in the gallery at church. It was a delightful dream and lasted all night, and when he woke he knew that the child he had seen in the wood in yesterday's last light was the marble child from the church.

This did not surprise him as much as it would surprise you: the world where children live is so full of amazing and incredible-looking things that turn out to be quite real. And if Lot's wife could be turned into a pillar of salt, why should not a marble child turn into a real one? It was all quite plain to Ernest, but he did not tell any one: because he had a feeling that it might not be easy to make it plain to them.

'That child does n't look quite the thing,' said Aunt Emmeline at breakfast. 'A dose of Gregory's, I think, at eleven.'

Ernest's morning was blighted. Did you ever take Gregory's powder? It is worse than quinine, worse than senna, worse than anything except castor oil.

But Ernest had to take it — in raspberry jam.

'And don't make such faces,' said Aunt Emmeline, rinsing the spoon at the pantry sink. 'You know it's all for your own good.'

As though the thought that it is for one's own good ever kept any one from making faces!

The aunts were kind in their grown-up crinolined way. But Ernest wanted some one to play with. Every night in his dreams he played with the marble child. And at church on Sunday the marble child still held out its hands, farther than before.

'Come along then,' Ernest said to

it, in that voice with which heart speaks to heart; 'come and sit with me behind the red curtains. Come!'

The marble child did not look at him. Its head seemed to be bent farther forward than ever before.

When it came to the second hymn Ernest had an inspiration. All the rest of the churchful, sleepy and suitable, were singing, —

'The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away.'

Ernest turned his head towards the marble child and softly mouthed, — you could hardly call it singing, —

'The rosy tews of early dawn,
The brightness of the day;
Come out, come out, come out, come out,
Come out with me and play.'

And he pictured the rapture of that moment when the marble child should respond to this appeal, creep out from under the font, and come and sit beside him on the red cushions beyond the red curtains. The aunts would not see, of course. They never saw the things that mattered. No one would see except Ernest. He looked hard at the marble child.

'You must come out,' he said; and again, 'You must come, you must.'

And the marble child did come. It crept out and came to sit by him, holding his hand. It was a cold hand certainly, but it did not feel like marble.

And the next thing he knew, an aunt was shaking him and whispering with fierceness tempered by reverence for the sacred edifice, —

'Wake up, Ernest. How can you be so naughty?'

And the marble child was back in its place under the font.

When Ernest looks back on that summer it seems to have thundered every time he went to church. But of course this cannot really have been the case.

But it was certainly a very lowering purple-skied day that saw him stealthily start on the adventure of his little life. He was weary of aunts — they were kind yet just; they told him so and he believed them. But their justice was exactly like other people's nagging, and their kindness he did not want at all. He wanted some one to play with.

'May we walk up to the churchyard?' was a request at first received graciously as showing a serious spirit. But its reiteration was considered morbid, and his walks took the more dusty direction of the County Asylum.

His longing for the only child he knew, the marble child, exacerbated by denial, drove him to rebellion. He would run away. He would live with the marble child in the big church porch, they would eat berries from the wood near by, just as children did in books, and hide there when people came to church.

So he watched his opportunity and went quietly out through the French window, skirted the side of the house where all the windows were blank because of the old window-tax, took the narrow strip of lawn at a breathless run, and found safe cover among the rhododendrons.

The church-door was locked, of course, but he knew where there was a broken pane in the vestry window, and his eye had marked the lop-sided tombstone underneath it. By climbing upon that and getting a knee in the carved water-spout — He did it, got his hand through, turned the catch of the window, and fell through upon the dusty table of the vestry.

The door was ajar and he passed into the empty church. It seemed very large and gray now that he had it to himself. His feet made a loud echoing noise that was disconcerting. He had

meant to call out, 'Here I am!' But in the face of these echoes he could not.

He found the marble child, its head bent more than ever, its hands reaching out quite beyond the edge of the font; and when he was quite close he whispered, —

'Here I am. — Come and play!'

But his voice trembled a little. The marble child was so plainly marble. And yet it had not always been marble. He was not sure. Yet —

'I *am* sure,' he said. 'You did talk to me in the shrubbery, did n't you?'

But the marble child did not move or speak.

'You did come and hold my hand last Sunday,' he said, a little louder.

And only the empty echoes answered him.

'Come out,' he said then, almost afraid now of the church's insistent silence. 'I've come to live with you altogether. Come out of your marble, do come out!'

He reached up to stroke the marble cheek. A sound thrilled him, a loud everyday sound. The big key turning in the lock of the south door. The aunts!

'Now they 'll take me back,' said Ernest; 'you might have come.'

But it was not the aunts. It was the old pew-opener, come to scrub the chancel. She came slowly in with pail and brush; the pail slopped a little water on to the floor close to Ernest as she passed him, not seeing.

Then the marble child moved, turned toward Ernest speaking lips and eyes that saw.

'You can stay with me forever if you like,' it said, 'but you'll have to see things happen. I have seen things happen.'

'What sort of things?' Ernest asked.

'Terrible things.'

'What things shall I have to see?'

'*She*,' the marble child moved a free arm to point to the old woman on the chancel steps, 'and your aunt who will be here presently, looking for you. Do you hear the thunder? Presently the lightning will strike the church. It won't hurt us, but it will fall on them.'

Ernest remembered in a flash how kind Aunt Emmeline had been when he was ill, how Aunt Jessie had given him his chessmen, and Aunt Harriet had taught him how to make paper rosettes for picture-frames.

'I must go and tell them,' he said.

'If you go, you 'll never see me again,' said the marble child, and put its arms round his neck.

'Can't I come back to you when I've told them?' Ernest asked, returning the embrace.

'There will be no coming back,' said the marble child.

'But I want you. I love you best of everybody in the world,' Ernest said.

'I know.'

'I'll stay with you,' said Ernest.

The marble child said nothing.

'But if I don't tell them I shall be the same as a murderer,' Ernest whispered. 'Oh! let me go, and come back to you.'

'I shall not be here.'

'But I must go. I must,' said Ernest, torn between love and duty.

'Yes.'

'And I shan't have you any more?' the living child urged.

'You 'll have me in your heart,' said the marble child — 'that 's where I want to be. That 's my real home.'

They kissed each other again.

'It was certainly a direct Providence,' Aunt Emmeline used to say in later years to really sympathetic friends, 'that I thought of going up to the church when I did. Otherwise nothing could have saved dear Ernest. He was terrified, quite crazy with fright, poor child, and he rushed out at me from behind our pew shouting, "Come away,

come away, auntie, come away!" and dragged me out. Mrs. Meadows providentially followed, to see what it was all about, and the next thing was the catastrophe.'

'The church was struck by a thunder-bolt, was it not?' the sympathetic friend asks.

'It was indeed — a deafening crash, my dear — and then the church slowly crumbled before our eyes. The south wall broke like a slice of cake when you break it across, — and the noise and the dust! Mrs. Meadows never had her hearing again, poor thing, and her mind was a little affected too. I became unconscious, and Ernest — well, it was altogether too much for the child. He lay between life and death for weeks. Shock to the system, the physician said. He had been rather run down before. We had to get a little cousin to come and live with us afterwards. The physicians said he required young society.'

'It must indeed have been a shock,' says the sympathetic friend, who knows there is more to come.

'His intellect was quite changed, my dear,' Aunt Emmeline resumes; 'on regaining consciousness he demanded the marble child! Cried and raved, my dear, always about the marble child. It appeared he had had fancies about one of the little angels that supported the old font, not the present font, my dear. We presented that as a token of gratitude to Providence for our escape. Of course we checked his fancifulness as well as we could, but it lasted quite a long time.'

'What became of the little marble angel?' the friend inquires as in friendship bound.

'Crushed to powder, dear, in the awful wreck of the church. Not a trace of it could be found. And poor Mrs. Meadows! So dreadful those delusions.'

'What form did her delusions take?' the friend, anxious to be done with the old story, hastily asks.

'Well, she always declared that *two* children ran out to warn me and that one of them was very unusual looking. "It was n't no flesh and blood, ma'am," she used to say in her ungrammatical way; "it was a little angel a-taking care of Master Ernest. It 'ad 'old of 'is 'and. And I say it was 'is garden angel, and its face was as bright as a lily in the sun."'

The friend glances at the India cabinet, and Aunt Emmeline rises and unlocks it.

'Ernest must have been behaving in a very naughty and destructive way in the church — but the physician said he was not quite himself probably, for when they got him home and undressed him they found this in his hand.'

Then the sympathizing friend polishes her glasses and looks, not for the first time, at the relic from the drawer of the India cabinet. It is a white marble finger.

Thus flow the reminiscences of Aunt Emmeline. The memories of Ernest run as this tale runs.

# TAFT AND ROOSEVELT: A COMPOSITE STUDY

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT regretted deeply the resignation of Elihu Root as Secretary of War in 1903. 'As an adviser,' said he, 'Root gives me just what I need — candid opposition when he thinks I am wrong. Shall I ever find any one to take his place?' To a suggestion of Mr. Taft's name he responded, 'Of course, Taft is the only man possible. I am very fond of him, and he will make an ideal member of the Cabinet. The only trouble with him is,' — and he ended the sentence with his whimsical smile and in his semi-falsetto, — 'he is too much like *me!*'

Mr. Taft came, and in due course was chosen by Mr. Roosevelt for his successor. The President pressed his candidacy on the ground of their sympathetic agreement on questions of policy, intimating that the Taft administration would be, in effect, only a more polished continuation of the Roosevelt administration. Mr. Taft's popular majority therefore contained a mixture of voters who wished to see the Roosevelt administration carried through a few more chapters, and of voters whom nothing but the promised polish reconciled to the threatened prolongation.

The outcome astonished both groups. President Taft was not slow in letting it be known that the contrasts between himself and his predecessor were going to be emphasized quite as strongly as their likenesses. His reorganization of the Cabinet, his demand that Congress address itself immediately to a revision of the tariff, his preparations for indiscriminate prosecutions under the anti-trust law, were among the plainest evidences that a new day had dawned. What one element read in the change was a reversal and rebuke of Rooseveltism; what the opposing element read was the out-Roosevelting of Roosevelt. Unbiased observers saw in it merely the spectacle of two men aiming at the same ends, but differing radically in their manner of reaching these. A brief review of their dissimilarities, which are partly temperamental and partly the effect of training, may explain some phenomena that seem to have mystified the bulk of the newspaper-reading public.

We may set out with the assertion that both men are genuinely patriotic. Both are highly educated, the one on technical lines, the other in general scholarship. Neither began his public career with the Presidency in view. Taft's ambitions pointed in the direction of the Federal Supreme Court; Roosevelt's toward diplomacy, looking to the erection of the United States into a great World Power. Circumstances which could not have been foreseen deflected the currents of their lives. Each is a living force after his kind: Taft static, Roosevelt dynamic. Taft takes advantage of opportunity when it comes his way, and strives to shape it for the public good; Roosevelt goes hunting it, and consequently gets a larger choice. Inertia, for Taft, means rest; for Roosevelt, incessant activity.

To recognize visually the temperamental difference between the two men,

we need only see them at their equestrian exercise. Mr. Taft's horse must be one which can be depended on to carry him a given distance over a specified course, in a stated time and at a certain gait; Mr. Roosevelt's must be one which will not balk at leaving the beaten trail and plunging into a thicket, a jumper which will refuse no bar, a mettlesome animal which taxes continually its rider's vigilance. Both men are laughing philosophers; but Taft laughs at the world, Roosevelt with it. The Taft smile has passed into a proverb; it is always there, shining even through the mists of conventional sobriety. The Roosevelt smile comes and goes; it emerges from his near-sighted scowl and disappears again behind it, as the sun plays with an opaque cloud.

Both men have vigorous tempers. When Taft gives way to his, it is to inflict a merciless lashing upon its victim, for whom thereafter he has no use whatever. With Roosevelt it is a case of powder and spark: there is a vivid flash and a deafening roar, but when the smoke has blown away, that is the end, and the author of the explosion of January may become a boon companion by June, if accident have meanwhile invested him with new interest.

Both men have strong wills; Roosevelt's is aggressive to the verge of tyranny, Taft's obstinate to the point of perverseness. So marked are these characteristics that it is not difficult to fancy what either man would do in a fateful crisis. Had Taft been in Stoessel's place at Port Arthur, for instance, he might have starved rather than surrender; Roosevelt would have headed a forlorn hope and tried to cut his way through the besiegers, taking as many lives as he could before giving up his own.

Their theories of administration are fundamentally diverse. Mr. Taft's is the more dignified, Mr. Roosevelt's the more human. Mr. Taft's conception of the government is of a gigantic machine, its many parts so articulated as to be moved from a single source of energy; and as engineer he confines his attention to this central distributing point. As Mr. Roosevelt sees it, the government is an organization of live men, each engaged in doing something which, if not well done, diminishes the efficiency of the rest; hence, when he was in command of this legion, he had his eye on the corporals not less than on the captains. Technically speaking, Mr. Taft follows the more orderly method when he communicates only with his Cabinet officers, and leaves to them the direction of their subordinates.

Setting aside the question of orderliness, however, and considering rather the accomplishment of results, there is good reason for thinking that a president who takes a personal hand in everything will loom larger in history than one who sticks closely to a prescribed task. His example vitalizes the whole working force. His meddling may occasionally make discipline difficult in the higher places, but it inspires the rank and file with a sense of individual responsibility and encourages them to think as well as work. Only a brain and body of uncommon endurance could stand such drafts, and not one president in a dozen is equipped for undertaking more than the laws demand of him. This is a beneficent provision of nature to avert chaos in our governmental affairs; but it should not blind us to the fact that the country's debt to some of its master-spirits of the past has grown out of their idiosyncrasies rather than their conformity to rule.

Volunteer criticism brings into view another variance between the two men. Taft, shut in as he was for the first year of his presidency, knew virtually nothing of what the newspapers were saying about him and his official fam-

ily. He never cared for such reading himself, and others decided for him how much, and what, he should see. Those adverse opinions which did get past them and reach his eye, excited only his contempt, as either founded on misinformation or instigated by the 'conspirators' whom he suspected of constantly plotting harm to his administration. He rarely noticed such things publicly; when he did, he dealt with his critics at arm's length, and in terms which, though distinct, were fairly moderate.

Roosevelt, on the other hand, has always kept track of the newspapers, a practice in which he has had the aid of an enormous personal acquaintance. As the result of a particularly abusive screed there is apt to be a jarring of the elements till he has published to the world his opinion of the writer, in which the neutral tints of rhetoric are conspicuous by their absence. Were not his store of vital energy inexhaustible, he would long ago have worn himself out with the explosive force he puts into his retorts. His best friends regret that he does not reserve his artillery fire for the big foes who are worthy of it, instead of wasting so much ammunition on ground-moles and jack-rabbits. Besides, it loses a good deal of its potency by too frequent use. No public man can take up every quarrel thrust at him, save at the expense of other and larger warfare. Half the calumniators of a really fine fellow would go unheeded by the multitude but for the free advertising he gives them; and one deplorable effect of his condescension is to encourage them to bait him whenever they are short of legitimate excitement from other sources.

A certain kind of criticism, nevertheless, is accepted without resentment by the self-assertive Roosevelt. During his presidency he hardly ever put forth an important manifesto without first submitting it to a council in which the several elements likely to be affected by it were represented, with a request that every one speak his mind unreservedly. I have seen at such gatherings, clergymen, lawyers, editors, college presidents, mechanics, members of the administration, and subordinates in the civil service. All took their host at his word, and voiced their views when called upon. Often he made changes suggested by the least distinguished of his guests, but he was equally frank in holding to his first notions if unconvinced by argument. This was his means of getting into touch with public opinion on matters which he could not go out and discuss directly with his fellow citizens in mass. One can hardly imagine President Taft calling together such a miscellaneous company from the four corners of the country, and submitting his judgments for their approval or dissent. The reason is not far to seek.

Passing reference has been made to the education of the two men. In its broader sense the term includes, not only their academic studies, but their training in the everyday work of the world. Taft's brief but admirable service on the bench proved his fitness for a career there. It also fixed upon him the judicial habit of thought and action, which is utterly unlike the executive habit. The former means equipoise, deliberation, and carefully revised conclusions; the latter means prompt decision and swift reinforcement, followed by the stroke that counts. Coming to the presidency, Mr. Taft moved from a somewhat secluded domain in which he was at home, into an open one in which he was a stranger. The offices which had fallen to Roosevelt, from the day he entered public life, had, on the contrary, been legislative or executive, never judicial; they had kept him constantly leading some-

body and hammering at something, instead of calmly analyzing evidence and formulating principles.

It is true that Taft had some experience nominally executive, for a few years as Governor of the Philippines, and later as Secretary of War; but his colonial work was chiefly in the way of determining rights and administering justice among a dependent people, and in the Cabinet his functions were more advisory than constructive. It is not wonderful, therefore, that as President he approached his problems by the judicial rather than the executive route. Indifference to criticism was a feature of his judicial training; so was the weighing of all the pros and cons of a proposition before acting on it. Contrasted with Roosevelt's rapid despatch of business, this often aroused the impatience of non-official spectators, who set down Taft's conservatism as mere stubbornness. For the best enterprise proposed to him, Taft must find an affirmative sanction in the statutes and digests, or he will have none of it; Roosevelt, in a like situation, used to say, 'Is there any law against it? No? Then go ahead!'

In short, Taft interprets the Constitution in the light of its tenth amendment, Roosevelt in the light of its preamble. Both are equally sincere in their desire to serve the people. Taft takes for his guide the written law, and the platform pledges on which he was elected, as the latest recorded expressions of the popular will; Roosevelt mingles with the people themselves, and, if in thought and feeling they have run ahead of the written record, he also runs ahead, trusting that the formal expression will in due season catch up with the sentiment. This leads, now and then, to unexpected results. For example, when he started for Africa last year the present 'Insurgent' movement was unknown, and he was still figuring as a champion of Speaker Cannon; but no sooner does he return and take his bearings than he discerns in the revolt a real uprising of the people, and accordingly throws the weight of his influence rather toward its side than toward the other. The Old-Liners denounce his action as sheer demagogy; the Insurgents applaud it as true democracy.

As for President Taft, he seems to have reasoned like a magistrate up to the time of Mr. Roosevelt's return, and since then like an executive. Not many months elapsed between his exculpation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff because its accusers had not proved their case beyond a reasonable doubt, and his appearance as the sponsor for an entirely dissimilar scheme. This is not cowardice, or mere wanton tergiversation, but a sign of an awakening sense that the President sits, not on a bench, but in a chair of state.

Or, take the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy as an illustration of the difference between judicial and executive methods. The new administration was like an army just put into the field to attain certain ends for the common welfare. The effectiveness of its campaign depended on the concentration, not the diffusion, of its energies; yet two of the officers, having a disagreement, halted and undertook to settle it by a duel.

How would Commander Roosevelt have handled such a situation? He would have notified the disputants that they were there to destroy the enemy, not each other; that it was his business to lead the column, not to compose personal quarrels; and that, no matter what theirs was about, they must 'drop it' — his familiar phrase — or one of them must go outside of the public service to do his further fighting. Had his order been disregarded, he would summarily have cut off the of-

ficial head of the combatant he deemed most at fault, and moved along.

Commander Taft's course, equally characteristic, was the very reverse of this. He patiently listened to both parties, said as pleasant things as he could to both, and urged an investigation by Congress, very much as the trial judge turns over to a jury the issues of fact as a preliminary to applying the law. Even Mr. Pinchot's dismissal came not as a decision of the controversy, but as an incident, the Forester having committed what the judge was pleased to regard as contempt of court. But for that, affairs might have remained till to-day where they stood last December.

The contrast here indicated is borne out in the attitudes of the two Presidents toward the bench itself. When President Taft looks for a new judge, he aims to find one whose past activities convey little assurance as to his individual trend of thought on the questions of the day. President Roosevelt, believing that a policy is essential to all progress in government, and that the courts are part of the machinery of government, preferred men whose personal views on certain important subjects were well known. This was not with the purpose of influencing the courts unduly in the direction in which he thought civic welfare lay, but of preventing their being influenced in the opposite direction. No other President has so freely criticised the judiciary, and thereby provoked censure for himself from those who regard the courts as sacred because they hold the seals of ultimate authority; but to Mr. Roosevelt's mind they are human institutions, subject to human shortcomings, and to be kept pure only by exposure to the candid comment of the people to whom they owe their existence.

Though not strictly within the purview of this article, it might have been interesting to compare the respective ideals of the President and the ex-President as to party politics and management; but space limitations warn me that I must pass to the last phase of my topic, the mutual relations of the two men. This may be condensed into the simple statement that there is not now, and has not been, any misapprehension in the mind of either as to the other. In spite of the gossips, Mr. Taft has wasted no time in wondering 'where Roosevelt stands,' nor has Mr. Roosevelt agonized over the alternative of 'going to Taft's rescue or leaving him in the mire.' Mr. Taft has done many things which Mr. Roosevelt would not have done, and left undone many more which Mr. Roosevelt would have done; but this is Mr. Taft's administration, and no one realizes the fact better than Mr. Roosevelt. The 'Return from Elba' fol-de-rol has already dissolved into the thin air from which it was conjured, and the 'Roosevelt for 1912' hurrah still belongs in the same category with the familiar abridgment of Hamlet. No American publicist believes more implicitly in party solidarity than the ex-President; and when the test of the ballot-box shall have demonstrated the relative strength of the Progressive and the Old-Style Republicans, he expects to see the minority fall in, with true sportsmanlike spirit, behind the majority, and vote the same ticket at the next national election.

Without pretending to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, I will stake my all as a political weather-observer on the proposition that, however serious may be their factional differences, the Republicans will renominate President Taft in 1912 if he wishes it. This is not a guess, but a sober thesis in the psychology of practical politics. The party that has elected its candidate President by vouching for him

unconditionally to the American people would be ashamed to confess, at the end of his term, that it had misled the voters. Look back over the last fifty years. No power under heaven, except his own disinclination, could have prevented Lincoln's second nomination, or Grant's, or Garfield's, if he had lived; or Cleveland's, or Harrison's, or McKinley's. As neither Johnson nor Arthur had reached the presidency by election, and Hayes had publicly declared that he would not stand for a second term, their cases are not precedents.

But, albeit Mr. Taft will be the arbiter of his own fortunes as regards a renomination, a reëlection is of course quite another matter. That depends, not on the pride of a party, but on the satisfaction of the people; and no prediction of the result at the polls, two years before the event, would be worth the paper it was written on.

# THE SEVEN WORST SERMONS

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

Not that there may not be seventy, or even the full scriptural measure of seventy times seven, offenses against homiletical propriety. But the number seven has always possessed for religious circles a certain solemn connotation wanting among the numerals of more secular nature.

As one surveys the field of pulpit oratory for illustrations of sermonic incompetence, he will perceive that if his subject is to be handled with any high order of justice, he must dispossess himself of the personal equation. Among the fifty-two sermons he was privileged to hear last year, there may have been forty-nine which he disliked, which bored him or failed to produce a fluttering of conscience, but these of themselves are not sufficient reasons for bestowing upon any of the forty-nine the sinister distinction we have in mind. They may have been stupid sermons, badly written, abominably delivered sermons, uninteresting, unedifying, uninspiring, *un-anything* which a sermon may be, and perhaps generally is; but they were just meagre, or commonplace, or tiresome sermons, no more nor less, certainly not of an order of demerit to rank among the seven. For to have won the distinction of badness in a supreme degree, a discourse, like a person, must have violated one of the fundamental laws of goodness, and have clashed somehow with the eternal verities.

But who should say that your dear dominie's sermon last Sunday erred upon so tremendous a scale. It simply, poor thing, was not tremendous in any way. Like so many other well-meaning performances, it just failed, that was all. And in pointing out the mortal sins among the venial offenses of the pulpit, one may hope to bring about a clearance of prejudice relating to the preacher, and to make, in behalf of his difficult art, for more tolerant restraint

in the lavish use of superlatives. For last Sunday when, after service, you carelessly made those disparaging remarks about the sermon, you were guilty doubtless of a damaging slander. Dear Christian, unless you have studied the matter with an open mind, you do not know how bad a sermon can be.

You may recall the occasion on the Riviera, or in any of the play-grounds of Europe, when you worshiped of a Sunday morning in the little English Chapel. On inquiring after service, of your English neighbor at the pension, who the Rev. Mr. So-and-so was who preached that morning, you learned that he had come down from London on account of his throat. He could not stand the London fog. You may have suspected at the time that there were subsidiary reasons not mentioned by his compatriot for his being here, or rather for his not being there. And yet, in recalling the discourse, if you are possessed of any fine spiritual discernment, you would not elevate the sermon to a place among the seven. You remember it began: 'It behooves us, dear friends, on this blessed feast of St. Agatha, to remind ourselves,' — and that was almost the last of it you heard. Now just because so gentle a beginning was the last you heard, the sermon is disqualified for a place among the seven, for the worst sermons are by no means those which leave the listener mentally unencumbered and free to browse in pastures of his choosing.

We must at once admit that dull sermons are not, necessarily, unedifying. The very pause in the liturgy has a symbolic value. I have sometimes wondered why a vesper service, plus even a very lean discourse, seemed to possess spiritual completeness which was wanting in the service with Glorias ornately distended to cover the gap left by the omitted homily. Among the higher uses of church-going, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has caustically hinted, is to be let alone. That is why he found the empty church so edifying. And yet, had he thought more consequently upon the matter, he must have perceived that certain sermons inspire the same spacious sense of detachment as the empty church. Herein lies the sacred merit of the man whose cure of souls, because he had an unsuccessful throat, was the little English Chapel on the Riviera. There was nothing in his discourse peevishly irritating or impudently meddlesome. His voice melted somehow into the melody of the scene like the occasional brass in the orchestra, just obtrusive enough to emphasize the soft cushiony quality of the whole. And while the preacher was neatly tabulating through his strained bronchial organ the sound doctrine and godly admonition to be derived from the life of the dear Saint whose birthday we happened in upon that morning, we could snuggle down in some shady corner of our souls, or be set adrift upon pleasant excursions of our own, yet all the while dimly conscious that our course was determined by that hidden propeller and provocative of piety, the lean preacher with the throat talking on about St. Agatha.

The merit of this whole class of sermons is subconscious. The preacher does not arrogantly abuse his advantage by keeping the nose of his congregation down to the grindstone of rapt attention, nor by hurling his listeners at once into the stimulating zone of expectancy, but he modestly lays his sermon-stuff from firstly to lastly just below the threshold of consciousness — to be carried over later, if we care to do so, among other valuable experiences in our subconscious treasury of wisdom.

In the First Book of Homilies as set forth by Queen Elizabeth, one runs across the title, 'A Sermon, how Dan-

gerous a Thing it is to Fall from God, in Two Parts.' Those were the good old days when the higher clergy had the courage to be uninteresting for the glory of God, and when they chose their texts with no ulterior motive of intellectual display, — a type of self-effacement growing increasingly rare in these stereopticon days when the listener upon every public occasion is expected to sit in the garish light of active attention. Perhaps this explains the deep-seated prejudice among the elect against pulpit oratory of any sort, as savoring a bit of spiritual gaucherie. But there are sermons which do not possess the saving merit of dullness, and will not let us sleep or browse in spiritual pastures of our choosing. They bristle with little irritating goads of 'peppery convictions,' innocent enough in themselves, did the preacher not arrogate solely to himself the merit of possessing any convictions at all. He seems in a perpetual state of spiritual irritability and grief over his neighbors' sins and short-comings, and we are compelled to attend while our favorite indulgence or folly is paraded before the footlights of public disapproval. Without the prophet's vocation, he insists upon speaking in the prophet's shrill key upon most innocent occasions.

It is not his knowing that sin is wrong which annoys us, nor is it that our neighbors, in the next pew, know that sin unabashed stalks in their midst. But what keeps us in the wakefulness of resistance is the thought of the preacher's not knowing that we do not care who knows that we all innocently commit these faults, and shall go on doing so to our dying day. One may recall such a discourse, perhaps, upon the folly of the love of money. The preacher agreed with St. Paul that it is the root of all human calamity. But what gave the strident note to the preaching was his failure to perceive, poor man, that he was dealing with an honorable controversy of ancient standing, the blot on our human 'scutcheon, the serpent's trail of self-preservation, smearing him alike with the rest of us. If he would send us to our knees, the preacher must enter this ancient feud of mammon and the spirit in the sympathetic mood of the great apostle: 'The flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.' As it was, we stood erect in defiant protest, unabashed, and glorying in our shame. Therein lies the irritating quality of most sermons over-charged with personal conviction. The preacher pitches his voice as it were to carry across some spiritual chasm. And yet when out of the pulpit he is human enough, relaxing with genial indulgence of our frailties. He will partake of our dinner and drink our tea upon a perfect spiritual equality, apparently blinking the fact of there being any moral hiatus between the pulpit and the pew.

What sends this type of sermon down beneath the strata of the commonplace and bad, into the very pit of the seven worst, is the preacher's lack of sympathetic imagination. We miss in him the mellowing influence of a hardy discipline. Just here is the nice distinction between him and the man with the throat too sensitive for the London fog, who was sent to the Riviera for our blessed vacation uses. The latter had been starved and beaten and snubbed into a certain engaging humility of mind, while his brother of the more oratorical temperament had been battening upon prosperity. To capitalize man's frailties for oratorical purposes is to take unfair advantage. And yet the seven worst, and most of the seventy bad sermons have been

excluded from the good society of mediocrity and good taste by the indulgent appreciation of some section of the pews.

Then there are the sermons which Christopher Vance, had he heard them, would have called 'poll-parroting' — sheer feats of verbal pyrotechnics, religion screaming for articulation, words without precision, synonyms knee-deep, explosive gusts of adjectives, vehement adoration of the good, the true, and the beautiful, — a stupendous performance that leaves the preacher limp with self-appreciation, — all the innocent commitment by a talent which our demand for a fluent pulpit has created.

But a more reserved order of egotism than this sermonic violence, and yet one to be reckoned among the homiletical sins, is intellectual self-indulgence in its various forms: a quite modern offense by the way, which came in about the time the Bible was asked to present its credentials, and religion was timorously awaiting the verdict of its accusers. Cleverness, despite the handicap of being tied down to biblical matter, has many ingenious ways of revealing its presence in the pulpit without condescending to be helpful. There is the jaunty treatment of texts, — a way of coquetting with one's subject, withholding sometimes the spiritual intent of the sermon, its plain garden moral, until the end, when the truth splashes in upon the congregation on a wave of sparkling epigrams. And yet this frolicsome way of preaching has taken a by no means humble rank in the honor roll of contemporary pulpit achievement. There is many a preacher, who, to alter slightly Roger Ascham's pregnant remark, labors with uncontented care to preach better than he can.

A word about platitudes. Not to shun them is a mark of spiritual insight and humility distinguishing the greater masters, but rare among the clergy just emerging from deacon's orders. We parsons can ill afford to assume any lordly, patronizing airs over these well-accredited messengers of truth. The pulpit may have its own dignity to maintain in the matter, but a platitude humbly administered is a perfectly reputable means of grace for the congregation. What probably has brought platitudes into ill repute is the clergy's lack of self-effacement in employing them, — the air of having been the first to discover their genuine worth. For if the preacher is going to be a bumptious oracle, it were better to be clever and original on his own hook, and not to subject these venerable church dignitaries to his baser uses. A truth which has sermonic worth probably has become a platitude by the time the twentieth century comes to feel the need of it. And the inestimable benefit of having had a spacious experience is that one is vouchsafed the privilege of discovering for himself the fine gold of cosmic wisdom in these dear old pass-words of grace.

We never get on a footing of real acquaintanceship with a moral platitude until we have been duly introduced by some bitter experience. Thereafter a man is inclined to speak respectfully of any member of this old homiletical family. Polonius used his platitudes with the swaggering air of one patting a friend on the back, which leads us to suspect that he was not really on the footing of intimacy. The sad, reverent tone in which Wolsey sermonizes to Cromwell indicates that, after years of training in politics and religion, the astute old Cardinal has at last been admitted into the charmed circle of the venerable platitude concerning ambition. The Ten Commandments are the most threadbare of platitudes, but just break one of the more precious ones if you wish to discover what it is all about.

I am convinced that the clergy make a great mistake if they try to carry on their business without the aid of this sound spiritual capital.

The offense which writes certain sermons down among the seven homiletical sins must be laid at the door of that insidious little imp of egoism which sits like a gargoyle poised on the pulpit for the discomfiture of the preacher's soul. A magic word of exorcism for this imp is recorded in sacred writ. One of the world's preachers whom we are accustomed to reverence is recorded to have said, 'We are fools for Christ's sake.' St. Paul's preaching may have been criticised among the Greeks for its childish simplicity, but we have it on high authority that it is more meritorious for the preacher to become a fool for his Master's sake than to be in perpetual fear lest he be thought one. Yet many a man has attained considerable reputation as a preacher through his laborious efforts to avoid this estimable sign of discipleship which St. Paul commends to our attention. Most of us must enter maimed if we enter at all into the Kingdom of God, and the pride of intellect is the least disfiguring excision we can make. Egoism, I fear, is the matrix from which emerge most of the deadly sins of preaching. Was that preacher who must be counted among the world's masters of his art lamenting the intellectual limitations of the pulpit, or its temptations to self-display, when he exclaimed, 'Oh, the ignominy of the popular preacher!' Scylla and Charybdis were smooth sailing compared with the uncharted course of us poor preachers whose gracious privilege it is to speak the mind of God to men.

Then there is a certain type of preachment of horrible gnostic lineage, especially deserving of obloquy, — I mean the sermons which seem to esteem it a merit in ancient seers like the Apostles, or even in the Christ, to have enjoyed certain spiritual insight and convictions which are commonplace possessions in our glorious age. They tell us that 'St. Paul was wise enough to know,' and 'Jesus discovered,' or 'was practical enough to see,' and that, 'besides being this, He was something else,' etc.; nice psychological blanket-descriptions of the whole mind of God.

> Reverence,
> That angel of the world, doth make distinction
> Of place 'twixt high and low, —

but it is the last of the graces to flower with experience in either the layman's or the clergyman's soul. It goes deeper into reality than the superficial spiritual proprieties which may be taught in the seminaries along with Pearson on the Creed.

It is a delicate business, this speaking for God and committing the Son of Man to our hypotheses. For the life of me I cannot, from my shallow experience, imagine just what a Lincoln must have felt in any of the supreme moments of his career, nor explore the heart of any of the great souls 'wrestling with the crises of their fate'; and I marvel at the daring which presumes to follow Jesus into the Wilderness, and does not shudder at entering the Garden of Gethsemane.

But doubtless some of us are impatient to get in a word about those mediating sermons which have undertaken the weighty business of reconciling science with religion. Great is the company of them, and certainly they merit a place among the seven. Not a bit of it. They are among quite the most harmless of pulpit efforts. Whose faith was ever permanently impaired by hearing the preacher attempt the beneficent task of making Mr. Darwin and the authors of the First Book of Moses lie down together like the lion and the lamb? This whole class of sermons are a chivalrous refusal on the part of the

faithful to let smart folk and upstart materialists have the last word. It is the business of religion, while guarding the fringe of mystery, to keep an open universe, and to disparage any hasty and premature unifications.

The ancient and heroic way of reconciling science with religion was by burning the scientists. The mediating sermon had not yet been invented. We are beginning to have a sneaking suspicion that Galileo's sufferings have been over-capitalized among Protestant controversialists, and that he may have merited some of the chastisement which he received. I am entirely persuaded that he was altogether right about the earth, but the contemporary Pope was perhaps in a better position to know whether he was altogether right in matters of religion. If Galileo had stuck to science, he might have done what he chose with the planets. It was that dialogue involving the Pope which did the business.

It is an hereditary passion with men of science to take out their vacations in snubbing their ecclesiastical brethren. If only science and religion would not let their boundaries overlap, and would be content with publishing the mere facts without drawing invidious conclusions, there would never be the least friction. Spencer might have had the handsomest bust in the Abbey for all that good Christians would object, and Galileo might have been saved the embarrassment of recanting. But it is quite likely that the latter, having made the startling discovery that the earth moved, thought he saw it moving straight away from God; and, instead of keeping the horrible suspicion to himself, rushed into print. If his neighbors and dear old maiden aunts chose the old-fashioned view of things, they must have found him very trying to live with. The scientific mind takes a deal of carnal satisfaction in knocking the Christians' conceited earth off its pedestal in the centre of importance, and in reducing it to the ranks of a mere by-product in the cosmic process. Galileo must have rubbed his hands at times in unholy glee at creating a bit of furore among the old fogies. We have not had to live with Galileo, so he has had our militant sympathy, but we have lived in a generation when Huxleys and Spencers have been changing the intellectual climate. Who of us has not felt his fingers tingling now and then to collect a few fagots for a burning?

What has won me over to the persecutors of Galileo is the fact that they were so tremendously in the right about the really serious truth in the whole controversy, — the spiritual geography of man's precious earth. They did not propose to let the credulous peasants and hard-working folk of the world go down to do business in the great waters of life with the damaging heresy in their hearts that man is not the centre of God's providential care. Nothing sterilizes romance, chivalry, and the arts like such a heresy. Gravitation is a trivial matter in comparison.

It is the solemn responsibility of the Church to see that the *status quo* of the faith regarding man's importance in the cosmic scheme be undisturbed. Here is the crux of the immortal controversy between science and religion. It is like the question of the balance of power in Europe. There is no innate reason in the structure of things why Herzegovina should not have her own flag and a set of national holidays, if she chooses to have them. But the peace of Europe is vastly more essential than the aspirations of Herzegovina. Now, Galileo and his spiritual descendants have been stubbornly averse to seeing that there is just such a nice adjustment of spiritual values, which churchmen at all hazards must preserve or it is all

over with religion. Morals, faith, and church attendance, must be recognized as well as cold scientific facts. Facts would never get science into any trouble with the Church. It is the interpretation of the thing that the fuss is all about. So there you have the breeding-ground for the host of sermons on science and religion, and I see no harm in letting them go on to the end of the chapter, — but having, understand me, merely a symbolic value. It is the preacher's way of saying, 'We beg to be allowed, in the absence of more convincing testimony, to differ from you and go on with our creed and Ten Commandments.'

But in touching the matter of science and religion we are perilously near one of the seven deadly sermonic sins. There is the sermon which we heard last Easter perhaps, and which we thought tremendously clever. The preacher — of the sort who keeps thoroughly abreast of the times — had just been reading that romantic narrative of Mr. Duncan's, *The New Knowledge*, and he sat down to write his sermon with his brain seething with the revelation that the molecule which, under the old order, had seemed reliable enough, was in reality composed of a million million or so other things whirling through antra vast of atomic worlds, and doing spectacular feats. What a marvel! And God did it! That is what struck the fire of enthusiasm and stimulated the imagination of the preacher, — that God could do all that! A veritable scientific exoneration of the prosaic deity, who had seemed hitherto exclusively devoted to ecclesiastical matters. Ergo, what an holiday performance for One capable of such atomic wonders, to build somewhere on the place a heaven in answer to our desires!

Now the deadly offense in this seemingly innocent type of sermon is the homiletical perverseness displayed in the choice of material. We were all pretty well persuaded, long since, of God's inventiveness and ability. I am not sure that atomic revelations and radium have added to His reputation for resourcefulness. We had already seen the landscape, and had heard the song of birds in our hedges in spring, and children's laughter, and felt the tragedy of life along with God's love nearer than hands and feet. We are ever hungry to know more of this matter if the preacher only will stick to the marvelous tale. Here are undisputed property-rights of the preacher, and it were a crime against his art not to have found sermon-stuff in the delicate texture of this daily experience.

I am more and more persuaded that the preacher had better stick to his last. The signal fault with intellectualism in the pulpit, and indeed with intellectualism in religion at all, is that it is an offense against one of nature's primal laws, — a clog in the machinery of spiritual evolution. For variety has always been the indispensable element in the economy of revelation. It is only through the versatility of human experience and of intuitions, — windows of every size thrown open to the four corners of the heavens, — that God contrives to let his revelation come full circle.

The only reason for the preacher's encumbering the earth at all is that there is somewhat to tell which God desires told concerning religion; and if we shall prostitute our lofty office to the performance of pale intellectual feats and other trivial indulgences, revelation becomes by so much the leaner. It were as sad a discomfiture of the evolutionary processes for the preacher to turn man of the world, or pedant, as for the artist to become moralist or prophet. The lavish symbols of sacrifice bequeathed us by the

saints have amply justified the narrowing vocation of holiness.

One of the deadly sins in this business of the preacher is to have missed the implement and the raw material for the practice of his art. Quite as vast as the habitat which science holds is the yet uncharted land of our rich human nature. Here, by divine appointment, is the preacher's workshop. Like his brother artists, he must be responsive to a thousand kinds of human contact, for every seemingly simple moral situation issues into many 'radiating corridors' of life. His completed book of sermons becomes a veritable *Comédie Humaine*, with a diviner right than Balzac's of knowing and of loving the creatures with whom it is given him to deal.

So the stunning height of the endeavor ordains that there shall be few great preachers in the centuries, fewer masters than any other art can show. We recall that Stevenson, in writing on the profession of letters, says, 'If you propose to enter on the field of controversy, you should first have thought upon the question under all conditions, in health as well as in sickness, in sorrow as well as in joy.' Certainly that is true of preaching. Few men under thirty-five are permitted to understand what Jesus meant by the first and second Beatitudes. God may touch the strings in the soul of Keats at twenty-five, and let him sing as he beholds

> Upon the night's starr'd face
> Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance;

but the preacher must forge his implement from a more laggard experience.

The pulpit voices which have soared have earned the privilege by a personal knowledge of the skeleton in the closet of civilization, — a discernment not always born of 'the laying on of hands.' I should prefer to hear Lady Macbeth, after the fourth act, on the Sixth Commandment, and Mrs. Alving on the Ninth than, well, your esteemed rector perhaps. Poor Tess could have preached a series of Lenten sermons upon texts of her choosing, which might have blown some cosy moral systems to atoms, and have cleared the ground for New Testament convictions to sprout. One wishes that Jean Valjean had taken to preaching. He is the only man I know whose opinion I care to hear upon certain parts of the New Testament. But deep spiritual insight may come too late to permit the taking of orders. What lavish waste, in the suicide of Judas, of what might have been saving experience! That crisis of despair, under proper treatment, were fertile soil for many a saying of his Master lost upon serener discipleship.

One has heard men preach on the goodness of God as though life were a frolicsome feast with an over-indulgent God as host. But sometimes we have heard of the matter from those who have groped 'thro' darkness up to God' — and that was preaching.

Not that there is not an important function for the spiritual imagination in homiletics as in other arts. Experience is not the sole medium by which one may come to perceive spiritual values. 'Mere goodness' is not the preacher's greatest asset. So it were well to give restrained appreciation to our pulpit orators, and not to expect from them more than a tepid Christianity after the curtain falls upon the benediction.

The analogy to the actor's art is closer than the pulpit cares to own, and the artistic temperament draws richly upon stores of vicarious virtue. But to be a likely medium for the revelation of spiritual truth one must have had other than a soft, bourgeois, level existence. The tragic in life is not likely to be perceived in a spiritually reclining posture. And if the hazards of fortune bring the preacher a smooth and

prosperous sailing, he should wear his prosperity with humble restraint, as one having suffered an irremediable loss. He carries a handicap, as the poet or the tragedian who has never been in love. It perhaps matters little whether an alarm has awakened us from a lethargy of goodness or of badness, so long as we stand staring wide-eyed into the abyss of life.

The austerities of John Baptist as an aid to the understanding heart were a good asset in his preaching, and are by no means to-day the fond anachronism that our 'healthy-minded' twentieth-century congregations suppose. Such asceticism comes to the business of Gospel exegesis with a fund of telling illustrations upon the essential fibre of the religion of Jesus. The supplementing note which civilization craves is one born of prayer and fasting, — which explains the inevitableness of the tonsure and rope, or of some modern Protestant ascetic equivalent. The sleek Prince Albert and white tie are a pale substitute for these austere symbols, and they require much fortifying in the way of eloquence to attain the rich suggestiveness of the monastic vows.

After all, Savonarola grasping the crucifix and hurling his message of other-worldliness with eyes radiantly fixed upon a transcendent order, satisfies the spiritual imagination as to how the Gospel should be preached.

The classic age of preaching is yet to come, when some great artist-preacher, as none has ever yet been, shall discover in his implement a 'new dimension of art.' There are signs that our century may see his appearing, as psychology slowly outlines in dim penciling what the future holds for us. Humanity had never placed such high stakes upon civilization as in the dreams of our age of science; but she is again discovering within her dark corridors the same old pathetic family skeletons of the race. So far, in answer to those high hopes, we have only a gnawing hunger. Alas! Civilization does not save. Here is matter for the pith of giant souls, of which we shall soon hear more in literature as well as in the pulpit. Thus far those who have caught the subtler overtones of experience have for the most part chosen the humbler rôle of silence or the medium of other arts, leaving the pulpit to our more boisterous spirits.

The cardinal offense of bad preaching is an affair, not of the head, but of the heart. The purpose of the sermon, like the Puritan poet's great endeavor, is to justify the ways of God to man and to reconcile us to fate. But too often the medium which the preacher offers is opaque, and God does not get a chance to save the congregation. We preachers, alone, have our innings. And yet nature has a way of healing through the liturgy the wounds we make. For when all is said, even in the 'leading pulpits' there are few discourses after which the benediction fails to effect the 'restored presence of God' among the congregation.

# JOHN BROWN FIFTY YEARS AFTER[1]

BY JOHN T. MORSE, JR.

JOHN BROWN'S singular life has been followed by a remarkable immortality. Two mad days at Harper's Ferry, then the impressive spectacle of the execution; some striking things written and said during his short imprisonment: — thus much has impelled Americans to an eager study of his life and character. Evidently it is his personality that enthralls, not his historic importance, which was trifling; for his Virginia raid startled and passed like a flash of lightning which enters the earth without visible effect. Mr. Villard truly says that psychologists find in him 'a field for inquiry and speculation without end'; the historian, however, dismisses him with a few pages. Yet not half a dozen of all our statesmen, warriors, and writers who played effective parts between 1850 and 1865 have found so many biographers as have tried to tell Brown's story, no one of whom, to speak truth without courtesy, prior to Mr. Villard, has done really good work.

Dr. Rhodes, discouraged probably by contemplating the shelf which held the John Brown literature, wrote that 'a century may perchance pass before an historical estimate acceptable to all lovers of liberty and justice can be made of John Brown.' The dispassionate pages in which these very words occurred came near to disproving them; and now Mr. Villard, 'fifty years after' Brown's death, and very few years after Dr. Rhodes's remark, has completed the disproof. Not that Mr. Villard has spoken the last word; for Brown's career, affecting differently the different temperaments of writers, will forever remain a subject of discussion; but he probably has made a final presentment of the case. No narrative can ever be more full and accurate; no exposition of arguments and points of view more fair and even-minded.

The chief contribution making by modern writers to the advancement of historical work, exceeding even the fruits brought by the delving specialist, is the temperate, conscientious, honorable purpose to tell exact truth and suggest unbiased conclusions. Even the historical biographer, generally led to his subject by admiration, appreciates how often extravagant laudation has insidiously betrayed the good name of many a worthy man, who might have been well esteemed had not the praise-mongers vexed readers into contradictory temper. Mr. Villard, shrewd and honest, neither idolater nor showman, gives John Brown just as John Brown was, in the flesh and in the spirit, and then kindly leaves us to give praise or blame as we will.

Brown himself praised no one; he did not indeed often or greatly praise even the God of whom he spoke in nearly every hour of every day; for his conception of God was of a Being too fully occupied in imposing duties and exacting performance, to endure that time should be wasted in praise-bearing. He himself, fully sympathizing

[1] *John Brown: a Biography Fifty Years After.* By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD. 738 pp., with complete bibliography and notes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1910.

with this habit of a God whom he had made quite after his own image, practical, energetic, stern, and inflexible, may to-day be interested in the judgments which are now being pronounced upon him among living men; but it is not conceivable that he much cares whether they are exalting him or not.

Mr. Villard conducts his narrative with much particularity, making the reader the constant companion of Brown throughout. As a farmer, especially as a sheep-raiser and wool-seller, he was exceptionally skillful; but the many speculations in business and in lands into which his 'migratory, sanguine,' restless temperament led him, resulted generally in loss and litigation, so that the procession of his law-suits is startling. The story shows well his incapacity for putting himself in the other man's place; his points of view were always fixed points, and all his opinions were convictions. Thus it happened that though, as Mr. Villard says, there is 'no allegation of dishonesty,' there was sometimes danger that his honesty might be chiefly conspicuous in his intentions. A neighbor and creditor described him as 'of ordinary calibre, with a propensity to business failure.' Dr. Von Holst, writing of him well from the point of view of an admirer, attributes to him a 'sober, wary judgment'; but Dr. Rhodes finds him 'of moderate intellectual capacity' and 'narrow-minded.'

These years when Brown was engaged in ordinary occupations, and when therefore he was to be judged by ordinary standards, establish the correctness of Dr. Rhodes's estimate. Yet Brown's own estimate, in the few but very remarkable autobiographic pages in which he sketches his earlier years, is perhaps the best of all, and indicates that he had singular self-knowledge, and in fact knew himself better than the commentators have known him. He wrote that John 'followed up with tenacity whatever he set about'; that he 'rarely failed in some good degree to effect the things he undertook'; that therefore he 'habitually expected to succeed'; but 'with this feeling should be coupled the consciousness that our plans are right in themselves,' a consciousness which never failed Brown so long as the breath of life was in him. Later he adds that he 'came forward to manhood quite full of self-conceit, and self-confident,' and 'too much disposed to speak in an imperious or dictating way.' 'Conceit' is hardly a well-selected word, but faith in his own opinions and plans Brown had beyond all limit.

Brown says that at the age of twelve he became an abolitionist. Thereafter he grew rapidly more and more intensely devoted to abolition; he made his children vow themselves to it; he was active in the business of the 'underground railroad'; he had schemes for educating and colonizing negroes at the north, and took up his residence in the Adirondacks, where he hoped to found a settlement of these people, chiefly runaway slaves. When, in the 'dark and bloody' days in Kansas, four of his sons undertook to farm there, he promptly followed, not indeed to settle in that troubled land, but to take a hand in the murderous strife there waging, — a hand which soon approved itself so strenuous and bloody that no other Free-State partisan could vie with the reputation of Brown in the terrible competition of shooting, burning, and plundering. His name became like that of the Black Douglas on the Scotch-English marches.

The only virtue then visible in that unhappy land was physical courage, and even this often paraded in odious companionship with shameful acts. None the less Brown gave himself to the dreadful work of the Lord with

that unsparing thoroughness so often born of religion. From infancy almost he had been an untiring student of the Bible; his familiarity with the Old Testament was wonderful; quotations from both the Old and the New were ever on his tongue, and it is characteristic that his especial favorite was: 'Without blood there shall be no remission of sin.' Unfortunately the Old Testament is a dangerous book for a man of his temperament; and the merciless old Hebrews who wrote it, and whose fierce careers furnished so many incidents for it, were the worst possible comrades for Brown with his intense nature and literal intellect. In their violent fellowship he was sure soon to be embroiled in serious mischief. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon, though doubtless an exceeding good weapon in those days of the bad Midianites, was an antiquated implement in a civilized land nearly nineteen centuries after the New Testament had rendered the armory of the Old Testament an anachronism. Brown, however, knowing nothing of anachronisms, but well assured that he knew all about this holy sword, grasped it at once with both hands.

Mr. Villard takes us through the Kansas period almost day by day, with minute details of Brown's incessant comings and goings, his many concealments and aliases. Nicolay and Hay speak of these doings as theatrical. It may, however, be remembered that Mr. Lincoln spoke very coolly of Brown, and Lincoln's biographers may have taken their tendency from this. Probably the phantasmagoric element was due only to the mental excitement which drove Brown to eternal movement. Certainly he was hideously genuine when he organized the massacre at Pottawotomie. He, with four of his sons and three other persons, enticed at night five unarmed pro-slavery men from their homes and hacked them to death with cutlasses. Brown led the band, commanded the killing, but himself probably did none of it.

Even in the Kansas of 1856, and among Free-State men, such a slaughter was received with horror; and to-day there is no price which would not be gladly paid by Brown's admirers if thereby the foul deed could be blotted forever from the memories of men. It has therefore always been matter of special interest to know what each successive biographer would say of this:— may not some one, some day, arise to excuse it? Unfortunately there is more in the case than even the brutal killing. There is the shock of seeing Brown, with that stern paternal authority for which he was noted, bid his sons do the hideous slashing. Moreover, though there was little chivalry mingled with Kansas courage, the odium of cowardliness clings about the deed. For further humiliation, Brown always alleged that he had not raised his hand against any man that night. Reports of his phraseology indicate that his words were carefully chosen to be true in the letter and false in the spirit, and certainly they long deceived his Eastern friends into a belief that the blood-stain was not upon him. It would have been better if he had himself struck down his victims; better if he had then availed himself of the ordinary privilege of a criminal to give a simple conventional denial, instead of sneaking behind a quibbling equivocation.

All this is a trying test for Mr. Villard, who certainly meets it admirably. His narrative is precise and full, with no color infused into it by the manner of telling. Every argument, suggestion, and point of view, *pro* and *con*, is stated with perfect evenness. One seems to be present at a great criminal cause, when an able and upright judge, in his charge, reviews with judicial clearness

all facts and all considerations. There is no futile attempt at palliation, where the only possible palliation must be sought in Brown's mental condition. 'God is my judge,' Brown said, nor ever evinced anxiety as to the judgment. Later he said, 'I had no choice. It has been decreed by Almighty God, ordained from eternity, that I should make an example of these men.' Further than this he did not go in shifting the responsibility upon God; but one of his biographers has been less self-restrained, alleging that the great Ruler 'makes his will known in advance to certain chosen men and women who perform it, consciously or unconsciously.' Of course if Brown was the attorney of God, he is justified; but as his credentials cannot be brought into court, his only defense fails. Mr. Villard, in honest man-fashion, says:—

'For John Brown no plea can be made that will enable him to escape coming before the bar of historical judgment. There his wealth of self-sacrifice and the nobility of his aims do not avail to prevent a complete condemnation of his bloody crime at Pottawotamie, or a just penalty for his taking human life without warrant or authority. If he deserves to live in history, it is not because of his cruel, gruesome, reprehensible acts on the Pottawotamie, but despite them.'

To this period belong also the strange proceedings at Chatham, Canada West. There in two successive 'Conventions' Brown gathered some four dozen men, chiefly negroes, and caused them by vote to adopt 'A Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the People of the United States,' whereby was gravely established a skeleton government, with organic laws, a Congress, and a Judiciary, and regulations for making treaties; with the proviso, however, that all this was not to be 'construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or of the General Government of the United States.' Only 'Amendment and Repeal' were sought; and the flag 'that our Fathers fought under in the Revolution' was to be retained. Brown was chosen Commander-in-chief; Secretaries of State, of War, etc., were selected, and many military commissions were signed in blank. Mr. Villard says there is much to admire in this surprising document; but the presence of high moralities therein does not prevent him, as it had not previously prevented Von Holst, from noting the evidence of a mind not entirely sane or normal. This habit of documentary formality was very persistent with Brown, and seems to indicate a longing for orderly lines of thought and action in spite of a painful incapacity for carrying out the instinct.

Only news of an assassination has ever so startled our people as did the news of the raid upon Harper's Ferry. No popular rumor ran before it; only a few persons, contributors to what would now be called a 'blind pool,' were in uneasy expectation of the explosion of some mysterious, desperate scheme. It was on Sunday, October 16, 1859, that Brown led out his little band of eighteen men from the Kennedy farm in Maryland, where they had been lurking several weeks. Their sudden attack upon the arsenal, occupied, not garrisoned, only by civilian employees, was easily successful; but not many hours later it became evident even to Brown that they had only ensconced themselves in a trap which was already closed. On Tuesday all was over; ten of the raiders were slain or mortally wounded, two of these being sons of Brown; five, including Brown, were prisoners; the others were saving themselves by flight.

So sudden had the mad enterprise been, and so promptly was it brought to naught, that for the moment bewild-

erment rested upon all, — bewilderment which changed into astonishment as knowledge concerning the plot was gathered, showing the folly of it, the incredible stupidity. Mr. Villard's exposition of these conditions, especially as showing the state of Brown's mind up to the close of the incident, is most interesting. It was three or four years since the plan had occurred to him; yet with so much time for thought, he seems to have done no thinking. So far as concerned preparing a scheme, all had been blundering; as for plans for subsequent action, whether in case of failure or success, all had been vagueness. He had been driven blindly forward by an uncontrollable desire to do an *act;* but when it came to devising an effective act, or a feasible manner of doing it, or any way of escaping from miscarriage or of improving success, his ideas had lapsed into chaos, his mind had become pitifully helpless.

Naturally the cry of 'madman' arose on all sides; and equally of course Brown's counsel, in the trial which immediately ensued, wished to set up insanity, the only possible defense. But Brown decisively forbade it, and the popular cry quickly ceased. So he was tried, convicted, and executed as a sane man; and ever since has been written about, praised, blamed, judged as a sane man, a fanatic certainly, too exalted to be altogether of normal mind, but responsibly intelligent, and entitled to credit, or subject to discredit, for all that he did or said. He is habitually called a Crusader, a Roundhead, a Covenanter, or a Puritan, living out of time, but never nowadays a lunatic. None the less the question was not settled either by Brown's negation or by the sudden silence of the people. His opinion was of no account; for if he was insane he certainly did not know it. There was reason also why the cry of 'madman' should die away so soon as there was time for reflection. For this theory robbed the slavery men of a victim, and the anti-slavery men of a martyr. So likewise in these later days, the establishment of Brown's insanity would deprive the world of a hero. In the face of such a possible loss it may be well not to treat the point as being in doubt; yet, if to what we have seen of Brown's mental workings we add the fact that there was much insanity among his kindred, it must be admitted that a modern criminal lawyer, with his cohort of alienist subsidiaries, would probably be well content to take the case for the defense.

Whatever feeling of admiration, condemnation, or repulsion may be entertained toward Brown prior to his capture, only one sentiment can be evoked by the closing weeks; Dr. Rhodes's 'century' is not needed for that ripening. Yet how near it was to being lost! Lieutenant Green, hurrying to the attack, snatched his dress-sword instead of his heavy cavalry sabre. With the light weapon he wounded Brown severely in the head, and bent the blade; the sabre would have done more deadly work. In the latter case, as Mr. Villard truly says, Brown would soon have been forgotten; it was by what came after that skirmish that his apotheosis was assured.

It has been often said that if Christ's life of humane teaching had not been closed by a crucifixion, there would have been no Christian religion. Brown's worshipers are not backward with their parallel. If Brown's violent career had not been followed by his execution, there would have been no — *what?* What, indeed? a question that cannot be shirked, if Dr. Rhodes's 'estimate' is to be established. What has resulted for mankind from his life and his death? There are various points of view. There is the practical one, of his influence

upon the course of events. As to this the fact must be admitted that everything would have happened just as in fact it did happen, if Brown had never lived and never been hanged. For the historian the Harper's Ferry raid is a mere episode, a spectacular incident, without consequences. There did, however, grow out of it a popular influence of much though indefinite value, which found expression in that famous war-song which perpetuated his name as a symbol.

Brown himself, gathering his wits with surprising clearness after the sudden, confounding disappointment of his disaster, amid shattered hopes and suffering from wounds, knew at once his unexpected usefulness. 'I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose,' he said, shrewdly and gallantly; and he saw in his personal failure and sacrifice of life a link cleverly forged by God in the long chain of His purpose. He was content.

Another and important point of view relates to what Brown left behind him for later generations of mankind. If he has given them a grand ideal, a noble example of self-devotion in the cause of humanity, then his usefulness may be even greater than he ever hoped for, though in a way quite undreamed of by him. The present tendency seems to be in the direction of immortalizing him as a hero, and heroes are well worth having, even if, in order to do so, there is need of some forgetting and much forgiving. It is unfortunately true that for Brown's apotheosis much must be forgotten, and even more must be forgiven. Upon the platform of the gallows he still stood responsible for Pottawotomie. Up to the time when he was taken prisoner, one must have the temperament of an enthusiast to admire him; thereafter, however, there is a somewhat different atmosphere. The element of tenderness, which had run like a fine (alas, too fine!) thread through his stern, inexorable nature, now found better expression in noble and touching letters to his family. There was perceptible a tendency to persuade himself and others that he had been more averse to bloodshed than the story of his life would indicate; yet there was not the slightest symptom of remorse for any of his deeds of violence; indeed, there could not properly or logically be any remorse when he had been merely an instrument to do God's will, and his absolute certainty that this was the case remained unshaken to his last breath. It was characteristic, that even now he could not see his lifelong error in contemning the abolitionists who used only words, though his own acts of violence had led only to a ruin which was humiliatingly fruitless; to the end he could neither learn a lesson nor acknowledge a mistake.

Finally he faced death with perfect gallantry; indeed, he could not have done otherwise after having so long dealt lightly with mere life, whether in taking it from his enemies, or in encouraging his sons and followers to risk and lose it. Even his Southern opponents chivalrously admitted that his sincerity and his courage rendered his closing days grand and impressive.

In these ultimate scenes Mr. Villard at last finds and takes his opportunity. Throughout his book he has borne himself with conscientious self-restraint. But with Brown in prison and sure to be hanged, he feels no longer the need of the judicial poise; at last he is free to write as his feelings dictate, and to use in his picture the colors which he is sure belong there. He has taken us through the story of his hero's life, without once telling us that it is of a hero that we are reading; but now, when it seems to him utterly impossible that we should not recognize the fact, why should he not sympathetically join

with us in generous and frank appreciation? Now, too, we see how wise he has been in the structure of that narrative which at times we may have thought a little wearisomely minute; for by putting us into neighborly, daily companionship with Brown, he has caused us unconsciously to imbibe that personal interest which may beget a kindly sentiment even where there is not quite approval. As the narrative then expands in approaching Harper's Ferry, we begin to get the sense of an impending doom, and soon the final events unroll with the awe and pathos of impressive fate. The story has the movement of a Greek tragedy, with its simple beginning, then its creation of the sense of personal nearness, then its vague foreboding of terrible disaster, and finally its grand and fatal close. Perhaps in thus dramatically fashioning his volume Mr. Villard obeyed an instinct rather than acted upon a preconceived plan; that is often the case with great work, where a writer's feelings are deeply enlisted. Be this as it may, the merit and charm are none the less; he has seized well a splendid opportunity and has written one of the great biographies of our literature.

## JAPANESE WATER-SONG

BY HARCOURT MOUNTAIN

Murmured till morn the torrent's misty play,
That glimmered down the darkness all night long,
Shivered to silver, laughed, and slipt away
With dreamy undersong.

Falling in lustre all the starry night,
It whispered through the wonder of the spray,
Shivered to silver, shafts of rushing light,
Gurgled, and passed away.

Murmured till morn the drowsy water-song:
The torrent poured in splendour down the height,
Shivered to silver, laughed, and swept along
Its trails of dimpled light.

# THE PRELIMINARIES

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

## I

YOUNG Oliver Pickersgill was in love with Peter Lannithorne's daughter. Peter Lannithorne was serving a six-year term in the penitentiary for embezzlement.

It seemed to Ollie that there was only one right-minded way of looking at these basal facts of his situation. But this simple view of the matter was destined to receive several shocks in the course of his negotiations for Ruth Lannithorne's hand. I say negotiations advisedly. Most young men in love have only to secure the consent of the girl and find enough money to go to housekeeping. It is quite otherwise when you wish to marry into a royal family, or to ally yourself with a criminal's daughter. The preliminaries are more complicated.

Ollie thought a man ought to marry the girl he loves, and prejudices be hanged! In the deeps of his soul, he probably knew this to be the magnanimous, manly attitude, but certainly there was no condescension in his outward bearing when he asked Ruth Lannithorne to be his wife. Yet she turned on him fiercely, bristling with pride and tense with over-wrought nerves.

'I will never marry any one,' she declared, 'who does n't respect my father as I do!'

If Oliver's jaw fell, it is hardly surprising. He had expected her to say she would never marry into a family where she was not welcome. He had planned to get around the natural objections of his parents somehow — the details of this were vague in his mind — and then he meant to reassure her warmly, and tell her that personal merit was the only thing that counted with him or his. He may have visualized himself as wiping away her tears and gently raising her to share the safe social pedestal whereon the Pickersgills were firmly planted. The young do have these visions not infrequently. But to be asked to respect Peter Lannithorne, about whom he knew practically nothing save his present address!

'I don't remember that I ever saw your father, Ruth,' he faltered.

'He was the best man,' said the girl excitedly, 'the kindest, the most indulgent — That 's another thing, Ollie. I will never marry an indulgent man, nor one who will let his wife manage him. If it had n't been for mother —' She broke off abruptly.

Ollie tried to look sympathetic and not too intelligent. He had heard that Mrs. Lannithorne was considered difficult.

'I ought n't to say it, but can't explain father unless I do. Mother nagged; she wanted more money than there was; she made him feel her illnesses, and our failings, and the over-done beefsteak, and the under-done bread, — everything that went wrong, always, was his fault. His fault — because he did n't make more money. We were on the edge of things, and she wanted to be in the middle, as she was used to being. Of course, she really

has n't been well, but I think it's mostly nerves,' said Ruth, with the terrible hardness of the young. 'Anyhow, she might just as well have stuck knives into him as to say the things she did. It hurt him — like knives. I could see him wince — and try harder — and get discouraged — and then, at last —' The girl burst into a passion of tears.

Oliver tried to soothe her. Secretly he was appalled at these squalid revelations of discordant family life. The domestic affairs of the Pickersgills ran smoothly, in affluence and peace. Oliver had never listened to a nagging woman in his life. He had an idea that such phenomena were confined to the lower classes.

'Don't you care for me at all, Ruth?'

The girl crumpled her wet handkerchief. 'Ollie, you're the most beautiful thing that ever happened — except my father. He was beautiful, too; indeed, indeed, he was. I'll never think differently. I can't. He tried so hard.'

All the latent manliness in the boy came to the surface and showed itself.

'Ruth, darling, I don't want you to think differently. It's right for you to be loyal and feel as you do. You see, you know, and the world does n't. I'll take what you say and do as you wish. You must n't think I'm on the other side. I'm not. I'm on your side, wherever that is. When the time comes I'll show you. You may trust me, Ruth.'

He was eager, pleading, earnest. He looked at the moment so good, so loving and sincere, that the girl, out of her darker experience of life, wondered wistfully if it were really true that Providence ever let people just live their lives out like that — being good, and prosperous, and generous, advancing from happiness to happiness, instead of stubbing along painfully as she felt she had done, from one bitter experience to another, learning to live by failures.

It must be beautiful to learn from successes instead, as it seemed to her Oliver had done. How could any one refuse to share such a radiant life when it was offered? As for loving Oliver, that was a foregone conclusion. Still, she hesitated.

'You're awfully dear and good to me, Ollie,' she said. 'But I want you to see father. I want you to go and talk to him about this, and know him for yourself. I know I'm asking a hard thing of you, but, truly, I believe it's best. If *he* says it's all right for me to marry you, I will — if your family want me, of course,' she added as an afterthought.

'Ought n't I to speak to your mother?' hesitated Oliver.

'Oh, — mother? Yes, I suppose she'd like it,' said Ruth, absent-mindedly. 'Mother has views about getting married, Ollie. I dare say she'll want to tell you what they are. You must n't think they're my views, though.'

'I'd rather hear yours, Ruth.'

She flashed a look at him that opened for him the heavenly deeps that lie before the young and the loving, and he had a sudden vision of their life as a long sunlit road, winding uphill, winding down, but sunlit always — because looks like that illumine any dusk.

'I'll tell you my views — some day,' Ruth said softly. 'But first —'

'First I must talk to my father, your mother, your father.' Oliver checked them off on his fingers. 'Three of them. Seems to me that's a lot of folks to consult about a thing that does n't really concern anybody but you and me!'

## II

After the fashion of self-absorbed youth, Oliver had never noticed Mrs. Lannithorne especially. She had been

to him simply a sallow little figure in the background of Ruth's vivid young life; some one to be spoken to very politely, but otherwise of no particular moment.

If his marital negotiations did nothing else for him, they were at least opening his eyes to the significance of the personalities of older people.

The things Ruth said about her mother had prepared him to find that lady querulous and difficult, but essentially negligible. Face to face with Mrs. Lannithorne, he had a very different impression. She received him in the upstairs sitting-room to which her semi-invalid habits usually confined her. Wrapped in a white wool shawl and lying in a long Canton lounging-chair by a sunshiny window, she put out a chilly hand in greeting, and asked the young man to be seated.

Oliver, scanning her countenance, received an unexpected impression of dignity. She was thin and nervous, with big dark eyes peering out of a pale, narrow face; she might be a woman with a grievance, but he apprehended something beyond mere fretfulness in the discontent of her expression. There was suffering and thought in her face, and even when the former is exaggerated and the latter erroneous, these are impressive things.

'Mrs. Lannithorne, have you any objection to letting Ruth marry me?'

'Mr. Pickersgill, what are your qualifications for the care of a wife and family?'

Oliver hesitated. 'Why, about what anybody's are, I think,' he said, and was immediately conscious of the feebleness of this response. 'I mean,' he added, flushing to the roots of his blond hair, 'that my prospects in life are fair. I am in my father's office, you know. I am to have a small share in the business next year. I need n't tell you that the firm is a good one. If you want to know about my qualifications as a lawyer — why, I can refer you to people who can tell you if they think I am promising.'

'Do your family approve of this marriage?'

'I have n't talked to them about it yet.'

'Have you ever saved any money of your own earning, or have you any property in your own name?'

Oliver thought guiltily of his bank account, which had a surprising way of proving, when balanced, to be less than he expected.

'Well, — not exactly.'

'In other words, then, Mr. Pickersgill, you are a young and absolutely untried man; you are in your father's employ and practically at his mercy; you propose a great change in your life of which you do not know that he approves; you have no resources of your own, and you are not even sure of your earning capacity if your father's backing were withdrawn. In these circumstances you plan to double your expenses and assume the whole responsibility of another person's life, comfort, and happiness. Do you think that you have shown me that your qualifications are adequate?'

All this was more than a little disconcerting. Oliver was used to being accepted as old Pickersgill's only son — which meant a cheerfully accorded background of eminence, ability, and comfortable wealth. It had not occurred to him to detach himself from that background and see how he looked when separated from it. He felt a little angry, and also a little ashamed of the fact that he did not bulk larger as a personage, apart from his environment. Nevertheless, he answered her question honestly.

'No, Mrs. Lannithorne, I don't think that I have.'

She did not appear to rejoice in his

discomfiture. She even seemed a little sorry for it, but she went on quietly:—

'Don't think I am trying to prove that you are the most ineligible young man in the city. But it is absolutely necessary that a man should stand on his own feet, and firmly, before he undertakes to look after other lives than his own. Otherwise there is nothing but misery for the women and children who depend upon him. It is a serious business, getting married.'

'I begin to think it is,' muttered Oliver blankly.

'I don't *want* my daughters to marry,' said Mrs. Lannithorne. 'The life is a thousand times harder than that of the self-supporting woman — harder work, fewer rewards, less enjoyment, less security. That is true even of an ordinarily happy marriage. And if they are not happy — Oh, the bitterness of them!'

She was speaking rapidly now, with energy, almost with anguish. Oliver, red in the face, subdued, but eager to refute her out of the depths and heights of his inexperience, held himself rigidly still and listened.

'Did you ever hear that epigram of Disraeli — that all men should marry, but no women? That is what I believe! At least, if women must marry, let others do it, not my children, not my little girls! — It is curious, but that is how we always think of them. When they are grown they are often uncongenial. My daughter Ruth does not love me deeply, nor am I greatly drawn to her now, as an individual, a personality, — but Ruth was such a dear baby! I can't bear to have her suffer.'

Oliver started to protest, hesitated, bit his lip, and subsided. After all, did he dare say that his wife would never suffer? The woman opposite looked at him with hostile, accusing eyes, as if he incarnated in his youthful person all the futile masculinity in the world.

'Do you think a woman who has suffered willingly gives her children over to the same fate?' she demanded passionately. 'I wish I could make you see it for five minutes as I see it, you, young, careless, foolish. Why, you know nothing, — nothing! Listen to me. The woman who marries gives up everything: or at least jeopardizes everything: her youth, her health, her life perhaps, certainly her individuality. She acquires the permanent possibility of self-sacrifice. She does it gladly, but she does not know what she is doing. In return, is it too much to ask that she be assured a roof over her head, food to her mouth, clothes to her body? How many men marry without being sure that they have even so much to offer? You yourself, of what are you sure? Is your arm strong? Is your heart loyal? Can you shelter her soul as well as her body? I know your father has money. Perhaps you can care for her creature needs, but that is n't all. For some women life is one long affront, one slow humiliation. How do I know you are not like that?'

'Because I'm not, that's all!' said Oliver Pickersgill abruptly, getting to his feet.

He felt badgered, baited, indignant, yet he could not tell this frail, excited woman what he thought. There were things one did n't say, although Mrs. Lannithorne seemed to ignore the fact. She went on ignoring it.

'I know what you are thinking,' she said, 'that I would regard these matters differently if I had married another man. That is not wholly true. It is because Peter Lannithorne was a good man at heart, and tried to play the man's part as well as he knew how, and because it was partly my own fault that he failed so miserably, that I have thought of it all so much. And the end of all my thinking is that I don't want my daughters to marry.'

Oliver was white now, and a little unsteady. He was also confused. There was the note of truth in what she said, but he felt that she said it with too much excitement, with too great facility. He had the justified masculine distrust of feminine fluency as hysterical. Nothing so presented could carry full conviction. And he felt physically bruised and battered, as if he had been beaten with actual rods instead of stinging words; but he was not yet defeated.

'Mrs. Lannithorne, what do you wish me to understand from all this. Do you forbid Ruth and me to marry — is that it?'

She looked at him dubiously. She felt so fiercely the things she had been saying that she could not feel them continuously. She, too, was exhausted.

Oliver Pickersgill had a fine head, candid eyes, a firm chin, strong capable hands. He was young, and the young know nothing, but it might be that there was the making of a man in him. If Ruth must marry, perhaps him as well as another. But she did not trust her own judgment, even of such hands, such eyes, and such a chin. Oh, if the girls would only believe her, if they would only be content to trust the wisdom she had distilled from the bitterness of life! But the young know nothing, and believe only the lying voices in their own hearts!

'I wish you would see Ruth's father,' she said suddenly. 'I am prejudiced. I ought not to have to deal with these questions. I tell you, I pray Heaven none of them may marry — ever; but, just the same, they will! Go ask Peter Lannithorne if he thinks his daughter Ruth has a fighting chance for happiness as your wife. Let him settle it. I have told you what I think. I am done.'

'I shall be very glad to talk with Ruth's father about the matter,' said Oliver with a certain emphasis on *father*. 'Perhaps he and I shall be able to understand each other better. Good-morning, Mrs. Lannithorne!'

## III

Oliver Pickersgill Senior turned his swivel-chair about, bit hard on the end of his cigar, and stared at his only son.

'What's that?' he said abruptly. 'Say that again.'

Oliver Junior winced, not so much at the words as at his father's face.

'I want to marry Ruth Lannithorne,' he repeated steadily.

There was a silence. The elder Pickersgill looked at his son long and hard from under lowered brows. Oliver had never seen his father look at him like that before: as if he were a rank outsider, some detached person whose doings were to be scrutinized coldly and critically, and judged on their merits. It is a hard hour for a beloved child when he first sees that look in heretofore indulgent parental eyes. Young Oliver felt a weight at his heart, but he sat the straighter, and did not flinch before the appraising glance.

'So you want to marry Peter Lannithorne's daughter, do you? Well, now, what is there in the idea of marrying a jail-bird's child that you find especially attractive?'

'Of course I might say that I've seen something of business men in this town, Ross, say, and Worcester, and Jim Stone, and that if it came to a choice between their methods and Lannithorne's, his were the squarer, for he settled up, and is paying the price besides. But I don't know that there's any use saying that. I don't want to marry any of their daughters — and you would n't want me to. You know what Ruth Lannithorne is as well as I do. If there's a girl in town that's finer-grained, or smarter, or prettier,

I'd like to have you point her out! And she has a sense of honor like a man's. I don't know another girl like her in that. She knows what's fair,' said the young man.

Mr. Pickersgill's face relaxed a little. Oliver was making a good argument with no mushiness about it, and he had a long-settled habit of appreciating Ollie's arguments.

'She knows what's fair, does she? Then what does she say about marrying you?'

'She says she won't marry anybody who does n't respect her father as she does!'

At this the parent grinned a little, grimly it is true, but appreciatively. He looked past Oliver's handsome, boyish head, out of the window, and was silent for a time. When he spoke, it was gravely, not angrily.

'Oliver, you're young. The things I'm as sure of as two and two, you don't yet believe at all. Probably you won't believe 'em if I put them to you, but it's up to me to do it. Understand, I'm not getting angry and doing the heavy father over this. I'm just telling you how some things are in this world, — facts, like gravitation and atmospheric pressure. Ruth Lannithorne is a good girl, I don't doubt. This world is chuck full of good girls. It makes *some* difference which one of 'em you marry, but not nearly so much difference as you think it does. What matters, from forty on, for the rest of your life, is the kind of inheritance you've given your children. You don't know it yet, but the thing that's laid on men and women to do is to give their children as good an inheritance as they can. Take it from me that this is Gospel truth, can't you? Your mother and I have done the best we can for you and your sisters. You come from good stock, and by that I mean honest blood. You've got to pass it on untainted. Now — hold on!' he held up a warning hand as Oliver was about to interrupt hotly. 'Wait till I'm through — and then think it over. I'm not saying that Peter Lannithorne's blood is n't as good as much that passes for untainted, or that Ruth is n't a fine girl. I'm only telling you this: when first you look into your son's face, every failing of your own will rise up to haunt you because you will wish for nothing on God's earth so much as that that boy shall have a fair show in life and be a better man than you. You will thank Heaven for every good thing you know of in your blood and in your wife's, and you will regret every meanness, every weakness, that he may inherit, more than you knew it was in you to regret anything. Do you suppose when that hour comes to you that you'll want to remember his grandfather was a convict? How will you face that down?'

Young Oliver's face was pale. He had never thought of things like this. He made no response for a while. At last he asked, —

'What kind of a man is Peter Lannithorne?'

'Eh? What kind of —? Oh, well, as men go, there have been worse ones. You know how he came to get sent up. He speculated, and he borrowed some of another man's money without asking, for twenty-four hours, to protect his speculation. He did n't lose it, either! There's a point where his case differs from most. He pulled the thing off and made enough to keep his family going in decent comfort, and he paid the other money back; but they concluded to make an example of him, so they sent him up. It was just, yes, and he said so himself. At the same time there are a great many more dishonest men out of prison than Peter Lannithorne, though he is in it. I meet 'em every day, and I ought to know.

But that 's not the point. As you said yourself, you don't want to marry their daughters. Heaven forbid that you should! You want to marry his daughter. And he was weak. He was tempted and fell, — and got found out. He is a convict, and the taint sticks. The Lord knows why the stain of unsuccessful dishonesty should stick longer than the stain of successful dishonesty. I don't. But we know it does. That is the way things are. Why not marry where there is no taint?'

'Father —?'

'Yes, Ollie.'

'Father, see here. He was weak and gave way — *once!* Are there any men in the world who have n't given way at least *once* about something or other? — are there, father?'

There was a note of anguish in the boy's voice. Perhaps he was being pushed too far. Oliver Pickersgill Senior cleared his throat, paused, and at last answered sombrely, —

'God knows, Ollie. I don't. I won't say there are.'

'Well, then —'

'See here!' his father interrupted sharply. 'Of course I see your argument. I won't meet it. I shan't try. It does n't change my mind even if it is a good argument. We'll never get anywhere, arguing along those lines. I'll propose something else. Suppose you go ask Peter Lannithorne whether you shall marry his daughter or not. Yes, ask him. He knows what 's what as well as the next man. Ask Peter Lannithorne what a man wants in the family of the woman he marries.'

There was a note of finality in the older man's voice. Ollie recognized it drearily. All roads led to Lannithorne, it seemed. He rose, oppressed with the sense that henceforward life was going to be full of unforeseen problems; that things which, from afar, looked simple, and easy, and happy, were going to prove quite otherwise. Mrs. Lannithorne had angered rather than frightened him, and he had held his own with her, but this was his very own father who was piling the load on his shoulders and filling his heart with terror of the future. What was it, after all, this adventure of the married life whereof these seasoned travelers spoke so dubiously? Could it really be that it was not the divine thing it seemed when he and Ruth looked into each other's eyes?

He crossed the floor dejectedly, with the step of an older man, but at the door he shook himself and looked back.

'Say, dad!'

'Yes, Ollie.'

'Everybody is so terribly depressing about this thing, it almost scares me. Are n't there really any happy times for married people, ever? You and Mrs. Lannithorne make me feel there are n't; but somehow I have a hunch that Ruth and I know best! Own up now! Are you and mother miserable? You never looked it!'

His father surveyed him with an expression too wistful to be complacent. Ah, those broad young shoulders that must be fitted to the yoke! Yet for what other end was their strength given them? Each man must take his turn.

'It's not a soft snap. I don't know anything worth while that is. But there are compensations. You'll see what some of them are when your boys begin to grow up.'

## IV

Across Oliver's young joy fell the shadow of fear. If, as his heart told him, there was nothing to be afraid of, why were his elders thus cautious and terrified? He felt himself affected by their alarms all the more potently because his understanding of them was vague. He groped his way in fog. How

much ought he to be influenced by Mrs. Lannithorne's passionate protests and his father's stern warnings? He realized all at once that the admonitory attitude of age to youth is rooted deep in immortal necessity. Like most lads, he had never thought of it before save as an unpleasant parental habit. But fear changes the point of view, and Oliver had begun to be afraid.

Then again, before him loomed the prospect of his interview with Peter Lannithorne. This was a very concrete unpleasantness. Hang it all! Ruth was worth any amount of trouble, but still it was a tough thing to have to go down to the state capital and seek one's future father-in-law in his present boarding-place! One ought n't to have to plough through that particular kind of difficulty on such an errand. Dimly he felt that the path to the Most Beautiful should be rose-lined and soft to the feet of the approaching bridegroom. But, apparently, that was n't the way such paths were laid out. He resented this bitterly, but he set his jaws and proceeded to make his arrangements.

It was not difficult to compass the necessary interview. He knew a man who knew the warden intimately. It was quickly arranged that he was to see Peter Lannithorne in the prison library, quite by himself.

Oliver dragged himself to that conference by the sheer strength of his developing will. Every fibre of his being seemed to protest and hold back. Consequently he was not in the happiest imaginable temper for important conversation.

The prison library was a long, narrow room, with book-cases to the ceiling on one side and windows to the ceiling on the other. There were red geraniums on brackets up the sides of the windows, and a canary's cage on a hook gave the place a false air of domesticity, contradicted by the barred sash. Beneath, there was a window-seat, and here Oliver Pickersgill awaited Lannithorne's coming.

Ollie did not know what he expected the man to be like, but his irritated nerves were prepared to resent and dislike him, whatever he might prove. He held himself rigidly as he waited, and he could feel the muscles of his face setting themselves into hard lines.

When the door opened and some one approached him, he rose stiffly and held out his hand like an automaton.

'How do you do, Mr. Lannithorne? I am Oliver Pickersgill, and I have come — I have come —'

His voice trailed off into silence, for he had raised his eyes perfunctorily to Peter Lannithorne's face, and the things printed there made him forget himself and the speech he had prepared.

He saw a massive head topping an insignificant figure. A fair man was Peter Lannithorne, with heavy reddish hair, a bulging forehead, and deep-set gray eyes with a light behind them. His features were irregular and unnoticeable, but the sum-total of them gave the impression of force. It was a strong face, yet you could see that it had once been a weak one. It was a tremendously human face, a face like a battle-ground, scarred and seamed and lined with the stress of invisible conflicts. There was so much of struggle and thought set forth in it that one involuntarily averted one's gaze. It did not seem decent to inspect so much of the soul of a man as was shown in Peter Lannithorne's countenance. Not a triumphant face at all, and yet there was peace in it. Somehow, the man had achieved something, arrived somewhere, and the record of the journey was piteous and terrible. Yet it drew the eyes in awe as much as in wonder, and in pity not at all!

These things were startlingly clear

to Oliver. He saw them with a vividness not to be overestimated. This was a prison. This might be a convict, but he was a man. He was a man who knew things and would share his knowledge. His wisdom was as patent as his suffering, and both stirred young Oliver's heart to its depths. His pride, his irritation, his rigidity vanished in a flash. His fears were in abeyance. Only his wonder and his will to learn were left.

Lannithorne did not take the offered hand, yet did not seem to ignore it. He came forward quietly and sat down on the window-seat, half turning so that he and Oliver faced each other.

'Oliver Pickersgill?' he said. 'Then you are Oliver Pickersgill's son.'

'Yes, Mr. Lannithorne. My father sent me here — my father, and Mrs. Lannithorne, and Ruth.'

At his daughter's name a light leaped into Peter Lannithorne's eyes that made him look even more acutely and painfully alive than before.

'And what have you to do with Ruth, or her mother?' the man asked.

Here it was! The great moment was facing him. Oliver caught his breath, then went straight to the point.

'I want to marry your daughter, Mr. Lannithorne. We love each other very much. But — I have n't quite persuaded her, and I have n't persuaded Mrs. Lannithorne and my father at all. They don't see it. They say things — all sorts of dreadful things,' said the boy. 'You would think they had never been young and — cared for anybody. They seem to have forgotten what it means. They try to make us afraid — just plain afraid. How am I to suppose that they know best about Ruth and me?'

Lannithorne looked across at the young man long and fixedly. Then a great kindliness came into his beaten face, and a great comprehension. Oliver, meeting his eyes, had a sudden sense of shelter, and felt his haunting fears allayed. It was absurd and incredible, but this man made him feel comfortable, yes, and eager to talk things over.

'They all said you would know. They sent me to you.'

Peter Lannithorne smiled faintly to himself. He had not left his sense of humor behind him in the outside world.

'They sent you to me, did they, boy? And what did they tell you to ask me? They had different motives, I take it.'

'Rather! Ruth said you were the best man she had ever known, and if you said it was right for her to marry me, she would. Mrs. Lannithorne said I should ask you if you thought Ruth had a fighting chance for happiness with me. She does n't want Ruth to marry anybody, you see. My father — my father' — Oliver's voice shook with his consciousness of the cruelty of what was to follow, but he forced himself to steadiness and got the words out — 'said I was to ask you what a man wants in the family of the woman he marries. He said you knew what was what, and I should ask you what to do.'

Lannithorne's face was very grave, and his troubled gaze sought the floor. Oliver, convicted of brutality and conscience-smitten, hurried on, 'And now that I've seen you, I want to ask you a few things for myself, Mr. Lannithorne. I — I believe you know.'

The man looked up and held up an arresting hand. 'Let me clear the way for you a little,' he said. 'It was a hard thing for you to come and seek me out in this place. I like your coming. Most young men would have refused, or come in a different spirit. I want you to understand that if in Ruth's eyes, and my wife's, and your father's, my counsel has value, it is because they think I see things as they are. And that

means, first of all, that I know myself for a man who committed a crime, and is paying the penalty. I am satisfied to be paying it. As I see justice, it is just. So, if I seem to wince at your necessary allusions to it, that is part of the price. I don't want you to feel that you are blundering or hurting me more than is necessary. You have got to lay the thing before me as it is.'

Something in the words, in the dry, patient manner, in the endurance of the man's face, touched Oliver to the quick and made him feel all manner of new things: such as a sense of the moral poise of the universe, acquiescence in its retributions, and a curious pride, akin to Ruth's own, in a man who could meet him after this fashion, in this place.

'Thank you, Mr. Lannithorne,' he said. 'You see, it's this way, sir. Mrs. Lannithorne says —'

And he went on eagerly to set forth his new problems as they had been stated to him.

'Well, there you have it,' he concluded at last. 'For myself, the things they said opened chasms and abysses. Mrs. Lannithorne seemed to think I would hurt Ruth. My father seemed to think Ruth would hurt me. *Is* married life something to be afraid of? When I look at Ruth, I am sure everything is all right. It may be miserable for other people, but how could it be miserable for Ruth and me?'

Peter Lannithorne looked at the young man long and thoughtfully again before he answered. Oliver felt himself measured and estimated, but not found wanting. When the man spoke, it was slowly and with difficulty, as if the habit of intimate, convincing speech had been so long disused that the effort was painful. The sentences seemed wrung out of him, one by one.

'They have n't the point of view,' he said. 'It is life that is the great adventure. Not love, not marriage, not business. They are just chapters in the book. The main thing is to take the road fearlessly, — to have courage to live one's life.'

'Courage?'

Lannithorne nodded.

'That is the great word. Don't you see what ails your father's point of view, and my wife's? One wants absolute security in one way for Ruth; the other wants absolute security in another way for you. And security — why, it's just the one thing a human being can't have, the thing that's the damnation of him if he gets it! The reason it is so hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven is that he has that false sense of security. To demand it just disintegrates a man. I don't know why. It does.'

Oliver shook his head uncertainly.

'I don't quite follow you, sir. Ought n't one to try to be safe?'

'One ought to try, yes. That is common prudence. But the point is that, whatever you do or get, you are n't after all secure. There is no such condition, and the harder you demand it, the more risk you run. So it is up to a man to take all reasonable precautions about his money, or his happiness, or his life, and trust the rest. What every man in the world is looking for is the sense of having the mastery over life. But I tell you, boy, there is only one thing that really gives it!'

'And that is —?'

Lannithorne hesitated perceptibly. For the thing he was about to tell this undisciplined lad was his most precious possession; it was the piece of wisdom for which he had paid with the years of his life. No man parts lightly with such knowledge.

'It comes,' he said, with an effort, 'with the knowledge of our power to endure. That's it. *You are safe only*

*when you can stand everything that can happen to you.* Then and then only! Endurance is the measure of a man.'

Oliver's heart swelled within him as he listened, and his face shone, for these words found his young soul where it lived. The chasms and abysses in his path suddenly vanished, and the road lay clear again, winding uphill, winding down, but always lit for Ruth and him by the light in each other's eyes. For surely neither Ruth nor he could ever fail in courage!

'Sometimes I think it is harder to endure what we deserve, like me,' said Lannithorne, 'than what we don't. I was afraid, you see, afraid for my wife and all of them. Anyhow, take my word for it. Courage is security. There is no other kind.'

'Then — Ruth and I —'

'Ruth is the core of my heart!' said Lannithorne thickly. 'I would rather die than have her suffer more than she must. But she must take her chances like the rest. It is the law of things. If you know yourself fit for her, and feel reasonably sure you can take care of her, you have a right to trust the future. Myself, I believe there is Some One to trust it to. As for the next generation, God and the mothers look after that! You may tell your father so from me. And you may tell my wife I think there is the stuff of a man in you. And Ruth — tell Ruth —'

He could not finish. Oliver reached out and found his hand and wrung it hard.

'I'll tell her, sir, that I feel about her father as she does! And that he approves of our venture. And I'll tell myself, always, what you've just told me. Why, it *must* be true! You need n't be afraid I'll forget — when the time comes for remembering.'

Finding his way out of the prison yard a few minutes later, Oliver looked, unseeing, at the high walls that soared against the blue spring sky. He could not realize them, there was such a sense of light, air, space, in his spirit.

Apparently, he was just where he had been an hour before, with all his battles still to fight, but really he knew they were already won, for his weapon had been forged and put in his hand. He left his boyhood behind him as he passed that stern threshold, for the last hour had made a man of him, and a prisoner had given him the master-key that opens every door.

# A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD[1]

## BY GIDEON WELLES

### X. THE CONDUCT OF IMPEACHMENT

*Wednesday, March* 18, 1868.

There is a strange dull apathy in the public mind when measures of great moment are so imminent. The proposed impeachment of the President creates but little excitement, nor does the wild, heedless, partisan legislation of Congress appear to disturb even the commercial interests. The radical press is vociferous for impeachment, not because the President has committed any crime, but for party considerations. The Democratic press is cool and comparatively indifferent, because they apprehend that impeachment will ruin radicalism. The welfare of the country, the true interests of the government, the salvation of the Union, the stability of our institutions, do not affect seriously the discipline of the two great parties. Neither party means to abandon its organization, but neither of them realizes the terrible consequences that must result from the extreme and revolutionary proceedings of the conspirators.

At a brief Cabinet meeting this evening, nothing was done. The President was calm and uncommunicative as usual; perhaps with more than usual reason.

*Thursday, March* 19, 1868.

The President is making some movements, but the scope and object he keeps to himself. Perhaps it is best if he intends extreme measures with the conspirators. General Hancock is expected this evening. He has not been treated as he should have been by Grant.

There is a rumor that Hancock will be assigned to this military Department, and that Gordon Granger will take the place of General Emory here in Washington. If such be the fact I know nothing of it, nor, I apprehend, do other members of the Cabinet. The change, if made, will be likely to stir up the conspirators, and is made too late to be effectual. These precautions should have been taken long ago, if taken at all. I do not believe that the President, unless personally assailed, intends seriously to resort to military assistance to maintain his position, and military officers who are his friends can now do little for him even if he wishes it. The President has a policy known only to himself. Honest, patriotic, devoted to his duties, he has failed to attach to himself a party. He would not lend himself to the radicals to exclude states, nor to the Democrats to withdraw from the Union, but has stood as it were alone on the constitutional policy of Lincoln and himself. I hope he is frank and confiding with his lawyers; he has not been sufficiently so with his Cabinet.

*Monday, March* 23, 1868.

There was some effort for dramatic effect and crowded galleries to-day to



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witness the impeachment trial. But there was no great excitement nor intense or absorbing interest in the subject. It is one of the remarkable and sad events of the times, that a subject of such magnitude, an outrage so flagrantly and vindictively partisan, a deliberate conspiracy against the Chief Magistrate of the nation, should be treated with such indifference here and elsewhere. There is idle curiosity with many, and some of the busy actors imagine they will be the Burkes and Sheridans of this trial.

The radicals are so demoralized and depraved, are so regardless of their constitutional obligations and of their oaths and their duty, that nothing good can be expected of them. But there are unmistakable indications that the Democratic leaders, a set who think more of party than of country, secretly desire the conviction and deposition of the President. Not that they are inimical to him, not that they believe him guilty of any crime deserving of impeachment, not that they will vote against him, but they look upon the act as perfectly suicidal to the radicals. They seem not aware that their own unwise conduct is scarcely less suicidal, and may save the radicals from annihilation.

The President's defence is a studied and well-prepared paper, wanting perhaps in power and force in some respects. There was, I am told and [judging] from what I read, a great contrast between the attorneys for the President and the managers. Black, I perceive, did not appear, and I judge has abandoned the case. If so there is something more than is apparent in his course. Alta Vela[1] is the pretext, but there is perhaps a deeper cause. A selfish or a party one. Black has been named as a Democratic candidate for President and this may have influenced him. Blair said to me early that Black was strong and ought to be one of the President's counsel, but that he was in collusion with Stanton and could not be relied upon to bring out Stanton's villanies, for he fears Stanton.

The Judges of the Supreme Court have caved in, fallen through, failed in the McCardle case. Only Grier and Field have held out like men, patriots, judges of nerve and honest independence.

These things look ominous, and sadden me. I fear for my country when I see such abasement. Fear of the usurping radicals in Congress has intimidated some of these judges, or like reckless Democratic leaders they are willing their party should triumph through radical folly and wickedness. Seward has on more than one occasion declared that he controlled Judge Nelson. Whether he is or has been intriguing in this matter or taken any part is a problem.

The New York *World* of to-day has not a word in its editorial columns on impeachment, a question of momentous importance to the country. It has a variety of articles on light and insignificant subjects. But the *World* has more than once proclaimed that it was in no way identified with the President nor responsible for his election. They approve his principles, but he is not their man nor of their organization. Its editors fear, that if they were to become the vigorous champions of Johnson against his persecutors, the people would compel his nomination. Hence they are putting their cause and professed principles in jeopardy, by failing to do right.

But the most deplorable, or one of the most deplorable features in all these proceedings is to witness party assemblages, conventions, and legislators in

[1] Judge Jeremiah Black refused participation in the case on account of his connection with a certain lawsuit.

distant states passing resolutions approving of the impeachment of the President and urging his conviction, without any fact, or specification, or alleged crime, or any knowledge whatever on the subject. Some of these proceedings are sent to Congress, and received by the Senate which sits in judgment. It is not difficult to see the near downfall of a government which shall long pursue a course such as the radicals are initiating for mere party purposes.

*Tuesday, March* 24, 1868.

The impeachment movement was again before Congress and the Court. The managers on the part of the House were ready with their application and there is reason to suppose it was prepared before the President's reply was received.

On the part of Butler and some others there is an inclination to play the part of buffoons, and display levity in a matter of the gravest importance to the nation. Sumner and certain Senators do not conceal their readiness to proceed at once to judgment and condemnation without proof or testimony. In their unfitness, and vindictive partisanship and hate, they would not award the President rights or privileges granted criminals for the court of errors or time for preparation. They are really unwilling to allow him to make defence.

These usurpers and conspirators — for such they are, truly and emphatically, having arrogated power without authority, excluded states and people from their constitutional rights of representation — are now deliberately attempting the destruction of another department of the government by the unlawful exercise of these usurped powers. Were all the states represented, as they should be, and would be if not wickedly and wrongfully excluded by an arbitrary usurping faction, there could be no conviction, and would have been no impeachment. But the President is arraigned for doing his duty and striving to defend the Constitution in conformity with his oath. The Constitution-breakers are trying the Constitution-defender; the law-breakers are passing condemnation on the law-supporter; the conspirators are sitting in judgment on the man who would not enter into their conspiracy, who was and is faithful to his oath, his country, the Union, and the Constitution. What a spectacle! And if successful, what a blow to free government! What a commentary on popular intelligence and public virtue!

*Friday, March* 27, 1868.

Very little of importance at the Cabinet. Every member I think considers conviction a foregone conclusion in the impeachment case. The Senate seems debauched, debased, demoralized, without independence, sense of right, or moral courage. It is, to all intents and purposes, a revolutionary body, subject to the dictation of Sumner, who is imperious, and of Chandler, who is unprincipled; both are disliked and hated by a considerable portion of the Republicans, who nevertheless bow submissive to the violent extremists.

I cannot come to the conclusion that the Senate, feeble and timid as it is, will convict the President of high crimes and misdemeanors and depose him, yet I have no confidence whatever in the fairness or justice of that body. There is a party necessity to obtain possession of the executive [office], in order to put a radical in the office of President next year. Fraud and force will be resorted to, to accomplish this end. Hence impeachment is a necessity. Johnson must be removed, for he will countenance no fraud or wrong-doing. And men will surrender their consciences, violate their oaths, be recreant to every

honest principle and instinct, and make a victim of an honest man for doing his duty. It is like slaughtering, shooting down the faithful sentinel, because of his fidelity in standing to his post.

We are in fact in the midst of a revolution, bloodless as yet — a revolution not of arms, but of ideas and government, more effectual and complete than that of the armies of the Rebellion. It is a question whether the Union and the Constitution can be retrieved and restored, though I do not yet permit myself to despair of the Republic. I have not faith in the Senate, yet if the President should be convicted, and deposed, the names of those Senators who shall declare him guilty will go down in infamy, and be recorded in history as the betrayers of truth and traitors to justice and freedom.

*Monday, March* 30, 1868.

The opening speech of General Butler in the impeachment trial is variously spoken of. As he has talents of a certain kind and has prided himself on getting to be one of the managers where there is rivalry (as he wants notoriety, he cares but little of what kind), and as he has impudence and audacity, and as the employment is familiar [to him] — I presume he made a speech with some strong and forcible language. As to his facts, his history, his law and correct application of principles, there is room for criticism and doubt. Though a radical favorite, he is an unscrupulous and in every respect a bad man.

The intelligent radicals do not seem to be satisfied with his performance, while the Democrats do not feel that Butler has made much headway against the President.

[The President's counsel thought it desirable that members of the Cabinet should testify that the President's purpose in removing Stanton, as freely expressed in the Cabinet, was to facilitate the making of a case to test the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office Bill. This testimony was ruled out by a vote of the Senate.]

*Tuesday, March* 31, 1868.

Nothing but current business at the Cabinet. The President requested us to meet him and his counsel this evening at 8. Just before leaving I was subpœnaed as a witness to appear tomorrow at twelve before the court of impeachment. Learned [this] after getting to the President's, who said it was Mr. Stanbery's summons for myself and others of the Cabinet.

Mr. Stanbery, Evarts and Groesbeck met us at the President's. Talked over certain circumstances and incidents in the past. Seward said he knew nothing of Stanton's suspension, was absent at the time, had early seen disagreement between the President and Stanton, and had exerted himself to prevent a rupture. This had been his course, he said, with each and every member of the Cabinet from the time he became connected with the administration in 1861. He supposed the President had avoided consulting him, because of his earnest efforts to retain Stanton; had never asked the President before, but did now. The President did not give a direct and explicit answer, but it was essentially affirmative.

*Monday, April* 13, 1868.

Mr. Stanbery sent me word to meet him last evening at the President's at 8. Was punctually there and found the President's counsellors in impeachment matters there except Mr. Stanbery. His wife had been taken suddenly ill, and he was thereby detained. Having no occasion to remain I was about leaving, when the President invited me to wait. The lawyers were examining documents most of the time. Judge

Curtis and Evarts read over the letters of General Sherman with great care. Groesbeck examined certain department documents. Nelson sat quietly by, saying little and doing nothing.

The conversation was chiefly on the point of pressing the further introduction of Sherman's testimony, and especially the letters which they had just examined. These letters contained some expressions which they, Curtis and Evarts, thought would do as much harm as the letters themselves would do good. Both these gentlemen thought that the President had a perfectly good case as it stands, without further testimony. Judge Curtis said he found [from] every new witness that the other side were fishing for evidence. Evarts concurred.

I was not altogether satisfied with their reasoning or conclusion, but I am not of course as capable of framing an opinion as these legal gentlemen who are in the case. It is not however a legal but a political question, and the conspirators are the jury; the managers have a feeble case or no case at all. There are no grounds for impeachment, there were none from the beginning, yet every radical in the town voted for impeachment, and a large portion of the Senators are ready to-day to vote to convict. They were as ready to give the same vote when the trial, as it is called, commenced — they had caucused on the subject they were to adjudicate, and are still caucusing. The Senators are many of them incapable of candid judgment, or intelligent judgment.

Judge C. makes a mistake, I think, in resting where he is. Were they, the Senators, as good lawyers as the Judges of the Supreme Court or governed by any rules, the case might be considered safe. But Butler gives rules to the Senatorial judges, and tells them how to vote, and they obey.

*Tuesday, April* 14, 1868.

There was an interesting time yesterday in the Senate, and that body, after vacillating, finally admitted General Sherman to testify in answer to Senator [Reverdy] Johnson, [as to] the object of the President in tendering him the appointment of Secretary *ad interim*. The remark of the President, that he, General S[herman], need have no apprehension of or from Stanton, who is cowardly, came out. Mr. Stanbery is sick to-day, and the Court adjourned over until to-morrow in consequence. Seward and Randall spent last evening with him, when, as they report, he appeared to be well but his brain was active and excited. Browning called at my house this evening and says Stanbery is better.

It appears to me impeachment has lost ground in public estimation during the last few days, still I have no confidence in the partisan Senate. There are men there of ability sufficient to know what is right, to act independently, and who should have enough honesty and moral courage to do right. I trust they will, yet I do not rely on them in this excitement. As for the crowd of little creatures who are out of place in the Senate, and who ought never to have been there, who are neither statesmen, enlightened legislators, nor possessed of judicial minds, — no one expects from them justice or any approach to it. But the question is, whether the abler minds will be wholly carried away by chief conspirators who hold in their hands the great amount of partisan small trash.

*Thursday, April* 16, 1868.

Was subpœnaed to-day as a witness before the high court of impeachment, and attended about 1 P. M. I was not, however, placed upon the stand. Cox and Merrick were examined, and cross-examined by Butler. More time was

consumed by the managers in objections to exclude the truth than by witnesses in testifying to facts. At a late hour Butler made a violent, indecent party-harangue which disgraced the Senators who failed to call him to order, and listened to his tirade with satisfaction.

*Friday, April* 17, 1868.

At the court of impeachment most of the day and for two or three hours on the stand. Nearly every question put was objected to and discussed. The Chief Justice presided with fairness, and the Senators, in most cases by a majority, voted against the managers. About twenty are violent partisans, as much interested in the prosecution as the managers and some of them taking an active part with them. In point of morality I put these fellows on a par with the thief and the murderer. The fear of punishment, and the opinion and judgment of others, will restrain [them] from committing these crimes, not any sense of moral justice or obligation. Morgan has become debased, and after first taking a manly stand has become dragooned by leaders; fears his associates, whom he now follows like a whipped spaniel. Chandler is more free-spoken than Morgan.

As my testimony will appear in the proceedings, I shall not attempt to here recapitulate it. Should have been glad to have been permitted to state my knowledge on the points, without being restricted to narrow questions and answers. I perceived that the radical leaders as well as managers were becoming disturbed and discontented by the course things were taking; and under apprehension that a pending question might go against them, there was a concerted movement to adjourn. A caucus and discipline were necessary. The managers directed it. I saw it whispered and passed from one to another. Judges! O what Judges!!

*Saturday, April* 18, 1868.

The court of impeachment opened this morning with an elaborate speech from Manager Wilson, crowded in on an interlocutory question, which consumed over an hour and was read from a carefully prepared manuscript. This, I soon perceived, was the speech which * * * * had been weeks preparing and meant to deliver at the close of the trial, but being denied the opportunity by the secret caucus arrangement and decree last evening, it was here injected into the Senate, or Court proceedings. My suspicions were at once aroused that there had been caucusing or both caucusing and drilling overnight, to exclude (after listening to all hearsay evidence and scandal against him) the President's testimony refuting the lies and manufactured evidence. The suspicion was fully confirmed by the day's action.

Nothing from any member of the Cabinet was permitted, from a conviction evidently that it would exculpate and exonerate the President. Sumner, therefore, who has to this time voted to admit all testimony, because he was predetermined to convict, absented himself now when votes intended to cut off all evidence were to be taken. Morton was not present at all. Sherman, Frelinghuysen, and the equivocal men had been last night whipped in.

I was put forward by the counsel for the President to receive and answer the last questions. This relieved Seward and yet annoyed him. It did not displease him that the testimony of Cabinet officers was prevented. He had, he said, been on friendly terms with Stanton, and for that reason President Johnson had not consulted him so freely as others. He claims he was the confidant of President Lincoln, and allied with him in certain removals. For these reasons he declares he did not wish to be placed on the stand,

though Judge Curtis and Evarts apparently wished it.

*Wednesday, April* 22, 1868.

When I was coming up H Street this evening between 4 and 5, I came upon Conkling and Ben. F. Butler who were in close conversation on the corner of 15th Street. It was an ominous and discreditable conjunction — the principal manager, an unscrupulous, corrupt and villainous character, holding concourse with one of the Senatorial triers, a conceited coxcomb of some talents and individual party aspirations. They both were, as Jack Downing says, 'stumped,' and showed in their countenances what they were talking about and their wish that I had been on some other street, or somewhere else.

*Friday, April* 24, 1868.

No department business in Cabinet. General conversation on current topics. Seward professes to have knowledge that the President will not be convicted. I place little dependence upon it, for his judgment is good for nothing in such matters.

After the others, except McCulloch, had left, we had twenty minutes with the President. He showed us an order from Grant to Emory issued by request of Stanton, for a guard at the War Department to preserve documents, etc., issued on the 22nd of February. These conspirators will have their works uncovered sooner or later. The President yesterday, and again to-day, said this man Emory ought to be removed from the command of this district. I said that he ought some time since to have left, but it might not be judicious [to remove him] at this moment. McCulloch to-day took the same view.

*Tuesday, April* 28, 1868.

The speech of Thad Stevens yesterday was characteristically abusive, but displayed less ability than I expected. I do not think he has injured the President so much as he desired, though he has spent great labor and time on his speech, which has been three times re-written and revised. His nephew, who boards at Willard's with Faxon,[1] told the latter that he was assisting his uncle in reading his third printed proof of what he intended to say.

Thomas Williams who followed is prolix, a poor reader, and will not make a favorable impression. He has considerable talents, but is a good deal broken and impaired in mind. He was, I have understood, a quasi partner of Stanton in Pittsburg, and has been much devoted to, and much used by him in Congress.

Only necessary current business done in the Cabinet. Seward, Randall, and Browning expressed great confidence in the acquittal of the President, but gave no particulars. McCulloch is more hopeful than I have seen him since the impeachment movement commenced. I called last evening on Mr. Stanbery. He is very feeble. Says he has completed his argument, but I advised him not to undertake to deliver it, and I think he will not. He expresses great confidence of acquittal, and so, he says, does Evarts. There could be no doubt of it, were the triers uncommitted, honest, candid, and capable men. All depends on the fact, whether there are a sufficient number of such independent Senators.

*Thursday, April* 30, 1868.

There is but little doing by Congress. Impeachment is the question. Mr. Evarts's speech is interesting and able, and men and women of all parties are greatly interested in it. There is an impression that the radical cause is growing weaker, and indication that the radical leaders have apprehensions.

[1] Chief clerk in the Navy Department.

The arguments of the President's lawyers have alarmed them, have shown them they have no case, that though they have deceived themselves into the belief that they can deceive the country, there are truths which cannot be covered up and will endanger their future. The conspiracy, for it is nothing else, is an excess of party zeal and hate, without any foundation whatever. It will overwhelm them with infamy. In their present state of party discipline, party power, and party terror, votes may not be changed, but conviction has struck some of them. Grimes says there will be no conviction, and he is one of the best judges and most sensible men in the Senate. But Fox,[1] who is here for a few days, says that in circulating around among Senators and others of all parties, he finds the prevailing opinion seems to be that the President will be condemned.

*Saturday, May* 2, 1868.

A short interview with the President.

The President is by no means desponding. I think his faith is in an honest and sincere consciousness that he has been, to the best of his ability, faithful, — that he has done his duty, and that a good Providence will not permit him to be sacrificed under these circumstances.

While I am reluctant to believe in the total depravity of the Senate, I place but little dependence on the honesty and truthfulness of a large portion of the Senators. A majority of them are small lights, mentally weak, and wholly unfit to be Senators. They are neither intelligent legislators, nor statesmen, — capable judges nor good patriots.

*Monday, May* 4, 1868.

On Friday and Saturday there was a disgraceful but characteristic exhibition of radical notables in the House: Butler and Logan on Friday, and Donnelly of Wisconsin and Washburne of Illinois on Saturday.

Butler was exposed and flogged by Brooks severely. Washburne was more coarsely and frankly punished by Donnelly, a brother radical. Had he been less loose and vulgar, his speech would have been more effective. Washburne, though the oldest member, is more universally detested for his supercilious pretensions, manners, insolence, disregard of truth, and malignity than any man in the House, and all enjoyed the infliction he received.

Bingham commenced the closing argument in the impeachment case today. It does not appear to have excited much admiration, although there is reported to have been a large attendance.

*Tuesday, May* 5, 1868.

In general conversation before business commenced at the Cabinet, Seward taunted Browning for being shaky on the question of impeachment. Browning confessed his doubts, — said he had expressed them to confidential friends and thought it best to do so. Seward did not agree with him as to his policy, but said he had no doubts as to an acquittal, and wished to wager a basket of champagne which B[rowning] declined, and S[eward] then offered two to one.

McCulloch, who came in just at the close of the banter but did not hear it, was as decided in his opinion of an acquittal as Seward, and offered to bet a bottle of wine with B[rowning]. I could, however, get no facts to justify the confidence of the State and Treasury, farther than that they have talked pretty freely with members.

It seems to be generally conceded that Fessenden will oppose impeachment. McCulloch has hopes that Morton will do the same. I have little expectation in that quarter, though the

[1] Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

hypocrite has sagacity enough to see that a mistake is made.

Seward quotes Banks for authority, who says Fessenden and Morrill of Maine have each written arguments, have had one interview and are to have another with their written documents. Much of this Banks gets from the Maine members, who have tried to influence F[essenden] but without success. There may be something to base this upon, but I do not give it the credence which Seward does. Until the argument is closed and the whole case committed, F[essenden] would not be likely to declare his opinion. I have supposed he would vote against conviction although a decided radical, for he has intelligence, and a character which he wishes to preserve. I have had the same opinion of Trumbull for the same reasons. Both are crotchety and uncertain, and I therefore do not consider it sure by any means that they will go for acquittal. Other Senators like Frelinghuysen, the Morrills, and others, should vote for acquittal, but it is most likely, from all I hear and see, that they will abase themselves.

I therefore am less sanguine than either Seward or McCulloch. The last has until recently believed that conviction was probable. What facts have changed him I fail to learn. Seward is not to be relied on for [accuracy] in such matters, — he catches at shadows.

Grimes is Chairman of the Naval Committee and strong in his political views and prejudices, but he has a legal and discriminating mind, and sincere respect for the President's honesty, though very little confidence in his tact and judgment. He will not commit so unjust an act as to vote to impeach, and Fessenden usually goes with him. Neither have much love for Sumner or regard for Thad Stevens, which will strengthen them to act right when others fail. I should have no doubt of Trumbull if he had not done himself and his principles injustice on certain test questions. The radical Senators continue to hold their secret meetings at Pomeroy's, to discipline and strengthen each other to do an illegal and wicked act, while sitting as judges in the high court.

*Tuesday, May 5,* 1868.

Seward says Morgan will go for acquittal, provided it is certainly ascertained in advance that there can be no conviction. In this I think S[eward] is more correct than in many of his assertions.

Some conversation took place between McCulloch, Browning, and myself in regard to sending in immediately the new carpet-bag constitutions of Arkansas and South Carolina. They urged that it should be done immediately. I asked what of the actual, existing constitutions of those states which Congress assumed to annul. Both took alarm, — hoped the President would not oppose Congress, oppose the reconstruction law, etc. I expressed the hope that he would do his duty faithfully.

*Thursday, May 7,* 1868.

Bingham has closed the final argument of the managers, and at its close there was a scene in the galleries, got up especially for the occasion and a part of this radical drama. I have not read all of Bingham's speech, but from the examination given it I do not think it great, and his friends seem disappointed. The subject is postponed until Monday, and the court has agreed to come to a vote on Tuesday. If the Senators regard their oaths, and act as judicial officers and statesmen, there will be an acquittal; if partisan action controls all the radical Senators or most of them, conviction is likely. The movement has been a partisan one from its inception.

Judge Harris, late New York Senator, called on me, and discussing the great topic, tells me he had a long conversation with a prominent radical Senator, — a religious, conservative man, — who said to him there was nothing against the President which could be called a crime, or misdemeanor, but the President was a troublesome man, — was an impediment, and he thought the majority would be justified in availing themselves of a technical advantage in getting rid of him. Although Judge Harris called no names, I inferred from his remarks that Frelinghuysen was the Senator who made these discreditable remarks.

*Friday, May* 8, 1868.

Great confidence was expressed by all the Cabinet that the President would be acquitted; and such also seemed his impression, but I could get no fact, — perhaps ought to expect none. It was said Fessenden was in great distress, — had offered to resign, but the Maine delegation would not listen to it. The vote of Henderson of Missouri is relied upon through the influence of Miss Foot, to whom he expects to be married. Sprague is counted upon through Mrs. S[prague] and her father, etc. These are frail staffs to lean upon, yet they are taken in the absence of better. There may be other circumstances, or facts which are confidential, but they are not communicated if there are such.

*Saturday, May* 9, 1868.

There is a good deal of deep feeling yet no boisterous excitement. The impeachers are less confident than they were, yet express full belief in conviction. Their reliance is on the force, discipline, and necessities of party — not on crime or misdemeanor on the part of the President. How far the radical Senators who have pretentions to statesmanship will debase themselves to party dictation is the only question. If they are really legislators, judges, and statesmen — men of independence and moral courage, the President will be acquitted, not otherwise. More than one half of the Senators are demagogues and block-heads, — party tools, who regard not their oaths, nor the welfare of the country.

Numbers influence party men, so that inferior intellects often control superior minds. Fessenden and Morton and Trumbull are fearful of consequences if they boldly and conscientiously do their duty. I have no faith whatever in Morton, though McCulloch has hopes of him, but McCulloch is deceived. His speech at the beginning of the session exhibited a mind whose moral stamina was gone.

The President tells me this afternoon that he has no doubt that Fessenden will vote for acquittal. I did not ask his newest evidence. Riding out this evening, I met McCulloch who assures me, emphatically, of an acquittal. Says Grimes, Fessenden, Trumbull, and Van Winkle will vote to acquit, and others also.

I conclude that he has sources of information which are reliable. I get no facts. Of Grimes, Fessenden, and Trumbull's honest opinions I have no doubt, but there is a terrible pressure upon them. Of Van Winkle I know nothing.



*(To be continued.)*

# MY SOCIAL LIFE IN LONDON

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

It was an epoch in my social life when at the dinner-table of Sir R. H. Inglis, a member for the University of Oxford, high Tory and Protestant, but genial friend and host of men of all parties, I first met Macaulay. Macaulay talked essays and engrossed the talking —conversation it could not be called. One could understand how he was a bore to other talkers. He evidently was to a great talker who sat next to me. He would seize upon a theme and dilate, with copious illustration, from a marvelous memory. Mention of the exclusive respect of the Ritualists for churches in the Gothic style led to an enumeration of the fathers of the early Church who had ministered in churches which were not Gothic. A question about the rules of equestrian statuary led to a copious dissertation proving that nature was the only rule. I have seen a whole evening party kept listening in a ring to an essay on final causes and the limits of their recognition, with numerous illustrations. But it seemed to me all exuberance, not assumption or ostentation.

Once, however, even I thought Macaulay a bore. It was at a breakfast at Lord Stanhope's. Lord Russell was beginning to give us an account of the trial of Queen Caroline, which he had witnessed. Macaulay broke in with an essay, and Lord Russell was swept away by its tide. Of all English talkers that I ever heard, Macaulay seemed to me the first in brilliancy. He is the first in brilliancy of English writers, though not always the most sober or just. Of all his writings the least just, while it is perhaps the most brilliant, is the essay on Warren Hastings. Justice has been done upon it by Fitzjames Stephen.

Rogers especially might well dislike Macaulay, against whom, with his feeble voice, he could make no head. He was silent during dinner. After dinner, when the ladies were gone, he told anecdotes in language evidently prepared. It was treason then to talk. There was certainly a strain of malice in him. He was sensitive on the subject of his social position, and could not forgive Sydney Smith for saying in his presence that he would 'bet a cheque on Rogers & Co.' Theodore Hook was never tired of whipping him on that tender spot. He was sensitive also about his appearance, as, if he aspired to beauty, he had good reason for being. It was said that he had driven his foot through a portrait which told unflattering truth. I wish I had been present when the attention of the party was suddenly drawn to a caricature bust of him which the host had inadvertently left upon the mantel-piece. The struggles of the party to cope with the horror, some taking the line that it was a likeness, others that it was not, were described to me as very amusing. The immortality which Rogers expected for his poems has not been theirs. He is not deep, yet there are passages in him, such as the opening lines of 'Human Life,' which are pleasant to my simple ear.

Of all the social talkers, I should say

the pleasantest was Sir David Dundas, then Solicitor-General. He really conversed, and, while leading the conversation, drew out his company and made other people feel that they too had said good things.

When the Life of Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) appeared, people were disappointed because it did not sparkle with wit. Nobody who knew him could share the disappointment. It was not in any witty things that he said, but in his manner, which was wit in itself, that the charm resided. His good-natured simplicity of speech (if that will do for a translation of *naïveté*) had earned him the nickname of 'the cool of the evening.' He was an eager hunter of notorieties. It was said that he would have had the most noted felon of the day at his breakfast-table if he could.

Sitting there and looking round on the circle, you asked yourself how you came into that museum. Milnes was a great and a most successful collector of autographs. He showed me on the same page some love verses written by Robespierre when a youth, and a death-warrant signed by him under the Reign of Terror. General Grant, when he went to breakfast with Milnes, was presented with a round-robin which he had signed as a cadet at West Point. Milnes would not tell us how he had obtained it. To a collector of autographs everything is moral. The writer of *Palm Leaves*, in which by the way there are some very pretty lines, had at one time been a follower of Urquhart, the devotee and political champion of Turkey and the East. Urquhart can hardly have been sane. Milnes said that once when he went to Urquhart's house, the door was opened by Urquhart's son, stark naked, that being the father's idea of physical education.

Eton friendship with Hallam's son Henry opened to me the house of his illustrious father, which was no longer in the 'long unlovely street,' but in Wilton Crescent. The historian was then old and bowed down by the loss of the son whose epitaph is 'In Memoriam,' as well as by that of his wife and his favorite daughter. In earlier days he had been rather a social terror. People in his presence had spoken in fear of contradiction. It was said that he had got out of bed in the night to contradict the watchman about the hour and the weather. Sydney Smith said that the chief use of the electric telegraph would be to enable Hallam to contradict a man at Birmingham. But in his old age, and to a boy like me, Hallam was all mildness and kindness. I see the old man now, sitting in his library, with gout in his hands, in mournful dignity waiting for the end. But he would know that his work was done.

Milman's name is now seldom heard, yet he has left his mark in his histories of the Jews and of the Latin Church; nor is the 'Martyr of Antioch' without merits as a poem. The author of the prize poem on the Apollo Belvedere had set out in life with an immense Oxford reputation. In his *History of the Jews* he had, as a student of German theology, faintly anticipated the higher criticism, and incurred orthodox suspicion accordingly. That he had talent, a richly stored mind, and conversational power, is certain. Whether he had anything more is doubtful. If he had, it was stifled in him, as it was in other rationalist theologians, by the fatal white tie.

Thackeray I used to meet at the dinners of the *Saturday Review*, but had not much intercourse with him. If he was cynical, his cynicism did not appear in his face or manner, which betokened perfect simplicity and good nature. From good nature, and not from that alone, I cannot help thinking that he lapsed when he gibbeted

Croker in *Vanity Fair*, under the name of Wenham, as the parasite and pandar of the Marquis of Hertford, easily discernible under the pseudonym of the Marquis of Steyne. Croker was a rancorous politician, and both by his tongue and pen provoked bitter enmity; but there was nothing in his relation with Lord Hertford to brand him as a parasite, much less could he be supposed capable of playing the pandar. As a leading anti-reform member of the House of Commons he had been an associate of Hertford and other magnates of the Tory party. The connection continued after Croker's retirement in disgust from public life. Slander, under cover of a fictitious name, as I have said before, when the person really meant can be easily recognized, is at once the most deadly and the most cowardly of all ways of assailing character. The person assailed cannot defend himself without seeming to countenance the libel.

In the house of Sir Roderick Murchison I used to meet the men of science; but it was not till later that I became intimate with Huxley and Tyndall. With Tyndall I became very intimate, and greatly loved him, though on some points we widely differed. He called himself a Materialist, and never allowed you to call him anything else, ever faithful to his formula that matter contained the potentiality of all life. But never was a man less materialist in the gross sense of the term. I used to think that he would have found it very difficult to account, on any materialistic theory, for his own sentiments and aspirations. Between Huxley and Owen there was at that time war about the Hippocampus Minor. That Huxley was in the right seemed to be the verdict of the scientific world; had he found himself in the wrong he would have frankly owned it, for no man could be more loyal to truth. Murchison was a man of large property; he had been in the army; had taken to geology and become the Amphitryon of the scientific world. He had been engaged in exploring the mineral wealth of the Ural, and became very intimate with the Czar, whose feeling towards England, as he assured me, I have no doubt truly, was as good as possible, she being in the Czar's eyes the great conservative power. The day before the Crimean War, nobody expected or desired it; while it was going, everybody was mad about it; when it was over, everybody condemned and deplored it.

If I remember rightly, I was an early subscriber to Herbert Spencer's works. But it was not till much later, I think in 1876, that I became well acquainted with the man. We were staying at Buxton together. If a new moral world is built upon materialism, Herbert Spencer will have been one of the chief builders. In any case he was a shining light and a power. Of his personal eccentricities plenty of stories have been told. His nervous sensibility was extreme. A game of billiards was enough to deprive him of his night's rest. He had been looking forward with pleasure to a meeting with Huxley; but he gave it up because there was a difference on some scientific question between them, and this might have given rise to an argument, which Spencer's nerves could not bear. A literary flippancy of mine once caused an estrangement between us, but I am happy to say we became the best of friends again.

The most interesting of my social experiences, however, were my visits to The Grange, a name familiar to all who have read the Life of Carlyle. Lord Ashburton, of the then immensely wealthy house of Baring, was a man of intellect and culture, and by no means a social cipher, though a less important figure than his wife. Lady Ashburton was a great lady, perhaps the nearest

counterpart that England could produce to the queen of a French *salon* before the Revolution. In person, though not beautiful, she was majestic. Her wit was of the very brightest, and dearly she loved to give it play. She had at the same time depth of character and tenderness of feeling. It was a mistake to think that she was a Mrs. Leo Hunter on a grand scale. She cared as little for reputation in itself as she did for rank or wealth. To form a circle of brilliant talkers with herself as its centre, was her aim; and in this she fully succeeded. One or two appreciative listeners were also desirable, and were there. Beauty may have been a passport; at least I do not know what but the wonderful beauty of Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence, Sally Ward that had been, could have brought her and her not intellectually brilliant husband to The Grange. Everything was arranged for conversation. Breakfast was a function, and was served on round tables, each of a conversational size. The last comer always took Lady Ashburton out to dinner, that he might be thoroughly introduced into the circle.

Carlyle was always there. He was a great favorite of Lady Ashburton. His talk was like his books, but wilder; in truth, his pessimism was monotonous and sometimes wearisome, though he could not fail to say striking things, still less to use striking words. One summer evening we came out after dinner on the terrace. There was a bright moon, and for a few minutes we all looked at it in silence, each probably having his own thoughts. At last a voice was heard: 'Puir auld creature!' Whether the moon was an object of pity in herself, or because she was doomed to look down on human affairs, I failed to divine.

Tennyson was there. I adored the poet, and should have liked to be able to worship the man. His self-consciousness and sensitiveness to criticism were extreme. One of the party whose name I forget, but who acted as a sort of aide-de-camp to Lady Ashburton, asked me what I thought of Tennyson. I said that it was most interesting to meet him. 'But is he not very sensitive?' — 'Sensitive! I should think he was. If my little girl were to tell him that his whiskers were ugly he would n't forget it for a month.'

They asked Tennyson to read some of his own poetry aloud. This he was understood to be fond of doing. But to the general disappointment he refused. At his side was sitting Carlyle, who had been publishing his contempt of poetry. Immolating myself to the public cause, I went over to Carlyle and asked him to come for a walk in the grounds. While we were gone the reading came off. I was reminded of this incident, which I had long forgotten, by a reference to it the other day in the *Illustrated London News*.

Mrs. Carlyle was at The Grange. She was a modest personage, rather in the background. Nobody knew that she was so clever as her letters prove her to have been. But that Lady Ashburton ever gave her serious cause for unhappiness I do not in the least believe. Lady Ashburton was a queen, and may, like other royalties, have been sometimes a little high; but she was incapable of doing anything unfeeling. I had a great respect for her character as well as admiration for her wit, and have always cherished the memory of the message which she sent me from her death-bed.

In the circle of The Grange was to be seen Bishop Wilberforce. He had good right to be there, for he was a very brilliant talker, especially happy in repartee. Of his eminent ability there could be no doubt. He would certainly have made his mark as an advocate or a politician. He set out as an Evangelical,

like his father; he became, as was natural for a bishop, a High Churchman. He tried to combine both systems, and to ride two horses with their heads turned different ways. This in itself gave him, perhaps undeservedly, an air of duplicity and a nickname. He was, however, morbidly desirous of influence, which he seemed ever to cultivate without definite object. It was said that he would have liked to be on the committee of every club in London. He had the general reputation of not being strictly veracious; nor, as I had once occasion to see, was he, when Church party was in question, inflexibly just. He turned upon the Hampden question when he found that his course was giving offense at Court, and was upbraided with tergiversation by his party. He turned upon the Irish Church question just in time to be promoted from Oxford to Winchester, and to what he probably coveted more than the income, the Chancellorship of the Garter; and when he put forth a pathetic valedictory assuring the clergy of Oxford that he was agonized at leaving them but could not disobey the call of the Spirit, he provoked a smile. There could be no question as to his meritorious activity in his diocese. He was at first a fine preacher, but at last his incessant activity, leaving no time for reading or thought, impaired the matter of his sermons and compelled him to make up for lack of substance by delivery, of which, having an admirable voice and manner, he remained a perfect master. Too much allowance can hardly be made for the difficulties of the Mitre in those times.

A very different realm from The Grange was Strawberry Hill, where reigned Frances, Lady Waldegrave, whose husband, Lord Carlingford, and I were college friends. To the sham Gothic mansion built by the virtuoso Horace Walpole on the bank of the Thames had been added an enchanted castle of pleasure, with gorgeous salons, and magnificent grounds for out-of-door fêtes stretching along the river. Frances, Lady Waldegrave, had been four times wedded. Thrice, it was said, she had married for title or wealth; the fourth time for love. She was a rather florid beauty, taking perhaps to an elderly man. In her fourth wedlock she had chosen well, for Carlingford was a man of whom she might be proud, since he became a Cabinet Minister, and at the same time a domestic pillow. He was an Irishman, and when in the theatre at Dublin the jocular crowd asked his spouse which of her four husbands she liked best, she could turn their impertinence to plaudits by saying, 'The Irishman, of course.'

She was the daughter of Braham the singer, and one of the best of daughters, for in her grandeur she never failed in devoted attachment to her father, whose portrait hung conspicuous upon her wall. Her ambition was to gather the whole of the great world, royalty included, in her salon at Strawberry Hill. In this she thoroughly succeeded. Curiously enough, the great fortune which she had accumulated by her successive marriages she had just run through when she died. After her death, I was staying with her husband at the place in the country where she was buried. There she lay, with a list of her husbands on her monument. Her fourth husband could not bear himself to take me to the grave; he had to put me in the hands of the curate. Utterly unlike to Harriet, Lady Ashburton, was Frances, Lady Waldegrave; yet Frances, Lady Waldegrave, to use Carlyle's phrase, was not without an eye, and she could interest herself in other subjects than balls and garden-parties when she had a quiet hour.

It was a mark of the difference between the two social monarchies that,

while at The Grange, breakfast, as I have said, was a conversational function for which arrangements were made, at Strawberry Hill you came down to breakfast at your own hour, and were served separately from a carte. The host and hostess did not appear till luncheon.

Now the splendor has departed from Strawberry Hill, from the gilded salons and the magnificent grounds. The place has become a tea-garden or something less elysian still. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

In a mansion close to Strawberry Hill lived in luxurious exile the Duc d'Aumale and the Comte de Paris. D'Aumale, it seemed to me, would have made a strong Pretender; he was a soldier and a man of action, highly cultivated withal. But he was not the heir, and it seems that when he got back to France he gave himself up to pleasure. The Comte de Paris was a gentle creature who never could have made a Pretender without a Morny to play his game.

Among the intellectual magnates who were kind to me I must not forget Lord Stanhope. I spent some very pleasant days at Chevening with a literary company, two members of which were Mr. and Mrs. Grote. Grote was quiet and retiring. Mrs. Grote was unretiring, a rather formidable woman with a very sharp wit. Stanhope's history is not a masterpiece; but it is interesting and fair, the work of a man of sense and a gentleman. The last qualification is valuable to a historian of the politics of aristocratic days.

Hard by lived also my great friend Grant Duff, a most accomplished politician and man of the world, whose name calls up to memory pleasant hours. When he was leaving for his government in India we gave him a farewell banquet at a great hotel. I, having come some distance, took a bed there. In the morning I was awakened by a knock at my door and a female voice offering me brandy and soda. The more I declined the cup of health, the more pressingly it was offered. Was it intended for some other revelers, or was it taken for granted that those who had dined there overnight must want brandy and soda in the morning?

From Chevening we visited Knole, the country-seat of Lord Sackville near Sevenoaks. I there found a portrait of Walsingham, which confirmed me in the belief that a portrait which on leaving Oxford I made over to the Bodleian, it having passed for a portrait of Sir Thomas Bodley, was really a portrait of Elizabeth's great Secretary of State. Each portrait has the dispatch symbolical of the Secretaryship, as the white wand is of the Treasurership, in its hand. The date of the subject's age on the picture does not exactly agree with Bodley's age. The date of Walsingham's birth is uncertain. His monument in St. Paul's was destroyed by fire.

A party at a country-house was seldom complete without Hayward, the prince of anecdotists and the great authority on social history and gossip. His anecdotes certainly gained embellishment by repetition, and were therefore perhaps more amusing than authentic. He was fond of dissolving the false pearls of history and destroying heroic illusions. It was with much gusto that he assured us that Pitt's last words were, not 'Oh! my country! how I love my country!' but, 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's meat-pies.' Disraeli, whom he must in some way have offended, has alluded to him in *Lothair* as a 'little parasite.' Little he was in stature, but he was no parasite; on the contrary, he bore himself very much as the master of the circle. He was a bachelor; his pen must have brought him an income; and as he had

many friends among the political leaders, he could have got an appointment if he had needed it. But he, no doubt, prized his freedom.

I had a good friend in the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Denison, afterwards Lord Ossington, through whose interest I enjoyed debates. He would always get me under the gallery or in some place on the floor of the House. It is on the floor of the House only that a debate can be enjoyed. I shall have occasion further on to mention one or two of the great speakers. Of those I heard, the general level did not seem to me to be high. There was great waste of time in droning through speeches which were mere dilutions of the morning's editorials. Why cannot each speaker, except the leaders, instead of wandering over the whole subject, take a point and press it home? The whole discussion, however, is little more than a great party demonstration. The name 'deliberative assembly' is a mockery. On any party question there is no more deliberation than there is in the interchange of volleys between two lines of battle. Besides, every one is talking less to the House than to the reporters.

While I am in a fault-finding mood I may say that the House — and still more the House of Lords — is too highly decorated for a hall of debate, where nothing should divert the eye from the speaker. Ventilation and acoustics at that time were bad. It seems that architectural science has not yet learned to produce with certainty a room in which you can be heard, a place in which you can breathe, or a chimney which will not smoke. The acoustics of the House of Lords were worse than those of the House of Commons. It was said that the leader of the Opposition went out and bought an evening paper to learn what the head of the government was talking about. During the passage of the Oxford University Bill I was placed on the steps of the throne to watch the bill and communicate with the minister in charge. On that spot, where nobody sits, you could hear the speakers on both sides well.

I enjoyed the theatre, and had in Patrick Comyn and Smyth Pigott pleasant companions to add to my enjoyment. Of all the acting that I saw, the grandest was that of Ristori in *Camma;* above all in the famous scene in which Camma elicits the secret of her husband's murder by affecting love of the murderer, then entices him to drinking the poisoned cup, drinks of it herself, and dies. The plot, which is from Plutarch, Tennyson has taken for his *Cup.* Of Rachel, Matthew Arnold has said that she began where Sara Bernhardt ended. She was passion, especially of the satanic kind, incarnate. Adrienne Lecouvreur was her topping part, and the death-scene, for which she was supposed to have studied in a hospital, was her topping scene. Her direct opposite was the female star of the English stage, Helen Faucit, who was all tenderness. About Wigan, our male star, there seems to have been a difference of opinion. His friends asserted that he alone could act a gentleman; his critics said the reverse.

Some of the opera people acted as well as sang well. Jenny Lind did, in pieces that suited her, such as *Gazza Ladra* and *Figlia del Regimento.* Something was missed when, having renounced opera, she sang at concerts. Tietjens also acted well in such a part as Lucrezia Borgia; while her companion Alboni, supreme and rapturously applauded as a singer, stalked the stage in her tabard with the grace of a female elephant. Jenny Lind's character enhanced her popularity. She was no harpy, like other prima donnas, but left something for the lesser folk. I have spoken

of the friendship between Jenny and Arthur Stanley, who was, like Johnson, dead to the charms of music, and said that the only thing that pleased him was a drum solo. Where he could have heard a drum solo we never could ascertain. Mario and Grisi, having spent the fortunes which they had made, were forced to return to the stage. But superannuated as they were, I fancy their audience, though it received them well, took more pleasure in seeing than in hearing them.

Charles Kean acted Hamlet with applause, yet, I thought, not well. Shakespeare is a philosophic poet as well as a dramatist, and sometimes transcends the dramatic sphere. Perhaps one who had the sensibility to feel the part of Hamlet would scarcely have the nerve to act it. The best Hamlet I ever saw was that of the German Devrient, who did at all events soliloquize the soliloquy, not declaim it.

I enjoyed a visit to Sadler's Wells, the people's theatre, long since improved out of existence. It was pleasant to see the loyalty of the people to Shakespeare. The taste of the people, being simple, is sound. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, was a fine declaimer. He gave well Prospero's speech in *The Tempest*.

But all the theatres, and especially Sadler's Wells, suffered from Charles Kean's fancy for spectacles. He imagined that Shakespeare was an antiquarian, and put on his plays in the garb of the historic period. So we had the Duke of Athens, who to Shakespeare was like a Duke of Milan, talking of nunneries; fairies in Athenian groves; and two Athenian gentlemen going out to fight a duel with Grecian swords. In *Macbeth* we had the rude simplicity of primitive Scotland; and the throne, to which Macbeth's ambition climbed through treason and murder, was a wooden stool. Shakespeare paid no more respect to historical character than to geography, and he had no scenery at all.

I was in a box at the opera one evening with two friends. The party next night was to meet again. I arrived first. Presently one of the other two came in. I asked after the third, and was horrified by the reply that he had shot himself that afternoon. The evening before he had apparently been in the best of spirits. He was young and wealthy. I never learned the cause of his weariness of life. The weather was very sultry and bad for the liver.

Having spoken of E. S. Pigott, I may say that he was very intimate with Dickens, whom I only once saw, and whom I understood it was difficult to meet, as he lived very much in a choice circle of his intimate friends. Pigott told me his opinion of the unhappy relations between Dickens and his wife, which came too much before the world. It was a common case: Dickens had married at a low level, and his wife had not risen with him; otherwise, according to Pigott, an excellent judge, there was no fault on her side. The matrimonial history of writers of works of imagination has often been unhappy. Their imagination turns a woman into an angel, and then they find that she is a woman. About this time the scandalous world was being regaled with the war between Bulwer and his wife. When Bulwer was being elected at Hertford, his consort drove up in a post-chaise, mounted the hustings, and delivered a philippic against him. Their son was credited with some lines on the occasion: —

> Who came to Hertford in a chaise,
> And uttered anything but praise
> About the author of my days?
> My Mother.

If Dickens's own home was not happy, few writers have done more to make other homes happy and diffuse kindly

feelings. His 'Christmas Carol' is an evangel.

I became intimate with some of the exiles driven to England by the political storms of Europe. Among them was Louis Blanc, of whom I saw a good deal. In his writings there is a strain, I am afraid, not only of the visionary but of the terrorist. This, however, he did not betray when we sat on the Terrace at Richmond one summer afternoon talking of his plans for the regeneration of mankind. He ascribed the failure of his National Workshops of course to the machinations of the enemy. What was undeniable was that they had failed.

I took more to the Italian exiles, Mazzini, Saffi, and Arrivabene, whose cause, that of Italian independence, was perfectly pure. To Mazzini, whose acquaintance I formed at the house of Sir James Stansfield, I took very much. He seemed to me a genuine servant of humanity, regarding Italian nationality, to the rescue of which he gave his life, as subservient to the general good of mankind. He denied that he had been concerned in any assassination plot. With Garibaldi I exchanged letters, but we never met. He was coming to Oxford and to my house when he was suddenly whisked out of the country, by what influence is a mystery to this hour. For myself, I never doubted that it was by the influence of the Queen. Victoria was a Stuart upon a Hanoverian throne. A friend of mine at Court heard Disraeli feeding with slanderous stories her hatred of Garibaldi. She bitterly hated Bismarck also, for having put an end to the Kingdom of Hanover. Perhaps that may have been partly the cause of her sympathy with France against Germany. The French Emperor, to whose influence some suspected the spiriting-away of Garibaldi was due, had in him still something of the revolutionist and an eye to possible assistance from that side.

Two famous relics of a political generation gone by, Brougham and Lyndhurst, I just saw. Lyndhurst I heard make a speech on the House of Lords, too cursory for the display of his mighty reasoning powers. It was curious to see a man who had been at Boston a British subject before the American Revolution.

Nothing can adequately paint the galvanic motions of Brougham's face and figure. His activity and productiveness, as is well known, were miraculous. He aspired to leadership not only in law, politics, and literature, but in science. Lord Stanhope used to tell a story of the editor of a new magazine who humbly petitioned Brougham for an article to grace his first number. The happy man received three articles by return of post! Brougham's private secretary, Sir Denis le Marchant, told me that Brougham, when he was leading at once in the Bar and in Parliament, making one speech seven hours long, could do with two hours' sleep each night. On Saturday afternoon he would turn in till Monday morning. When he was in full practice on the northern circuit, and at the same time candidate for the representation of Yorkshire in Parliament, he would, after a long day in court, get into a post-chaise, and go very long distances to election meetings. Summoned suddenly to attend his client Queen Caroline on a great emergency, he slept all the way in the carriage. For this preternatural activity, however, he paid by long fits of depression. His sister, who was with us at Mortimer, was grotesquely like him in all respects, and was subject to the same fits of depression, which, however, in her case were more lasting. Brougham was very emotional, and wept bitterly when he heard of the death of an old political

associate. His attempt to revive his failing notoriety by circulating a report of his having been killed by an accident took in the whole press except *The Times*.

Eton introduced me, among other houses, to that of Lord Chancellor Campbell, whose son, Lord Stratheden that afterwards was, and I had been in the same boarding-house. It was of Lord Campbell as the author of the *Lives of the Chancellors* that Lyndhurst said he had added a pang to death. He may not be strictly accurate or impartial, but his book is racy of the profession. It was to Campbell that was due the putting the plaintiff in a libel case into the witness-box. It seems doubtful whether he did well. The consequence is apt to be, instead of the trial of the defendant for his slander, the trial of the person libeled on his general character and life.

Through Campbell's son, Stratheden, I remotely touched Canadian politics. Joseph Howe came over to protest against the inveigling of Nova Scotia into the Confederation, with an introduction to Stratheden, who sent him to me. Howe was at a dinner at which the Liberal leaders were present, and there made a speech, too warm for a rather cool-blooded audience, threatening dire consequences if Nova Scotia were not set free. The case was taken up in Parliament, but the next thing heard was that Howe was in a Confederation Government. On the question of Confederation, he might have yielded to destiny; but he should hardly have gone into the Government. The conduct of the Nova Scotian legislators, who, having been elected to oppose Confederation, carried it by their votes, remains a historical mystery.

I spent a day with Lushington, Lady Byron's counsel, but nothing was said about the famous case. Lushington would never speak of it. His lips might be sealed by professional duty. Yet it seems strange that when the portentous version of the matter adopted by Mrs. Beecher Stowe was in circulation, he should not, if he could with truth, have denied that there was anything more than a matrimonial quarrel of the common kind. In my childhood I had seen Lushington chaired on his election for Reading.

Blessed are clubs, and above all clubs in my memory the Athenæum, with its splendid library and its social opportunities. Without clubs what would bachelor life in London be! We know pretty well from the record of days before them. Instead of being denounced as hostile to marriage, the clubs ought to be credited with keeping young men fit for it. Even with a club, the life of a young man in a city where he has no home is not free from danger. In trying many years afterwards to assist in the foundation of a good club for young men in Toronto, I was acting on observations made during my own stay in London.

Without a home in London I could myself hardly be said to be. I had something like a home in the house of my father's brother-in-law, the Reverend Sir Henry Dukinfield, who had succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his brother, after being for some time pastor of St. Martins-in-the-Fields.

Sir Henry was an active and valued coadjutor of Bloomfield the Bishop of London, a statesman-prelate who strove to adapt the Church to the times and renew her hold upon the nation, not by reviving her claims to priestly authority, but by placing her in the van of social improvement. He was the apostle of public baths and wash-houses. His wife, Lady Dukinfield, was my ideal of a lovely and graceful English woman. Nor was her character less graceful than her form and manner. Her portrait bears me out. *La belle An-*

*glaise* she had been called in France, and her beauty was of the kind that loses least by age. She was a niece of Craufurd, Wellington's Peninsula general. Her father was a diplomatist. She was with him at Brussels at the time of Waterloo, and was the last survivor but one of those who had danced at the famous ball. Her memory was perfectly clear. They all knew that the French were advancing. But Wellington, to prevent a panic, had desired that the ball might take place. The lodgings of Lady Dukinfield's father were opposite to the quarters of the Duke, whom she saw mount his horse and ride forth. She also saw the Guards, her brother's regiment, march out. On the day of Waterloo she and her father were dining with the Prince de Condé, when news came that the British were totally defeated, and the French were marching on Brussels. The Prince called for his horses and went off to Ghent. Lady Dukinfield's father hurried her home, but found that his horses had been stolen. They presently got horses and set out for Ghent, finding the road blocked with fugitives. Before they reached Ghent they were overtaken by news of the victory. I did not ask Lady Dukinfield where the ball had taken place. Prince Leopold afterwards heard her story, and I believe took a note of it. He may have asked the question.

Sir Henry, a clergyman and a devout one, one day let fall the remark that a man's religious reputation must be very high to enable him to refuse a challenge to a duel. I note this to mark the change of sentiment.

# FOOTBALL AT HARVARD AND AT YALE

BY LORIN F. DELAND

At a time when so many eyes are watching the football contests at Cambridge and New Haven, it may be instructive to review the records of the two universities since 1889, and consider the method and policy under which the game has been developed at each university, and the results which have followed as a natural outcome.

Far from the shouting crowds of the Stadium, the quiet pages of this magazine furnish a good environment for such a study. Here, dispassionately, we can review Harvard and Yale football, not in a spirit of partisanship, but as a study of methods. What determines football supremacy? How has Yale met those conditions? How has Harvard met them? Why has Yale won the majority of the Harvard-Yale contests? — these are still questions of vital interest to graduates of the last twenty years, and to many lovers of sport.

At the outset let it be clearly understood that the present season is to be excluded from this consideration. Indeed we shall not want to commit the error of considering any one season by itself, but rather in a general way analyze factors and tendencies as they have developed from year to year. Nor

do I mean to speak of individuals, but rather of collegiate units. We shall need to consider the *class* of men that football requires. To that end I want to show you the kind of work men are called upon to do. Whether one man or another best satisfies these demands is a matter about which each one of us will have his own opinion. In a review of methods we can afford to be impersonal, and since Time has safely banked the fires of enthusiasm, we may escape the temptation to dogmatize. Indeed, I wish that theories might be eliminated altogether, leaving only facts; but, unfortunately, the problem is not quite so easy as that. Some things we are sure of; others are merely deductions. I shall try to be conservative; I hope I shall be fair. Let us remember that it is only Harvard and Yale that we are considering. It is Harvard with respect to Yale; it is Yale with respect to Harvard.

In the thirty-four years that have elapsed since Rugby Football was introduced into this country, Yale and Harvard have played twenty-nine championship matches, and of these Yale has won twenty-three and Harvard four. Since 1889, when Harvard withdrew from the Intercollegiate Association, Yale has won thirteen times and Harvard four. These figures are too divergent to be accounted for by any theory of accident, though 'Yale luck' has passed into a proverb. No; it is a superficial view of the case which fails to see that underlying this long succession of victories there are significant facts concerning the methods and coaching of these Yale players who could take thirteen out of seventeen victories. It is with these facts that we are wholly concerned, and not with any criticisms upon them.

The situation at Harvard first attracts our attention. A wise man once said that he cared little to look at a winning crew after their victory, but he would go a long distance to study the faces of the men who finished in the second boat. So it is more interesting to study Harvard's defeats than Yale's victories, although we shall need to analyze the game of football before we can see the cause of either. So we look to Cambridge first, and surveying the last twenty years, the question is whether football at Harvard has been developing along right lines. Edward Atkinson once said that before you could judge whether any enterprise was going forward properly or not, you must ask of its managers one question: '*What are you trying to do?*' In other words, it all depends on what you want out of the game of football at Harvard. We must determine this before we can have a proper objective for any consideration of the subject. There seems to be some uncertainty in the minds of a portion of the public as to the object of football at Harvard. I quote an extract from an editorial which appeared in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* immediately after a recent Harvard-Yale game in which Yale was the winner: —

'If the only reason for having an athletic sport at a university were to score a win against some other college, the thing might be very easily done. But that is not the right aim of college athletics. The main point is to have as many men as possible interested in the sport. The triumph over or defeat by other colleges is a secondary matter.

'Mr. —— is a new man at football coaching. But he could see that the game should not be made a bone-breaking, crippling amusement for Harvard players, and he has done so very largely. He could see that the average college man should become interested in the sport; and that, too, has largely followed since he became coach. That is the result that is best worth having.'

Now, without for one moment denying the truth of this statement, I think it is a little begging of the question. Nothing has been brought forward to show that you cannot have victory and these other two things as well. Indeed, victory is quite dependent on keeping men in good physical condition, and also on seeing that the average college student becomes interested in the sport. Yale has well illustrated the truth of this. Let us not confuse the issue. It would be well to have more football victories at Harvard. Harvard will not get them while men are needlessly crippled or over-worked, nor, indeed, until their physical condition and nervous stamina are jealously conserved. It will not get them except under some plan which incidentally will interest the individual student, and keep him interested, whether he be player or spectator. But given these two things, then victory, by honest, clean methods, is, or ought to be, the object which Harvard men are trying to attain.

Yet during these last twenty years the average Yale-Harvard game has been the spectacle of eleven individual Harvard men playing their hearts out to win, and not winning. Even the careless observer could see that they lacked something. It reminds one of the story of the three thieves, who pounced upon a traveler by the roadside on a dark night, and after a most terrific struggle succeeded in overpowering him. On searching him, however, they found he had only five cents. One of the thieves turned to his companion and said, 'My God, Bill, that's a narrow escape! If he had had a quarter, he would have killed us all!'

Harvard has been the man putting up a terrific fight with only five cents. If once Harvard could have had the quarter, or, in other words, the capital, it would itself have supplied the labor. The trouble has been that Harvard coaches have not sent their football teams on the field with the proper amount of capital, or knowledge of the finer points of the game, stowed away in the heads of the players. And the players have not received it for the very good reason that the coaches did not have it to give. But more of this later! Before we consider what that 'higher education' is, let us take up the question, how important relatively is the factor of football science in a great game.

If we could analyze the average football victory of Yale, and trace it back to its responsible causes, I believe the factors which determine a victory, with the percentage of influence which each exerts, would be about as follows: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Team (as between Yale and Harvard) | 20 per cent |
| Captain | 15 „ |
| Head Coach and Assistants | 25 „ |
| Coaching of the Coaches | 40 „ |

Let us take these factors singly and see how far a careful consideration of all the evidence at hand will justify these rather startling percentages. We eliminate altogether from this calculation the element of chance, which is always present, and, of course, quite undeterminable by any law; and the theory of geographical location, which an eminent Harvard professor used to advance as a most interesting, if perhaps illogical, explanation of victory and defeat. We shall also omit all consideration of club politics, of so-called Harvard indifference, of the reputed influence of the Back Bay element, of the false charge that Harvard teams are quitters, and of that other charge that social standing unduly influences the selection of the team. These 'bogeys' supply all needed explanation of their existence by furnishing fruitful topics for newspaper discussion, and in a serious consideration of football they have no place. No one who under-

stands the technicalities of football need resort to them to find ample explanation of any defeat.

I have used percentage figures of probable or average conditions. Occasionally there comes along a captain whose influence may be credited with thirty-five or forty per cent. Some teams have been equal to an extra five or ten per cent in the total. But the above figures are fairly representative. Now to take up these four factors in succession.

First, the team. When the football season opens in September the ready writers of the daily press discuss eagerly the 'chances' of Harvard and of Yale. These chances are based on the available players at Cambridge and at New Haven. The impression left upon the reader is that the worth and extent of this material foreshadows the season's outcome. I do not mean for a moment to underrate the ability or the intelligence of the eleven men chosen when I credit them with only twenty per cent of influence in the final result. The twenty per cent represents merely the difference between the individual (and as yet untaught) ability of the two sets of eleven men. Let us bear in mind that practically the same class of men go to Yale and to Harvard. The preparatory schools send to each university in about equal proportions. Sometimes Yale and Harvard men come from the same family; often they come from the same set or group. They are all merely potentialities. Perhaps Harvard has the best of the picking at the start, for from 1890 to 1900 it will be recalled that it was the Harvard Freshmen who usually beat the Yale Freshmen. None of these Freshman teams received expert coaching, and with this factor eliminated the conflict became one of individual ability, and the men of Harvard usually won. In these same years Harvard won most of the track meets. Here again it was a test of individual excellence. When I put the team at twenty per cent, it is the team at the *beginning* of the season. What the team is at the end of the season is the result of other factors in the equation. Few well-informed judges of football will deny that if Harvard and Yale swapped squads on September 25, the final result would remain unchanged. Taking these facts into consideration, I think we are setting it high enough when we say that the individual ability of the eleven untaught players is fairly represented as influencing twenty per cent of the result.

The second factor is the captain. Under this heading I place his qualities of leadership, his command over men, his powers of discipline, his ability to establish and maintain an *esprit de corps*, his forcefulness, his insight, and finally his common sense. The captain of a team is a very vital part of it, not merely because he may choose the head coach and so settle the policy of the season, but because in himself alone he is dominant. Men will do for a captain what no coach can make them do. He sets the pace. He shows the way; they follow. There are men so forceful, so filled with enthusiasm, and so obsessed by football, that it has been safe to pick them as winners a year ahead of the game, and in only one case have I ever known a team with such a captain to be beaten. Chadwick of Yale, as he was in 1902, was such a man. He made football vital for twelve consecutive months. It was an all-the-year-round game under Chadwick.

Right here a story occurs to me. Some years ago I went to Groton to referee a Groton-St. Marks match. It was the custom for the two teams to lunch together before the game, and any visiting official was usually placed at table between the two captains in order that they might make his ac-

quaintance before going on the field. I found the St. Marks captain a most agreeable young fellow. He talked pleasantly and easily; football was to him a delightful game, and he was playing it for sport's sake. On my other side was a man from whom I could scarcely get a single word during the entire meal. He was the Groton captain. He had, to use Kipling's language, 'no time to burn on social repartee.' He was grim, sombre, almost fierce, in his attitude. There was absolutely only one thing on his horizon that day; *it was to win that game of football!* With an earnestness which narrowed down the conversation with him to a single topic, there was also a determination as of one who felt that something which was his property had not yet been handed to him, and until it was in his actual possession he must be excused from speaking or even thinking on any subject. I was much impressed by the attitude of these two boys, and it was no surprise to me later in the afternoon when Groton beat St. Marks by the score of forty-one to nothing. Three years afterward that same man was elected captain of the Yale team, and I then (a year ahead of the date of the Harvard-Yale contest) ventured to predict his overwhelming victory. They laughed at me on all sides, yet Gordon Brown's eleven is rated by many in New Haven as the second best that Yale has ever turned out.

We have had more than one case at Harvard, in the last twenty years, of the choice of an unsuitable captain mainly because he was popular — 'a good fellow,' so to speak — one whom every one liked. It is a great mistake. Yale has rarely made this mistake. She has made it conspicuously on two occasions, but it is written down that that thing must not happen again. It was not his personal popularity as a good fellow which made Frank Hinkey the captain of the Yale team for two years. It was because he was recognized as the keenest mind on football among all the members of that team; and, next to Walter Camp, he has been for the last fifteen years, in my judgment, the most valuable football authority on defense that Yale has owned. If one can generalize about this question of choosing a captain, I should say that Harvard has chosen her captains for their popularity or personal playing ability. Yale has looked almost wholly at football fibre and leadership. Yale is right, in my opinion.

We pass from the captain to a third factor, the head coach, which is credited here with influencing the result to the extent of twenty-five per cent. Now I am going to suggest that we consider the third and fourth factors together. They do not belong together, and so I have recorded them separately. But Harvard has always tied them tight together, and in considering them from a Harvard view-point, it is not two factors you see, but one. At Yale you see two separate departments; at Harvard only one department. We will then consider them as *two*, but take them up together.

The third factor is the head coach: the man who is the brain and hand of the captain; the teacher, drill-master, critic, field-manager, guide, philosopher, disciplinarian, czar, and drudge — all in one. Assisting him (at both Harvard and Yale) is a corps of coaches, who work under specific instructions as to method and policy.

The fourth factor is the system. It is the coaching of the coaches. It is the School of Grand Tactics, which at Yale has been presided over for twenty years by Walter Camp. I shall try to show later just what this accomplishes to justify my crediting it with an influence of forty per cent on the result. I have called it the 'system,' for want

of a better word, but it is really the tactical policy of the game.

During the earlier years of the period we are considering, it was the almost universal rule that a football team had but one coach. The game then had not been played years enough to have produced a sufficient number of men with the requisite knowledge to coach a team. The smaller Eastern colleges, and all the Western colleges, had but one coach each. But Yale, Harvard, and Princeton had, after 1891, an abundance of coaching material from which to draw, and the practice was established of appointing a head coach to be assisted by a succession of visiting graduates through the season, the men being invited to coach along special lines, and their attendance being secured at that stage in the season's development when their especial work would be most effective. This practice has endured at Yale up to the present time, and has worked admirably, all things considered. The coaches who teach position-play come very early. The more valuable men, who can deal with the team as a unit, come about the middle of the season. The men who infuse spirit and fight into the playing (how such fellows as Rhodes, Tompkins, and Sanford used to do this!) get there toward the close of the season, while for the last ten days there come one or two past masters of football science whose judgment and expert knowledge place them at the very head of Yale coaching material. So Yale has managed, and still manages, her coaching.

The coaching force at Harvard has varied greatly in size in different seasons, and the coaching policy has been subject to repeated and radical changes. The accessibility of Cambridge has brought an embarrassment of material, and in the middle nineties it was no unusual thing to find from twenty to thirty coaches on the field. We used to say that any man who made a touchdown in the afternoon practice deserved double credit, first for getting through the opposing rush-line, and then for dodging the coaches. You will say at once that thirty is an impossible number. It is, and it is not. Sixty is not impossible, if they work together under powerful leadership. Three is too many if they do not. In any case, accepted and admitted leadership is essential, meaning by that a head whose decisions are unhesitatingly accepted, and for whose policy, right or wrong, every man labors.

Of course a coaching force of sixty, or even of thirty, is unwieldy. You realize it when you see the plan worked out. Such a horde of advisers demands a very forceful, tactful, intelligent, and highly alert leader. Here was Harvard's chief difficulty for several years. With so many counselors, a head coach had more work reconciling his assistants' opposing views than teaching the team. Then, too, there was a wide divergence of opinion, for they had been trained under different systems, and with no permanently accepted creeds. No man stood paramount, nor, indeed, was there one worthy of speaking the final word in the daily and nightly debates.

Unlike Yale, Harvard had no football traditions to guide her, and the important lessons of each year were not being worked out, collated, weighed, and filed away in the mental and written records of one man acting as a permanent, resident guardian of these treasures of experience and precedent, which finally crystallized into the accepted traditions of Yale football. During all these years at New Haven there was a system, and a head of that system; a man who was always in New Haven, who had at his finger's ends every fact, figure, and deduction

of every season, who was always available for advice; supremely a football man, both as player and tactician, a natural student of the game, who would ask no better enjoyment in the long winter evenings than the close study of possible developments of play in the light of the previous season's experiences. And so from this established system there came down rules, methods, and policies which all Yale coaches tacitly accepted.

With these conditions clearly understood, we are not surprised to find that in the development of the elevens, from the opening day of practice to the final contest of the season, the path of Yale and the path of Harvard have been different in every respect. It is as if two men started from Boston to journey to the Stadium, and while one went to Bowdoin Square, and thence out along Main Street, the other went through the subway and over Harvard Bridge and Western Avenue. They arrive at their destination at about the same time, but their routes have been totally different. Let us take in turn a single example of these divergent methods in the matter of plays, of players, of training, and of schedule.

First, as to plays. In mastering her plays, Yale believes in perfecting the form of a play at the very start, however slowly it may go, and then speeding it up as fast as the slowest man can be quickened, but no faster. Thus Yale preserves her superb form. Harvard, on the other hand, gets speed and life into a play at the very start, albeit it is very ragged in form. Her effort is then directed, through the rest of the season, to perfecting the form without sacrificing speed. Yale is meanwhile perfecting the speed without sacrificing form.

Next, study their choice of players. Yale's method has been to put in the hardest week's work of the entire season at the opening of the football campaign in September. The available material is divided into small squads, and every man is tried out thoroughly by some player or coach. The men are rated, — not by what they *can* do, but what they *may* do; not by present performance but by future promise. Thus, breadth of chest, reach of arms, and exceptional strength around the loins, with the ability to carry one's self in action with the quick coördination of the natural athlete, would count tremendously in a man's favor at New Haven, regardless of whether he had ever played football or gave any promise of playing it. At Harvard, on the other hand, the men are given equal chances of demonstrating what they know, or can readily learn, of football *per se;* and the tendency is unconsciously to favor the present performer or the one who shows ready aptitude to take instruction. He is the choice over the better set-up, but less previously instructed or mentally alert player. In other words, Harvard sees the present player; Yale sees the future player. To use a simile, Harvard prefers a well-sharpened lead pencil; Yale chooses a pencil that has a good lead, and sharpens it herself.

Before the rule was made regarding Freshmen on varsity teams, Yale elevens contained a surprisingly large number of players who had first made the team in their Freshman year. It is evidence of the searching scrutiny which rarely overlooked a man who could by any effort of the coaches be made into a player.

Come next to the matter of physical training: here again the two universities have differed widely in their attitude toward their professional coach. Yale has supervised the policy of her trainer very closely, giving him on the whole less freedom than is given at Harvard. But, on the other hand, in one

or two directions she allows him larger license than Harvard.

Finally, take the schedule of games. From 1890 to 1905, Harvard played yearly two important football matches, — those against Pennsylvania and Yale (with the substitution in 1895 and 1896 of Princeton in place of Yale). The rest of her matches were really practice games. Yale also, during most of this period, played two great matches — against Princeton and Harvard. Harvard always insisted that her Pennsylvania game (a major contest) should be *two weeks* ahead of her Yale game. Yale just as repeatedly insisted that her Princeton game should be *one week* ahead of her Harvard game, and in the years when she played both Harvard and Pennsylvania she played all three contests within ten days. Mr. Camp has assured me several times that Yale would not take the contract of playing Harvard and Princeton in one season, if the dates were a fortnight apart. Yet every effort to induce Harvard to set back her Pennsylvania game proved unavailing. In other words, Harvard has regularly brought her teams into approximately top form twice during each season. Yale brings her team into top condition once, and holds it there a week.

We come back to the factors of coaching and of system. There are, strictly speaking, three grades of football coaching. The first is 'individual' coaching for fundamentals and position-play, which will include falling on the ball, tackling, kicking, catching, quick starting, blocking, opening holes in the line, interfering, carrying the ball, and in general all instruction on points of unrelated play. The second is the coaching of the team, and under this heading would come instruction as to the interdependence of positions, the relationships of endeavor, team-offense and team-defense, the assignments and timings in the interferences, the timing of the line and the backs so that they work together, field tactics, signals, etc. This coaching involves the handling of the team as a unit, and it is much more difficult to do. Some of its problems call for ability of a high order. Ten men can coach position-play to one that can pull the backs and the line together. Twenty men can coach position-play to one that can plan a correct scheme of interdependence on defense.

The general classification of this second grade of coaching is comprehended under the one term of 'team-play.' It is a recognized axiom in football that at a certain stage in the season's development, individual coaching shall no longer interrupt the afternoon practice, but the team shall be handled strictly as a unit by the coachers of team-play. Harvard has always remembered Arthur Cumnock's definition of team-play. He said it was the overplus, or surplus, of ability which a player could supply to the team beyond the amount which he needed to do his own work. In other words, it was the extra playing which he could contribute for the assistance of his neighbors, beyond what was required to cover his own position. The definition was valuable for its suggestive quality, but to my thinking it is strictly incorrect, and it illustrates the individualistic tendency which has always shown itself in Harvard football.

Team-play is not a collection of individual contributions, but something much more subtle. It is the subjection and the rejection of everything that is individual. It is a system of reflexes from man to man. It is the complete interdependence of the different individuals. Part of team-play is theory, and can be taught; part is only gained by familiarity through experience. For example, an end, on

defense, sees an interference coming his way; he knows his own work, and he knows also what his adjoining neighbors, the tackle and rush-line back, have been told to do. He understands in what way he can depend on them. So much for theory. But now by close familiarity with the personalities of these neighbors, he understands to what exact extent he can depend on each one; by constant practice with them, by daily experience of them, he has learned how far he can rely on them; he *feels* their presence, even though he cannot see them; he knows instinctively as he advances that they are by his side or backing him up at a definite spot; he goes into the play with a wholly new confidence; he is really three men in one, for their effort is directly interlocked with his, and deep down in his consciousness he both knows it and feels it.

So much, briefly, for what team-play is, and the higher ability required to coach it. But now, above this coaching, there is yet something higher. There is the policy, or method, or system, which shall be taught. This is what I call the coaching of the coachers. It is the highest round of the ladder. It concerns the grand tactics of the game. It demands the insight to analyze the results of an entire season of intercollegiate football, and draw the correct lessons from it for the equipment of your next year's team. It requires the capacity to plan an offense that shall be interchangeable, well-concealed, speedy, and powerful It calls for the ability to plan a system of team-defense which shall take care of all possible plays of your opponents. It comprehends the knowledge of how a team ought to be brought along, and by what stages. In a word, it is the regulation and control of the whole coaching policy for the season. This work at Yale has been performed by Walter Camp. He created the Yale system, and his work has long represented, to my thinking, forty per cent of Yale's successful results.

I suppose every football man has his own opinion about Walter Camp. I can give only my personal impression of him. I look back to the time when I was in active football work at Harvard. It is many years ago. The men who are playing football on Soldier's Field this season were then not long out of the nursery. Now I go still further back to the time when I first went out to Harvard to coach. That was years earlier. Again I go back, this time to 1889, when I first saw a game of intercollegiate football. Now, once more still further in my memory, to the years before I had ever seen a game of football, and in those remote years — over two decades ago — Walter Camp was known from one end of this country to the other as the 'Father of American football.' To-day he still retains both the name and the commanding position. For over twenty years he has been the final authority on the game in this country. He has forgotten more football than some of the men who coach to-day have ever known.

We must not make the mistake of calling Mr. Camp the head coach of Yale football. Camp does not coach the Yale team. Yale, as we all know, has a different head coach each year — usually the captain of the preceding season. It has seemed to make little difference who coached the team, so long as Camp has coached the coaches. In the two years 1895 and 1896, Harvard and Yale failed to harmonize, and there was no Harvard-Yale game. It was during this period that Mr. Camp and I combined in joint authorship of a textbook on football. For nearly two years we met at frequent intervals and spent many hours discussing mooted points and differences of opinion. I was

instantly struck by the fact that practically no proposition which I advanced was answered by him with an unconditional affirmative or negative. Every opinion was conditioned with wonderful foresight, for he saw every possible development and contingency. His appreciation of a situation was immediate and usually instinctive. He would detect a strategic error at sight. A single incident will illustrate this remarkable ability. In 1895 and 1896, the two years that Harvard did not play Yale, she played Princeton. The second game of this series took place on Soldier's Field in 1896. Camp came to Boston to see the game, and I was glad to have the benefit of his advice. Ten minutes after the game had begun I went to him and asked his opinion of the probable outcome. The answer was immediate. 'They are going to beat you,' he said. 'Don't you see that they are playing with a different spirit? Harvard is playing to keep Princeton from scoring; Princeton is playing to score. Barring accident, Princeton will win.'

When the first half was nearly finished without a score — I should say it must have been after about forty minutes of elapsed time — our left end was injured. The best substitute was sent in to take his place; he was a seasoned player who had been captain of the Harvard team the previous season. He had only one mania, — that was to beat Princeton; so I knew that his spirit would be a riotous one. The injured player left the line-up, and the two teams faced each other with the ball in Princeton's possession on Harvard's 24-yard line. I was looking at the two teams waiting for the signal from the referee for play to begin, when Camp suddenly turned to me and said, 'Watch this play closely; *it is going to be a touch-down for Princeton!*' Five seconds after he had finished speaking the ball came back and a Princeton runner went through the Harvard line and down the field twenty-four yards for the prophesied score. In sheer amazement at his ability to call the critical play in advance, I turned to Camp for an explanation. He said it was perfectly simple. 'I saw Princeton's quarterback watching the man whom you sent on the field. That made me look at him. Your man was excited, like one who, playing on the end of the line, would defy caution, rush headlong into the defense, and over-run his man. As the Princeton quarter never took his eyes off your man, I suspected the play was going against him. It was a sure enough opening. The only question was, "Did the Princeton quarter see it?" Well, — he did!'

In other words, Camp saw two things; he saw the nervously-excited substitute, and he saw that the Princeton quarter saw him. And Camp rightly argued that he was proposing to send a play against him before he had a chance to steady down, with the possibility that he would allow himself to be drawn in while the runner with the interference went round his end. That was exactly what happened. The play was a brilliant one; the quarterback who detected the weak spot gave a still more brilliant exhibition; but to my mind the man on the side-lines, who reasoned the whole thing out in a cold-blooded way, gave the most brilliant exhibition of all. Princeton won the game.

It is hard to speak correctly of Walter Camp's value to Yale football without seeming to indulge in exaggeration. One of Yale's best-known football captains summed up the situation to me once in this way. He said, 'When we want to know how the Yale team is doing at any time, we don't go to the newspapers to find out. It makes very little difference to us what the players

are doing; we want to know what the coaches are doing evenings. If they are going up to Walter's every night, then we know the team is going to be a good one.'

This little story throws an interesting side-light on the Yale system. For years during the period of which I speak, it was the custom of the coaches at New Haven to assemble in the evenings at Mr. Camp's house. There all the differences in the day's experience, all points in dispute, all decisions in regard to the make-up of the team, all matters of development and policy were thrashed out, with Mr. Camp advising, supplying data, giving reasons for every proposed action, passing upon the merits of the arguments, and charting the course that seemed best to follow. Sometimes the coaches have drifted away from Mr. Camp. It was passively so in 1898, and Yale failed. There was a more active separation from Mr. Camp in 1901, and Yale was decisively defeated.

The best work of such a man is usually accomplished between December 1 and May 1. In other words, the substructure of Yale football is laid in the preceding winter. The results of the season just ended are carefully collected and analyzed; not merely the results of the Yale team, but of all the other leading teams of the country. This great mass of information is carefully separated, and the important results are worked out, so that by the end of January he has reduced to a few cardinal points the lessons for Yale in the history of the preceding season. He has analyzed every new principle or method of attack and defense which the different teams have developed. Any good point, any important discovery, any novel or ingenious method of attack, any clever ruse for disguising the point of attack, — in fact, all that the active minds of football men all over the country have produced, are noted down by him. With this as a basis, he sees the tendency and needs of the coming season. He looks at the preponderance of attack under the working of the new rules, and plans accordingly. He sees that heavier backs are now needed, and plans accordingly. He decides how far the kicking game can be carried, and in what sections of the field, and at what stages of the game. He weighs the possibilities of forward passing and on-side kicking. More important than all these is his mastery of a powerful, direct, line attack, which can be depended upon for consistent gains when nearing the opponents' goal. Yale always has this last development of the game; she always has it carefully revised to date, and as she executes it we can never fail to see that its power is no accident, but the result of most careful, systematic, and intelligent thought.

From January till the end of April, then, these questions are considered and worked out. I believe the same plan is followed, to a certain extent, at some of the smaller colleges. I do not think that it has been followed at Harvard, except in rare cases. It ought to be followed. The importance of preparing for the conflict far in advance of its coming is as vital in football as in war. Personally I believe that by the time college opens the result of the Yale-Harvard game in November is practically settled. Do not misunderstand me! I do not mean that any one lives who has the information to forecast the result. I merely mean that by the end of September the cards have been dealt for the game, so to speak, and that, barring accidents of exceptional nature, fortunate or unfortunate, the hands are played out in the orthodox manner. I know this sounds like an extreme opinion, but I should like to argue the point over a cigar with any one who cares to discuss it.

I mention Mr. Camp's doings at such length because I want to make clear the position he occupies, the work he does, and the methods and time he employs. At Harvard, in the past, one man has combined the work of Mr. Camp with the work of the head coach. Practically no one has shared his responsibility. Overworked and overworried, public clamor can compel such a man, unless he is made of iron, to a change of policy, often directly contrary to his own judgment. But if public criticism arises at Yale, there is a system and there are traditions to confront and restrain it, while behind the captain and head coach is the force of Camp and the prestige of the past. Yale can overcome criticism before which Harvard would be constrained to act. And criticism is bound to come. Let me give a single illustration.

The incident I am going to relate is the situation which existed at Yale in the year 1900. Pennsylvania had been using her famous 'guards back' play, and its success had roused Camp to the discovery of a new principle in attack which, as he elaborated it more and more, gave promise of remarkable results. It was not merely a new play or formation; it was something much more fundamental, and, like all of Mr. Camp's plays, it showed very little of its real power on the surface. Through the winter of 1899–1900 he developed the possibilities of his new attack till it was a model of flexibility, and about April or May he called in Brown, the captain of the next year, and McBride, who had been selected as head coach. He told these two men he had plans for the coming season which he believed would insure a very powerful Yale eleven, but that they were plans which would involve a slow advancement during the first half of the season, with a very rapid development in the last two weeks. In other words, it was such a game as must be taught with correct form regardless of any speed in the early season. Any other method would be sure failure. He called their attention to the fact that if they adopted his plan there would unquestionably be severe criticism of the playing of the team during the first four weeks of the season, and for that reason he wanted a promise from them that they would keep their own counsels, trust his judgment, and see the thing through, regardless of criticism. Both men promised, and Camp explained to them in detail his principle as he had worked it out.

The mid-season at Yale found everything exactly in accordance with Mr. Camp's prophecy. The Yale team was characterized as the slowest and poorest that Yale had turned out in years. The culmination came on October 27 when they played Columbia in New York and won an indecisive game, 12 to 5. Then they played West Point and were barely able to pull out a victory, though the score, by remarkably good luck, was worked up to 18 to 0. Criticism now became violent and general. Even the coaches openly complained. Both Brown and McBride were assailed by many of the Yale alumni. A change in the policy of the season was demanded. The newspapers pointed out the hopelessness of the situation, and said that it was clear that the team was not being developed properly, and that the attack was weak and ineffective.

At this point McBride began to hesitate, and in his anxiety he consulted some of the older captains and coaches at Yale. He told them frankly — but only in general terms — what the true situation was (he made no disclosure of his specific policy), and the answer which he received from these men was this: 'The season certainly looks strange, and the team seems very unlike a Yale team. But if Walter says

it 's all right, it probably is all right. He has never failed to give good advice in the past, and regardless of criticism we should follow his advice literally, without hesitation.'

McBride was satisfied, but the greater test of his faith was yet to be made. Yale had now reached the point of the Indian game. The Indians were very strong that year, and bets were freely made that they would defeat Yale. Camp now announced to Brown and McBride that he wished them to play the Carlisle game with four substitutes on the team, one of whom was a full-back and a very inferior man to the regular kicker. Brown and McBride, in distracted anxiety, pointed out to him that the team had barely been able to win their victories up to this point, that Carlisle was exceptionally strong this season, and that it was inviting certain defeat to go against them with four substitutes on the team. Camp told them that he would stake the accuracy of all he had said to them on this one game, and he added (just mark the absolute confidence of the man!): 'The time has arrived for the team to find itself. You will beat Carlisle! And it will not be a close score; it will be a decisive victory. You will score on them at least three times.' Yale played that game with the four substitutes, and the score was 36 to 0 in favor of Yale. The tide turned with a great rush. New Haven went crazy with joy. The team 'came' so fast in the next few days that you could almost hear them coming. The following Saturday they played Princeton, and won by the record-breaking score of 29 to 5; the next Saturday they defeated Harvard by another record-breaking score of 28 to 0.

When the season closed there was tremendous enthusiasm among Yale men for their eleven. It was declared to be the second best team that Yale had ever developed, and many rated it as the best team the university had produced. Yet there was a very dark hour in the development of that team, and under less accepted leadership a shift of policy in mid-season would have been almost inevitable. Of course, such a change would have spelled the ruin of the team.

That is the inside history of the development of Yale's now famous tandem-tackle play. You wonder perhaps that the Yale enthusiasts did n't recognize the true character of that vicious attack earlier in the season. But few men did. What Camp himself thought he never said; but three months after the season of 1900 closed, he came into my office in Boston one day, and in the course of a talk over the developments of the previous season, he asked me if I thoroughly understood the tandem-tackle play of Yale. I thought for a moment, and then told him that I did not. His reply was, 'I wondered what you would answer. I know that no other man at Harvard knows that attack, and I am going to show them next year that they don't understand it.' The tandem-tackle play was copied more or less accurately by all the Eastern colleges, including Harvard, the next year, and has been the strongest scrimmage formation of the last eight years.

Yale's plays always look so simple, and they are so complex! Harvard saw that tandem-tackle play repeatedly in the Yale-Princeton game, and every Harvard coach present, with a single exception, thought that any team that could stop 'guards back' could surely stop this tandem on tackle. But the principles of the two attacks were totally different, and few men have ever reasoned out the cause underlying the great power of the tandem-tackle. Harvard used seventeen men in that Yale game, and some of them

came out of the contest comparatively fresh, but forced to withdraw because of the severe strain across the loins which came from repeated 'pocketing' cleverly contrived in the shifting point of attack.

Butterworth's famous dive-play, which won the '93 game at Springfield, was another example of Yale complexity in a simple garb. George Stewart, who was then the Harvard tactician, came to me in the middle of the game and said, 'If you don't do another thing this afternoon, chase up and down the side-lines and get hold of what that play is.' I started. Within fifteen minutes he joined me. By that time I had unraveled the signal for the play and was able to tell Stewart in advance each time it was coming. We both dropped every other thought and 'plugged' for that play. Stewart thought he had it at last, but he was n't in sight of it. We never gave it up till the whistle blew. The play could n't be fathomed, though we studied it afterwards for days and weeks. It looked so simple! For two years that play was the one thing I wanted to understand before I died. Then one day Camp and I were picking out some plays for school teams, and I said, 'Why not give them that Butterworth dive?' He said, 'Do you think they could play it?' I said, 'I could better express an opinion if I understood the play.' And then he showed it to me. It was Camp's adaptation in scrimmage form of my own principle of the previous year — the flying wedge; but it was twice as powerful, because his wedge was kept very sharp, and inside it was Butterworth, Yale's greatest hurdler. The play was practically built round the wonderful ability of Butterworth to hurdle.

We must bring our study of football to a close, for the limits of a magazine article do not permit of fuller elaboration, and into criticism or constructive suggestion this review does not seek to go. Enough has been presented to show, during the years we are considering, continuity and a definite system at Yale, with a lack in both method and continuity at Harvard.

I believe that Harvard at last realizes the true situation, and perhaps the next few years may see a foundation laid for something better than the old rule, 'Let any one tackle the tactics who cares to try.' May Fortune speed that day!

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## REFRESHMENTS

In the mind of the wide-eyed child traveler, refreshments by the way are the greatest delight of the journey, as well as the most frequent necessity. The dripping water-cooler in the end of the car is as alluring as a very fount of the naiads; and ambrosial are sandwiches from nice white boxes, bananas from the kind newsman, and chance cookies from a neighboring old lady's bag — these are in the foreground of delights, with flying woodlands, rumbling bridges, waving children on disappearing fences, prancing wild-tailed horses in running pastures, as a much less actual and enjoyable background. Later in child-life — and more luxurious in child-experience — the ingenious surprises of the buffet-car and the bewildering abundance of the dining-car become the true objective points of the journey, and are as magical as if a genius should produce baked beans and ham sandwiches from the ring on his finger. No matter how brief the journey may be, it is in getting a drink and taking a bite that the little persons on half-fare find the real reason for traveling.

And with us older folk, too, refreshments by the way have their value, quite aside from the fact that they have sustained us — provided, of course, that they are refreshments, and not just food and drink. Most valuable and most significant have they been to those of us who traveled before the dining-car was 'put on at Buffalo,' and who have rattled over remote tracks on which never tinkled ice-water and silver dollars. Not delicious, perhaps, from a table-d'hôte standard were the sandwiches and doughnuts hurriedly drawn in through car-windows, the blueberry pie hastily consumed on a high stool, in the presence of a chatty maiden who made digestion more sure by watching your train for you. But oh, how delicious the meadows' sweet air that blew in with the sandwiches! How spicy the woodbine by the restaurant window! And how engaging the eyes of the lad who took your ten cents and told you, quite unmelodramatically, that mother had made the doughnuts, and then, if the engine's breathing continued difficult, pointed out the meeting-house spire over yonder, the road that led to a swimming-place, the inviting piazza of the American Eagle Hotel! And how delightful — how infinitely more delightful than the trickle of a Pullman wash-room — the cold gush of a chance pump at some wayside station, where, before making a rush for a glass cake-cover, you dashed real water over your face and wrists! Perhaps a friendly dog nosed your boots, or a small girl offered you a short-stemmed handful of violets; and after the pie, you dropped, really refreshed, into your seat, and watched regretfully the little station and the hats of the platform-loiterers slide behind your car-window, and, so far as you were concerned, back into the map. What matter if summer resort proved laborious, or city dull, or relatives and friends eccentric or bigoted or shallow or ignorant or narrow, or even badly dressed, if there had been such refreshments on the journey!

To those of us who have been quite unrefreshed by such primitive refresh-

ments in our own country, traveling abroad has perhaps offered a food spiced with novelty, which would often equal, if not rival, the charm of castle or of cathedral. Perhaps to equal, if not to rival, what Baedeker stars, would be asking too much of wine or cheese or even omelette. But truly, *œufs-au-plat* eaten under twittering cages of fauvettes, at a vine-hung junction between Paris and Geneva, make one ready for the ecstasy of Mont Blanc, and bees in the honey and purple on the grapes at Giessbach lift one's mood to the height of a first meeting with the Jungfrau.

The map of Europe, to certain of us who have wondered and been refreshed — sometimes with little but a rund-reise in our pockets — is starred with such experiences: a basket of Westmoreland strawberries, and a brown and wrinkled smile from an old woman in the station at Penrith; a yellow bowl of milk, banded with blue, bought at a thatched cot on the high moors just over the Border, during a wait for the up-train from Durham; tea and scones and a Scotch song on the coach near Braemar, 'mang the bonny Highland heather; cherries and passion-flowers and the laughter of children on the Sorrento road! And yet, after all, not just eggs and bread and cherries and tea, those refreshments, so full of sweet humanness, of human nearness through the sudden rift in distance and strangeness! Truly, such refreshments are almost sacraments in the great religion of brotherly love!

And yet how many girdle the world, hungry, thirsty, unrefreshed except for the dining-car and the table-d'hôte! How many time their run, or buy their tickets, for *dîner* at the Schweizerhof! Fancy putting on full speed for *déjeuner* at Morlaix, when at the old milehouse in the valley of Landeveneck, which runs down to the sea, the hens are cackling of omelettes ready to hop into Mère Gonvil's pan, and Mère Gonvil is ready to tell you, while you eat, of the six tall sons who go on the Iceland fishing, all save the three who have gone down in the gales! Or fancy taking the express for Inverness when, quite simply, by missing connections, you can sup over the peats in a Highland kitchen, off fresh eggs and toast and jam, with the bairns, big-eyed and still, watching you from the shadows, and outside, the pipes skirling softly at the door, and the moon rising over the heathery moors.

Oh, that they live at all, anywhere, anyhow, those great rich ones that never are refreshed! They eat cresses, yet what know they really of brooks and skimming swallows! They dine off spring lamb and mint sauce and ducks from the wild sea-marshes, and they talk of stocks and bonds and clothes!

Rather would I send my spirit alone on excursions, leaving me to toss fagots on my fire and darn my damask, than go myself in body a-traveling, so much eyes and ears that my spirit is left behind. One word with a peasant in his own speech is worth one of the old masters, and the plucking of an olive in a gray Tuscan orchard teaches a wisdom beyond books. And food is but food without the flash of spirit upon spirit.

O Hermes, when thou leadest the phantoms of men outworn down the dark ways past the streams of Oceanus, pause once in the land of dreams and give them a bunch of cress and a greeting, and so refresh them before they fare on to the Elysian fields!

## AN OBJECTIONABLE OBJECTIVE

THE cases of overworked particles and adverbs presented by a July Contributor are sad indeed; but is any one

of them so depressing to contemplate as the latest English atrocity, 'linked up,' or the American crime, 'visit with'? The former insinuates itself into such good company that the other day a highly fastidious English paper printed, 'Linked *up* one virtue and a thousand crimes,' as a quotation from Byron. 'Visited with' first adorned a 'Woman's Page,' one of those newspaper departments warranted (according to the regular advertisements, the annual prospectus, and the calendars showered upon subscribers) to cheer, hearten, brighten, 'enthuse,' stimulate; and even to 'exert a human uplift'; and its vicious preposition made the phrase so conspicuous in the neighboring drab and dull conglomerate of words as to impress both the well-informed and the ignorant; and although the former shuddered, the latter scented something esoteric, and, being properly thrilled, longed to use the phrase on dear John or on the ladies of the club.

'Visit with,' be it understood, is substituted for 'talk with' or 'talk to,' and has no essential connection with a visit. The Woman's Page, telling of a girl who sits beside her mother's work-table for five minutes chatting about family matters, says, 'Eleanor had a charming little visit *with* her mother'; if Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, meeting on the summit of Mount Washington, exchange data as to their points and regions of personal refrigeration, and send an account of the incident to the Woman's Page, the editor records their 'mutual visit with one another' as 'an event of which the outcome will undoubtedly be seen in a renewed forthputting of society activity.' If Mrs. Brown, buying a postage stamp at suburban station X, inquire for the health of the postmaster's cat, the overworked editor of the suburban weekly paper remarks, 'We saw the postmaster most hilariously visiting with Mrs. Brown the other morning, when we called at the post-office to empty our large but overflowing box. Mrs. Brown is always witty.'

On the other hand, it is hardly safe to use 'to visit' in its proper sense, lest one be suspected of chattering in a church or a library, or gossiping to a public school; and 'to visit with' is slowly displacing to talk, to speak, to converse, to chat, to discourse, even to caterwaul and to bark. 'That's the colonel's dog visiting with our cat,' says the small boy, by way of accounting for a yell of sudden and portentous birth.

As to the case of Felicia Dorothea, the delightfully-named lady so dear in her time to romantic childhood, did she write 'but he' or 'but him' in that ballad of Casabianca which it pleases scoffers at ancient virtues to find absurd. The point in this case is by no means the same as in 'It is me,' preferred by a certain Harvard professor to the form of the King James Bible. 'All but he' is the compound subject of the verb 'had fled,' its two pronouns being connected by the disjunctive conjunction 'but.'

In George Eliot's sentence, 'Not liberty, but duty, is the law of life'; in the schoolbook example, 'Not John but James went to Boston,' the most luckless victim of 'word-study,' his mind entirely 'uncramped by definitions,' cannot escape seeing that 'liberty' and 'duty' are similarly related to 'is,' and that 'John' and 'James' are similarly related to 'went,' although his teacher may have thought it shame to teach the child such words as 'noun' and 'verb' and 'nominative.' The nouns have no incorrect form for him to use, the nominative and objective of English nouns being the same, but if he know of two forms of any word he instinctively avoids that which is correct, and as

naturally as he says, 'It is him,' 'You and me will go,' 'He said to you and I,' he thinks and reads, and says, 'All but him had fled.' Give him Tennyson and Browning and he may possibly read, 'Who but I' when he sees it on the page, but it is because the form so startles him that he cannot unconsciously neglect to follow the printed text. He has no prejudices in favor of the nominative, and very possibly, if he have heard of it, thinks that it has something to do with the city elections. But in the day of Felicia Dorothea, the nominative was perfectly real to all adults; and long after her day, indeed as late as 1870, children were freely exposed to nominatives, possessives, conjugations, comparisons, and similar insalubrities, and such is the elasticity of youth that no great consequent mortality is recorded.

But 'reading without tears,' and spelling without letters, and arithmetic without the painful toil of the multiplication table, and geography with so little left on the maps that a baby could reproduce them, and mathematical geography in which each child makes his definitions in his own way, were coming, and grammar fled; and now the public-school pupil's vocabulary contains no words in which he can be told why 'all but him' is not grammatical, and his mind has no strength to grasp reasoning based on parallel phrases. All that can be done is to tell him that Mrs. Hemans wrote 'all but he.'

The presumption is that she did so write, exactly as Moore wrote 'all but he departed ' in 'The Light of Other Days,' but, no first edition being at hand, one is compelled to seek the testimony of anthologies and school text-books. Palgrave prints 'All but he'; so do Whipple and Fields in the *Family Library of Poetry and Song*, and so does Epes Sargent in his *Standard Reader*, which was copyrighted in 1855, and he indexes the poem as unaltered. Against these three excellent authorities are Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*, and Dr. Samuel Eliot's *Poetry for Children*, edited for use in the Boston schools, and an army of American 'Readers' and 'Speakers' all declaring that 'all but him had fled.' Who made the original error is of no consequence; evidently the American printer and proof-reader found no harm in it, and the stirring verses are made the vehicle of mischief.

'Up' is undeniably misused in a hundred annoying ways, but surely the people 'sat down to eat and rose up to play' in King James's days; and 'up' and 'down' historically record the point of origin and the direction of growth in so many cities that they are used in popular speech. The visitor, whether from another American city or from a foreign land, invariably finds these adverbs misapplied. He has an obsession that as the South is at the bottom of the map he should always go 'down' South, in a city; and if the northern quarter of the city, either because of comparative elevation, or because it was first settled, and became the business region, is 'down town,' he warmly remonstrates with the natives. Standing in Winter Street, the visitor to Boston will inquire whether he would better go up to the Old South or down to the New Old South first, and being advised to go 'down' to the old Old South and 'over' to the new Old South, he will cry 'A plague on both your meeting-houses!' and announce that he is going 'across' to Trinity.

Particles are fiery, as Byron said. Meantime let the very largest stones be reserved for the man who steps 'onto' a car, and steps off on a 'near-by' cat.

## BOULDERS

I KNOW a place where the Great Ice of long ago engraved on the landscape a page of his memoirs. I have had the history read to me by one who is skilled in geological hieroglyphics; and a wonderful tale it was. How tinkling waters flowed in crystal channels; how the untenanted earth teemed with busy hands, moulding, carving, chiseling, etching, while the immortal stars looked on. How the north wind lent his breath, and the mountains gave their ribs, the earth her magnetism, and water its obedience, to furnish forth the vast unwitnessed spectacle. How Winter lodged in immaculate tents sparkling with gems, and marshaled the snows of ages, and measured his reign by centuries. How at last King Sun, great ally of the exiled Spring, conquered the hoary usurper, and forced him out of his fastnesses, and imprisoned him in his native North; and his legions were the sunny days, and his arms were sheaves of sunbeams. And then how the exile Spring returned, and the crunching of ice and the grinding of rocks applauded his entry, and the mists unfurled his league-wide banners, and the tuneful dripping of melting frost accompanied his triumphal march. How rushing torrents ploughed the earth, and the winds planted forests, and the fields decked out their bosoms, and men and beasts did join the celebration.

Thus read the interpreter, and to prove the tale true he showed the very works of the ancient sculptors — here a ridge, there a groove, a basin, a knob, a stranded delta; and he pointed out the tools with which the works were wrought: boulders, pebbles of all shapes dropped at random here and there; and he showed me where on polished rocks the banished Winter has left a map of his retreat.

This autumn day as I sit by my open window, I dream that history over again. A tame enough landscape my outlook affords — brown fields still patched with green, a few picturesque ruins of trees, and beyond, a little grove, and a hazy sky-line. But this is enough — it affords me space to dream in. I see it all happen as it is written in that place I know of. Best of all I like to live over that long moment between the passing winter and the coming summer. I wish I had been there to feel the warmth of the lengthening days, when the sun shone ever brighter. I wish I had been there, to lie in some rocky shelter, and watch the slow, slow melting of the ice-masses, and hear the musical drip-drip above the roar of torrents. That hazy sky-line reminds me of the billowing mists that rose in the sunshine of those melting days. And next to this chapter of the story, I like best to recall the matchless night. What depth of skies, what lustre of stars! and hark! how the sharp artillery of the cold points the wondrous stillness!

It seems to me I lived those days and nights, in the place I know of; for I seem to *remember*. But I should still be grateful to Memory, even if she took me back no further than those more recent days, when I wandered among the gray boulders, set off by bright hanging barberries. All boulders remind me of those boulders. All barberries remind me of those barberries. For I left something of my soul in that place.

Nay, who shall deny it? Is it nothing that I sat on those rocks, and pricked my hands with those thorns; that I lay face down on those wooded hills, and saw how the oaks and elms and birches ran down the precipitate slope? The violet that bloomed here last May has left a grain of pollen behind. The crow that passed over this

wood has dropped a feather to mark his flight. Is the blossoming of a flower, is the passage of a bird, a greater event than my visit to these rocks, that it should be recorded, and I should leave no sign behind? I brought to this place my gladness, my sadness, my best thoughts. When the leaves rustled on the trees, and when the leaves rustled on the ground, I dreamed there. I am not the same as I was before I knew the place. I am the greater by some memories, the wiser by some experiences.

Can it be that the place is as if it had never known me? When the rain washed away my footprints, and the wind carried away my sigh and my song, was there nothing left of me, nothing? Thousands might visit that spot who would find the black feather, for one who would discover the pollen-grain. Perhaps there is a soul in millions, a single, rare soul perhaps, that might wander among these boulders and find some trace of me.

There was a time when people held that the boulders were scattered abroad by a capricious Creator, in idle extravagance. To-day we know that inevitable causes worked with them inevitable results. Our eyes are sharp enough to-day to see the invisible pollen-grain. Perhaps some future day we shall see more. While the boulders are ground to powder, and the hills are leveled, and the fields are sunk to the bottom of the sea, men may be getting wisdom.

## EXIT A GARDENER

It was really appalling, the way he vanished. Disappearance more sudden could not have marked the flight of the beautiful boy, borne by Jove's eagle to high Olympus, to become cup-bearer to the gods in place of the slip-shod daughter of Juno. But I allude to one whom no god could have envied for his youth and beauty. 'My brave hero,' as Mr. Phillpotts would call him, was a Scotch gardener, middle-aged and homely. He appeared one day with a reference from the florist in the village, and in a short time had transformed our wilderness into a flowering paradise. I watched with joy the green things budding and flowering under the magic touch of his hands. I listened with delight to his Aberdeen drawl. It seemed too good to be true. When he said 'pot' I was filled with ecstasy. He pronounced it 'pawt,' but the bare letters only vaguely suggest the rich way he rolled it under his tongue.

And then one morning he disappeared. No one had seen him go, but on this tiny place there are no copses, no bosky dells, where he could be lured to his destruction, no sheltered and luxuriant corners where an assassin could have lurked. No, if death, swift and sudden, had descended, it would have done so in the open; the drying-ground perhaps, where my shirts, suspended limply from the line, would have afforded but a tenuous screen. Reluctantly I shall have to dismiss this supposition. I say reluctantly, for it would have been so much more heroic than the hypothesis I am sadly forced to accept. If he had met a bloody death protecting with his heart's blood my egg-plant and cauliflower and sweet peas, I would have lifted my voice and chanted his praise. Forever he would stand among the goodly band of heroic Scots, with the gallant Montrose, and Douglas, and Wallace. But it was not to be. Romance wrapped his face in his cloak and wept. Forgotten are the glories of Flodden. Dead are the memories of Bannockburn.

It was a hot day, and he was thirsty. Circe holding aloft her cup seductively peeped from behind the privet-hedge. Bacchus, smiling and wreathed, shook

his rosy head from the catalpa tree radiant with fleecy white bloom. The gardener's throat was parched, and the sun beat down on him from its sapphire setting. I can only suppose that he was tempted and fell. Stealthily he discarded his garb of artisan, and forswore the livery and arms of Ceres. Once more he was a freeman as he paced the dusty road to the village, which beckoned alluringly in the distance. There refreshment and cheer were to be had. In the cool bar no hot sun penetrated. With his foot on the brass railing, he was the master of his fate, and captain of his own destinies. The essence of the hop-fields was his slave to lull him into tranquillity and peace.

I have written the florist to send me another gardener, and quoted the excellent Mr. Walpole:—

'If your Linnæus should have any disciple that would condescend to look after my little flower-garden, it would be the delight of my eyes and nose.—Not one proviso do I make, but that the pupil be not a Scot. We had peace and warm weather before the inundation of the northern people, and therefore I beg to have no Attila for my gardener.'

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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## THE TARIFF AND THE TARIFF COMMISSION

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

THE vogue of the plan of basing the tariff on differences in costs of production is a curious phenomenon, and a significant one. Much talked of as the plan now is, it is novel. Only a faint suggestion of something of the sort appeared in the Republican platform of 1904. Not until the presidential campaign of 1908 did it receive much attention. Then, and later in the debates on the new tariff act, it came to be spoken of as the 'true' principle of protection, the touchstone by which the justification of every duty was to be tested. What does it mean, and how far will it avail to 'settle' the tariff question?

The doctrine has an engaging appearance of fairness. It seems to say, no favors, no undue rates. Offset the higher expenses of the American producer, put him in a position to meet the foreign competitor without being under a disadvantage, and then let the best man win. Conditions being thus equalized, the competition will become a fair one. Protected producers will get only the profit to which they are reasonably entitled, and the domestic consumers are secured against prices which are unreasonable.

In order to apply the principle, the country is in train for an elaborate and expensive set of investigations. The Tariff Board is prepared to spend hundreds of thousands in ascertaining the cost of production at home and abroad of protected articles. The information secured is expected to be the basis of future tariff legislation. No one who stops to think will suppose that inquiries of this sort will be easy, or will lead to other than rough and approximate results. 'Cost of production' is a slippery phrase. Costs differ in different establishments, and cannot be figured out with accuracy in any one establishment without an elaborate system of special accounts, such as few establishments keep. None the less, approximate figures are to be had. If the principle is sound, it will be of great service to have careful preparation for its application, and to reach the nearest approach to accuracy that the complexities of industry permit. To repeat our question — how far is it all worth while?

Frankly, the answer is that as a 'solution' of the tariff question, this much paraded 'true principle' is worthless. Applied with consistency, it would lead to the complete annihilation of foreign trade. It is usually thought of as likely to result in a moderation of protection. Yet, if carried

out to the full, it would lead to the utmost extreme of protection.

Consider for a moment what equalization of cost of production means. The higher the expenses of an American producer, and the greater the excess of the expenses incurred by him over those incurred by a foreign competitor, the higher the duty. Applied unflinchingly, this means that the production of any and every thing is to be encouraged, — not only encouraged, but enabled to hold its own. If the difference in expenses, or cost, is great, the duty is to be high; if the difference is small, the duty is to be low. Automatically, the duty goes up in proportion as the American cost is large. If the article is tea in South Carolina, for example, ascertain how much more expensive it is to grow the trees and prepare the leaves than it is in Ceylon, and put on a duty high enough to offset. If it is hemp in Kentucky, ascertain how much more expensive it is to grow it than in Russia or in Yucatan (for the competing sisal), and equalize conditions with a high duty.

It was on this ground — though, to be sure, with gross exaggeration as to the facts — that the duties on lemons and prunes were raised in the Payne-Aldrich tariff: equalize conditions for the California lemon-growers! If lemons in California, why not grapes in Maine? They can be grown, if only the duties be made high enough. Of course, the more unfavorable the conditions, the higher the duties must be. The climate of Maine is not favorable for grapes; they would have to be grown in hot-houses. But make the duty high enough, handicap the foreign producer up to the point of equalization, and the grapes can be grown. So as to Kentucky hemp, or Massachusetts pig-iron. Make your duty high enough — and on this principle you *must* make your duty high enough — and anything in the world can be produced. The obvious consequence is, however, that the more unsuited the conditions are for efficient and economical production, the greater will be your effort to bring about protection. Under this equalizing principle, the worse the natural conditions, the more extreme will be the height of protection.

No doubt the advocates of the principle will say that it is not to be pushed to such absurd consequences. But where draw the line? We have duties in our present tariff of fifty per cent, of seventy, of one hundred and more, all of which are defended on this ground. Senator Aldrich remarked, in the course of the debates on the new tariff act, that he would cheerfully vote for a duty of three hundred per cent if it were necessary to equalize conditions for an American producer.[1] If for three hundred per cent, why not for five hundred or one thousand per cent? Shall we say that the domestic producer whose costs are so high as to require a duty of thirty per cent is to be protected, but not he who has a disadvantage of fifty or a hundred per cent? The only consistent answer is the Aldrich one — give him all he needs for equalization. And the necessary consequence is universal and unlimited protection.

It is for this simple and obvious reason that the principle seems to me worthless for settling the tariff problem. In reality, it begs the whole

[1] 'If it costs ten cents to produce a razor in Germany and twenty cents in the United States, it will require one hundred per cent duty to equalize the conditions in the two countries. . . . As far as I am concerned, I shall have no hesitancy in voting for a duty which will equalize conditions. . . . If it was necessary, to equalize the conditions and to give the American producer a fair chance for competition, other things being equal of course, I would vote for three hundred per cent as cheerfully as I would for fifty.' — SENATOR ALDRICH, in the *Congressional Record*, May 17, 1909, p. 2182.

question at issue. That question is, how far shall domestic producers be encouraged to enter on industries in which they are unable to meet foreign competition? The very fact of their being unable to meet it shows that for some reason or other conditions are unfavorable. Domestic costs then are high; domestic producers are under a disadvantage.

The free-trader says that this is *prima facie* an indication that the industry had better not be carried on within the country at all. He says, further, that the greater the disadvantage, and the higher the domestic cost, the more probable that it is not now for the community's good, nor ever will be, to induce labor and capital to go into it by 'equalizing' the conditions. In so reasoning, the free-trader is very likely unmindful of political and social considerations, or even blind to some offsetting gains of a strictly economic kind. But his opponent, the protectionist, in setting forth the equalizing notion as the 'true' principle, does not answer him. This principle assumes at the very outset that any and every sort of domestic production is advantageous, and that there is no problem as to the limits within which we should keep in bolstering up industries that cannot stand without legislative aid.

Underlying the ready acceptance of this 'true' principle are two widespread beliefs or prejudices, equally unfounded. One has just been alluded to, — that the domestic production of an article is *per se* good. The other is that high wages are the result of the tariff, and cannot be kept up without the tariff.

The belief that the production of a thing within the country is in itself advantageous persists with extraordinary vitality. It runs counter to the universal teaching of economists, and on any careful reflection it is obviously absurd. Yet it is maintained — though by implication rather than expressly — in most of the current talk about the effects of duties. The present tariff act, for example, raised some duties on cottons, with the object of causing the manufacture at home of fabrics previously imported. In the debates, the 'acquisition' of the new industry was spoken of as manifestly desirable. The mere fact of the industry's being established at home was thought a proof of gain. So, when the duty on tin plates was raised in 1890, the domestic production of the plates was adduced as conclusive proof of the wisdom of the increase. The previous importation of these things was thought of as having been a losing business; the ensuing production at home was supposed to bring so much national profit.

The real question obviously is, *which* of the two ways of securing the goods is the better. To make a thing at home is not to our advantage if we make it at high cost. To import it is not a source of loss when we import the thing more cheaply than we can make it at home. These are the simplest commonplaces. Yet the 'true' principle runs directly counter to them. It assumes that the nation gains necessarily by so equalizing conditions that anything and everything shall be made at home.

On no subject is the difference between the economists and the general public, in point of view and in conclusions, more marked than on this of the nature of the gain from domestic and foreign supply. On other current topics the teachings of the economists are listened to with attention and respect. On money and banking, on taxation, on labor matters, on the regulation of railways and other quasi-monopolistic industries, public opinion is not out of accord with them, and has been markedly influenced by them. But on inter-

national trade and the tariff an attitude which seems obviously absurd to the trained student is tenaciously held by an immense number of intelligent legislators and citizens. They repeat the ancient fallacies which regard imports as ominous and exports as wealth-bringing.

The economists are by no means unanimous on the controversy between protection and free-trade. There is hardly one among them who would not admit that there exist valid arguments for protection. But the grounds on which some economists go so far as to think the weight of argument to be in favor of protection, and others confess that there is at least something to be said for it, are very different from the grounds commonly put forward in our everyday tariff literature. This sort of disagreement is unfortunate for the economists and for the community also. The public men of the dominant party have become almost fanatically intolerant. They dismiss, as 'theoretical,' propositions which seem to the teachers and writers the simplest of common sense. Clear thinking and cool reasoning on all the great questions of the day are impeded by this disagreement on the very nature of international trade, — on the fundamental question whether domestic production is *per se* good.

The same disagreement appears, though perhaps in less overt manner, as to the other belief which gives support to the equalizing principle of protection: namely, that wages in the United States are high because of the protective system, or at least cannot be kept high without it. The equalizing principle, in fact, may be said to be simply a revamped form of the pauper-labor argument. The American employer, it is said, finds himself compelled to pay higher wages than the foreign employer. He is in danger of being undersold by the cheap product of pauper labor. He cannot hold his own unless the foreigner is handicapped by duties. The belief that tariff duties are necessary to maintain a high level of wages is an article of faith for probably a majority of American citizens. Yet this also is opposed to the universal teaching of economists.

Consider, for a moment, the case of exported articles. They are not higher in price than similar articles in foreign countries. They must be, in the United States, somewhat lower in price — lower by the cost of transportation — or else they could not be sold abroad. Occasionally an article is 'dumped,' that is, sold abroad at a less price than is got for it at home. But this is exceptional. The immense mass of things we export — raw cotton and the cheaper cotton textiles, bread-stuffs, meat-products, machinery, woodenware, glassware, shoes, and so on — are cheaper, quality for quality, than similar things in foreign countries. Yet they are made with high-priced labor. How can they be sold cheap, when high wages are paid to those who make them? The answer is simple enough. The labor is effective. You can pay high wages and yet sell cheap, if much is turned out by your men.

It is a familiar adage in the business world that an efficient man is cheap at high wages. Yet in its application to larger questions this adage is never thought of. In discussing the tariff and wages, people assume as a matter of course that the employer who pays high wages must therefore sell his goods at a higher price. The fact is that if the labor is well-fed and intelligent, and is applied under good natural conditions and with skillful leadership, the employer can turn out an abundant product (or a product of high quality), sell it cheap, and still pay his laborers well. And the real

source and cause of general high wages, says the economist, is precisely in these conditions: efficient labor, good natural resources, skillful industrial leadership. Given these, you will always have higher wages, and need not fear competition from cheap and inefficient labor.

Further, says the economist, when you try to equalize costs of production everywhere, you induce the employer to turn to industries where labor is *not* efficient. The very fact that costs are high indicates that there is some cause of inefficiency. You divert labor and capital from the industries that are best worth while, diminish the general product, and so diminish the source from which all the wages eventually come. The argument goes back to the position stated a moment ago: domestic production is not good under any and all circumstances; that domestic production is good which is carried on under advantageous conditions.

I will not enter on some forms of the labor argument that are complicated, and lead to more intricate problems. The great broad facts of the case are, in the eye of the economist, plain. No respectable writer or teacher would say for a moment that high wages are due to the tariff, or that the maintenance of a high range of general wages (observe, we speak of general wages) is dependent on the tariff. The main cause of generous wages is at bottom a very simple one: generous productiveness of industry. This makes possible the combination of money wages that are higher than in other countries with money prices that are as low as in other countries or lower. Given the all-around efficiency of industry that leads to this happy combination, and you may dismiss all fear of being undersold and ruined by the competition of pauper labor.

Here again the judgment of the well-trained and thoughtful differs irreconcilably with that dominant in the nation's councils.

From all this it might seem to follow that inquiries about relative cost of production, money-rates of wages, equalization of condition, are not worth while at all. They cannot touch the heart of the tariff problem: that really is whether it is desirable to try to equalize at all. And yet! I believe that the proposed inquiries of the excellent Tariff Board selected by President Taft are well worth while. I believe they will conduce to a better understanding of the tariff situation, and are likely to lead to considerable improvement in legislation. They may even pave the way to something like a settlement of the tariff question.

In two directions the investigation of relative costs of production will be of advantage: as to undue gains in monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic industries; and as to the extent to which there are vested interests which must be respected in a future settlement of the tariff.

The protectionists usually assume that domestic competition will prevent any excessive profits in the protected industries. In most cases they are probably right. In such an industry as the cotton manufacture, for example, where there is no trust, no combination, no monopoly, high duties are not *per se* the cause of high profits. In the debates on the Aldrich-Payne tariff act, the insurgent senators protested, and with reason, against some advances in the rates on cotton goods; but they took untenable ground in putting their argument on the basis of monopolies and monopoly profits. It is true that when a new duty on such an article is imposed, those who first undertake the domestic manufacture may make large profits. But competi-

tion in due time sets in. If exceptional gains prove to be permanently maintained, it must be because some mills have better organization and management than others, or shrewder judgment as to the caprices of fashion. So it is in the woollen manufacture (even though here there is much more of combination than in the case of cottons), in the silk manufacture, and so on. The real question in such cases is whether it is worth while to encourage a domestic industry if costs of production are so large that duties of sixty, eighty, one hundred per cent are called for. Most branches of the textile industries need no duties as high as this in order to enable them to hold their own. Many of them can hold their own without any duties at all. But certain branches, especially in the finer grades, clamorously ask for extremely high rates; and then their case is suspicious, not because of impending monopoly profits, but because *prima facie* they had better not be established at all.

All the world knows, however, that combination and monopoly, though they are not in possession of the entire field of industry, have secured control of large sections of it; no doubt tempered more or less by potential or actual competition, but still with such degree of success that more than competitive profits are secured. Where this is the case, tariff duties may bolster up the profits, by shutting out at least the foreign competitors. Then the protective system really serves to rob Peter in order to enrich Paul; whereas, under competitive conditions, it only robs Peter in order to sustain Paul in an unsuitable industry. If the duties more than offset Paul's costs of production (assuming these costs to be in fact higher), they give a chance for a monopoly squeeze. Now whether they do so, inquiries on the part of a Tariff Board may make clear. The vogue of the 'true' principle of protection is unquestionably promoted by a widespread feeling that duties are *more* than enough for equalization, and that they enable the trusts to secure *more* than reasonable profits. The suspicion is doubtless well-founded in many cases; but how far so, systematic inquiry alone can bring out.

Again, no rational person, even though he were the most radical free-trader, would propose to abolish at one fell swoop protecting duties to which a great industrial system had accommodated itself. We may not like the result, but it is there, and not to be suddenly modified without widespread loss. Moreover, those engaged in the industries may plead with weight that they have entered on their operations with the sanction, nay, with the direct encouragement of the government, and that the government cannot in justice leave them in the lurch. Thus, our Department of Agriculture has been preaching beet-sugar for the last fifteen years, urging farmers and manufacturers to undertake it, supplying not only seeds and agricultural instructions, but directions as to manufacturing. In the arid and semi-arid regions of such states as California, Colorado, Utah, beet-growing (with sugar-making) seems to have an independent basis; but in the states of the corn-belt, Michigan, for example, it rests on the unstable prop of the tariff. The Michigan sugar-makers, egged on as they have been by the government, have an unanswerable claim on the ground of vested interest. We are not free to deal with the sugar duty as we were twenty years ago; nor indeed are we free to deal radically with any of the protective duties needed for the maintenance of established industries.

But the question always arises: How far are vested interests in fact involved? How high must the duties really be in

order to enable the *status quo* to be maintained? On this topic I believe there is an enormous amount of exaggeration. Probably the greater part of our existing duties are needlessly high, on the very principle of equalization. This is the case not only with the obviously nominal duties on wheat, corn, oats, — articles regularly exported, and as cheap here as abroad, — but with those on many manufactured articles, such as the coarser grades of cottons, most boots and shoes, furniture and woodenware, iron in crude and manufactured form, glassware, and a host of miscellaneous manufactures.

The dependence of our manufacturing industries on tariff duties is enormously exaggerated. The constant shouting about foreign pauper labor has brought about a state of pusillanimity among the manufacturers themselves. Most of them know virtually nothing about foreign conditions. They are familiar only with their own business and with that which touches their daily routine. Foreign competition has been nonexistent for years. What its real possibilities are, they do not know. But the politicians and those few shrewder manufacturers who have cleverly formed plans for aid to special industries, have incessantly predicted wholesale ruin unless the tariff system were maintained without the change of a dot. I know of a case in which the superintendent of a textile mill, an Englishman who had had experience both in his native country and here, told an inquirer that goods could be turned out by the mill quite as cheaply in the United States as in England; whereas the owner told the same inquirer on the same day that the mill would have to be shut up within twenty-four hours if the tariff were touched. The owner, like thousands of manufacturers, was in a state of ignorant panic about foreign competition.

A searching inquiry would show, I am convinced, that our present system of extremely high duties could be greatly pruned without any disturbance of vested interests. The direct effect of such a change would be, no doubt, more nominal than real. Except in the case of trust-controlled articles (and there are not so many of these raised in price by the tariff as the free-traders commonly suppose), a reduction of duties on this basis would bring no lowering in prices and no advantage to consumers. It would mean only the placing of a new set of figures on the statute-book. But it would have some important advantages nonetheless, and very likely some considerable ulterior consequences.

One great gain from such an overhauling of the tariff would be to lessen its importance in the public mind. To the economist nothing is more nauseating than the cry about prosperity and the tariff. From much of the current campaign talk, one would suppose that the country would go to certain ruin if a single duty were reduced by a fraction of a per cent. Manufacturing industries in general are in the main not dependent on protection. This country of ours is certain to be a great manufacturing one under any tariff system.

Still less is our general prosperity dependent on the tariff. Our natural resources, our vigor, industry, and intelligence, our training in school and college and shop, the enterprise and judgment of our business leaders, — these are the things on which material welfare depends. Great harm has been done by the persistent stress on legislation, and especially on restrictive legislation, as the mainstay of prosperity. Our manufacturers and other producers need to learn to keep cool and to rely on their enterprise and skill.

Further, a readjustment of duties

simply on the basis of equalization — that is, on the basis of conserving vested interests and maintaining industries as they are — would lead to a more critical attitude on the tariff question. It would be seen that a great range of industries could get on with duties much moderated or no duties at all. Others would be shown to need high duties in order to maintain themselves. Such differences, resting on the varying disadvantages of the several industries, might be fairly expected to raise the question, — which sorts of industries are, after all, the better for the country, those whose costs are high, or those whose costs are low? If there are plenty of manufactures which can get on with low duties or none, is it worth while to start up others which need high duties? Suppose it to be admitted that we must continue to prop up for an indefinite time those which now need high rates, shall we encourage new ones which demand still higher rates in order to equalize their costs of production?

I am by no means sure that questions of this sort would be coolly asked, or would be rationally considered. The protective notions in their cruder form have a most tenacious hold, especially that notion of the inherent advantage of 'acquiring' any and every industry at home. Yet a system of duties really adjusted with care and precision on the basis of cost of production might be expected to help, not only in sharper scrutiny, but in more discriminating judgment on the whole tariff problem.

What has been said in the preceding paragraphs rests on a free-trade basis; that is, it rests on the assumption that it is good for a country, not to produce anything and everything at home, but to allow a process of selection or experiment in determining which among the various possible industries are the best for it.

I would not have the reader infer that I am an unqualified free-trader, or that this view of the tariff problem leads immediately, or even ultimately, to complete abolition of all except revenue duties. The case in favor of free-trade has indeed always seemed to me *prima facie* strong; and prolonged investigation and reflection have served to confirm me in this opinion. But it is only a *prima-facie* case. There may be offsetting advantages which rebut the presumption. To enter on a consideration of these would call for a volume, and lead to some very delicate balancing of losses and gains. It would be necessary to consider the young-industries argument, which used to be the mainstay of the protectionists, and now is pooh-poohed by their opponents, but seems to me still to point to some possibilities of ultimate gain. There are, again, political and social arguments; there are arguments as to the avoidance of extremes and of undue fluctuations in industry. Few economists nowadays would say that there is one good tariff policy, and one only, applicable to all countries and all conditions.

But few economists would say a good word for such an exaggerated protectionist policy, one so intolerant of foreign competition and foreign supply, as the United States has been following in the McKinley tariff of 1890, in the Dingley tariff of 1897, and now, with but slight change of essentials, in the Payne-Aldrich tariff of 1909. When duties of fifty, eighty, and one hundred per cent come to be looked upon as normal protectionist rates; when ingenious devices and 'jokers' are resorted to in order to bring about such high rates without its being made plain that this is the thing really aimed at and accomplished; when, by the log-rolling

process, the policy comes to be applied indiscriminately to any and every article, without scrutiny of the possibility of ultimate cheapening or the promise of social or political gain, — then it is time to call a halt, and to begin a process of thorough overhauling. This is the point of view not only of the teachers and trained students of economics, but, I feel sure, of the immense majority of cool-headed and sensible people in this country.

Adam Smith — an ardent though by no means unqualified free-trader — thought in 1776 that the adoption of a free-trade policy by Great Britain was quite beyond the bounds of possibility. Had Adam Smith lived to see what changes took place in the course of the century following, he would probably have said in 1876 that free-trade would never be abandoned by any country which had once adopted it. Who would venture on a prediction now? It is among the possibilities that Great Britain herself will turn again to some sort of restrictive trade policy. I would not undertake to foretell whether free-trade will be abandoned in Great Britain, or protection in the United States. But the outlook is certainly for a moderation of extreme protectionist policies. The various nations which have stirred each other to measures of commercial warfare — and the United States has been most aggressively guilty in this regard — seem to be wearying of a game which each can play with effect against the other.

The indications are for some sort of compromise all around; an illogical proceeding, perhaps, but a very human one. In this moderated course of action the United States is likely to join; and all sorts of persons, whatever their opinions (or lack of opinions) as to the goal ultimately to be reached, will think and vote in favor of pruning a protectionist system which has become so rigidly and intolerantly restrictive as ours.

# A HERO'S CONSCIENCE:

## A STUDY OF ROBERT E. LEE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

THE growth of a Lee legend is greatly to be deplored, most of all by Lee's warmest admirers. 'One may search in vain for any defect in him,' says one of the latest historians of the war. 'Indeed, the perfection of Lee becomes somewhat oppressive. One would welcome the discovery of a shortcoming in him, as redeeming him to humanity.' This is unfair, but not unnatural, when one considers the attitude of Lee's Southern admirers. 'He was never behind time at his studies, never failed in a single recitation, was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution,' says an old teacher. 'Throughout his whole student life he performed no act which his pious mother could not have fully approved,' says another. I do not believe this is true. I hope it is not true. If it is true, it ought to be concealed, not boasted of.

This is the sort of thing that made Washington odious to the young and remote from the mature for generations. 'In all essential characteristics Lee resembled Washington,' says Mr. Rhodes, with much justice. But we know that, in spite of ill-judged idolatry, Washington was not a prig. Neither was Lee, but a man, of warm flesh and blood, like the rest of us. No one could have had his large and tender sympathy for human weakness who had not known human weakness himself. Above all, those who knew him, from the common soldier to the president of the Confederacy, bear universal testimony that Lee had charm. Now, no prig ever yet had charm. Therefore I refuse to believe that he said — at any rate, in those words — to Magruder in Mexico, 'I am but doing my duty, and with me, in small matters as well as in large ones, duty must come before pleasure.'

After this brief reservation and protest, it must be recognized and insisted that few men have guided their actions more strictly and loftily by conscience than Lee. That he should ever have boasted about his sense of duty is unbelievable. That he turned to it and consulted it in every crisis, and especially in the profoundest crisis, of his life, is certain; and whatever we may think of his judgment, it is impossible to question the absolute rectitude of his purposes.

During the years of violent controversy which intervened between the Mexican War and the secession of the South, Lee attended quietly to his military duties. Occasionally in the published letters of this period we get a glimpse of the interest he must have taken in what was going on at Washington. But it was then and always his constant conviction that a soldier should not meddle with politics. Even when he had charge of the capture of John Brown, there was no passion in

the matter. The work was done with military precision and quiet coolness, and the captive was handed over to the proper civil authorities. 'I am glad we did not have to kill him,' Lee remarked afterwards to Mrs. Pickett's father, 'for I believe he is an honest, conscientious old man.'

As the struggle of parties and principles grew fiercer, however, Lee foresaw that sooner or later he should be forced to choose. Neither party satisfied him. Each seemed to be unreasonable, selfish, inconsiderate of the rights and feelings of the other; and he believed that a larger justice ought to be able to harmonize the opposing claims without actual conflict. In December, 1860, he writes, 'Feeling the aggression of the North, resenting their denial of the equal rights of our citizens to the common territory of the Commonwealth, etc., I am not pleased with the course of the "Cotton States," as they term themselves. In addition to their selfish, dictatorial bearing, the threats they throw out against the "Border States," as they call them, if they will not join them, argues little for the benefit or peace of Virginia, should she determine to coalesce with them. While I wish to do what is right, I am unwilling to do what is wrong at the bidding of the South or of the North.' And again, in January, 1861, 'As far as I can judge from the papers, we are between a state of anarchy and Civil War. May God avert from us both! . . . I see that four States have declared themselves out of the Union. Four more apparently will follow their example. Then if the border States are dragged into the gulf of revolution, one half of the country will be arrayed against the other, and I must try and be patient and wait the end; for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it.'

The end came quickly. Lincoln was elected. Virginia was on the point of seceding. War seemed inevitable. If Lee remained in the United States Army, he would be forced to fight against all he loved best in the world. He was fifty-four years old. For over thirty years he had served under the Stars and Stripes. Honor, advancement, profit were assured, if he clung to the old allegiance. If he abandoned it, what would come to him no one could tell. It is hard to imagine a man placed in a situation involving a profounder moral struggle or greater difficulty of decision. And, though Lee doubtless did not so think of it, the decision was as important to the country as to himself. Without assuming, with some Northern writers, that he might have prevented Virginia's secession and possibly war, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the course of the war might have been greatly different, if his military ability had been saved to the armies of the North.

In April, 1861, Lee was on leave at Arlington. On the eighteenth of that month he had an interview with Francis P. Blair, who, on the part of Lincoln and Cameron, unofficially but authoritatively offered him the command of the United States Army. We have Lee's own account of this interview, written after the war, and agreeing with Blair's. 'I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States Army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, the Hon. Francis P. Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and courteously as I could that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.'

Immediately on leaving Blair, Lee

went to General Scott. Unfortunately we have no detailed account of this most important conversation from either of the principals. 'I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott, told him of the proposition that had been made to me, and my decision,' writes Lee. Long tells us, from a very indirect source, that General Scott 'used every argument to persuade him to remain in the Union.' 'But to all his pleading Colonel Lee returned but one answer, that his sense of duty was stronger with him than any prospect of advancement, and replied to the appeal not to resign in the following words, "I am compelled to: I cannot consult my own feeling in the matter."'

The narrative of the only person who seems to have been an eye and ear witness of the interview, General E. D. Townsend, exhibits Lee in a much less favorable aspect. It is so circumstantial that it must be quoted in full:—

'General Scott knew that he [Lee] was at Arlington Heights, at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Custis, and one day asked me if I had seen or heard of him lately. I replied in the negative, except that he was on leave and at Arlington Heights. Said the general, "It is time he should show his hand and if he remains loyal should take an important command." I then suggested that I should write to Lee and ask him to call at the general's headquarters. "I wish you would," replied the general. The note was written and the next day, April 19th, 1861, Colonel Lee came to the office. The general's was the front room of the second story. His round table stood in the centre of the room and I had a desk in one corner. The aides were in an adjoining room, with a door opening into the general's. When Lee came in, I was alone in the room with the general and the door to the aides' room was closed. I quietly arose, keeping my eye on the general, for it seemed probable he might wish to be alone with Lee. He, however, secretly motioned me to keep my seat, and I sat down without Lee having a chance to notice that I had risen. The general having invited Lee to be seated, the following conversation, as nearly as I can remember, took place. General Scott: "You are at present on leave of absence, Colonel Lee?" — Col. Lee: "Yes, General, I am staying with my family at Arlington." — Gen. Scott: "These are times when every officer in the United States service should fully determine what course he will pursue and frankly declare it. No one should continue in government employ without being actively employed." (No response from Lee.) — Gen. Scott (after a pause): "Some of the Southern officers are resigning, possibly with the intention of taking part with their States. They make a fatal mistake. The contest may be long and severe, but eventually the issue must be in favor of the Union." (Another pause and no reply from Lee.) — Gen. Scott (seeing evidently that Lee showed no disposition to declare himself loyal): "I suppose you will go with the rest. If you purpose to resign, it is proper you should do so at once; your present attitude is an equivocal one." — Col. Lee: "The property belonging to my children, all they possess, lies in Virginia. They will be ruined, if they do not go with their State. I cannot raise my hand against my children."'

I have cited the whole of this account, because it is a curious instance of what appears to be reliable historical evidence, yet must, I am convinced, be substantially incorrect. In the first place, Townsend says April 19. Lee says explicitly, writing at the time, April 18. Next, Lee says he told General Scott of the proposition that had been made him and of his decision.

Nothing of the sort appears in Townsend's story. Further, Lee, writing to Mrs. Lee a few weeks later, bids his son Custis 'consult his own judgment, reason, and conscience as to the course he must take,' which does not seem to fit well with the argument that his children would 'be ruined, if they do not go with their State.' Finally, a very slight knowledge of Lee's character makes it impossible to suppose that, after weeks of careful, prayerful deliberation and moral conflict in view of the highest patriotic duties, the man who again and again refused the offers of a grateful nation to provide for his family and assure them from want, the man who wrote to his son in the midst of the struggle that 'all must be sacrificed for the country,' could have gone to a personal friend whom he respected as he did Scott, with nothing on his lips but the poor, the paltry, the pitiful argument for deserting his flag and his allegiance that his children's property lay in Virginia. It is true that Scott was a Virginian, and Lee had to be careful not to wound his superior in justifying himself. But no man ever lived who was capable of handling such a situation with more tact. If only we had Scott's and Lee's own versions of what passed between them on that memorable day!

As it is, we merely know that two days later Lee sent his resignation to Scott, with an affectionate and manly letter, expressing his regret at separating himself from the service 'to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed'; and adding, 'save in the defense of my native State I never desire again to draw my sword.' Immediately after this he was offered and accepted the position of commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia.

In considering Lee's conduct at this crisis it is a mistake to tangle one's self up in the web of metaphysical casuistry which was woven about the whole constitutional question by the fine wits of a generation of legal quibblers. Cold common sense stands amazed that men should have been ready to cut each others' throats for the ingenious subtleties of Webster and Everett any more than for those of Calhoun and Davis. It seems as if mankind would not learn by all the experience of ages that passion is never at a loss for argument, or appreciate the force of Matthew Arnold's despairing comment, 'by such reasoning anything may be made out of anything.'

The first technical charge that Lee has to answer, the one most commonly brought against him, is that, having accepted his education and support at the hands of the United States Government, and sworn allegiance to it, he broke his military oath and betrayed his trust. This charge Lee has discussed himself, and I think disposed of it finally. 'General Lee told Bishop Wilmer of Louisiana that if it had not been for the instruction he got from Rawle's text-book at West Point, he would not have joined the South and left the old army at the breaking-out of the late war between the States.'

Rawle's *View of the Constitution of the United States of America* was put into the hands of the young officer, by the very government he is accused of betraying, as the law and model for his conduct, both military and political. What does Rawle say? 'It depends on the state itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principle on which all our political systems are founded, which is, that the people have, in all cases, a right to determine how they will be governed. This right must be considered as an in-

gredient in the composition of the general government, which, though not expressed, was mutually understood, and the doctrine heretofore presented to the reader in regard to the indefeasible nature of personal allegiance, is so far qualified in respect to allegiance to the United States. It was observed that it was competent for a state to make a compact with its citizens, that the reciprocal obligation of protection and allegiance might cease on certain events; and it was further observed that allegiance would necessarily cease on the dissolution of the society to which it was due.' Surely a government which made this the basis of education for its officers could hardly blame them for leaving it at the call of duty from their states.

When the action of Lee and his fellows is surveyed on simpler, broader grounds, one or two general considerations present themselves. In a popular government, whenever any large distinct section of the people thinks that it is permanently oppressed by the remainder, it will revolt. No theory, no legal argument, no paper constitution, will ever prevent this. And in a government made up of long-established, originally independent units, as imperfectly welded together as were the United States in 1860, such a revolt is peculiarly likely to occur. It is true that the North then felt, and probably for the most part feels now, that the South was not oppressed. The South felt that it was oppressed, and did exactly what the North would have done under the same circumstances. I know of no more constant lover of the Union than Washington. Yet Washington wrote, 'There is nothing which holds one country or one state to another but interest.'

This general justification or explanation of the Southern revolt does not, however, explain everything in the case of Lee. For up to the very hour of Virginia's decision he clung to the Union, and was opposed to secession both in theory and in practice. In January, 1861, he wrote, 'I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. . . . Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederation at will. It was intended for "perpetual union," so expressed in the preamble,' — Lee of course here confounds the Constitution of the United States with the 'Articles of Confederation,' — 'and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution or the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established and not a government by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriots of the Revolution.'

Surely neither Webster nor Everett ever spoke for Federal Union with an ardor more passionate than this. And after all was over Lee testified before the Committee on Reconstruction: 'I may have said and I may have believed that the position of the two sections which they held to each other was brought about by the politicians of the country; that the great masses of the people, if they understood the real question, would have avoided it. . . . I did believe at the time that it was an unnecessary condition of affairs and might have been avoided, if forbearance and wisdom had been practiced on both sides.'

It will at once be asked, why, then,

did Lee leave the Union? Because Virginia left it, and he felt that Virginia was his country. And I cannot see how any citizen of the old colonial states, with all the memories and traditions of his forefathers in his heart and all the local attachments and fellowships that constitute home, can fail even now to sympathize with such an attitude. 'No consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into faithlessness to this Commonwealth,' wrote Lee's father to Madison; and at another time he expressed himself still more strongly: 'Virginia is my country; her I will obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me.' Longstreet, in describing his own decision, tells us that 'a number of officers of the post called to persuade me to remain in the Union service. Captain Gibbs, of the Mounted Rifles, was the principal talker, and after a long and pleasant discussion, I asked him what course he would pursue if his State should pass ordinances of secession and call him to its defense. He confessed that he would obey the call.' Honorable Charles Francis Adams, who has surely done more than any one else to help Lee on to the national glory which is his due, said in his Lee Centennial address, 'I hope I should have been filial and unselfish enough myself to have done as Lee did.' Finally, if one may quote one's own feeling as perhaps representative of many, I do not hesitate to say that in the certainly most improbable, but perhaps not wholly impossible, contingency of a future sectional separation in the country, however much I might disapprove of such separation and its causes, I should myself be first, last, and always a son and subject of New England and of Massachusetts.

There is a deeper principle involved in this attitude than the mere blind instinct of local patriotism. When the Union was first established, its founders had an intense and wholesome dread of centralized power, but the state governments were at that time so strong and the federal so weak that it was necessary to emphasize the latter in every possible way in order to sustain it at all. In the nature of the case, however, from the very beginning the federal government absorbed more and more power to itself, and the states tended gradually to lose even the authority which had originally been left them. In one sense the Civil War was a protest on the part of the South against this evolution, and an attempt to restore the constitutional balance as the men of 1787 had planned it. That protest had to be met, had to be crushed, or worse, incalculable evils would have resulted. But the failure of it much increased the rapidity of the evolution already in progress. To-day the citizens of the newer states, and many in the older, doubtless look upon the state governments as an antiquated survival, especially as this very attitude deteriorates those governments and everywhere breeds incompetence and corruption. Such people would sympathize entirely with the remark of a writer in the *Outlook:* 'Lee's engrossing sentiment for his native State, mildly commendable though it might have been, was a pinchbeck thing.'

This development of national unity, of national feeling, is probably inevitable, is in many ways excellent and admirable; but it has its very grave dangers, and is in itself certainly much less promising for the future of popular government than the careful balance of local and central authority for which the Constitution originally provided. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of Lee, reiterated in manifold forms, all through the war. He, at least, felt, with the most earnest con-

viction, that he was fighting for the ideas of Washington and Jefferson, and that in his place they would have done as he did. 'I had no other guide, nor had I any other object than the defense of those principles of American liberty upon which the constitutions of the several States were originally founded; and unless they are strictly observed, I fear there will be an end to Republican government in this country.' Again he says in general orders, 'They [the Confederate soldiers] cannot barter manhood for peace, nor the right of self-government for life or property. . . . Let us then oppose constancy to adversity, fortitude to suffering, and courage to danger, with the firm assurance that He who gave freedom to our fathers will bless the efforts of their children to preserve it.' And at the close of the war he expressed the same feeling quite as explicitly and solemnly: 'We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.'

As we read these passionate confessions of faith, we almost come to look upon Lee as one of the great martyrs of liberty, one of the heroic champions of free democracy and popular government. And then we reflect a moment and ask ourselves, 'But was not this man fighting for Negro slavery?' It cannot be disputed that he was. Southern writers may quibble as they please about slavery not being the cause of the war. Nobody denies that there were other causes, many of them, lying deep in difference of climate, difference of breeding, difference of local temperament. But no one can seriously maintain that any of those other causes, or all of them together, could have led to any sectional quarrel that might not have been easily settled, if it had not been for the dark phantom, the terrible midnight incubus of slavery.

As we look back now, we all see that, in the words attributed to Lincoln, 'the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South,' and that honest, noble, pure spirits could advocate it as well as oppose it. We are all ready to sympathize with the words which Lincoln actually wrote: "You think slavery is right and ought to be extended; we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. For this, neither has any just occasion to be angry with the other.' Nay, more, we are beginning to be skeptical ourselves. The abolitionists of the sixties went at their problem gayly, confident that if the Negro were once free, all would be well. Forty years have taught us better, until some are almost ready to cry out that the South was right and the North wrong. It is not so. The future must take care of itself. The nineteenth century made many mistakes. But it showed once for all that the modern world can never again have anything to do with slavery. 'I advise Senators to let the humane current of an advancing and Christian civilization spread over this continent,' said Henry Wilson. Senators and other persons who fought for slavery had their backs to the light and their faces turned toward outer darkness.

It will immediately be urged that Lee was no advocate of slavery. This cannot be denied. It is true that his attitude toward the Negro was distinctly the Southern attitude, and also, it must be added, that of most Northerners who live long in the South. 'I have always observed,' he writes, 'that wherever you find the Negro, you see everything going down around him, and wherever you find the white man, you see everything around him improving.' Again, to his son, after the war, 'You will never prosper with the blacks, and it is abhorrent to a reflecting mind to be supporting and cherishing those who

are plotting and working for your injury and all of whose sympathies and associations are antagonistic to yours. I wish them no evil in the world, on the contrary will do them every good in my power, and know that they are misled by those to whom they have given their confidence; but our material, social, and political interests are with the whites.'

Furthermore, he had no sympathy with the Northern abolitionists, and believed that they were working in utter ignorance of actual conditions as well as with a disposition to meddle where they had no legal or moral right to interfere. He even went so far as to write, toward the very close of the struggle, that he considered 'the relation of master and slave, controlled by humane laws and influenced by Christianity and an enlightened public sentiment, as the best that can exist between the white and black races while intermingled as at present in this country.' This passage does not appear in the Southern biographies of Lee, and it can be justly interpreted only as a partial utterance in view of a most complicated and difficult problem. For that Lee himself disliked slavery there can be no possible doubt. The few slaves that ever belonged to him personally he set free long before the war, and he took time in the very thick of his military duties to arrange at the appointed date for the manumission of those who had been left to his wife by her father. Before the war, also, he expressed himself on the general subject in the most explicit way. 'In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery, as an institution, is a moral and political evil in any country.'

The very letter from which I quoted above as to the benefits of the relation between master and slave was written to urge gradual abolition as a reward for faithful military service, and some remarks attributed to Lee after the war form the best possible comment on his pro-slavery utterance, especially in view of all that has come and gone in the last forty years. 'The best men of the South have long desired to do away with the institution and were quite willing to see it abolished. But with them in relation to this subject the question has ever been: what will you do with the freed people? That is the serious question today. Unless some humane course, based upon wisdom and Christian principles, is adopted, you do them a great injustice in setting them free.'

Yet, after all, in fighting for the Confederacy, Lee was fighting for slavery, and he must have known perfectly well that if the South triumphed and got free, slavery would grow and flourish for another century at least. It is precisely this network of moral conditions that makes his heroic struggle so pathetic, so appealing, so irresistibly human. For the great tragedies of human life and history come from the intermingling of good and evil. And Lee is one of the most striking, one of the noblest tragic figures the world ever produced. Matthew Arnold says that the Puritans in fighting for English liberty put the human spirit in prison for two hundred years. This man, fighting, as he believed, for freedom, for independence, for democracy, was fighting also to rivet the shackles more firmly on millions of his fellow men. A most striking passage in Burke's *Conciliation* brings out this contrast with a prophetic force which no after-comment can equal: —

'There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies, which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in

Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. . . . Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, Sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the Southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty than those to the northward.'

In Lee, no pride, but virtue all; not liberty for himself alone, but for others, for every one. And this it is that makes the tragedy of his career so large, so fatal, so commanding in its grandeur.

One element which, since Hamlet, we consider peculiarly tragic, is, however, wanting in Lee. There is no trace of irresolution in him, no faltering, no looking back. We have indirectly from Mrs. Lee her account of the way in which the first decision was made. 'The night his letter of resignation was to be written, he asked to be left alone for a time, and while he paced the chamber above, and was heard frequently to fall upon his knees and engage in prayer for divine guidance, she waited and watched and prayed below. At last he came down, calm, collected, almost cheerful, and said, "Well, Mary, the question is settled. Here is my letter of resignation and a letter I have written to General Scott."' The question was settled — finally; and in all his correspondence or recorded conversation there is nothing to indicate regret or even further doubt.

'Trusting in God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens,' he accepted the command of the armies of Virginia; and as the war progressed, his zeal for the cause and loyalty to his high ideals seemed to be ever on the increase. Not that he showed bitterness towards the enemy. Or at least it is only at moments that the unavoidable horror of war wrings from him a word of reproach or condemnation, as when he says of the obstruction of Charleston harbor, 'This achievement, so unworthy of any nation, is the abortive expression of the malice and revenge of a people which it wishes to perpetuate by rendering more hateful a day memorable in their calendar'; or speaks of the 'savage and brutal policy which he [Milroy] has proclaimed, which leaves us no alternative but success or degradation worse than death, if we would save the honor of our families from pollution, our social system from destruction.' His general tone in referring to 'those people,' as he almost always called the Northern soldiers, is wholly in the spirit of his own admirable saying, 'The better rule is to judge our adversaries from their standpoint, not from ours.' But over and over again, to his family, to his friends, to his army, he expresses his pride in the cause he has adopted, his absolute belief in its nobility and justice, his unyielding determination to fight for it so long as any fighting is possible.

'Let each man resolve that the right of self-government, liberty, and peace shall find in him a defender,' he says to his soldiers in the early days; and commends to them 'the sacred cause, dearer than life itself, of defending the honor and integrity of the State.' At the climax of the struggle, with the bright hope of success before him, he consoles them for their dangers. 'The country

consents to the loss of such men as these and the gallant soldiers who fell with them, only to secure the inestimable blessings they died to obtain.' And at the last bitter parting he assures them that 'You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed.'

So in reviewing his own private conduct, when all is over, he cannot blame his choice or regret his decision. 'All that the South has ever desired was that the Union, as established by our forefathers, should be preserved, and that the government as originally organized, should be administered in purity and truth.' Or again, more solemnly, 'I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor. And if it were all to be done over again, I should act in precisely the same manner.'

Finally, it is to be noted that Lee's conduct from beginning to end was absolutely free from all thought of personal credit or advantage. He gave up the highest position in his profession for what was, to say the least, a dim uncertainty. He was fifty-four years old, and such dreams of glory as he may once have cherished had doubtless long faded in the hope of peace. One consideration and one only, the desire to do right, prompted him in all he undertook and in all he accomplished. And when the fearful failure came, when everything was sinking to wreck and ruin about him, though his heart was torn in anguish for the sufferings of others, for his own lot there was nothing but superb tranquillity, a calm, unyielding, heroic self-control which rested upon the consciousness that he had done what man could do, and all the rest was God's. He might have used the splendid words of Demosthenes: 'I say that if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come.' But he had words of his own, as apt, perhaps as splendid, as those of Demosthenes: the well-known and often quoted, 'Duty is the sublimest word in the language'; the less well-known but not less noble, 'There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle'; best of all, the grandly tragic phrase, addressed to his son, which forms the most perfect comment on his own career: 'I know that wherever you may be placed, you will do your duty. That is all the pleasure, all the comfort, all the glory we can enjoy in this world.'

# ONE WAY TO AN AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

BY FRANCIS T. BOWLES

THE fact is so well known that it is not necessary to cite statistics to prove that substantially all the transportation of the enormous oversea commerce of the United States is conducted by foreigners in their own vessels; about three fourths of it by two nations, England and Germany. This is true also of the passenger traffic on the ocean, to and from the United States and all parts of the world.

The amount which we pay annually for these services has been variously estimated at from twenty-five million to three hundred million dollars. Whatever the amount may be, it is a large sum, sufficient to be an important factor in the balance of trade and a serious matter when our exports of natural products are rapidly decreasing. While opinions may differ as to who pays the freight, one thing is certain, that the foreigner gets the money, and also all the side issues of insurance and commercial connections that go with it.

The smaller estimate recently published of the value of these services is certainly not sufficient to attract the large and growing foreign capital engaged in conducting our commerce, and would not account for the very capable and eminent people engaged in it, nor for the care taken in the regulation and division of the business among themselves, as shown by the occasional news of their disagreements. It is also certain that the foreign control of the ocean transportation of the United States is not wholly for our welfare, and that it is not directed to the extension of our markets for manufactured goods.

In addition to these undeniable facts, there are many other cogent reasons why the United States should, in a policy of the most enlightened selfishness, carry a large part of this traffic in its own vessels and under its own flag.

The reasons are well established in history and political economy, and were better known to the founders of the Republic than they are to-day, for we, in the activities of internal development and the prosperity of great natural resources, have neglected them for many years.

One thing is certain: we shall not acquire this business, so important to our continued welfare, by the policy of neglect we have pursued in the past. The experience of eighty years or more proves that. Since the period of 1815 to 1849, when our discriminating duties and tonnage dues ceased to protect our shipping and shipbuilding, substantially nothing has been done to this day, so far as ocean commerce is concerned, to equalize our handicaps of higher wages and belated mechanical development in the technical work of shipbuilding.

From that time England devoted capital and the best talent to shipbuilding and ship-management. Our mechanical and inventive talent devoted itself to more profitable protected industries. The lowest state of the art of shipbuilding in this country was reached about 1880, about the period when the reconstruction of the Navy was begun, and at that time we were

woefully behind the state of the art abroad, owing to our decadent merchant marine. Germany has followed in the lead of England, making an enormous development of its general commerce, and now these two countries practically control our sea transportation.

It would appear that there is in this country a growing sense of the economic value of conducting a proper proportion of this business under our own flag. Senators and Representatives in Congress, without regard to party, express such views, and each administration seems to favor them.

The Republican party in its 1908 platform said: '*Merchant Marine.* We adhere to the Republican doctrine of encouragement to American shipping, and urge such legislation as will revive the merchant-marine prestige of the country, so essential to national defense, the enlargement of foreign trade, and the industrial prosperity of our own people.'

The Democrats in their 1908 platform said: 'We believe in the upbuilding of the American merchant marine, without new or additional burdens upon the people and without bounties from the public Treasury.'

The latter expression is vague as to methods, but if it means that ocean commerce can be acquired without expense it is of course mere buncombe; this business can no more be obtained without an investment by the nation as well as by individuals, than an omelet can be made without breaking eggs.

President McKinley recommended discriminating duties, but the Republican party in 1903, for the second time, brought in a subsidy bill, which fell before the usual practical and sentimental objections.

This bill has been followed by a subsidy for mail steamers and a bill for higher ocean-mail compensation. Both have failed, and, while they have had some valiant friends, have received generally half-hearted support.

The Democrats have protested their devotion to the cause of the merchant marine, and have introduced discriminating-duty and free-ship bills, in form and substance not approved by any one having a knowledge of the subject. The proposal of discriminating duty failed to deal with the free list, which includes 49 per cent of the value of our imports and over 90 per cent of the imports from South America, the region where it is most important to have American cargo traffic, and where discriminating duties would have little or no effect. Free ships for ocean commerce nobody wants, as American ship-owners cannot afford to operate them at the American scale of wages.

If it be really true, as is often asserted, that the revival of the merchant marine, like the building of the navy, is a national and not a partisan object, is it not possible to get together on a practicable plan? Suppose we admit — for argument's sake, anyhow — that the subsidy scheme is a failure; certainly it has many practical objections, and no one wants it if any other scheme will answer.

There is a statute on the books, Ocean Mail Act of 1891, which provides a moderate compensation for carrying the mails. We know it is not sufficient to increase the number of American ships in the trans-Atlantic trade, and we know it has been insufficient to prevent the failure of two American lines on the Pacific, but as a part of a more comprehensive scheme it is useful and will be necessary.

Suppose there should be enacted a law providing that on all goods imported in American vessels on which the ad valorem duty exceeds 41 per cent there should be a reduction of duty of 5 per cent, and on all goods on which the

ad valorem duty is 41 per cent or less, or which are non-dutiable, the importer should receive an importer's certificate available only for the payment of duties at the custom house and equal in value to 2.05 per cent of the value of the goods so imported.

The average rate of duty under the present tariff is understood to be 41 per cent ad valorem, and 2.05 is 5 per cent of 41. These figures may not be exact, but they are intended to be sufficient to create a demand for American cargo boats in the foreign trade by enabling the shipper to pay such vessels a higher rate of freight on homeward voyages and enough higher to overcome the handicap of higher cost of vessels and operation under the American flag. They are probably sufficient for the purpose on all except some low-priced bulky cargoes.

On outward voyages the American would be obliged to take the competitive rate.

If, then, all our imports were carried in American vessels and half the goods were free or non-dutiable, this proposed law would be equivalent to a 10 per cent reduction in the tariff.

On the North Atlantic the immigration traffic is the most profitable element of the trade, and largely accounts for the building of the large and commodious vessels advertised in this country for first-class passengers, and, therefore, it would be essential to the revival of the American merchant service there to enact a law remitting the head-tax of four dollars on immigrants arriving in American vessels. There can be no objection to this.

Mail steamers, in addition to the advantage of these discriminating duties, could secure mail pay under the existing law, and would have the additional help of the remission of the immigrant head-tax.

It has always been urged against the scheme of discriminating duties that it would be necessary to abolish the free list, as it succeeded only in the early days of the Republic, when practically all imports were dutiable. The present suggestion obviates that objection, and also narrowly escapes the objections to bounties from the Treasury.

It has been stated that discriminating duties would be a more expensive method of building up shipping than a direct subsidy, which is probably correct, if we assume the direct subsidy to be paid out only as reasonable compensation for a valuable service rendered; but this would not always be the case. There would, of course, be waste in either method, and it is probable that discriminating duties would produce the most business-like results, without any possible suspicion of the favoritism so inevitable in subsidy.

Discriminating duties in the indirect trade have been frequently advocated as the best way of acquiring the carrying trade with South America and other non-carrying nations, by the exclusion of the Europeans from the transportation of the produce of such nations to the United States.

This method has been recommended as being less liable to produce retaliation from the carrying nations; their direct trade is not disturbed, while it has been supposed that discrimination in the indirect trade was not forbidden by the treaties of commerce.

It is not likely, however, that discrimination in the indirect trade would long continue unmolested, owing to the modern mobility of capital, and if the United States undertakes this task it may as well conclude to face the music by complete discrimination at once; for it would inevitably be necessary. Besides, discrimination in the indirect trade is forbidden, in effect, by all the treaties of commerce, and specifically by the great majority.

The remaining objection to discriminating duties is the disturbance to existing treaties. This objection has risen to a clamor, yet it has never been thoroughly discussed, or given the serious study it deserves. It has no weight or force unless this disturbance will cause a loss of business more valuable to us than that which we seek to gain by the necessary changes in these conventions.

It is certain, however, that we are under no obligation or promise, by treaty or otherwise, to any nation, which prevents us from adopting the method herein suggested for the regulation of our own commerce, provided we treat all nations alike. We have the authority of the Constitution for the regulation of commerce, and it was for that purpose in large measure that the Constitution was made and adopted.

It should be understood that if the United States should resort again to discriminating duties to reëstablish our shipping in the foreign trade, it would be not only a radical change in policy, but a reversion to a method of protection of national shipping which has passed out of open use by foreign nations.

From 1789 to 1816 American shipping was wholly protected by an advantage of 10 per cent in duties on imports, and by a tonnage tax of 6 cents against 50 cents for foreign vessels.

After the Treaty of Ghent (1814), following the War of 1812, Congress passed the first reciprocity act of commerce and navigation (March 3, 1815), authorizing the President to abolish all discriminating duties and imposts in the direct trade with nations giving similar privileges. This method was followed in a treaty with England, ratified on December 22, 1815, applying to the direct trade with Great Britain and India, West Indian and all other British colonial ports remaining closed to American vessels. Similar treaties followed and became effective in 1819 with Sweden and Norway; in 1822 with France.

In 1828 Congress removed discriminating duties and imposts in the indirect trade as to vessels whose nations extended similar privileges.

Great Britain still refused to open its West Indian ports to United States vessels. That was finally effected in 1830 by the passage of the last or colonial reciprocity act. England did not open other colonial ports to United States vessels until 1849, and soon after our discriminating duties and imposts were finally abolished.

In the report of the United States Commissioner of Navigation for 1904 there are published the treaties and conventions with thirty-two countries, considering the various German treaties as one, which have been made to carry out the acts of 1815, 1828, and 1830 for free-trade in transportation of our oversea commerce. The treaties are similar in terms and import, and are generally confined to this subject; they all include the indirect trade except those with England and France, with whom our later reciprocity acts became effective by proclamation, and not by treaty. The acts of Congress authorize, and each treaty provides, that it may be terminated by one year's notice.

These acts of maritime reciprocity seem to have been urged upon Congress by merchants in the foreign trade, but were passed under the apparently firm conviction that protection was no longer necessary for American shipping. The impression is derived from the debates that Congress was well aware of the importance and value of the carrying trade, but considered that American shipping could be carried on to advantage in competition with the world, and that the really important matter was to secure access to all ports on terms of equality. Senator Woodbury of New Hampshire, in reporting the bill of 1828, said, —

'We are known to possess a skill and economy in building vessels, a cheapness in fitting them out, an activity in sailing them, which, *without discrimination*, would give us an advantage in coping with any commercial power in existence. Such are the accurate calculations of our merchants, the youth and agility of our seamen, and the intelligence of our ship-masters, that American vessels can, on an average, make three trips to Europe while a foreign vessel is making two. It must be manifest to all [that] circumstances like these, rather than any discriminating duty, must always give and maintain to us a superiority and *protection* which leave nothing to be feared from the fullest competition.'

The results of apparent free-trade in transportation are writ large and plain. Immediately after each reciprocity treaty with a carrying nation its entries in our ports largely increased, and continued to increase as commerce developed more rapidly than our own tonnage. The maximum proportion by value of our oversea commerce carried in American vessels was reached about 1830, when it amounted to about 90 per cent. Since then it has steadily decreased until it has reached almost the vanishing point, about 8 per cent. The tonnage registered for the foreign trade reached a maximum in 1861; and in 1909, when our commerce had increased fourfold, was about one third of the tonnage of 1861.

Let us suppose that the methods herein suggested would, in ten years, at a cost which could not exceed ten millions a year, win us 50 per cent of our carrying trade, and that we should then have a balance of a hundred millions a year in our favor. That is surely a consideration of value to us as a nation, and one which we can afford to endeavor openly to secure.

We make our tariff to protect our industries, and we know the results; yet for eighty years we have neglected this enormous item in our trade-balance which other more clever nations have secured, and mainly because it is one that does not appear on the books of the Treasury. Other nations, we know, have assisted their shipping by various means, by subsidies, by mail pay, by favorable tax laws and port charges, by bounties, and other valuable privileges. We seem unable to face the direct aid of subsidy, so why not announce to the world that we propose to take a fair proportion of the carrying trade by the means provided us by the Constitution; and why not announce it as clearly and unmistakably as we proclaim in every tariff bill that we propose to retain the home market of the United States for our own manufactures? It is not to be expected that the foreigner will like the one announcement better than the other; but he has no stronger weapons with which to meet it, and we have no reason to fear in either case.

The foreigner is himself a protectionist in his own national policy, wherever protection is needed. All continental Europe bristles with hostile tariffs against our foodstuffs and manufactures, and even in Great Britain, the one professedly free-trade country, that free-trade policy ceases at the water's edge. An expenditure of three hundred million dollars in mail and Admiralty subsidies in the last sixty years must estop the British government from protesting against the adoption of another policy of maritime protectionism by America. A discriminating-duty plan applied to shipping will not hurt foreign nations one tenth so much as our present policy of tariff discrimination on behalf of American manufacturers. Retaliation will be no more possible or effective in the one case than in the other.

# THE TIDE-MARSH

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

'WHAT are you going to wear tonight in case you *can* go, Mary Bell?' said Ellen Brewster in her lowest tones.

'Come upstairs and I'll show you,' said Mary Bell Barber, glancing, as they tiptoed out of the room, toward the kitchen's sunny big west window, where the invalid mother lay in uneasy slumber.

'My new white looks grand,' said Ellen on the stairs. 'I made it empire.'

Mary Bell said nothing. She opened the door of her spacious bare bedroom, where tree shadows lay like a pattern on the faded carpet, and the sinking sun found worn places in the clean white curtains. On the bed lay a little ruffled pink gown, a petticoat foamy with lace, white stockings, and white slippers. Mary Bell caught up the gown and held the shoulders against her own, regarding the older girl meanwhile with innocent, exultant eyes. Ellen was impressed.

'Well, for pity's sake — if you have n't done wonders with that dress!' she ejaculated admiringly. 'What on earth did you do to it?'

'Well — first I thought it was too far gone,' confessed Mary Bell, laying it down tenderly, 'and I wished I had n't been in such a hurry to get my new hat. But I ripped it all up and washed it, and I took these little roses off my year-before-last hat, and got a new pattern, — and I tell you I *worked!* Wait until you see it on! I just finished pressing it this afternoon.'

'Oh, say — I hope you can go now, after all this!' said Ellen earnestly.

The other girl's face clouded.

'I'll never get over it if I don't!' she said. 'It seems to me I never wanted to go anywhere so much in all my life! But some one 's got to stay with mama.'

'I'd go crazy, — not *knowing!*' said Ellen. 'Who are you going to ask?'

'There it is!' said Mary Bell. 'Until yesterday I thought of course Gran'ma Scott would come. Then Mary died, and she went up to Dayne. So I went over and asked Bernie; her baby is n't but three weeks old, you know, and I thought she might bring it over here. Mama would love to have it! But late last night Tom came over, and he said Bernie was so crazy to go, they were going to take the baby along!'

'You poor thing!' said the sympathetic listener.

'I was nearly crazy!' said Mary Bell, crimping a pink ruffle with careful finger-tips. 'I was working on this when he came, and after he'd gone I crumpled it all up and cried all over it! Well, I guess I did n't sleep much, and finally, I got up early, and wrote a letter to Aunt Matty, in Sacramento, and I ran over to Dinwoodie's with it this morning, and asked Lew if he was going up there to-day. He said he was, and he took the note for Aunt Mat. I told her about the dance, and that every one was going, and asked her to come back with Lew. He said he'd see her first thing!'

'Oh, she will!' said Ellen confidently. 'But, say, Mary Bell, why don't you walk over to the hotel with me now and ask Johnnie if she'll stay if your

aunt does n't come? I don't believe she and Walt are going.'

'They might n't want to leave the hotel on account of drummers on the night train,' said Mary Bell dubiously. 'And that's the very time mama gets most scared. She's always afraid there are boes on the train!'

'Boes!' said Ellen scornfully, 'what could a bo do!'

'Well, I *will* go over and talk to Johnnie,' said Mary Bell, with sudden hope. 'I'm going to get all ready except my dress, in case Aunt Mat comes,' she confided eagerly, when she had kissed the drowsy mother, and they were on their way.

'Say, did you know that Jim Carr is going to-night with Carrie Parmalee?' said Ellen significantly, as the girls crossed the clean, bare dooryard, under the blossoming locust trees.

Mary Bell's heart grew cold, — sank. She had hoped, if she *did* go, that some chance might make her escort no other than Jim Carr.

'It'll make me sick if she gets him,' said Ellen frankly. Although engaged herself, she felt an unabated interest in the love-affairs about her.

'Is he going to drive her over?' asked Mary Bell, clearing her throat.

'No, thank the Lord for that!' said Ellen piously. 'No. It's all Mrs. Parmalee's doing, anyway! His horse is lame, and I guess she thought it was a good chance! He'll drive over there with Gus and mama and papa and Sadie and Mar'gret; and I guess he'll get enough of 'em, too!'

Mary Bell breathed again. He had n't asked Carrie, anyway. And if she, Mary Bell, really went to the dance, and the pink frock looked well, and Jim Carr saw all the other boys crowding about her for dances —

The rosy dream brought them to the steps of the American Palace Hotel, for Deaneville was only a village, and a brisk walker might have circled it in twenty minutes. The hideous brown hotel, with its long porches, was the largest building in the place, except for hay-barns, and fruit-storehouses. Three or four saloons, a 'social hall,' the 'general store,' and the smithy, formed the main street, and diverging from it scattered the wide shady lanes that led to old homesteads and orchards.

'Johnnie,' Walt Larabee's little black-eyed manager and wife, and the most beloved of Deaneville matrons, was in the bare, odorous hallway. She was clad in faded blue denim overalls, and a floating transparent kimono of some cheap stuff. Her coal-black hair was rigidly puffed and pinned, and ornamented with two coquettish red roses, and her thin cheeks were rouged.

'Well, say — don't you girls think you're the whole thing!' said the lady blithely. 'Not for a minute! Walt and me are going to this dance, too!'

She waved toward them one of the slippers she was cleaning.

'Walt said somethin' about it yes'-day,' continued Mrs. Larabee, with relish, 'but I said no; no twelve-mile drive for me, with a young baby! But some folks we know came down on the morning train — you girls have heard me speak of Ed and Lizzie Purdy?'

'Oh, yes!' said Mary Bell, sick with one more disappointment.

'Well,' pursued Johnnie, 'they had dinner here, and come t' talk it over, Lizzie was wild to go, and Ed got Walt all worked up, and nothing would do but we must get out our old carryall, and take their Thelma and my Maxine along! Well, *laugh* — we were like a lot of kids! I'm crazy to dance just once in Pitcher's barn. We're going up early, and have our supper up there.'

'We're going to do that, too,' said Ellen, with pleasant anticipation. 'Ma and I always help set tables, and so on! It's lots of fun!'

Mary Bell's face grew sober as she listened. It *would* be fun to be one of the gay party in the big barn, in the twilight, and to have her share of the unpacking and arranging, and the excitement of arriving wagons and groups. The great supper of cold chicken and boiled eggs and fruit and pickles, the fifty varieties of cake, would be spread downstairs; and upstairs the musicians would be tuning their instruments as early as seven o'clock, and the eager boys and girls trying their steps, and changing cards. And then there would be feasting and laughing and talking, and, above all, dancing until dawn!

'Beg pardon, Johnnie?' she stammered.

'Well, looks like some one round here is in love, or something!' said Johnnie freshly. 'I never had it that bad, did you, Ellen? Ellen's been telling me how you're fixed, Mary Bell,' she went on with deep concern, 'and I was suggestin' that you run over to the general store, and ask Mis' Rowe — or I should say, Mis' Bates,' she corrected herself with a grin, and the girls laughed — 'if she won't sleep at your house to-night. Chess'll tend store. It'll be something fierce if you don't go, Mary Bell, so you run along and ask the bride!' laughed Johnnie.

'I believe I would,' approved Ellen; and the girls accordingly crossed the grassy uneven street to the store.

An immense gray-haired woman was in the doorway.

'Well, is it ribbon or stockings, or what?' said she, smiling. 'The place has gone crazy! There ain't going to be a soul here but me to-night.'

Mary Bell was silent. Ellen spoke.

'Chess ain't going, is he?' she asked.

The old woman shook with laughter.

'Chess ain't nothing but a regular kid,' she said. 'He was dying to go, but he knew I could n't, and he never said a word. Finally, my boy Tom and his wife, and Len and Josie and the children, they all drove by on their way to Pitcher's; and Len — he's a good deal older'n Chess, you know — he says to me, "You'd oughter leave Chess come along with the rest of us, ma; jest because he's married ain't no reason he's forgot how to dance!" Well, I burst right out laughing, and I says, "Why did n't he say he wanted to go?" and Chess run upstairs for his other suit, and off they all went!'

There was nothing for it, then, but to wait for Lew Dinwoodie and the news from Aunt Mat.

Mary Bell walked slowly back through the fragrant lanes, passed now and then by a surrey loaded with joyous passengers already bound for Pitcher's barn. She was at her own gate, when a voice calling her whisked her about as if by magic.

'Hello, Mary Bell!' said Jim Carr, joining her. But she looked so pretty in her blue cotton dress, with the yellow level of a field of mustard-tops behind her, and beyond that the windbreak of gold-tipped eucalyptus trees, that he went on almost confusedly, 'You — you look terribly pretty in that dress! Is that what you're going to wear?'

'This!' laughed Mary Bell. And she raised her dancing eyes, to grow a little confused in her turn. Nature, obedient to whose law blossoms were whitening the fruit trees, wheat pricking through the damp earth, robins mating in the orchards, had laid the first thread of her great bond upon these two. They smiled silently at each other.

'I'm not even sure I'm going!' said Mary Bell ruefully.

The sudden look of concern in his face went straight to her heart. Jim Carr really cared, then, that she could n't go! Big, clever, kindly Jim Carr, who was superintendent at the powerhouse, and a comparative newcomer

in Deaneville, was an important personage.

'Not going!' said Jim blankly. 'Oh, say — why not!'

Mary Bell explained. But Jim was encouraging.

'Why, of course your aunt will come!' he assured her sturdily. 'She'll know what it means to you. You'll go up with the Dickeys, won't you? I'm going up early, with the Parmalees, but I'll look out for you! I've got to hunt up my kid brother now; he's got to sleep at Montgomery's to-night. I don't want him alone at the hotel, if Johnnie is n't there. If you happen to see him, will you tell him?'

'All right,' said Mary Bell. And her spirits were sufficiently braced by his encouragement to enable her to call cheerfully after him, 'See you later, Jim!'

'See you later!' he shouted back, and Mary Bell went back to the kitchen with a lightened heart. Aunt Mat would n't — *could n't* — fail her!

She carried a carefully prepared tray in to her mother at five o'clock, and sat beside her while the invalid slowly finished her milk-toast and tea, and the cookies and jelly Mary Bell was famous for. The girl chatted cheerfully.

'You don't feel very badly about the dance, do you, deary?' said Mrs. Barber, as the gentle young hands settled her comfortably for the night.

'Not a speck!' answered Mary Bell bravely, as she kissed her.

'Bernie and Johnnie going — married women!' said the old lady sleepily. 'I never heard such nonsense! Don't you go out of call, will you, dear?'

Mary Bell was eating her own supper, ten minutes later, when the train whistled, and she ran, breathless, to the road, to meet Lew Dinwoodie.

'What did Aunt Matty say, Lew?' called Mary Bell, peering behind him into the closed surrey, for a glimpse of the old lady.

The man stared at her with a falling jaw.

'Well, I guess I owe you one for this, Mary Bell!' he stammered. 'I'll eat my shirt if I thought of your note again!'

It was too much. Mary Bell began to dislodge little particles of dried mud carefully from the wheel, her eyes swimming, her breast rising.

'Right in her part of town, too!' pursued the contrite messenger; 'but, as I say —'

Mary Bell did not hear him. After a while he was gone, and she was sitting on the steps, hopeless, dispirited, tired. She sombrely watched the departing surreys and phaetons. 'I could have gone with them — or with them!' she would think, when there was an empty seat.

The Parmalees went by; two carriage-loads. Jim Carr was in the phaeton with Carrie at his side. All the others were in the surrey.

'I'm keeping 'em where I can have an eye on 'em!' Mrs. Parmalee called out, pointing to the phaeton.

Everybody waved, and Mary Bell waved back. But when they were gone, she dropped her head on her arms.

Dusk came; the village was very still. A train thundered by, and Potter's windmill creaked and splashed, — creaked and splashed. A cow-bell clanked in the lane, and Mary Bell looked up to see the Dickeys' cow dawdle by, her nose sniffing idly at the clover, her downy great bag leaving a trail of foam on the fresh grass. From up the road came the faint approaching rattle of wheels.

Wheels?

The girl looked toward the sound curiously. Who drove so recklessly? She noticed a bank of low clouds in the east, and felt a puff of cool air on her cheek.

'It feels like rain!' she said, watching the wagon as it came near. 'That's

Henderson's mare, and that's their wooden-legged hired man! Why, what is it?'

The last words were cried aloud, for the galloping old horse and driver were at the gate now, and eyes less sharp than Mary Bell's would have detected something wrong.

'What *is* it?' she cried again, at the gate. The man pulled up sharply.

'Say, ain't there a man here, nowhere!' he demanded abruptly. 'I've been banging at every house along the way; ain't there a soul in the place?'

'Dance!' explained Mary Bell. 'The Ladies' Improvement Society in Pitcher's new barn. Why! what is it? Mrs. Henderson sick?'

'No, ma'am!' said the old fellow, 'but things is pretty serious down there!' He jerked his hand over his shoulder. 'There's some little fellers, — four or five of 'em! — seems they took a boat to-day, to go ducking, and they're lost in the tide-marsh! My God — an' I never thought of the dance!' He gave a despairing glance at the quiet street. 'I come here to get twenty men — or thirty — for the search!' he said heavily. 'I don't know what to do, now!'

Mary Bell had turned very white.

'There is n't a soul here, Stumpy!' she said, terrified eyes on his face. 'There is n't a man in town! What *can* we do! — Say!' she cried suddenly, springing to the seat, 'drive me over to Mrs. Rowe's; she's married to Chess Bates, you know, at the store. Go on, Stumpy! What boys are they?'

'I know the Turner boys and the Dickey boy is three of 'em,' said the old man, 'and Henderson's own boy, Davy — poor leetle feller! — and Buddy Hopper, and the Adams boy. They had a couple of guns, and they was all in this boat of Hopper's, poking round the marsh, and it began to look like rain, and got dark. Well, she was shipping a little water, and Hopper and Adams wanted to tie her to the edge and walk up over the marsh, but the other fellers wanted to go on round the point. So Adams and Hopper left 'em, and come over the marsh, and walked to the point, but she was n't there. Well, they waited and hallooed, but bimeby they got scared, and come flying up to Henderson's, and Henderson and me — there ain't another man there to-night! — we run down to the marsh, and yelled, but us two could n't do nothing! Tide's due at eleven, and it's going to rain, so I left him, and come in for some men. Henderson's just about crazy! They lost a boy in that tide-marsh a while back.'

'It's too awful, — it's just murder to let 'em go there!' said Mary Bell, heart-sick. For no dragon of old ever claimed his prey more regularly than did the terrible pools and quicksands of the great marsh.

Mrs. Bates was practical. Her old face blanched, but she began to plan instantly.

'Don't cry, Mary Bell!' said she; 'this thing is in God's hands. He can save the poor little fellers jest as easy with a one-legged man as he could with a hundred hands. You drive over to the depot, Stumpy, and tell the operator to plug away at Barville until he gets some one to take a message to Pitcher's barn. It'll be a good three hours before they even git this far,' she continued doubtfully, as the old man eagerly rattled away, 'and then they've got to get down to Henderson's; but it may be an all-night search! Now, lemme see who else we can git. Deefy, over to the saloon, would n't be no good. But there's Adams's Chinee boy, he's a good strong feller; you stop for him, and git Gran'pa Barry, too; he's home to-night!'

'Look here, Mrs. Bates,' said Mary Bell, 'shall I go?'

The old woman speculatively measured the girl's superb figure, her glowing strength, her eager resolute face. Mary Bell was like a spirited horse, wild to be given her head.

'You're worth three men,' said the storekeeper. 'Got light boots?'

'Yes,' said the girl, thrilled and quivering.

'You run git 'em!' said Mrs. Bates, 'and git your good lantern. I'll be gitting another lantern, and some whiskey. Poor little fellers! I hope to God they're all sneakin' home — afraid of a lickin'! — this very minute. And Mary Bell, you tell your mother I'll close up, and come and sit with her!'

It was a sorry search-party, after all, that presently rattled out of town in the old wagon. On the back seat sat the impassive and good-natured Chinese boy, and a Swedish cook discovered at the last moment in the railroad camp and pressed into service. On the front seat Mary Bell was wedged in between the driver and Grandpa Barry, a thin, sinewy old man, stupid from sleep. Mary Bell never forgot the silent drive. The evening was turning chilly, low clouds scudded across the sky, little gusts of wind, heavy with rain, blew about them. The fall of the horse's feet on the road, and the rattle of harness and wheels were the only sounds to break the brooding stillness that preceded the storm. After a while the road ran level with the marshes, and they got the rank salt breeze full in their faces; and in the last light they could see the glitter of dark water creeping under the rushes. The first flying drops of rain fell.

'And right over the ridge,' said Mary Bell to herself, 'they are dancing!'

A fire had been built at the edge of the marsh, and three figures ran out from it as they came up: two boys and a heavy middle-aged man. It was for Mary Bell to tell Henderson that it would be hours before he could look for other help than this oddly-assorted wagonful. The man's disappointment was pitiful.

'My God — my God!' he said heavily, as the situation dawned on him, 'an' I counted on fifty! Well, 't ain't your fault, Mary Bell!'

They all climbed out, and faced the trackless darkening stretch of pools and hummocks, the treacherous, uncertain ground beneath a tangle of coarse grass. Even with fifty men it would have been an ugly search.

The marsh, like all the marshes thereabout, was intersected at irregular intervals by decrepit lines of fence-railing, running down from solid ground to the water's edge, half a mile away. These divisions were necessary for various reasons. In duck season the hunters who came up from San Francisco used them both as guides and as property lines, each club shooting over only a given number of sections. Between seasons the farmers kept them in repair, as a control for the cattle that strayed into the marsh in dry weather. The distance between these shaky barriers was some two or three hundred feet. At their far extremity, the posts were submerged in the restless black water of the bay.

Mary Bell caught Henderson's arm as he stood baffled and silent.

'Mr. Henderson!' she said eagerly, 'don't you give in! While we're waiting for the others we can try for the boys along the fences! There's no danger, that way! We can go way down into the marsh, holding on, — and keep calling!'

'That's what I say!' shrilled old Barry, fired by her tone.

The Chinese boy had already taken hold of a rail, and was warily following it across the uneven ground.

'They've *been* there three hours,

now!' groaned Henderson; but even as he spoke he beckoned to the two little boys. Mary Bell recognized the two survivors.

'You keep those flames so high, rain or no rain,' Henderson charged them, 'that we can see 'em from anywheres!'

A moment later the searchers plunged into the marsh, facing bravely away from lights and voices and solid earth.

Stumbling and slipping, Mary Bell followed the fence. The rain slapped her face, and her rubber boots dragged in the shallow water. But she thought only of five little boys losing hope and courage somewhere in this confusing waste, and her constant shouting was full of reassurance.

'Nobody would be scared with this fence to hang on to!' she assured herself, 'no matter how fast the tide came in!' She rested a moment on the rail, glancing back at the distant fire, now only a dull glow, low against the sky.

Frequently the rail was broken, and dipped treacherously for a few feet; once it was lacking entirely, and for an awful ten feet she must bridge the darkness without its help. She stood still, turning her guttering lantern on waving grasses and sinister pools. 'They are all dancing now!' she said aloud, wonderingly, when she had reached the opposite rail, with a fast-beating heart. After an endless period of plunging and shouting, she was at the water's very edge.

There was light enough to see the ruffled, cruel surface of the river, where its sluggish forces swept into the bay. Idly bumping the grasses was something that brought Mary Bell's heart into her throat. Then she cried out in relief, for it was not the thing she feared, but the little deserted boat, right side up.

'That means they left her!' said Mary Bell, trembling with nervous terror. She shouted again in the darkness, before turning for the homeward trip. It seemed very long. Once she thought she must be going aimlessly back and forth on the same bit of rail, but a moment more brought her to the missing rail again, and she knew she had been right. Blown by the wind, struck by the now flying rain, deafened by the gurgling water and the rising storm, she fought her way back to the fire again. The others were all there, and with them three cramped and chilled little boys, crying with fright and relief, and clinging to the nearest adult shoulder. The Chinese boy and Grandpa Barry had found them, standing on a hummock that was still clear of the rising tide, and shouting with all their weary strength.

'Oh, thank God!' said Mary Bell, her heart rising with sudden hope.

'We'll get the others, now, please God!' said Henderson quietly. 'We were working too far over. You said they were all right when you left them, Lesty?' he said to one of the shivering little lads.

'Ye-es, sir!' chattered Lesty eagerly, shaking with nervousness. 'They was both all right! Davy wanted to git Billy over to the fence, so if the tide come up!' — Terror swept him again. 'Oh, Mr. Henderson, git 'em — git 'em! Don't leave 'em drowned out there!' he sobbed frantically, clutching the big man with bony, wet little hands.

'I'm going to try, Lesty!'

Henderson turned back to the marsh, and Mary Bell went too.

'Billy who?' said Mary Bell; but her heart told her, before Henderson said it, that the answer would be, 'Jim Carr's kid brother!'

'Are you good for this?' said Henderson, when the four fittest had reached that part of the marsh where the boys had been found.

She met his look courageously, his lantern showing her wet, brave young face, crossed by dripping strands of hair.

'Sure!' she said.

'Well, God bless you!' he said, 'God — bless — you! You take this fence, I'll go over to that 'n.'

The rushing noisy darkness again. The horrible wind, the slipping, the plunging, again. Again the slow, slow progress; driven and whipped now by the thought that at this very instant — or this one — the boys might be giving out, relaxing hold, abandoning hope, and slipping numb and unconscious into the rising, chuckling water.

Mary Bell did not think of the dance now. But she thought of rest; of rest in the warm safety of her own home. She thought of the sunny dooryard, the delicious security of the big kitchen; of her mother, so placid and so infinitely dear, on her couch; of the serene comings and goings of neighbors and friends. How wonderful it all seemed! Lights, laughter, peace, — just to be back among them again, and to rest!

And she was going away from it all, into the blackness. Her lantern glimmered, — went out. Mary Bell's cramped fingers let it fall. Her heart pounded with fear of the inky dark.

She clung to the fence with both arms, panting, resting. And while she hung there, through rain and wind, across darkness and space, she heard a voice, a gallant, sturdy little voice, desperately calling, —

'Jim! Ji-i-m!'

Like an electric current, strength surged through Mary Bell.

'O God! You've saved 'em, you've got 'em safe!' she sobbed, plunging frantically forward. And she shouted, 'All right — all right, darling! Hang on, boys! Just *hang on!* Hal-lo, there! Billy! Davy! Here I am!'

Down in pools, up again, laughing, crying, shouting, Mary Bell reached them at last, felt the heavenly grasp of hard little hands reaching for hers in the dark, brushed her face against Billy Carr's wet little cheek, and flung her arm about Davy Henderson's square shoulders. They had been shouting and calling for two long hours, not ten feet from the fence.

Incoherent, laughing and crying, they clung together. Davy was alert and brave, but the smaller boy was heavy with sleep.

'Gee, it's good you came!' said Davy simply, over and over.

'You've got your boots on!' she shouted, close to his ear; 'they're too heavy! We've got a long pull back, Davy, — I think we ought to go stocking feet!'

'Shall we take off our coats, too?' he said sensibly.

They did so, little Billy stumbling as Mary Bell loosened his hands from the fence. They braced the little fellow as well as they could, and by shouted encouragement roused him to something like wakefulness.

'Is Jim coming?' he shouted.

Mary Bell assented wildly. 'Start, Davy!' she urged. 'We'll keep him between us. Right along the fence! What is it?' For he had stopped.

'The other fellers?' he said pitifully.

She told him that they were safe, safe at the fire, and she could hear him break down and begin to cry with the first real hope that the worst was over.

'We're going to get out of this, ain't we?' he said over and over. And over and over Mary Bell encouraged him.

'Just one more good spurt, Davy! We'll see the fire any minute now!'

In wind and darkness and roaring water, they struggled along. The tide was coming in fast. It was up to Mary Bell's knees; she was almost carrying Billy.

'What is it, Davy?' she shouted, as he stopped again.

'Miss Mary Bell, are n't we going toward the river!' he shouted back.

The sickness of utter despair weakened the girl's knees. But for a mo-

ment only. Then she drew the elder boy back, and made him pass her. Neither one spoke.

'Remember, they may come to meet us!' she would say, when Davy rested spent and breathless on the rail. The water was pushing about her waist, and was about his armpits now; to step carelessly into a pool would be fatal. Billy she was managing to keep above water by letting him step along the middle rail, when there was a middle rail. They made long rests, clinging close together.

'They ain't ever coming!' sobbed Davy hopelessly. 'I can't go no farther!'

Mary Bell managed, by leaning forward, to give him a wet slap, full in the face. The blow roused the little fellow, and he bravely stumbled ahead again.

'That's a darling, Davy!' she shouted. A second later something floating struck her elbow; a boy's rubber boot. It was perhaps the most dreadful moment of the long fight, when she realized that they were only where they had started from.

Later she heard herself urging Davy to take just ten steps more, — just another ten. 'Just think, five minutes more and we're safe, Davy!' some one said. Later, she heard her own voice saying, 'Well, if you can't, then hang on the fence! *Don't* let go the fence!' Then there was silence. Long after, Mary Bell began to cry, and said softly, 'God, God, you know I could do this if I were n't carrying Billy.' After that it was all a troubled dream.

She dreamed that Davy suddenly said, 'I can see the fire!' and that, as she did not stir, he cried it again, this time not so near. She dreamed that the sound of splashing boots and shouting came down across the dark water, and that lights smote her eyelids with sharp pain. An overwhelming dread of effort swept over her. She did not want to move her aching body, to raise her heavy head. Somebody's arm braced her shoulders; she toppled against it.

She dreamed that Jim Carr's voice said, 'Take the kid, Sing! He 's all right!' and that Jim Carr lifted her up, and shouted out, 'She's almost gone!'

Then some one was carrying her across rough ground, across smooth ground, to where there was a fire, and blankets, and voices — voices — voices.

'It makes me choke!' That was Mary Bell Barber, whispering to Jim Carr. But she could not open her eyes.

'But drink it, dearest! Swallow it!' he pleaded.

'You were too late, Jim, we could n't hold on!' she whispered pitifully. And then, as the warmth and the stimulant had their effect, she did open her eyes; and the fire, the ring of faces, the black sky, and the moon breaking through, all slipped into place.

'Did you come for us, Jim?' she murmured, too tired to wonder why the big fellow should cry as he put his face against hers.

'I came for you, dear! I came back to sit with you on the steps. I did n't want to dance without my girl, and that's why I'm here. My brave little girl!'

Mary Bell leaned against his shoulder contentedly.

'That's right; you rest!' said Jim. 'We're all going home now, and we'll have you tucked away in bed in no time. Mrs. Bates is all ready for you!'

'Jim,' whispered Mary Bell.

'Darling?' — he put his mouth close to the white lips.

'Jim, will you remind Aunty Bates to hang up my party dress real carefully? In all the fuss some one's sure to muss it!' said Mary Bell.

# FIRE IN THE MINE[1]

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

It was about six o'clock in the evening, and the greater part of the day shift had left the mine. Out in some of the far headings of the workings a few men remained, finishing up their day's work, and down in the motor-pits a dozen men were overhauling one of the big electric locomotives. That day the skips had hoisted from the mine an almost record tonnage. The great underground city, its railroad system, its entire plant, were in perfect order; and, as is often the case, the thought of disaster doubtless never occurred to the men who still remained in its black tunnels.

Old Man Davis, the scale-master, folded up his report for the day and was walking down the track toward bottom, when he met a trackman who came running out from a cross-cut between the main entries. 'Mr. Davis!' he yelled, 'come over this way. I think I smell fire in C entry.' Half a dozen of us who were sitting on some sacks of plaster, waiting for the hoist to be lowered, jumped up and followed them through the cross-cut and into the parallel entry. It was a 'return' for the air-current, and the wind which came pressing against us had passed through the whole east section of the mine before reaching us, and would carry on its current the smoke of any fire that there might be in that part of the mine. We stood on the track for a minute and sniffed the dead, warm air. No one said anything. Then we walked down the track to where First and Second West South turned sharply and at right angles to C entry. Again we stopped, and here, of a sudden, strong on the air came the soft, pungent smell of burning wood. A half-hour before the last of the miners had probably come out through this entry, and in those scant thirty minutes whatever fire existed there must have been ignited.

About a quarter of a mile down these two entries, which ran on either side of a third entry, or 'air-course,' was an 'air-split.' Here the air from the third tunnel was divided by a door, to pass in diminished volume to the right and to the left. The air passing out of the air-course to the left entered the entry known as Second West South, and as we neared this spot the strong smell of the wood-smoke that was already visible in the air told us that the fire must be in the woodwork of the air-split itself. Then suddenly the smoke grew thick and enveloped us, and mingled with the smell of burning wood we caught for the first time the oily smell of burning coal. The fire was in the air-split and, fanned by the strong air-current from the air-course behind it, the entire framework and the door itself were in a blaze, and around the walls on either side and beside the track, the coal was already glowing, a red ring of flame.

Defective wiring might have caused the fire, but this was not likely; its lo-

[1] In the November number, Mr. Husband gave an account of his employment in a bituminous coal-mine of the Middle West, with details of the mine, its workers, and their methods. — The Editors.

cation and nature suggested another possibility, but so immediate was the danger that investigation was impossible, and its origin was never conclusively explained.

So rapidly the fire increased that it was now beyond our control with such means of fighting it as were at hand, and, without stopping, a dozen of the men turned and ran back down the entry to get a motor and the water-carts. Meanwhile, the entry became choking with the heavy smoke. Down in the main bottom, at the foot of the shafts, it now hung in the air like a thin fog, and by the time that one of the big motors came pushing a couple of water-carts down the track, the men at the top of the shafts had detected the smell of smoke, and the alarm of fire was sounded.

The suddenness of the fire, and the fact that practically all of the men, and especially the head men, were at that time at supper in the town, crippled the small force who were endeavoring to stem its rapid march down the entry. Coming strong on the air-current, but a quarter of a mile separated it from the mine-bottom, the vitals of the mine. If the fire reached here, all was lost. By the time the water-carts had arrived, the volume of smoke was so dense and the heat so intense that their use seemed almost absurd, and immediately an attempt was begun to connect a hose line from the nearest water-pipes. It was almost half an hour before the couplings were made, and, blinded by the now dense smoke, and half-scorched by the heat of the flames, a dozen men endeavored ineffectually to stem the advance of the fire, which now lined the walls of the entry like an open furnace.

For an hour it seemed as though they were holding their own. Down at the mouth of the entry a gang of timbermen were already building a stopping across the mouth of the entry, in case the men with the hose-line found it impossible to check the advance of the fire. Suddenly, Tom Cox, who was holding the nozzle of the first hose, sank to his knees, and in the second that followed, four men beside him caught their hands to their necks and fell beside him along the track. The water and the fire had generated in the two hundred yards of now burning entry a wall of the invisible 'white-damp,' and this, driven like the smoke by the air, suddenly overcame the men who were fighting at the edge of the flames. The question of life and death now entered, for the fire — unchecked — was rapidly marching down the tunnel toward the bodies of the unconscious men. From the mouth of the entry the timbermen, bending low to catch the clean air below the smoke, fought up into the heat and dragged out the bodies of their unconscious companions, and then, with frenzied haste, continued their work on the half-completed stopping.

It was known that in some parts of the mine men were still at work who were unconscious of the fire, and it was necessary to warn them, that they might make their escape. Besides these there was another band of a half-dozen men who had endeavored to reach the fire from the other side, and who, ignorant of the sudden danger, must also be warned. With three men, Charley Swenson determined to visit the working parts of the mine which lay to the left of the burning entry and extended far behind it. Here there were men working. Within half an hour the alarm had been given and the warning party started back. Half a mile from the main bottom, the party stopped for an instant as the sound of an explosion reached their ears, and they realized that the gas generated by the burning coal was beginning to explode somewhere in the mine. To them it was no longer a question of saving the mine, but of preserving their own lives. Be-

side the track stood one of the electric locomotives. Swenson noticed it and stopped behind his companions, thinking that by using the locomotive they could get more quickly to bottom. He jumped into the low driver's seat before he noticed that the trolley-pole was turned the wrong way. Stumbling out again, he pulled the pole from the wire and turned it and then crawled back into the driver's seat. As his hand reached for the grip of the controller, a sudden dizziness seized him and he fell forward unconscious on the frame of the machine. The white-damp was penetrating all parts of the mine. A minute later, like a hurried funeral procession, another group of men came stumbling down the entry, dragging two of their comrades who had been overcome by the gas; and to them Swenson owed his life.

The mine-bottom was now filled with smoke, and the deadly gas in diluted quantities hung invisible in the air. Attempts to stem the course of the fire were realized to be useless, and the business now became that of getting the men from the mine and sealing the shafts at the top. Like the officers of a sinking ship, the mine-manager and the pit-boss held their ground at the foot of the man-hoist; and after the last hoist had carried up the remainder of the men who were at bottom, they still waited, blinded in the smoke, for a party of three men who had gone an hour before into some of the more distant workings to carry the warning, and who had not appeared. As the smoke grew thicker, they realized how slender was the chance that these men would ever return, but, notwithstanding, they made one attempt to follow them and succeeded in groping their way into C entry. The fire was already in the entry mouth, and through the smoke they saw the yellow flames creeping over the 'overcast' of the air-course. As they turned back to the hoist, far-off voices came through the smoke, and two of the missing men, dragging the third, came pitching down the entry. A minute later the little party was on the hoist, and the signal from bottom to 'hoist away' was given. The last men were leaving the mine.

The brilliancy of the clear autumn night was dimming in the first faint light of the dawn when the work of sealing the shafts began. Up into the cloudless sky, through the tangled steel-work of the tipple, a tall tower of black smoke three hundred feet high poured up into the still air and faded into the dawn. In two hours the black pits were covered, first, with a layer of rails, and then on this was laid a solid bed of concrete; and two hours later, only a few thin wisps of smoke that poured up through cracks along the edges of the great seal, like steam beneath the lid of a tea-kettle, told of the inferno that was seething in the mine, four hundred feet below.

With the air cut off and the shaft sealed, the fire could live only so long as sufficient oxygen remained to feed the flames, and a consultation of blackened men with drawn, tired faces who gathered in the warehouse office determined that the bottom of the mine had been saved, and that the advance of the flames was already checked and had reached its farthest limit by the cutting off of the supply of air. However, the possibilities were so numerous that all seemed but conjecture. It was impossible to tell how long the fire could live on the air which filled the eighty-six miles of tunnels; and so hurried had been the final exit from the workings, on account of the men who had been overcome, that the exact limits of the fire were unknown.

After the labor and excitement of the long night, the sudden stopping of activity came like the breaking of

a tightly stretched wire. There was nothing to do but wait.

The day after the shafts were sealed, as the realization came that it would be days, weeks, or possibly months before operations were resumed, men began leaving the town. Not the old miners — fortunately — or those who knew the company best, but the shifting population that always takes up the excuse of inactivity to move on to some new field. The men with families, the head men, and those of the better sort remained, and at some time each day every one in the half-deserted town walked down to examine the seals on the shafts and to ask questions of the superintendent and his assistants, who made hourly tests with thermometers as to the heat of the shafts. From these readings it soon became apparent that the sealing of the shafts had abruptly stopped the advance of the fire, and it was evident from the coolness at the shaft-bottoms — for the thermometers were lowered through small openings in the seals down to the bottom — that there was no fire anywhere around bottom.

Meanwhile the chief engineer located a spot directly over Third West South, where the fire had been hottest. From the charts showing the curves of the floor of the mine it was discovered that there was a natural declivity starting at the foot of the shaft and descending to the point where the fire had started, and from there the ground rose again to the level of the mine-bottom at the far end of Third West South entry, about three quarters of a mile from the shaft. The total drop at the air-split, where the fire had started, was only about fifteen feet, but as the height of the entry was ten feet, it was evident that if this basin could be filled with water, any fire that existed in that entry could be effectively extinguished without flooding the rest of the mine; a feat that would be impossible on account of the vast area of the workings. Meanwhile, the pipes for compressed air which threaded every tunnel throughout the mine had been filled with water, and as these pipes would naturally be red-hot wherever fire existed, they would burst and discharge the water where it was most needed.

At the spot located by the head engineer, a drill-hole was sunk and at four hundred and twelve feet the drill went through, proving that the surveyors' calculations had been correct. The pipe line was immediately connected, and for two weeks a steady stream of water poured into the burned section of the mine. In the mean time, almost hourly observations were taken with the thermometers at the shafts, and record was made of the barometric conditions within the mine. A mine that is sealed breathes at regular intervals, like a human being, through the natural crevices in the rock; and even through the seals at the shaft-mouth the vacuum created by the burning out of the oxygen in the mine would draw in the air, and for several hours a handkerchief laid over one of the small openings in the seal would show a steady suction. Then, following, an expansion would be noticeable, and for an equal period the strong, heavy smells of 'black-damp' and smoke would exhale from the mine.

So great was the interest taken by the men in this work of examination that there was little complaining. One morning, however, as I walked back from the power-house to the town, I met Luke Davis, an old miner of about sixty, who came limping down the street toward the mine, and from him I heard the first complaint of the kind (and many like it followed) that I had yet encountered.

'The air on top ain't fit to live in,' he said. 'One day it's cold; next day it's hot. I've had rheumatism ever

since the mine shut down. The only place a man keeps his health is underground.' And there were many others who shared his views.

Four weeks after the shafts were sealed, it was determined that some sort of personal investigation should be made of the conditions in the mine. The thermometers showed that the atmosphere at bottom was reasonably cool, and the amount of water that had been pumped into Third West South was calculated to have filled that entry completely. In addition to this, the steam generated by this water must have reached out and extinguished any fire that might have existed beyond the reach of the water itself. The temperature-readings taken at the bottom of the man-hoist were a few degrees higher than those at the bottom of the air-shaft, and as the direction of the fire followed the course of the air, which led to the foot of the man-hoist, it was believed that the safest entrance into the mine could be made by means of the air-shaft, which was located on the main of B entry, about three hundred feet from the man-hoist and coal-hoisting shaft.

The second reason for the choice lay in the fact that in opening this shaft for the descent it would not be necessary to allow any air to enter the mine, as the top of the shaft was completely inclosed by a part of the fan-house — a massive dome of brick and concrete. If the main hoisting-shaft were opened, it would be necessary to construct some sort of an air-lock above it, and this would be rendered still more difficult from the fact that this shaft comprised not only the man-hoist, but two hoisting-shafts, and was, accordingly, three times larger than the air-shaft. The principal objection to the plan lay in the fact that the facilities for reaching bottom by means of the air-shaft were very inadequate, whereas, by the other entrance, use could be made of the hoisting-cage.

One thing was apparent; and that was, that under no consideration should any air be allowed to enter the mine, as the entrance of air would not only fan up any latent fire which might exist, but the mixture of air with the almost pure gas, or 'after-damp,' which existed throughout the entire workings, would cause a most violent explosion, and the death of any who were within its reach. Tests of the mine-atmosphere which had been made by chemists showed less than one per cent of oxygen and the presence of enormous quantities of the various gases generated by the burning coal. So poisonous was the atmosphere — for under no consideration could it be called 'air' — which filled the shafts and every foot of the tunneling below the seals, that life would be extinguished in approximately ninety seconds, should any man be compelled to breathe it.

The gases which filled the mine consisted principally of carbon monoxide, or white-damp, and carbon dioxide, or black-damp, with a small additional percentage of other gases. White-damp is the gas most feared by the miners, for its properties render it difficult to detect, inasmuch as it is tasteless, odorless, and colorless, and when mixed in the proportion of about one part gas to nine parts air is called 'fire-damp,' and becomes explosive to a degree hard to realize unless one has seen its effects. Black-damp, unlike white-damp, is heavier than air: a non-explosive gas which may be detected by its peculiar odor. Again, unlike the other, its effect is to suffocate and extinguish fire. This gas is so heavy and moves with such a sluggish flow that, occasionally, when miners have been trapped in a mine following an explosion and have detected the black-damp creeping in upon them by its smell, they

have been able to stop its advance by erecting dams or barricades along the floor, building them higher as the volume of gas increased, and keeping the air within their little inclosure comparatively clear by rude, improvised fans. Following an explosion, these two gases become mingled and form a mixed gas possessing all the dreaded qualities of each, which is known as 'after-damp,' and it is this mixture of gases which destroys any life that may remain following a mine disaster.

To contend with these almost impossible conditions, it was determined to make the descent equipped with air-tight helmets, somewhat resembling in appearance those used by deep-sea divers. This ingenious device, which enables a man to exist under such conditions and to conduct investigations for a period of two hours, consists of a steel headpiece completely covering the fore part of the head and leaving the ears exposed, made air-tight by means of a pneumatic washer which passes in a circle around the top of the head and down each side of the face in front of the ears, connecting under the chin. This washer is inflated as soon as the helmet is adjusted, and pressing out closely against the steel shell of the helmet on one side, conforms closely to the contours of the head on the other, leaving the ears exposed. In the front of each helmet is a round bull's-eye of heavy mica, protected by steel rods; and below the bull's-eye, an inch below the mouth, is the main valve which is closed immediately before the man enters the poisoned atmosphere.

From the helmet, in front, hangs a pair of false lungs, or large rubber sacks, protected by a leather apron; and on the back, held by straps over the shoulders and supported by plates fitting closely to the small of the back, hangs a heavy knapsack weighing about forty pounds. This knapsack consists of two steel cylinders, each one containing pure oxygen compressed to one hundred and thirty atmospheres, sufficient to support life for one hour, the two together being sufficient for two hours. Above the oxygen-cylinders are two cartridges, or cans, containing loose crystals of hydrate of potassium sufficient to absorb two hours' exhalation of carbonic acid gas. With the helmet these cartridges and the oxygen-cylinders are connected in a continuous circuit, and as soon as the oxygen is turned on there is a flow up from the oxygen-cylinders by a tube under the right arm to the helmet, and down under the left arm to the cartridges, and through them again to the tube at the oxygen-valve.

Upon adjusting the helmet, the wearer takes several large breaths of pure air, which he exhales into the false lungs on his chest, and immediately shuts the mouth-valve. At the same instant, with his right hand behind his back, he turns on the oxygen, and this, regulated by valves to an even feed to last for exactly two hours, forces itself up the tube into the helmet, and by its pressure and reverse suction, draws down through the other tube and through the cans of potassium hydrate the exhaled breath. Air being a mixture of pure nitrogen and pure oxygen, the oxygen cylinders furnish one necessary element. The second — the nitrogen — already exists in the several breaths that the man has taken into the false lungs, for the nitrogen atoms are indestructible and, mixed with oxygen, can be used indefinitely. Passing through the potassium-hydrate cylinders, the carbonic acid gas is entirely absorbed, leaving the free nitrogen atoms to unite with the oxygen below; and so for two hours, a steady stream of air passes up through the right-hand tube, and for two hours the cans of potassium hydrate absorb the impurities exhaled,

and pass on the nitrogen atoms to unite with the fresh oxygen ever flowing up from the cylinders.

In order that the helmet-men might keep exact account of the amount of oxygen used, there was a clock fastened to the knapsack. When the helmet was adjusted and the oxygen turned on, the hand of the clock pointed to two hours, and as the pressure in the cylinders was reduced, the hand slid back to one hour, thirty minutes, fifteen, and finally zero, when it would be necessary to open the valves and breathe the outer air or suffocate. We could not see the clocks on our own knapsacks, as they were behind our backs, and so every fifteen minutes or so we would gather in the gas-filled tunnels, and with our electric torches read the minutes remaining on each other's clocks. Thirty minutes left meant a start for top, even if we were near the hoist. We could take no chances. Unconscious men are hard to move, especially when one's own air has almost gone.

It will be clearly seen that it would have been impossible to lower a man into the mine, connected with the surface by an air-hose, as in submarine diving, for the extent of his investigations would be limited to an area extending not more than a few yards from the mouth of the shaft; and the weight of four hundred feet of such an air-line would be liable to tear the hose, in which case death would be instantaneous. Compressed air also was impracticable, for a sufficient supply of compressed air to enable a man to be lowered to bottom and conduct his investigations and return would, at its highest compression, necessitate a cylinder of a size and weight that would make free movement impossible.

It was a cold, gray morning when a dozen of the men chosen to effect the first descent into the mine gathered inside the small stockade about the air-shaft. Outside the fence, unmindful of the rain and cold, a hundred silent, unexpressive faces pressed close against the palings and watched for what might come. Everything was in readiness for the descent. Inside the dome above the air-shaft the seal had been removed; and the double doors, forming a sort of vestibule, which connected this room with the outer world, made an effective air-lock through which the men might enter. A large, square box, which in the time of operation had been used to lower heavy supplies, and occasionally mules, into the mine, hung suspended by a steel cable in the air-shaft, and was lowered or raised by means of an engine in the fan-house, the cable running over a sheave-wheel in the crown of the dome.

The air-shaft consisted of two compartments: the main shaft, which was fourteen by twelve feet — a smooth, board-lined shaft, four hundred feet in depth; and an escapement or stairway-shaft beside it, built, in compliance with the law regulating coal-mines, for use in case of accident to the hoisting apparatus. The stairway-shaft was separated from the air-shaft proper by a partition of matched boards, and connected with it at the mine-bottom by a small door. From the bottom of the air-shaft two ventilating tunnels extended, one east, one west; the east air-course on a level with the mine-bottom; the west, by means of an 'overcast' or bridge across the main entry, a passage at a level of about ten feet from the bottom of the air-shaft. Thus to a man standing at the foot of the air-shaft facing the north, the east air-course, on his right, was on the same level as the floor of the air-shaft, the west air-course, on his left, was a square opening ten feet above the ground. From these conditions it would be necessary, in order to reach B entry, which ran under the west air-course, to pass from the bottom

of the air-shaft through the door at the foot of the escapement-shaft, and thence by another small door into B entry.

No one knew what conditions would be met with at bottom, but it was determined to make a trial trip, lowering three men in helmets to the bottom of the air-shaft, and hoisting them again without allowing them to leave the box; and, if their trip were successful, to send a second crew of three helmeted men, who would pass through the doors into the main entry and, returning, report what conditions they had found there. Preparatory to the descent, the box was lowered until the white mark on the cable-drum in the engine-house showed that it had reached bottom, when it was hoisted again. This showed that there was no wreckage of any sort in the shaft, which might have been the case had the fire burned loose the shaft-lining.

At half-past nine, the first crew was ready: volunteers, selected for their ability to cope with emergencies, who received large pay on account of the dangerous nature of their work; and with their helmets in place and the oxygen turned on, the outer door of the fan-house was closed behind them, and the rest of us sat down to wait. It was fully five minutes before the squeaking of the big drum in the fan-house told us that they had started. Inside, lying on the floor at the edge of the shaft, lay a man in a helmet to receive the signals which might be sent upward by the men in the box. The round blade of a circular saw had been hung by a wire from the bale of the box (the iron beam from which it was suspended like a basket), and signals were given by striking this with a hammer. Upon hearing a signal, the man at the edge of the shaft-mouth would immediately transmit it by pulling a bell-rope which rang a bell in the engine-room. One stroke meant 'stop.' Two strokes, 'haul up.' Three, 'lower away.' Four, 'safe arrival.' Five strokes on the saw-blade — which rang like a great bell — meant 'haul out at top speed; danger has been encountered.'

Three minutes after the box had started its descent came a sudden violent ring on the bell-rope, and the intense agony of uncertainty became almost unbearable. Then came three bells, and we knew that the journey had been resumed. Five minutes — for the box had been lowered very slowly — and then came the four strokes denoting their arrival; and a minute later, the two bells to hoist. Four minutes later there was a noise inside the house and, with a puff of smoke, the door burst open and the four helmeted men, the three who had made the trip and the signalman, stumbled out into the light. The doors were instantly closed, the helmets removed, and the first story of the descent into the mine was told.

So dense was the dead smoke in the shaft, and so feeble the light of the electric torches which they carried, that they had seen nothing. Their descent had been uneventful except once, when the box, swinging silently in the shaft, had for a second struck on one of the cross-ribs, and hence their signal to stop. At bottom they had noticed no excessive heat, although the sweat which poured from their bodies showed that the temperature was far from normal. But they had seen no fire — that was the main point.

An hour later the second shift was ready, of which I was a member, my companions being Delmer, the mine-engineer, and Knox, one of the pit-bosses. Before starting, all our plans were carefully arranged: Delmer was to carry the hammer, with which he would signal on the saw-blade; I was to carry his electric torch and my own; and Knox was to pay especial heed to

the swinging of the box to prevent it from catching on the side of the shaft. Upon reaching bottom, we were to leave the box and pass through the door into the bottom of the escapement, and thence out through the second door into B entry. There we were to take the temperature with a self-recording thermometer, and observe whatever we could without going more than a few yards from the door. This over, we were to return.

With a last look at the cold, gray sky, we adjusted our helmets. The clamps were tightened, the washers inflated, and we drew our long breaths of the damp air. Then the mouth-valves were snapped in place, and the hissing in the valves and a sweetish taste in my mouth told me that the oxygen had been turned on. Like children in a darkened room, we followed Delmer through the first door and turned to see it close behind us. There was a sudden blackness, and silence save for the steady hissing of the compressed oxygen and the even click of the regulating valves. The second door was opened, and without seeing it we passed through and stood, as we knew, on the brink of the open shaft. Here three electric lights gleamed dim and far away through the thick smoke that completely filled the dome above the shaft-mouth.

I had known darkness before — the darkness of the mine, darkness that meant a complete absence of light; but here was an opaque darkness, a darkness that the presence of light failed to affect. At my feet a board stretched out into the smoke and disappeared. Stooping clumsily to my knees under the weight of the helmet, and peering forward through the bull's eye in the dim rays of the electric lights, I saw that the board passed over three feet of blackness into the box which hung in the middle of the shaft. One side of the box, fastened by heavy hinges, had been lowered down like a drawbridge, and from this open side to my feet extended the frail gang-plank that we must pass over. Out before me, in the smoke and blackness, the box swung dimly, its nearest angle half-lost, like the bow of a ship in a dense fog.

One by one, we crawled on our hands and knees over the swaying board and reached the box; but so dense was the smoke and blackness that, holding my electric torch at arm's length, try as I might, I could distinguish nothing but a faint yellow smudge of light at a distance that I knew to be but the length of my arm. The last man having crossed, the watcher in his helmet on the brink pulled back the board; and groping clumsily, and hampered in the darkness, we pulled up the swinging side of the box and lashed it into place. Then, clear and vibrant, came the three strokes from Delmer's hammer on the saw-blade. Far away we heard the bell transmitting our signal in the engine-house; and then, imperceptibly, without jolt or sound, the faint smudge of tawny yellow of the three electric lights on the edge of the shaft seemed to rise above us, and standing silent in the box we sank into blackness unutterable. Instantly, sense of direction was gone. There was nothing to see. We could not even see through the bull's eyes of our helmets the walls of the shaft — almost within arm's reach. Once, I held my light pointed close against the bull's-eye of my helmet, and found a sudden relief in its yellow glare.

For a time that was eternity we seemed to swing in the blackness of space, but we knew that we were steadily descending. I was gripping the side of the box, which came about to my waist-line, with one hand, and trying with my torch in the other to peer through the smoke at the side of

the shaft, when there was a sudden jolt and an abrupt stop. The box, swinging in its descent, had caught by one corner on a cross-rib of the shaft. The sudden stroke from Delmer's hammer on the gong vibrated in my ears, and I felt the floor of the box tipping under me like the deck of a sinking ship. With one arm hooked over the side, and the other clutching at the bale, I clung frantically, I could not even see to what, in the darkness. Far above us, the signal had been heard and transmitted, and with the box at an angle of almost forty-five degrees, it stopped in its descent. There was a moment of waiting and then a lurch as Knox pushed us free from the side of the shaft, and at the same instant a sudden slap as the heavy box fell and brought up on about three feet of slack steel cable. We learned afterward that we were at a level of about two hundred feet. Then three strokes, and we knew that we were again descending; but now, with hands outstretched, we pushed ourselves away from the walls as we swung from side to side in our descent. Two minutes more and our heavy car landed lightly as a thistle at the bottom of the air-shaft.

We had expected that we should feel the slight shock as we hit bottom, notwithstanding the fact that the engineer on top would calculate our position exactly and would bring us slowly to a rest; but our arrival was puzzling, for there was no jar and, in addition, the box landed on an angle, when it should have rested squarely on the floor of the air-shaft. For a few seconds we remained in our places, silent and wondering; then, one by one, we climbed over the side. As I stepped over the edge of the box, taking care that the tubes of my apparatus did not catch on any projections, my feet almost slipped from under me, for it seemed as though I had placed them on a slippery mattress.

One by one we crawled out and over the strange, soft object that lay under the box; and then, peering closely in the faint light of our torches, we saw that we had landed on the bloated bodies of two mules which had evidently fled before the smoke and fire when the mine was abandoned and had died seeking the last breath of air at the foot of the air-shaft.

There was about a foot of water at the bottom of the shaft, for we had pumped water down the sides to prevent the heat from igniting the thin board lining; and through the water, and over the bodies of the mules, we groped our way to the small door a yard away that led in to the foot of the escapement. One by one we crawled through the door, wriggling to get our shoulders and our knapsacks through its small confines, and yet with constant care that the tubes of the apparatus and the knapsack and helmet did not touch anything; for the words of the chemist, that ninety seconds of the gas would kill, were never for an instant forgotten. The foot of the escapement was a little lower than the bottom of the air-shaft and the water correspondingly deeper. With the clear splashing in contrast to the dullness of the darkness, we groped for the second door and passed through it into B entry. As I lifted up my shoulders on the other side of the doorway, a sudden heat struck me, and I realized that the fire had been nearer the mine-bottom than we supposed.

Uncertain as to the perfect efficiency of our apparatus — for we were all new to it — we refrained from venturing far from the little doorway through which we had just passed. With our hands we examined the props on either side of the entry, and from their feeling knew that the fire had not reached them, and that

the mine-bottom was unharmed; but the intense heat which brought the sweat suddenly out upon us raised the fear that somewhere, — perhaps only a few yards away, — hidden in the smoke and darkness, lay a dormant fire which the presence of air would fan into active flames. Slowly we withdrew through the doorway, and once more climbed over the mules into the box. The sudden transition from the heat of B entry to the cooler atmosphere of the air-shaft condensed the sweat inside our helmets and smeared the inside of our bull's-eyes with a thick white mist that cut off even the little that we had previously been able to see.

I have not mentioned the conversation or words that passed between us, but I do not remember that we said much beyond the few words that were necessary. The scant sounds that echoed through the isinglass of the helmets seemed more like the far-off bellow of some animal than the voice of a man.

Once again in the car, we gave our signal, and far off — four hundred feet above us — the expectant ears of the watcher caught the note of our two bells like distant church chimes; softly we felt ourselves lifted, and the ascent was begun. Four minutes later the three electric lights at the shaft-brink glowed — now almost defiantly — through the smoke, and we lowered the side of our ship and dragged in our gang-plank. Then, one by one, we groped through the first door — all of us — and then through the second. My helmet had leaked and my head reeled in a misty sort of way from the time I left bottom; and as the bright, gray world outside streamed in through the sweat-streaked bull's-eye, it seemed more like a pleasantly swaying picture than a reality. Some one pulled open my air-valve, and in a second my helmet was off and I drew into my lungs air that had seemed never so sweet or fresh.

Already another crew was preparing for a third descent, to carry our investigations still further.

For one long week we continued our work at the air-shaft, and almost every hour a crew of helmeted men was lowered down in the swinging box to the bottom. Working in the darkness by the feeble light of their torches, knee-deep in water and climbing over the rotting bodies of the mules, they erected stoppings across the openings of the two air-courses which led from the bottom of the air-shaft. The small door connecting the air-shaft with the escapement or stairway was then opened, and a few hours later the big fan at the fan-house began slowly to turn over and force pure air down the air-shaft, which — as our stoppings proved to be tight — found no escape into the mine and returned up the stairway, making a single loop at the bottom. In half an hour both compartments of the shaft were clear, and men, with safety-lamps and helmets ready in case of danger, descended and found the smoke gone and the air clean on the bottom. That night the bodies of the nearest mules were hoisted out and everything was put in readiness for a trip on the following morning into the tunnels of the mine nearest the air-shaft. With clean air at bottom, it was now possible to put on our helmets there and go directly into the mine, avoiding the danger and discomfort of the long helmeted trip down the smoke-filled shaft.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when four of us prepared for this first investigation of conditions existing in the mine surrounding the air-shaft. Our helmets were adjusted on top, leaving the air-valve open, to be closed when we passed through the small door at the foot of the stairway into the mine. Delmer stayed in the

box, and the three of us left him and, splashing noisily in the water, crawled through the small door into the door of the escapement, and then suddenly opening the door into the mine, passed through it as quickly as we were able. We realized that fire might exist beyond, a possibility which made it necessary for us to crawl through as quickly as possible in order that the puff of air which would accompany us might not be of sufficient volume to mix with gas and form an explosive mixture which the fire would ignite. I was the last to go through the door, turning my shoulders sideways in order to pass my knapsack through the narrow aperture.

From the comparative coolness of the shaft we stepped out into B entry, and our first impression was one of heat, for the air was hot beyond our expectation. We had supposed — from the volume of smoke that had been in the air-shaft before it was blown out — that B entry, and probably most of the rest of the mine, would be in a like condition, but the conditions were almost worse than they had been in the air-shaft. The smoke was thick as a fog-bank. Groping blindly through the blackness upon which our lights seemed scarcely to make an impression, we reached the other side of the entry, a distance of about twenty feet. Then, through the sweat-streaked glass in my helmet, I saw a dull red glow, first almost imperceptible, and then brighter as we advanced: a tinge of tawny color smeared into the thick black smoke. The entry was still on fire, and a few steps more brought us so close to the flames that the heat on our unprotected hands and necks became almost unbearable. There was nothing now that could be accomplished, and after a few brief words from MacPherson, bellowed through his helmet, we turned and felt our way back to the small doorway.

It was now doubly necessary that our exit should be made as quickly as possible, for we were standing in a gas-filled entry; an open fire, denoting the presence of oxygen, was burning actively behind us, and every second that the door remained open as we passed out would allow the clean air from the air-shaft, carrying more oxygen, to pass into the entry.

Without a word, stumbling awkwardly in our haste, we climbed through the door and fastened it behind us. 'The entry is on fire,' we shouted to Delmer as we climbed over the edge of the box; and then for three or four long minutes we stood, voiceless, as the box swung upward, each man with the fear in his heart that a sudden explosive blast from the mine below would hurl us to an instant destruction.

Our exit was safely accomplished, and after a conference at the fan-house it was realized that through some crevice or opening from the air-shaft to the mine, which had escaped our notice, air had passed into the workings; and while we had labored taking out the bodies of the mules, the latent fire, revived by this new supply of oxygen, had been fanned into active flame and had crawled down the entry to the very bottom of the shaft. Under these conditions all our work had to be abandoned, and reluctantly we replaced the seal over the air-shaft. A few hours more would have been all that was necessary to bring the fire into the shaft and destroy it.

Again a number of the men who had until now been active in the work lost heart and left town. December had come, and with it, cold, gray days, with occasional flurries of snow, and ice in the early mornings. Disappointed, but not down-hearted, and spurred on by the more than double pay they were receiving for their work, the men who remained began to follow out the instructions of those in charge for con-

quering this unexpected development. At the mouth of the air-shaft a great furnace was constructed, and for four days and nights the fumes of sulphur were pumped slowly down the air-shaft: a vapor which sank of its own accord into the mine and, it was believed, would smother out the flames at the foot of the shaft. In addition, the pipes, which had been connected with the two drill-holes that we had bored down from the surface into the mine, were connected with the boilers in the power-house, and for a week steam was sent down the pipes to condense in the mine below, and assist the sulphur fumes in extinguishing the fire.

By the middle of the month, it was determined to make another attempt to descend into the mine. It was no longer advisable to use the air-shaft as an entrance, for our previous experience had told us that the fire, if it still existed, would be at the foot of that shaft; accordingly an air-tight house with double doors and a vestibule was built over the hoisting-shaft, and preparations were made to descend in the regular hoisting-cage. This was much easier, for here there was no danger of mishap, as there had been in the swinging box in the air-shaft. The steel elevator would carry us to the bottom in less than a minute, and the regular mine-signals would give us easy communication, when on bottom, with the men above.

The first trip down proved highly encouraging. There was no fire or trace of fire anywhere around the foot of the hoisting-shaft. The entry was filled with smoke, but it was not as dense as it had been in the other shaft, and with new and more brilliant portable electric lights which we had secured, we were able to work under far more favorable conditions. The first crew that descended went only to the bottom and was immediately hoisted out again; the second crew continued the exploration from the bottom of the shaft; and the third crew, of which I was a member, explored B entry toward the foot of the air-shaft as far as we were able to penetrate.

At about two thirds of the distance between the hoisting- and main-shaft, the steam which had been pumped into the mine had loosened the roof, and a great 'fall' of white stone seemed effectively to block the tunnel. On our next trip, however, we discovered that high up on the right side was a small opening through which we could crawl; and, hampered by our helmets, and fearing to press even lightly against the great blocks of stone which arched above us, lest a touch should bring down tons of rock from the loose roof, we crawled over the 'fall' and down into the entry on the other side.

Here the smoke was as thick as it had been when we first penetrated into that portion of the entry from the air-shaft, but the heat was gone, which seemed to indicate that the sulphur and steam had done their work. Tramping through the water which flooded the floor of the entry, and which was now coated, like boiled milk, with a white skin of sulphur, we reached the bottom of the air-shaft. A few feet beyond the small door, the fire which we had seen that other morning had burned through the props and, the support gone, the roof had fallen; to what extent we were unable to determine. The work before us now consisted in shutting off the various entrances into the rest of the mine which led from that part of the entry lying between the two shafts, in order that we might remove the seals from the air-shaft and draw the air slowly down the hoisting-shaft, through B entry and the small door at the bottom of the escapement in the air-shaft, and up to the top again through the air-shaft; thus creating an actual

air-zone in the mine reclaimed from the gas and smoke.

For ten long days the work continued, so slowly and so laboriously that it was sometimes hard to see the end of our labors. Hampered by the weight and bulk of the helmets, and panting when our exertions caused our lungs to demand more air than the regulating valves could supply, we erected six stoppings, of matched boards and canvas, over the mouths of the various tunnels which led off from B entry; and with our bare hands mixed plaster and smeared the cracks and edges until the stoppings were tight. Then came the last and hardest stopping of all, for one had to be built across the entry just beyond the air-shaft, for which it was necessary to carry all the material — lumber, saws, hammers, metal lath, and sacks of plaster — up the entry to the fall, and then over the hazardous pass and down into the smoke and water on the other side.

Day and night the work continued, and after a week of terrible labor the stopping was completed. I remember one of the last trips we made, when nerves and muscles, worn and exhausted, almost refused to continue their work. We had crawled through the pass down into the smoke and water on the other side. The day before, two coils of hose had been dragged over the fall and, with the greatest difficulty, connected with the water-main in the air-shaft, and the streams directed against the fall beyond the air-shaft, where fire might still exist beneath the tons of fallen rock. The muffled roar of the water filled the black smoke-packed tunnel with sound, and every few minutes the tall, four-hundred-foot column in the pipe would break, and there would be a roar and crash as though the whole roof were giving way above us.

We had left a little opening in the stopping, that we might go through and plaster the opposite side, and as I crawled back from doing this work, my helmet struck sharply and twisted sideways on my head for a second, allowing a little gas to leak in beneath the washers. A minute later, as I rose to my feet, a dizziness seized me, and calling to my two helpers, we started for the hoisting-shaft. We all realized that should a man become unconscious through a leak in his helmet, it would be impossible to get the dead weight of his body up and over the fall. With that one thought in each mind, we slowly crawled up and over the masses of rock, through which many journeys had worn a hazardous path, and down on the other side. And now flashes of light, like electric sparks, seemed to play before my eyes, sliding down across the front of my helmet. My knees began to sway, and it suddenly occurred to me that they must be bending in both directions as I walked. It was a hard trip to the shaft, and I realized how bright was the cold sunshine on top, and how clean and crisp was the open air, when they helped me off with my helmet.

On Christmas Eve we lost a man under very similar circumstances. Either by striking his head or in some other way, he had loosened his helmet and been overcome by the gas which had leaked in. His body lay on the far side of a battice, and his weight and the helmets which his companions wore so hampered them that death came before he was finally brought to the surface.

With the completion of this last stopping, the end of our terrible work seemed near, and it was with the spirit of a holiday that the men tore off the seal from the air-shaft and opened the doors of the house at the top of the man-hoist. Slowly the great fan once more turned, and after two hours, when the safety-lamps no longer detected the

presence of gas in the air which came out of the air-shaft, we cautiously descended. With our helmets laid aside and with the comparatively bright light of our safety-lamps, the mine took on a more familiar and homelike aspect. In a few hours, no longer hampered by helmets or conditions of smoke and gas, we tore down a wide passage through the fall, an operation that would have taken days to accomplish under the former conditions, with the helmets. That evening in the Superintendent's room in the office-building, those who were in charge, with the maps of the mine spread before them, planned the next move in the fight and determined which entries should next be opened and how the air-currents should be led into them in order that the mine, tunnel by tunnel and section by section, might be cleared of the smoke and gas.

Meanwhile, a dozen men, under the leadership of Boar, had remained in the mine and were tightening the stoppings and preparing for the work of the coming day. It was about eleven o'clock that night when Boar heard a slight explosion beyond the stopping by the air-shaft. Without alarming his men, he began an investigation, when two more violent explosions threatened to blow down the stopping. The unexpected had again happened. Stoppings once more had leaked, air had passed into the gas-filled tunnels, and fire still existed.

Without a second's delay the men were hoisted from the mine, and fifteen minutes after the last man stepped from the cage there came a sudden explosion in the mine. From the hoisting-shafts a huge white cloud of vapor shot up into the night; but at the air-shaft the force of the explosion was more violent, and the great dome of reinforced concrete above it fell in a mass of crumbled wreckage, swept back clean from the edge of the shaft.

It was one o'clock when I reached the fan-house, and a great full moon was standing high in the cold winter sky. Up from the square, black mouth of the air-shaft, a tall white column of vapor rose into the night, and then, when the mine began to breathe, disappeared; and with our hands held above the black hole, we could feel the rush of air sucked back into the abyss.

At an interval of about an hour following the first explosion there had come a second but less violent one; and again two hours later, when the mine had sucked back sufficient air to form another explosive mixture, a sudden hissing puff again shot out from the shaft, breaking into three pieces two twelve by fourteen green oak beams that we had laid across its mouth as the foundation for a seal. So sudden was the explosion that Peter Dawson, a powerful Negro who was crawling out over one of the beams when it occurred, was blown a distance of over fifty feet. We found him lying beside the track beyond a string of box-cars, with the blood running from a bad scalp-wound. His first words were that he had been tossed completely over the cars. 'I seen the roofs all white with frost an' moonlight,' he muttered; and the doctor later affirmed that Pete would have been killed when he landed on the rail if he had not hit on his head. A hundred men were now working in the moonlight, and in half an hour two more of the great beams were placed across the shaft-mouth, and planks and canvas, packed down with clay, above them.

The damage at the top of the man-hoist had been slight, and only the doors on the house above it had been blown from their fastenings. For the third time the shafts were sealed.

[In the January number Mr. Husband will describe the culmination of the disaster.—The Editors.]

# PROPHETS OR ENGINEERS

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR

Would we move the world, not earth but heaven must be our fulcrum.

In the prevailing social unrest the clergy have received their share of the general criticism and condemnation. This criticism is not personal. There is little fault found with the average minister's moral earnestness; he is not accused of laziness, selfishness, or ignorance. But there is a widespread belief that the minister has lost a large measure of his former influence, and is no longer the recognized leader in ethical advance. His attitude toward life seems to many lacking in moral purchase; he appears to fall short of real achievement; he apparently fails to meet the exigencies of the religious situation of to-day. For the manifest decline in church attendance, and more particularly the absence of men from the average congregation, he is held ultimately responsible; and he is criticised in general for the place he occupies in the world of men. There is a growing opinion that he is surpassed in moral and spiritual achievement by others who make no direct profession of ethical leadership, but who, free from the traditions and dogmas which shackle the clergyman, are the better able to direct the awakened national conscience into those channels of social righteousness through which the best spiritual energy of to-day flows.

That such criticism of the influence of the minister is largely justified, any candid observer must admit. Our age is one of great moral earnestness; books on ethics and religion are widely read, reform movements find enthusiastic support, philanthropy is becoming a science, missions, domestic and foreign, arouse an enthusiasm and are supported with a conviction of their supreme value unknown to the Christian Church since the apostolic age. But in the midst of this ethical and religious revival the minister has been steadily losing ground. Church attendance has fallen off, and the lack of candidates for the ministry has caused serious concern.

Where does the fault lie? Is it in the man, or in his environment, or in the way he has been trained for his work?

An explanation frequently advanced is that the education of the minister fails to fit him for his work. His training leads him too far from the ordinary life of men, leaving him unacquainted with their daily struggles and temptations. He is, therefore, unable to meet his congregation upon a common plane of experience, so that his admonitions fall short of the mark in quibbling over unessentials, or pass over the heads of his hearers in an aerial flight of speculative discussion. Thus a writer in a recent number of the *Atlantic*[1] traces the minister's declining influence to 'the fact that there is no point of sympathetic contact between the two parties,' and suggests that the minister's theological training be supplemented by several years of practical business experience. Let the young man preparing to study for the ministry first

[1] Francis E. Leupp: 'The Minister and the Men.' July, 1910.

engage in secular business for a year or two, thus becoming acquainted with the world, so that his theological training to follow may not pull him out of touch with life and lead him into the fatal error of asceticism in thought or personal experience. 'As a farmer or a merchant,' Mr. Leupp believes, as 'a clerk or a mechanic, he would learn more of the world, its burdens and temptations, in two years, than in twenty spent in theological study, or preaching, or even in paying the conventional parochial visits.'

This suggestion is characteristic of the attitude of a multitude of laymen, within as well as without the church. There is a popular belief that the influence of the minister would be greater were he to come into closer contact with those to whom he ministers; and clergymen with something of the politician's tact are much in demand. Church committees insist that the candidate shall be a man of social dexterity. A clergyman, advertising in a church paper for a parish, recently referred to himself as a 'good mixer.' 'His sermons are dull,' is a remark frequently heard, 'but he is socially attractive and he is getting hold of the young people.'

Such a point of view has one vital defect; it assumes that the occupation of the minister brings him less into touch with the world than does that of a man of business. That this is so most laymen, unacquainted with the details of a minister's life except as he appears in church on Sunday, seem to take for granted. But such is not the experience of those who, like the writer, have passed from a business or professional life into that of the ministry. As a matter of fact a minister sees more of the comedies and tragedies of life, its temptations, problems, joys, and sorrows, than does the average man of the world. Indeed, no class of men sees so much of life, unless it be physicians. The minister needs no special course of training to make him familiar with the common experiences of men. If, like a true man, he wins the confidence of his people, his danger is rather that he will be overwhelmed by the flood of tragic experiences into which he is thrown. His difficulty is to keep his head above the flood, so that his vision remains clear and his enthusiasm undiminished. To add, as part of his training, practical experience in the difficulties of life would be simply to add to that of which he will soon have as much as he can bear.

It is true that the young minister, taking charge of his first church, has not had such experience; but in this he is not more handicapped than the neophyte in any other profession. In fact, his lack of experience is less embarrassing than that of the young physician or lawyer, for in the majority of instances he is in a measure under the direction of his ecclesiastical superiors and has always the privilege of seeking counsel and guidance. He is in far more danger of exerting a merely negative influence than of doing harm through excess of zeal.

How far, moreover, such lack of practical experience is from being the chief cause of ministerial failure is manifest when we recall the fact that it is the young man who is most in demand in the ministry to-day. When a minister is fifty years old, and has acquired a large experience, he is, too often, not wanted. May it not be that the prevailing ministerial defect is due neither to lack of experience of the world, nor to a training that holds the theological student for a few years aloof from the world, but rather to the absence of another kind of knowledge possessed by the young man, though in a cruder form, in larger measure than by the minister of mature years, — a know-

ledge which may grow less as well as greater as practical experience is acquired?

As a matter of fact, the minister is already in touch with the world to a degree quite unknown to the past generation. He cannot help it, for, from all sides, the practical aspects of his work are emphasized. The institutional church has, in the opinion of many, become a necessity as the only kind of church that will live in our larger cities; and the minister is fortunate who does not find the greater part of his time devoted to the various phases of applied Christianity. A clergyman who recently resigned from the charge of a large parish in Chicago explained his action by announcing his desire to devote himself to religion, declaring that it was quite impossible to be a religious teacher while preoccupied with efforts to run banks and employment bureaus, with the direction of clubs and athletics, and an endless chain of social engagements.

A man's powers develop along the line of his tasks, and the modern institutional church is a poor school for prophets. It is not thus that the great preachers of the past have been made. The faces at a clerical gathering are an interesting commentary on the change of emphasis which modern conditions have forced upon the Christian ministry. One sees there the faces of men of action rather than of thought, types of the engineer or banker, the lawyer or promoter, rather than the mystic or philosopher, or even the teacher. They have been made by their tasks. The first work of a minister is still to preach; he is the interpreter of the will of God to men. In theory, at least, it is his task to comfort and inspire, to guide, strengthen, and warn. But he has been forced by the pressure of circumstances to place the emphasis in his work elsewhere. He must make it go; he must interest everybody by devising something for each to do, and each short-lived activity must be quickly followed by another, lest the members drift away. Instead of studying the will of God, he is forever prodding the wills of men. All this he does often in the face of his own conviction that these are not the things that count.

The difficulty with the minister of to-day is not that he lives too far from the common experiences of other men. Never before was he so close to them. But he is too far from God. His influence has declined because he speaks with less conviction of God's will, and his hold upon the consciences of men has slackened because he is not himself able to draw clearly the line between right and wrong. He knows the problems that puzzle and distress his congregation, but he is in doubt as to what advice to give. He resorts, therefore, to what are called simple, practical sermons, but which are too often 'tacks across a sea of pious platitudes,' without any serious attempt to reach port. He knows at heart that every moral act is the result of antecedent thought, and that there can be no noble living without high thinking; yet he is unable to present Christian truth in a way that awakens that 'admiration, hope, and love' by which men live.

In all this the minister is largely a product of his age, but this fact — though exonerating him from blame — should not obscure the reason for his declining influence. It is not that the clergy of to-day are less eager to do God's will, or less devoted in their search for truth. The uncertain note which characterizes their utterance is due rather to the breaking-down of the older sources of authority, and the consequent necessity for reliance upon personal experience. The preacher, finding that the statements of the creeds do not of themselves bring assurance,

is driven more and more to seek for conviction by interpreting his own communion with God. The authority of church or book no longer suffices; but the thinking man still eagerly asks, 'Do you know that these things are so?'

For the present age is one of eager questioning. There is a hunger for knowledge, and a thirst for the springs of spiritual life. This appeal for help the minister is too often unable to satisfy. He may give the traditional answers, but he finds them unsupported by an authority his hearers will accept; and just there lies his difficulty. He is helpless, not because he is unfamiliar with the mental and spiritual condition of those who ask, — he can enter very keenly into the situation, — but because he has himself had no convincing spiritual experience which has brought absolute conviction to his own mind, and become a passion of his own heart.

This change, this passing of authority, deeply significant as it is for the future of the Christian Church and one in which, I believe, we shall ultimately rejoice, has for a time thrown the ministerial ranks into disorder. For it means that if the minister is to regain his hold upon the wills of men there must be a revival of the order of prophets — that is, of men who speak because the word of God has come to them, who from out of their own experience can say, 'Thus saith the Lord.'

But prophets are not trained by the hard knocks of practical experience, else had the world been full of them; nor has their influence been measured by their popularity or their skill in acquiring the facile art of good-fellowship. Moses, of old, was not popular with his brethren, nor did his efforts to mix with them meet with success. The word of God with which he was charged came to him in the wilderness, not while he lingered at the court of Pharaoh.

Elijah, Isaiah, Micah, and the other prophets of the olden time, were men of God rather than men of affairs. They had seen visions of God, — quite a different experience from that which would have come to them had they concentrated their thoughts upon the affairs of men. Where lay the source of Paul's influence? Was it due to his experience as a sail-maker, or to the vision on the road to Damascus? So of Augustine, of Luther, of Wesley, of Brooks — men who had experienced what Tennyson longed for when he wrote, 'My greatest desire is to have a clear vision of God.' We recall how Phillips Brooks failed utterly as a school-teacher because he could not maintain discipline, and how throughout his life he was unfamiliar with the ways of the business world. But Brooks's influence was vast, and his achievement real and permanent, because he was able to give in large measure that which men are ever seeking — a word from God, born of a vision of his being and beauty, and uttered with conviction because it was attested by his own personal experience.

Another danger besides loss of influence on the part of her clergy besets the church. While her ministers are developing into good parish-workers and centres of social attraction, rather than seers and interpreters of the will of God, she is in danger of being outstripped spiritually by philosophy. There is a notable tendency toward spiritual emphasis in the deeper thought of to-day. Such work as that of Rudolf Eucken and his enthusiastic disciples is significant. His answer to the 'Problem of Life' is the assertion of the supremacy of the spiritual. While the church is fondling her institutions, secular philosophy is turning toward God. It behooves the church to be

careful of her spiritual leadership. The great problem before her is the problem of a Christ-centred philosophy. On her ability to hold this ideal clearly before men her influence depends. Her ministers must be men trained to think with Christ. But thinking with Christ is very different from thinking about Christ. We have a great deal of the latter. If the Christian minister is to be a leader of others, he must be a man of one great idea. He must offer an ideal, a philosophy of life, to which his own life is wholly given. Concentrated attention on some absorbing purpose is necessary to any effective leadership. The present weakness is due to divided attention. The average minister lives the life of an executive officer, and the absorbing passion of the prophet has no time to grow strong.

The manner of life of the minister must change with the changing order, and his special training should be continually altered to meet the intellectual and moral demands of his day. The monastery as a school for the clergy, and the old text-books on systematic divinity, are now both out of place. Many theological schools are encumbered with dry bones, and from the pulpit are still heard contentions over the body of Moses. The minister is not infrequently deaf to the spirit of his age, and fails to perceive that 'the times call to him as the winds call to the pilot.' But these defects are on the surface. The underlying source of weakness is the absence of spiritual leadership. The cure is to be sought, not in a more intimate acquaintance with affairs, but in a clearer vision of God.

The thinking layman, so often unattracted by the message of the pulpit, is not moved by a sermon hastily thrown together after a week of strenuous activity in the business of a modern church. He knows before the text is announced that, save for a few commonplace appeals to the emotions, the speaker will have nothing to offer to his hearers. He may be persuaded of his earnestness; but unless earnestness is based on reasoned conviction its effect is but transitory. There is no more difficult task than to portray clearly the moral aspects of some complex social situation, or to renew hope and enthusiasm in depressed and discouraged hearts. Such tasks are not for the remnants of a man's efforts. No physician or lawyer could hope for success who made his study of medicine or law a side issue, nor can a minister be a spiritual leader save as he gives himself wholly to the things of God.

It is the recognition of this forced division of attention which is, I believe, a prevailing cause, if not the chief cause, of the falling-off in candidates for the ministry. The young man of moral earnestness, casting about for a life-work where he can render the most effective service, turns from the ministry because the work demanded of him there involves a division of purpose and effort which invites failure. He may believe in the value of Boys' Clubs and Friendly Societies, of afternoon calls and church suppers, of playing billiards to the glory of God, and finding church work for everybody — he probably does believe in these things, for they have real value. But he is eager for spiritual leadership. He has fitted himself by long years of study to do the work of a thinking man. He turns from the ministry because he knows that he will be required to do all these other things for which he is not fitted. Moreover a demand creates a supply, and the ministry is being filled more and more with men who are fitted for the church's social work, but who, alas, are not prophets with a message born of long and intimate communion with God.

There are in the church to-day true

spiritual leaders. But what the average minister shall be, a man of affairs or a man of God, depends upon what is demanded of him by the congregation which he serves; and the training of the minister will also be determined by his conception of the work he will be required to do. It is for the church to choose whether she will be guided by prophets or by engineers.

# A POET'S TOLL

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

THE boy's mother let the book fall, and, walking restlessly to the doorway, flung aside the curtains that separated the library from the larger and open hall. The December afternoon was sharp and cold, and she had courted an hour's forgetfulness within a secluded room, bidding her maid bring a brazier and draw the curtains close, and deliberately selecting from her son's books a volume of Lucretius. But her oblivion had been penetrated by an unexpected line, shot like a poisoned arrow from the sober text: —

> Breast of his mother should pierce with a wound sempiternal, unhealing.

That was her own breast, she said to herself, and there was no hope of escape from the fever of its wound. A curious physical fear took possession of her, parching her throat and robbing her of breath. It was a recoil from the conviction that she must continue to suffer because her son, so young, even for his twenty years, had openly flouted her for one of the harpies of the city and delivered over his manhood to the gossip-mongers of Rome.

Seeking now the sting of the winter air which she had been avoiding, she pushed the heavy draperies aside and hurried into the *atrium*. Through an opening in the roof a breath from December blew refreshingly, seeming almost to ruffle the hair of the little marble Pan who played his pipes by the rim of the basin sunk in the centre of the hall to catch the rain-water from above. She had taken pains years ago to bring the quaint goat-footed figure to Rome from Assisi, because the laughing face, set there within a bright-colored garden, had seemed to her a happy omen on the day when she came as a bride to her husband's house, and in the sullen hours of her later sorrow had comforted her more than the words of her friends.

As she saw it now, exiled and restrained within a city house, a new longing came upon her for her Umbrian home. Even the imperious winds which sometimes in the winter swept up the wide valley and leaped over the walls of Assisi, and shrieked in the streets, were better than the Roman Aquilo, which during these last days had been biting into the very corners of the house. And how often, under the winter sun, the northern valley used to lie quiet and serene, its brown vineyards and expectant olive orchards held close within the shelter of the blue hills which stretched protectingly below the snow-

covered peaks of the Apennines. How charming, too, the spring used to be, when the vineyards grew green, and the slow, white oxen brought the produce of the plain up the steep slopes to the town.

She wondered now why, in leaving Assisi, when Propertius was a child, she had not foreseen her own regretful loneliness. Her reason for leaving had been the necessity of educating her son, but the choice had been made easy by the bitterness in her own life. Her husband had died when the child was five years old, and a year later her brother, who had bulwarked her against despair, had been killed in the terrible siege of Perugia.

Her own family and her husband's had never been friendly to Cæsar's successor. Her husband's large estates had been confiscated when Octavius came back from Philippi, and her brother had eagerly joined Antony's brother in seizing the old Etruscan stronghold across the valley from Assisi and holding it against the national troops. The fierce assaults, the prolonged and cruel famine, the final destruction of a prosperous city by a fire which alone saved it from the looting of Octavius's soldiers, made a profound impression upon all Umbria. Her own home seemed to be physically darkened by evil memories. Her mind strayed morbidly in the shadows, forever picturing her brother's last hours in some fresh guise of horror. She recovered her self-control only through the shock of discovering that her trouble was eating into her boy's life also.

He was a sensitive, shrinking child, easily irritated, and given to brooding. One night she awoke from a fitful sleep to find him shivering by her bed, his little pale face and terrified eyes defined by the moonlight that streamed in from the opposite window. 'It is my uncle,' he whispered; 'he came into my room all red with blood; he wants a grave; he is tired of wandering over the hills.' As she caught the child in her arms her mind found a new mooring in the determination to seek freedom for him and for herself from the memories of Assisi, where night brought restless spectres and day revealed the blackened walls and ruins of Perugia.

That was fourteen years ago, but to-day she knew that in Rome she herself had never wholly been at home. Her income had sufficed for a very modest establishment in the desirable Esquiline quarter; and her good, if provincial, ancestry had placed her in an agreeable circle of friends. She and her son had no entrée among the greater Roman nobles, but they had a claim on the acquaintance of several families connected with the government, and of others well-known in the business world. There was, however, much about city life which offended her tastes. Its restlessness annoyed her, its indifference chilled her. Architecture and sculpture failed to make up to her for the intimate presence of mountain and valley. Ornate temples, crowded with fashionable votaries, more often estranged than comforted her. Agrippa's new Pantheon was now the talk of the day, but to her the building seemed cold and formal. And two years ago, when all Rome flocked to the dedication of the new temple of Apollo on the Palatine, her own excitement had given way to tender memories of the dedication of Minerva's temple in her old home. Inside the spacious Portico, with its columns of African marble, and its wonderful images of beasts and mortals and gods, and in front of the gleaming temple, with its doors of carven ivory, and the sun's chariot poised above its gable peak, she had been conscious chiefly of a longing to see once more the homely market-place of Assisi, to climb the high

steps to the exquisite temple-porch which faced southward toward the sun-bathed valley, and then to seek the cool dimness within, where the Guardian of Woman's Work stood ready to hear her prayers.

To-day as she walked feverishly up and down, fretted by the walls of her Roman house, her homesickness grew into a violent desire for the old life. Perugia was rebuilt, and rehabilitated, in spite of the conquering name of Augustus superimposed upon its most ancient Etruscan portal. Assisi was plying a busy and happy life on the opposite hillside. The intervening valley, once cowering under the flail of war, was given over now to plenty and to peace. Its beauty, as she had seen it last, recurred to her vividly. She had left home in the early morning. The sky was still flushed with rose, and the white mists were just rising from the valley and floating away over the tops of the awakening hills. She had held her child in her lap as the carriage passed out under the gate of the town and began the descent into the plain, and the buoyant freshness of the morning had entered into her heart and given her hope for the boy's future. He was to grow strong and wise, his childish impetuosity was to be disciplined, he was to study and become a lawyer and serve his country as his ancestors had before him. His father's broken youth was to continue in him, and her life was to fructify in his and in his children's, when the time came.

The mother bowed her head upon her clenched hands. How empty, empty her hopes had been! Even his boyhood had disappointed her, in spite of his cleverness at his books. The irritability of his childhood had become moroseness, and he had alienated more often than he had attached his friends. A certain passionate sincerity, however, had never been lacking in his worst moods; and toward her he had been a loyal, if often heedless, son. In this loyalty, as the years passed, she had come to place her last hope that he would be deaf to the siren calls of the great city. Outdoor sports and wholesome friendships he had rejected, even while his solitary nature and high-strung temperament made some defense against temptation imperative.

When he was eighteen he refused to go into law, and declared for a literary life. She had tried hard to conceal her disappointment and timid chagrin. She realized that the literary circle in Rome was quite different from any she knew. It was no more aristocratic than her own, and yet she felt intuitively that its standards were even more fastidious and its judgments more scornful. If Propertius were to grow rich and powerful, as the great Cicero had, and win the friendship of the old senatorial families, she could more easily adjust herself to formal intercourse with them than to meeting on equal terms such men as Tibullus and Ponticus and Bassus, and perhaps even Horace and Virgil. But later her sensitive fear that she could not help her son in his new career had been swallowed up in the anguish of learning that he had entirely surrendered himself to a woman of the town. This woman, she had been told, was much older than Propertius, beautiful and accomplished, and the lure of many rich and distinguished lovers. Why should she seek out a slight, pale boy who had little to give her except a heart too honest for her to understand?

When the knowledge first came to her, she had begged for her son's confidence, until, in one of his morose moods, he had flung away from her, leaving her to the weary alternations of hope and fear. Two weeks ago, however, all uncertainty had ended. The sword had fallen. Propertius had published

a series of poems boasting of his love, scorning all the ideals of courage and manhood in which she had tried to nurture him, exhibiting to Rome in unashamed nakedness the spectacle of his defeated youth. Since the day when her slave had brought home the volume from the book-store, and she had read it at night in the privacy of her bedroom, she had found no words in which to speak to him about his poetry. Any hope that she had ever had of again appealing to him died before his cruel lines, —

Never be dearer to me even love of a mother belovèd,
Never an interest in life, dear, if of thee I 'm bereft.
Thou and thou only to me art my home, to me, Cynthia, only
Father and mother art thou — thou all my moments of joy.

He had, indeed, been affectionate toward her once more, and had made a point of telling her things that he thought would please her. He had even, some days before, seemed boyishly eager for her sympathetic pleasure in an invitation to dine with Mæcenas.

'I am made, mother,' he said, 'if he takes me up.'

'*Made!*' she repeated now to herself. Made into what?

A friend had told her that the Forum was ringing with the fame of this new writer, and that from the Palatine to the Subura his poetry was taking like wildfire. She was dumb before such strange comfort. What was this 'fame' to which men were willing to sacrifice their citizenship? Nothing in Rome had so shocked her as the laxity of family life, the reluctance of young men to marry, the frequency of divorce. She had felt her first sympathy with Augustus when he had endeavored to force through a law compelling honorable marriage. Now, all that was best in her, all her loyalty to the traditions of her family, rose in revolt against a popular favor that applauded the rhymes of a ruined boy, and admired the shameless revelations of debauchery.

These plain words, spoken to herself, acted upon her mind like a tonic. In facing the facts at their worst, she gained courage to believe that there must still be something she could do, if she could only grow calmer and think more clearly. She stopped her restless walking, and taking a chair forced herself to lean back and rest. The afternoon was growing dark, and a servant was beginning to light the lamps. In the glow of the little yellow flames, Pan seemed to be piping a jocund melody.

The frenzy of despair left her, and she began to remember her son's youth and the charming boyish things about him. Perhaps among his new friends some would love him and help him where she and his earlier friends had failed. There was Virgil, for example. He was older, but Propertius's enthusiasm for him seemed unbounded. He had pored over the *Georgics* when they came out in his early boyhood, and only the other day he had told her that the poet was at work on an epic that would be greater than the *Iliad*. The boy's likes and dislikes were always violent, and he had said once, in his absurd way, that he would rather eat crumbs from Virgil's table than loaves from Horace's.

She knew that Virgil believed in noble things, and she had heard that he was kind and full of sympathy. As the son of a peasant he did not seem too imposing to her. He had been pointed out to her one day in the street, and the memory of his shy bearing and of the embarrassed flush on his face as he saw himself the object of interest, now gave her courage to think of appealing to him.

Her loosened thoughts hurried on more ambitiously still. Of Mæcenas's recent kindness, Propertius was inordinately proud. Would it not be pos-

sible to reach the great man through Tullus, her son's faithful friend, whose government position gave him a claim upon the prime minister's attention? Surely, if the older man realized how fast the boy was throwing his life away he would put out a restraining hand. She had always understood that he set great store by Roman morals. Rising from her chair with fresh energy, she bade a servant bring her writing materials to the library. The swift Roman night had fallen, and the house looked dull and dim except within the short radius of each lamp. But to her it seemed lit by a new and saving hope.

Nearly a week later Horace was dining quietly with Mæcenas. It was during one of the frequent estrangements between the prime minister and his wife, and Mæcenas often sent for Horace when the strain of work had left him with little inclination to collect a larger company. The meal was over, and on the polished citron-wood table stood a silver mixing-bowl, and an hospitable array — after the princely manner of the house — of gold cups, crystal flagons, and tall, slender glasses which looked as if they might have been cut out of deep-hued amethyst. The slaves had withdrawn, as it was one of the first nights of the Saturnalia, and their duties were lightened by a considerate master. The unusual cold and the savage winds that had held Rome in their grip for the past few days were forgotten within the beautiful dining-room. A multitude of lamps, hanging from the lacquered ceiling, standing around the room on tall Æginetan candelabra, and resting on low graceful standards on the table itself, threw a warm radiance over the mosaic floor and over the walls painted with architectural designs, through which, as if through colonnades of real marble, charming landscapes lured and beckoned. One of the choicest Greek wines in the host's famous cellar had been brought in for the friends. There was enough snow on Soracte, Mæcenas had said laughingly, to justify the oldest Chian, if Horace could forego his Italian numbers and his home-brewed Sabine for one night.

'I will leave both my metre and my stomach to the gods,' Horace had retorted, 'if you will turn over to them your worry about Rome, and pluck the blossom of the hour with me. Augustus is safe in Spain, you cannot be summoned to the Palatine, and to-morrow is early enough for the noise of the Forum. By the way,' he added somewhat testily and unexpectedly, 'I wish I could ever get to your house without being held up for "news." A perfect stranger — he pretended to know me — stopped me to-night and asked me if I thought there was anything in the rumor that Augustus has no intention of going on to get the standards back from the Parthians, but is thinking only of the Spanish gold-mines. "Does he think to wing our Roman eagles with money or with glory?" he asked, with what I thought was an insolent sneer. I shook him off, but it left a bad taste in my mouth. However,' smiling again as he saw a familiar impassiveness settle upon his host's face, 'for you to-night there shall be neither Parthians nor budgets. I offer myself as the victim of your thoughts. You may even ask me why I have not published my *Odes* since you last saw me.'

Mæcenas's eyes brightened with affectionate amusement.

'Well, my friend,' he said, 'both money and glory would wing your flight. You have the public ear already, and can fix your own royalties with the Sosii. And everybody, from Augustus to the capricious fair, would welcome the published volume. You should think too of my reputation as showman.

Messala told me last week that he had persuaded Tibullus to bring out a book of verse immediately, while you and Virgil are dallying between past and future triumphs. I am tempted to drop you both and take up with ambitious youth. Here is Propertius setting the town agog, and yesterday the Sosii told me of another clever boy, the young Ovid, who is already writing verse at seventeen: a veritable rascal, they say, for wit and wickedness, but a born poet.'

'If he is that,' Horace said, in a tone of irritation very unusual with him, 'you had better substitute him for your Propertius. I think his success is little short of scandalous.'

'You sound like Tullus,' Mæcenas said banteringly, 'or like the friend of Virgil's father who arrived from Mantua last week and began to look for the good old Tatii and Sabines in Pompey's Portico and the Temple of Isis! Since when have you turned Cato?'

Horace laughed good-humoredly again. 'At any rate,' he said, 'you might have done worse by me than likening me to Tullus. I sometimes wish we were all like him, unplagued by imagination, innocent of Greek, quite sure of the admirableness of admirably administering the government, and of the rightness of everything Roman. What does he think of Propertius's peccadilloes, by the way? He is a friend of the family, is he not?'

'Yes,' said Mæcenas, 'and he is doing his friendly duty with the dogged persistence you would expect. He has haunted me in the Forum lately, and yesterday we had a long talk. His point of view is obvious. A Roman ought to be a soldier, and he ought to marry and beget more soldiers. Propertius boasts of being deaf to the trumpet if a woman weeps, and the woman is one he cannot marry. *Ergo*, Propertius is a disgrace to his country. It is as clear as Euclid. All the friends of the family, it seems, have taken a hand in the matter. Tullus himself has tried to make the boy ambitious to go to Athens, Bassus has tried to discount the lady's charms, Lynceus has urged the pleasures of philosophy, and Ponticus of writing epics. And various graybeards have done their best to make a love-sick poet pay court to wisdom. I could scarcely keep from laughing at the look of perplexity and indignation in Tullus's face when he quoted Propertius's reply. The boy actually asked them if they thought the poor flute ought to be set adrift just because swelled cheeks were n't becoming to Pallas! The long and short of it is that he wants me to interfere and convince Propertius of his public duty. That public duty may conceivably take the form of writing poetry is beyond his grasp.'

Horace laughed. 'Now, my difficulty,' he said, 'is just the reverse. I object to this young man because he is a bad poet.'

'Why?' Mæcenas asked, rather abruptly.

'Because,' Horace answered, 'he contorts the Latin language and muddies his thought by Alexandrian débris.'

Mæcenas reached for the silver ladle and slowly filled his cup once more from the mixing-bowl before replying. Then he said in a more serious tone than he had used hitherto, —

'If you will allow me to say so, Flaccus, that is a cheap criticism to come from the keenest critic in Rome. Is it not possible that you are misled by your personal prejudices? You dislike the young man himself, I know, because he is moody and emotional, and uncontrolled, and because he considers his own emotions fit subjects for discussion. A boy, self-centred, melancholy, and in love — what do you want of him?'

'Is that quite fair?' Horace answered. 'Tibullus is young and in love, and a very Heracleitus for melancholy, and you know that I not only love him as a friend but also value him as a poet, in spite of my belief that elegiac verse is not a fortunate medium for our language. His Latin is limpid and direct, his metre is finished, and his emotion as a lover is properly subordinated to his work as a poet.'

'Ah,' said Mæcenas quickly, 'but just there you betray yourself.' He hesitated a moment and then went on as if the words were welling up from reluctant depths in his own experience. 'Flaccus, you have never loved a woman, have you?'

Horace smiled whimsically. 'Not to the extent of surrendering my standards,' he said. 'So far Mercury has always rescued me in time from both Mars and Venus.'

But Mæcenas went on gravely, 'You are then incapacitated for appreciating the force and fervor of a certain kind of genius. I know that you have never understood Catullus, and I have a feeling that something of his spirit is reappearing in this boy to-day. If Propertius lacks his virility and directness, that may well be because of a stormier heart in which there is a conflict of warring elements. Certainly his passion transcends the vivacious sentiment of poor Gallus. I tell you, my wary critic, I am almost willing to believe that through this silly young dandy we are getting a new voice in our literature. Who knows? who knows? It is un-Roman, yes, incoherent and moody and subversive of law and order, but is it false to human life? A man may choose to dwell apart with his own heart rather than with Lucretius's Science or Virgil's Nature, or your own practical philosophy. Certain lines that this boy has written haunt me — perhaps they will prove true: —

Then you will wonder, and often, at me not ignoble a poet;
Then midst the talent of Rome I shall be ranked in the van;
Then will the youths break silence by side of my grave and be saying:
'Dead! Thou of passion our lord! Great one, O poet, laid low!'[1]

A silence fell between the friends. Two slaves, their faces flushed with unusual wine, came in to replenish the small lamps on the table, and stole quietly out again. Horace watched his friend with grave affection, knowing well where his thoughts had strayed. Presently Mæcenas shook himself with a laugh.

'Exit Terentia's husband,' he said, 'and reënter the galley-slave of the Roman State. I have, indeed, been thinking for some time that this new talent ought to be deflected into other lines. Its energy would put vitality into national themes. A little less Cynthia, and a little more Cæsar, will please us all. I mean to suggest some historical subjects to the boy. Thinking about them may stiffen up this oversoft Muse of his.'

'You speak hopefully,' Horace said, 'but you have our Hostia (I understand the "Cynthia" is an open secret) to reckon with. She is not going to loosen her hold on a young man who is making her famous, and whose sudden success with you is due to poetry about her. We have to acknowledge that she is almost as wonderful as the young fool thinks she is.'

'Certainly,' Mæcenas answered, 'she has insight. Her favor must have been won by his talent, for he has n't money enough to meet her price.'

'And I,' scoffed Horace, 'think the dice about equal between her favor and his talent. However, I wish you luck, and shall look for a crop of songs on

[1] This and the preceding verse translations are by F. G. Allinson.

Cæsar and Carthage and the Cimbrians.'

With a smile of mutual understanding the friends pledged each other in one last draught of Chian, as Horace rose to take his leave.

'How lately have you heard from Virgil?' Mæcenas asked while they waited for Davus to be summoned from the festivities in the servants' hall.

'A letter came yesterday,' Horace answered, 'and it troubled me greatly. He wrote in one of his blackest moods of despair over the *Æneid*. He says he feels as if he were caught in a nightmare, trying madly to march along a road, while his feet drag heavily, and his tongue refuses to form sounds and words. I confess that I am anxious, for I think his mind may prey too far upon his physical strength. Only last week Varius told me that he thought Virgil himself was obsessed by the idea that he might die before he has finished his work, he had begged him so often to promise to destroy whatever is left uncompleted.'

A suden sadness, like the shadow of familiar pain, fell upon Mæcenas's face.

'Flaccus, my Flaccus,' he exclaimed, 'it is I who shall die, die before Virgil finishes his *Æneid*, or you your *Odes*. My life will have been futile. The Romans do not understand. They want their standards back from the Parthians, they want the mines of Spain and the riches of Arabia. They cast greedy eyes on Britain and make much ado about ruling Gaul and Asia and Greece and Egypt. And they think that I am one of them. But the Etruscan ghosts within me stir strangely at times, and walk abroad through the citadel of my soul. Then I know that the idlest dream of a dreamer may have form when our civilization shall have crumbled, and that the verse of a poet, even of this boy Propertius, will outlast the toil of my nights. You and Virgil often tell me that you owe your fortunes to me, — your lives, you sometimes say with generous exaggeration. But I tell you that the day is coming when I shall owe my life to you, when, save for you, I shall be a mere name in the rotting archives of a forgotten state. Why, then, do you delay to fulfill my hope? Virgil at least is working. What are you doing, my best of friends?'

Davus had come in, and was laying the soft, thick folds of a long coat over his master's shoulders, as Mæcenas's almost fretful appeal came to an end.

Horace, accustomed to his friend's overstrained moods, and understanding the cure for them, turned toward him with a gentle respect which was free from all constraint or apology. His voice lost its frequent note of good-tempered mockery, and became warm with feeling, as he answered, —

'My friend, have patience. You will not die, nor shall I, until I have laid before you a work worthy of your friendship. You are indeed the honor and the glory of my life, and your faith in my lyric gift lifts me to the stars. But you must remember that my Muse is wayward and my vein of genius not too rich. No Hercules will reward my travail, so do not expect of me the birth-pangs that are torturing Virgil. I have time to look abroad on life and to correct tears by wine and laughter while my hands are busy with the file and pumice-stone. Before you know it, the billboards of the Sosii will announce the completed work, and the dedication shall show Rome who is responsible for my offending.'

The look of anxious irritability faded from Mæcenas's face, and in restored serenity he walked with Horace from the dining-room, through the spacious unroofed peristyle, where marble pillars and statues, flower-beds and fountains were blanched by the winter moon

to one tone of silver, and through the magnificent *atrium*, where the images of noble ancestors kept their silent watch over the new generation. At the vestibule door a porter, somewhat befuddled by Saturnalian merry-making, was waiting sleepily. When he had opened the door into the street the two friends stood silent a moment in the outer portico, suddenly conscious, after the seclusion of the great house and their evening's talk, of the city life beyond, — hilarious, disordered, without subtlety in desire and regret, rich in the common passions of humanity. At this moment a troop of revelers stumbled past with wagging torches in their drunken hands. Among them, conspicuous in the moonlight, the boy Propertius swayed unsteadily, and pushed back a torn garland from his forehead. Horace turned to Mæcenas.

'Cynthia's wine,' he said. 'Do you expect to extract from the lees an ode to Augustus?'

Mæcenas shrugged his shoulders. 'Probably,' he said, 'he will write me a charming poem to explain why he cannot do what I ask. I know the tricks of your tribe.'

With a final laugh and a clasp of the hands the friends parted company. Mæcenas went back to his library to reread dispatches from Spain before seeking his few hours of sleep. Horace, finding that the wind had gone down, and tempted by the moonlight, turned toward the Subura to stroll for another hour among the Saturnalian crowds.

Propertius made his way past the slave at his own door, who was surprised only by his young master's arrival before daybreak, and stumbled to his bedroom, where the night-lamp was burning. The drinking at Cynthia's — he always thought of her by that name — had been fast and furious. She had been more beautiful than he had ever seen her. Her eyes had shone like stars, and the garlands had hung down over her face and trailed in her cup of yellow wine. And she had told him that he was the only true poet in Rome and had read his poems aloud in a voice so sweet and clear that he had been nearly crazed with pride and delight. Capriciously she had driven him away early with the other guests, but to-morrow he would see her again, or, perhaps, he could get through her door again to-night — to-night —

His feverish reverie was broken in upon by the frightened and apologetic porter, bringing a letter which his mistress had told him to deliver as soon as the master came home. Propertius dismissed him angrily, and held the letter in an unwilling and shaking hand. Perhaps he would not have read it at all if it had been written on an ordinary wax tablet. But the little parchment roll had an unusual and insistent look about it, and he finally unrolled it and, holding it out as steadily as he could under the small wick of his lamp, read what was written: —

P. Virgilius Maro to his Propertius, greeting.

I hope you will allow me to congratulate you on your recent volume of verse. Your management of the elegiac metre, which my friend Gallus, before his tragic death last year, taught me to understand, seems to me ennobling and enriching, and in both the fire and the pathos of many of your lines I recognize the true poet. Perhaps you will recognize the rustic in me when I add that I also welcomed a note of love for your Umbrian groves of beeches and pines and for water-meadows which you must have seen, perhaps by the banks of your Clitumnus, filled with white lilies and scarlet poppies. Most of all have I been moved by the candor of your idealism. It is rare indeed in

this age to hear any scorn of the golden streams of Pactolus and the jewels of the Red Sea, of pictured tapestries and thresholds of Arabian onyx. The knowledge that things like these are as nothing to you compared with love, stirs me to gratitude.

It was in these ways that I was thinking of you yesterday, when I put my own work aside and walked by the shore of the great bay here, looking toward Capri. And will you let a man who has lived nearly a quarter of a century longer than you have add that I wondered also whether before long you will not seek another mistress for your worship, one whose service shall transcend not only riches but all personal passions?

Like you, I have lain by the Tiber, and watched the skiffs hurrying by, and the slow barges towed along the yellow waves. And my thoughts also have been of the meanness of wealth and of the glory of love. But it was to Rome herself that I made my vows, and in whose service I enlisted. Was there ever a time when she needed more the loyalty of us all? While she is fashioning that Empire which shall be without limit or end and raise us to the lordship of the earth, she runs the risks of attack from impalpable enemies who shall defile her highways and debauch her sons. Arrogance, luxury, violent ambition, false desires, are more to be dreaded than a Parthian victory. The subtle wickedness of the Orient may conquer us when the spears of Britain are of no avail. Antony and Gallus are not the only Romans from whom Egypt has sucked life and honor.

Like you, again, I am no soldier. Your friends and my friends go lustily to Ionia and Lydia and Gaul and Spain, co-workers, as you say, in a beloved government. Is not Rome, then, all the more left to our defense? You pleased me once by saying that you 'knew every line' of my *Georgics*. You know then that I have believed that the sickened minds of to-day could be healed, if men would but return to the intimacies of the soil and farm. Our great master, Lucretius, preached salvation through knowledge of the physical world. I have ventured to say that it could be found through the kindly help of the country gods. But now I am beginning to see deeper. In Rome herself lie the seeds of a new birth. When men see her as she is in her ancient greatness and her immortal future, will not greed and lust depart from their hearts? I think it must have been at dawn, when the sea was first reddening under the early sun, that Æneas sailed up to the mouth of the Tiber, and found at last the heart of that Hesperia whose shores had seemed ever to recede as he drew near them. Now that our sky is blazing with the midday sun, shall we betray and make void those early hopes? Shall the *sistrum* of Isis drown our prayers to the gods of our country, native-born, who guard the Tiber and our Roman Palatine?

I am seeking to write a poem which shall make men reverence their past and build for their future. Will you not help me to work for Rome's need? You have sincerity, passion, talent. You have commended a beautiful woman to me. Will you not let me commend my Mistress to you? Farewell.

The letter slipped from the boy's fingers to the floor. The wonderful voice of Virgil, which made men forget his slight frame and awkward manners, seemed to echo in his ears. In that voice he had heard stately hexameters read until, shutting his eyes, he could have believed Apollo spoke from cloudy Olympus. And this voice condescended now to plead with him and to offer him a new love. Cynthia's voice or his —

or his. He tried to distinguish each in his clouded memory — Virgil's praising Rome, Cynthia's praising himself. His head ached violently, and his ears rang. A blind rage seized him because he could not distinguish either voice clearly. The letter was to blame. He would destroy that, and one voice at least would cease its torment. He gathered up the loose roll, twisted it in his trembling fingers, and held it to the flame of the little lamp.

'To Venus — a hecatomb!' he shouted wildly.

As the parchment caught fire, the blaze of light illumined his flushed cheeks and burning eyes, and the boyish curve of his sullen lips.

It was in the spring, when the little marble Pan looked rosy in the warmer sunlight, and the white oxen must have been climbing the steeps of Assisi, that the boy's mother let go her slight hold on life. In Rome the roses were in bloom, and Soracte was veiled in a soft blue haze.

Tullus came to Mæcenas to excuse Propertius from a dinner, and a slave led him into the famous garden where the prime minister often received his guests. Virgil was with him now, and they both cordially greeted the young official. As he gave his message, his face, moulded into firm, strong lines by his habits of thought, was softened as if by a personal regret. The three men stood in silence for a moment, and then Tullus turned impulsively to Mæcenas.

'He chose between his mother and his mistress,' he said. 'When I talked with you in the winter you said that perhaps his mother would have to face death again to give birth to a poet as she had already to give birth to a child. I have never understood what you meant.'

'Ah, Tullus,' Mæcenas answered, laying his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of the younger man, 'I spoke of a law not inscribed on the Twelve Tables, but cut deep in the bed-rock of life — is it not, my Virgil?'

But the poet toward whom he had quickly turned did not hear him. He stood withdrawn into his own thoughts. A shaft of sun, piercing through the ilex trees, laid upon his white toga a sudden sheen of gold, and Mæcenas heard him say softly to himself, in a voice whose harmonies he felt he had never wholly gauged before, —

Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

# THE COMRADE

BY EDITH WHARTON

Wild wingèd thing, O brought I know not whence
To beat your life out in my life's low cage;
You strange familiar, nearer than my flesh
Yet distant as a star, that were at first
A child with me a child, yet elfin-far,
And visibly of some unearthly breed;
Mirthfullest mate of all my mortal games,
Yet shedding on them some evasive gleam
Of Latmian loneliness — O even then
Expert to lift the latch of our low door
And profit by the hours when, dusked about
By human misintelligence, our first
Weak fledgling flights were safeliest essayed;
Divine accomplice of those perilous-sweet
Low moth-flights of the unadventured soul
Above the world's dim garden! — now we sit,
After what stretch of years, what stretch of wings,
In the same cage together — still as near
And still as strange!
Only I know at last
That we are fellows till the last night falls,
And that I shall not miss your comrade hands
Till they have closed my lids, and by them set
A taper that — who knows? — may yet shine through.

Sister, my comrade, I have ached for you,
Sometimes, to see you curb your pace to mine,
And bow your Mænad crest to the dull forms
Of human usage; I have loosed your hand
And whispered: 'Go! Since I am tethered here;'
And you have turned, and breathing for reply,
'I too am pinioned, as you too are free,'
Have caught me to such undreamed distances
As the last planets see, when they look forth

To the sentinel pacings of the outmost stars —
Nor these alone,
Comrade, my sister, were your gifts. More oft
Has your impalpable wing-brush bared for me
The heart of wonder in familiar things,
Unroofed dull rooms, and hung above my head
The cloudy glimpses of a vernal moon,
Or all the autumn heaven ripe with stars.

And you have made a secret pact with Sleep,
And when she comes not, or her feet delay,
Toiled in low meadows of gray asphodel
Under a pale sky where no shadows fall,
Then, hooded like her, to my side you steal,
And the night grows like a great rumouring sea,
And you a boat, and I your passenger,
And the tide lifts us with an indrawn breath
Out, out upon the murmurs and the scents,
Through spray of splintered star-beams, or white rage
Of desperate moon-drawn waters — on and on
To some blue ocean immarcescible
That ever like a slow-swung mirror rocks
The balanced breasts of sea-birds motionless.

Yet other nights, my sister, you have been
The storm, and I the leaf that fled on it
Terrifically down voids that never knew
The pity of creation — or have felt
The immitigable anguish of a soul
Left last in a long-ruined world alone;
And then your touch has drawn me back to earth,
As in the night, upon an unknown road,
A scent of lilac breathing from the hedge
Bespeaks the hidden farm, the bedded cows,
And safety, and the sense of human kind . . .

And I have climbed with you by hidden ways
To meet the dews of morning, and have seen
The shy gods like retreating shadows fade,
Or on the thymy reaches have surprised
Old Chiron sleeping, and have waked him not . . .

Yet farther have I fared with you, and known
Love and his sacred tremors, and the rites
Of his most inward temple; and beyond
His temple lights, have seen the long gray waste
Where lonely thoughts, like creatures of the night,
Listen and wander where a city stood.
And creeping down by waterless defiles
Under an iron midnight, have I kept
My vigil in the waste till dawn began
To move among the ruins, and I saw
A sapling rooted in a fissured plinth,
And a wren's nest in the thunder-threatening hand
Of some old god of granite in the dust . . .

# THE MATTER WITH US

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

'WHAT is the matter with us?' is, in effect, the question which has been asked many times of late in the Halls of Congress and in thousands of homes in the cities and towns of the United States.

This query does not relate to our external affairs, nor to any failure to achieve material success at home, but primarily to our daily experience, in the course of which the dwellers in all larger communities (forming a decided majority of the American people) find themselves so heavily penalized by the advancing cost of the necessities of life, especially food-supplies, that much of the advantage of increasing prosperity — perhaps all of it — is sacrificed.

The most reasonable answer to this inquiry carries us back from theorizing to a common-sense point of view; it compels us to remember that at length the United States has emerged from national childhood and arrived at a considerable degree of maturity. We endured our 'growing pains' with complacency, realizing their cause. Having grown so rapidly, however, we seem not to appreciate that our national ailments are no longer the mere aches of youth. In reality we are now subject to the graver distempers which afflict the full-grown state. 'The matter with us' is principally population, — an ailment of national maturity.

When the federation of states adopted the Constitution and founded a nation, the republic possessed a large geographical area and a meagre supply of inhabitants. During the period which has elapsed since that date, the increase in number of inhabitants has

far outstripped increase in territory. In 1790, when the first census of the United States was taken, the density of population was but 4.8 inhabitants per square mile (computing total area). In 1900, it was 25.1. In 1790, the density of population in the settled area was 9.4 per square mile, but in 1900 in the same area it was 80.4. In short, in number of inhabitants we have expanded rapidly into a huge nation, but thus far we have failed to realize the limitations which of necessity accompany immense increase. In this census year 1910, the population of the United States approximates at least eighty-nine million souls. How many have awakened to the fact that this republic is now the fourth largest nation in numbers upon earth?

Moreover, the three nations which are more populous than the United States are significant: Russia, with one hundred and thirty million inhabitants, composed principally of a densely ignorant agricultural peasantry; India, with three hundred millions, of whom much the greater part are ignorant human beings subsisting upon the equivalent of a few cents per day; and China, with possibly three hundred and fifty or four hundred millions of persons who maintain their existence only by methods of living undreamed of and utterly impossible in Western lands.

It appears not to have occurred even to thoughtful Americans who have observed the conditions which prevail in overpopulated countries that some of the symptoms there noted are likely to develop in the near future in our own land, and are possibly even now beginning, since everywhere the struggle for existence becomes fiercer as population grows more dense.

Such change, indeed, is inevitably attended by decreased individual freedom of action. In densely populated countries, whether large or small, it is recognized that great density of population carries with it definite limitations upon the individual. In France, a property-owner is not permitted to cut down a tree upon his own land; he may, however, climb his tree and snip off twigs and small branches for firewood. In consequence, in large areas many of the trees are disfigured, but they still remain standing and form a part of the national resources. In Japan, human beings do most of the work which in less densely populated countries is performed by beasts of burden. In a country so densely populated as Japan, this work is required for the support of a large element of the laboring class. In this sense, therefore, Japan literally cannot afford to breed and maintain many horses and other beasts of burden.

If a traveler asks for accommodation in a hotel in which there are but few other guests, a generous landlord may assign him even more liberal accommodation than he requires; but if the hotel be crowded, the newcomer will be compelled to share a bed with a stranger, or perchance to sit up in the office. Again, if a man's house is located upon a ten-acre lot, he is at liberty to act as riotously as he pleases at any hour of the day or night, with little danger of annoying others; but if a citizen elects to occupy quarters in a city apartment house, liberty to do as he pleases is at once restricted, and those actions or sounds will not be tolerated which interfere with the convenience or comfort of others. These illustrations in a way suggest the curtailment of individual freedom which must necessarily attend great increase of population in the United States.

In developing the resources of this continent, the pioneers and their descendants speedily forgot the frugality and the economical methods of Europe

which had been developed there by the stern necessity for preserving soil and forest and mine. Not only have the citizens of the United States by inheritance been reared in an atmosphere of individual extravagance, but they early summoned the world to migrate to America to aid them in exploiting their resources. Our case, in fact, resembles that of a poor man coming suddenly into a great inheritance.

Confronted at length by an increasing tendency to dense population, we still seek means of continuing the same wasteful methods of living which have prevailed in the past. Nothing, however, is more certain than the law that dense population can be successfully and comfortably maintained only by strictest frugality, proper distribution, and with a reasonable adjustment of callings. The abject poverty and suffering of great numbers of persons in England at the present time in all probability largely result from disregard of the altered conditions caused by dense population.

It is frequently urged that the United States is capable of supporting a vastly greater population than at present lives within its borders. This assertion may be admitted as true solely upon one condition: that the agricultural areas shall be fully peopled and intensively cultivated by inhabitants contented with reasonable returns. In that event, immense increase might occur without economic revolution; in fact, it might thus have been possible, so vast is our area and so great are our resources, to have reached our present population and to have materially exceeded it, without curtailing to any marked degree our inherited extravagance of living. But normal distribution of population between town and country would have been absolutely essential.

To the best of our present knowledge, ninety per cent of the population of the United States in 1790 was engaged in or supported by some form of agriculture. This means that of approximately three millions of people, two million seven hundred thousand derived their support from the soil, and three hundred thousand from other callings. In 1900, the agricultural element represented about one third of the total population, and the remaining two thirds were engaged in industrial and other occupations.

It is possible to imagine the proportion of 1790 as in existence in 1910. Upon such a supposition the United States of course would be a distinctively agricultural nation. In that event, our eighty-nine millions of inhabitants would be divided in the proportion of eighty million one hundred thousand persons engaged in agriculture, and eight million nine hundred thousand persons otherwise occupied; but, on the other hand, observe that it is not practicable to apply the proportions of 1910 to the population which existed in 1790. If it were, the spectacle would have been presented in that year of two millions of persons crowded into the cities, shops, and mines of the young nation, with but one million persons living upon the farms to produce the food-stuffs and other material required for the support of two thirds of the population. It is safe to assert that at that period so small an agricultural element as one third of the total number of inhabitants could not have produced the food-stuffs required for the support of the remaining two thirds.

These comparisons not only suggest the degree to which the elements inherent in the population of the nation have been adjusted during the century which has elapsed since the Constitution was adopted, but clearly indicate the real problem that the people of this republic are now confronting.

If the crowd on an excursion steamer moves to one side, the steamer lists to that side on which the human freight is massed. For years the people on the good ship United States have been hurrying in increasing numbers to one side. They have been transforming themselves from country-producers to city-consumers, but the extent of the change which for a long period has thus been in progress has not been fully realized. The signs of this change, however, manifesting themselves in our present-day problems, have at length arrested our attention. Hence we now observe the increasing list of our ship of state.

'The matter with us' is the immense increase which has occurred in the population of this country without the maintenance of normal proportions in the number of persons engaged in agriculture as compared with those engaged in other callings. Moreover, we must not ignore the fact that, while mere increase in population of itself creates new conditions calling for many economic readjustments, when increase occurs abnormally, as in one sense it is now occurring in the United States, the result must of necessity be disastrous; and the only element of doubt is the degree of the distress which results.

During the ten years from 1890 to 1900, we added thirteen millions of human beings to our numbers, and from 1900 to 1910, we have again added at least as many more. In each decade this increment is composed principally of two elements: young children who could not be producers of food if they would; and immigrants, who for the most part remain in cities and towns. Therefore, whatever ultimately becomes of these citizens, almost the entire increase shown at each census over the population reported at the previous census, must be regarded as simply an additional drain on the agricultural resources of the nation.

It should be remembered that thirteen millions of persons are equivalent to more than four times the population of the entire United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. This decennial addition to our numbers in 1900 and 1910 is exceedingly important, for it necessarily increases the cost of living, unless the population is normally distributed. Thirteen million human beings, unheard of and unaccounted for in our affairs when the census enumerators made their rounds in 1900, have arrived among us with appetites and daily wants to be supplied; and if the national resources of food in 1910 are no greater than they were in 1900, or if they have increased but not proportionately, it is clear that our individual share must be decreased in order to contribute toward the need of our thirteen million new fellow citizens, or else that we must pay an additional sum to continue to obtain the share which was formerly ours. This fact is so significant that illustrations are important.

In 1890, there were 57,649,000 neat cattle in the United States, if the census figures are to be accepted. In 1900, the number was but 52,489,000. Thus an actual decrease in cattle of over 9 per cent occurred while the population increased 20.7 per cent. To have kept pace with increase of population the number of neat cattle in 1900 should have been 17,200,000 greater than it was. It appears, therefore, that so far as cattle were concerned, the food-supply failed to keep pace with our increase of population. If this decrease has persisted from 1900 to 1910 (while we have been adding another thirteen million persons to our numbers), it is to be expected that the price of fresh meat will have materially advanced.

No less suggestive are the changes

which have occurred in the proportion of swine to population. The number of hogs reported at each census from 1850 to 1900 bore the following relation to each one thousand inhabitants: —

| *Year.* | *Number of hogs to each 1000 persons.* |
|---|---|
| 1850 | 1309 |
| 1860 | 1066 |
| 1870 | 708 |
| 1880 | 995 |
| 1890 | 913 |
| 1900 | 837 |

If the decrease here indicated continued from 1900 to 1910 we should now be nearing the proportion of hogs to population which prevailed at the first census after the Civil War, 1870. It is significant that the market-price for hogs recently current was practically the same as that quoted in 1865, although we now possess approximately forty million more hogs than were found on American farms in 1870. The matter is population. The American citizen has increased more rapidly than the American pig.

The change in the proportion of sheep is even more striking: in 1850, there were 924 to each 1000 inhabitants; in 1900, but 525.

In 1899, the American hen laid eggs in sufficient numbers during the calendar year to amount to seventeen dozen for each inhabitant of the United States. Omitting all thought of adding a single egg to the individual share of eggs, but merely to maintain the 1900 proportion, the hens of the United States in 1910 must be laying annually 221,000,000 dozen more eggs than they laid in 1899. The per capita product of milk in the year 1899 was 95.6 gallons per annum. To maintain this per capita for the benefit of our increment of population, the milk-supply in the year 1910 must exceed that of 1899 by 1,242,800,000 gallons. To maintain butter, of which the per capita amount produced in 1899 was fourteen pounds, at the same per capita in 1910, the aggregate production must exceed the former figure by 182,000,000 pounds. Of potatoes, that other staple of human consumption, the per capita product at the last census was about four bushels; hence in 1910, to maintain the potato supply for our newcomers, but not to increase it for the rest of the community to the extent of even one potato each (one potato each means approximately 180,000 bushels), there must be raised 52,000,000 bushels more of this homely but useful vegetable than were reported in 1899. What this demand means is best noted by observing that to supply it would consume the entire potato crop, as reported at the last census, of the states of California, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, and North Carolina.

It must be evident that to meet all the requirements of our fast-growing population, there should be an equally fast-increasing farm population, since we cannot assume that those persons now engaged in agriculture will advance with sufficient rapidity in knowledge of agricultural conditions and of intensive farming to keep pace with the increasing demand. What are the facts concerning the farmer?

From 1890 to 1900, the number of males engaged in agriculture in the eleven North Atlantic states, extending from the Canada line to Virginia on the south and to Ohio on the west, decreased 2.7 per cent.

The number of farmers in the group of populous Middle Western states comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan increased but little more than 6 per cent. The population in 1900 of these two groups of states was nearly half of the population of the United States; stated exactly, it was 34,963,234. This total represented an increase of

5,771,339 in ten years, or 19.8 per cent. In this area the males engaged in agriculture numbered, in 1900, 2,605,136, an increase during the decade of 55,662, or about 2 per cent. If the farm element had increased as rapidly as the total population, the number of persons engaged in agriculture in the group of northern states extending from St. John's River to Virginia and the western boundary of Illinois would have been greater by 450,000 persons than the number actually so occupied. As a matter of fact, the tendency of the population to abandon agriculture and drift into other callings was so pronounced that the number of persons engaged in farming in every thousand of the total population residing in the area above noted, shrank from eighty-seven in 1890 to seventy-four in 1900.

While the total value of all farms in the United States increased 27.6 per cent from 1890 to 1900, it is significant that the increase in value reported in the group of states above specified, comprising more than one third of the total farm valuation, was but 9 per cent. Furthermore, the average value of all farms in the United States was less in 1900 than it was in 1860, and the average value per acre decreased about 6 per cent during the decade from 1890 to 1900.

It should not be overlooked that the movement of population from farm to city also tends to augment the influence of corporations and aggregations of capital. The farmer owes allegiance to no one; as a class he possesses or may possess a greater degree of personal independence than any other class of citizens.

The intense desire for self-government characteristic of the Revolutionary period no doubt had its origin in the fact that almost every household was an independent self-thinking unit which was almost wholly self-sustaining. Nearly the entire population lived on farms, and each farm family raised on its own land most of the food-stuffs and raw material required for support.

In the matter of personal independence the change from farm to city so long in progress must have wrought a far-reaching change in the body politic. In almost all cases the citizen who abandons the farm for city or town life, exchanges the farmer's independence for support secured by hiring out to others. Hence we have been transforming ourselves into a larger and larger proportion of wage-earners, or persons dependent upon employers. The shift from farm to shop and factory has in consequence proportionately increased corporate influence in daily life and politics. The immense present-day power of corporations and combinations is thus derived largely from the voluntary concentration of immense numbers of persons into these classes of employment.

Do not these facts suggest clearly the problem before the American people? It will be conceded that there must come a time when the farms of the United States as at present operated, even with the assistance of the most improved machinery and with all the advantages of agricultural science, either cannot adequately support an undue proportion of population entirely divorced from the soil, or, if support is accorded, must charge enhanced prices for farm products.

The most pronounced movement in population which has occurred during the past two decades has been abandonment of farm life by persons seeking the excitement and activity of urban communities. Every time a citizen leaves the farm and seeks residence in a town or city, he ceases to be a producer and becomes a consumer of the products of those who remained upon the farm. Obviously this process must

have an end, or the national equilibrium will be unsettled.

The conditions here noted are not peculiar to the United States. The tendency to migrate from the country to the town is also noted in other countries. But the laws of nature, although their operation may be postponed by our increasing knowledge of related laws and by other scientific discovery, cannot be permanently set at naught. Obviously a point will be reached at which, in the United States and elsewhere, the conditions prevailing in the three most populous nations of the world will begin to become operative; and either much privation and suffering will result, with a consequent decrease of population, or else the United States and all other nations which confront these problems must effect a readjustment by which a larger proportion of inhabitants will be contented to remain as tillers of the soil and with restricted ambitions. The alternative is immigration to newer lands.

It is not to be expected that the people of the United States, who have been educated to believe that opportunity is open alike to every citizen, will voluntarily turn back to quiet, uneventful, and unambitious lives in country districts. But from this time forward increase of population without corresponding soil-cultivation and individual frugality must inevitably force continual consideration of this problem. Serious social unrest and final revolt are possible but exceedingly dangerous methods of attempting to secure readjustment of the unsatisfactory conditions now prevailing; emigration in increasing volume is another expedient. But it is to be hoped that the problem of living now before us will be settled by a healthful change of public and private sentiment, creditable to an eminently common-sense nation like the United States. Viewed from any standpoint, however, the increase and unequal distribution of population is 'the matter with us.'

# THE PATRICIANS

## BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

[Lord Milton, son of the Earl of Valleys, and grandson of Lady Casterley of 'Ravensham,' is in the thick of a political campaign. By birth, training, and education he represents the old order, and is opposed by Humphrey Chilcox, with whom is associated a socialistic leader, Courtier, who is an enthusiast in the cause of Peace.

Milton, dreamy and ascetic, meets by chance a Mrs. Noel, discreetly referred to by the family as 'Anonyma.' They are mutually attracted. Little is known of her antecedents, and Lady Casterley determines to keep them apart. During one of his daring speeches against Milton's candidacy, a mob attacks Courtier, and Milton, happening, by chance, to be at Mrs. Noel's house at a late hour in the evening, goes to his rescue. In the resulting fray Courtier is slightly injured, and is removed to 'Monkland.' While there, he meets Barbara, the young and beautiful daughter of Lady Valleys. Courtier hears that Lord Milton's opponents are making political capital out of his acquaintance with Mrs. Noel and withdraws from the canvass. Upon seeing the scandalous attacks upon him flaunted in the opposition press, Lord Milton, determined to marry Mrs. Noel, if she consents, hurries to London, where he visits his father, Lord Valleys, and tells him of his intention.]

## XI

Lady Casterley was that inconvenient thing, an early riser. No woman in the kingdom was a better judge of a dew carpet. Nature had in her time displayed before her thousands of those pretty fabrics, where all the stars of the past night, dropped to the dark earth, were waiting to glide up to heaven again on the rays of the sun. At Ravensham she walked regularly in her gardens between half-past seven and eight, and when she paid a visit, was careful to subordinate whatever might be the local custom to this habit.

When therefore her maid, Randle, went to Barbara's maid at seven o'clock, and said, 'My old lady wants Lady Babs to get up,' there was no particular pain in the breast of Lady Barbara's maid, who was lacing up her corsets. She merely answered, 'I'll see to it. Lady Babs won't be too pleased!' And ten minutes later she entered that white-walled room which smelled of pinks — a temple of drowsy sweetness, where the summer light was vaguely stealing through flowered chintz curtains.

Barbara was sleeping with her cheek on her hand, and her tawny hair, gathered back, streaming over the pillow. Her lips were parted, and the maid thought, 'I'd like to have hair and a mouth like that!' She could not help smiling to herself with pleasure; Lady Babs looked so pretty — prettier asleep even than awake! And at sight of that beautiful creature, sleeping and smiling in her sleep, the fungusy, hothouse fumes steeping the mind of one perpetually serving in an atmosphere unsuited to her natural growth dispersed. Beauty, with its queer, touching power of freeing the spirit from all barriers and thoughts of self, sweetened the maid's eyes, and kept her standing, holding her breath. For Barbara asleep was a symbol of that Golden Age in which she so desperately believed.

She opened her eyes, and seeing the maid, said, 'Is it eight o'clock, Stacey?'

'No, Lady Barbara, but Lady Casterley wants you to walk with her.'

'Oh! bother! I was having such a jolly dream.'

'Yes; you were smiling.'

'I was dreaming that I could fly.'

'Fancy!'

'I could see everything spread out below me, as close as I see you; I was hovering like a buzzard hawk. I felt that I could come down exactly where I wanted. It was fascinating. I had perfect power, Stacey.'

She threw her head back and closed her eyes. The sunlight streamed in on her between the half-drawn curtains. The queerest impulse to put out a hand and stroke that full white throat shot through the maid's mind; she turned abruptly.

'These flying machines are stupid,' murmured Barbara; 'the pleasure's in one's body — wings!'

'I can see Lady Casterley in the garden.'

Barbara sprang out of bed. Close by the statue of Diana, Lady Casterley was standing, gazing up at the great house, a tiny, gray figure. Barbara sighed. With her, in her dream, had been another buzzard hawk, and she was filled with a sort of surprise and queer pleasure that ran down her in little shivers while she bathed and dressed.

In her haste she took no hat; and still busy with the fastening of her linen frock, hurried down the stairs and Georgian corridor, toward the garden. At the end of it she almost ran into the arms of Courtier.

Awakening early this morning, he had begun thinking first of Mrs. Noel,

threatened by scandal; then of his yesterday's companion, that glorious young creature, whose image had so gripped and taken possession of him. In the pleasure of this memory he had steeped himself. She was youth itself! That perfect thing, a young girl without callowness.

And his words, when she nearly ran into him, were, 'The Winged Victory!'

Barbara's answer was equally symbolic: 'A buzzard hawk! I dreamed you were flying with me, Mr. Courtier.'

Courtier gravely answered, 'If the gods give *me* that dream, Lady Barbara —'

From the garden door Barbara turned her head, smiled, and passed through.

On seeing her grand-daughter coming toward her, Lady Casterley, who had been scrutinizing some newly founded colonies of a flower with which she was not familiar, said, 'What is this thing?'

'Nemesia.'

'Never heard of it.'

'It's rather new,' said Barbara.

'Nemesia?' repeated Lady Casterley. 'What has Nemesis to do with flowers? I have no patience with gardeners, and these idiotic names. Where is your hat? I like that duck's-egg color in your frock. There's a button undone.' And reaching up her little spidery hand, wonderfully steady considering its age, she buttoned the top button but one of Barbara's bodice. 'You look very blooming, my dear,' she said. 'How far is it to this woman's cottage? We'll go there now.'

'She would n't be up.'

Lady Casterley's eyes gleamed maliciously. 'You all tell me she's so nice,' she said. 'No nice unencumbered woman lies in bed after half-past seven. Which is the very shortest way?'

So saying, she led on at her brisk pace toward the avenue.

All the way down the drive she discoursed on woodcraft, glancing sharply at the great trees. Forestry — she said — like building, and all other pursuits which required faith and patient industry, was a lost art in this second-hand age. She had made Barbara's grandfather practice it, so that at Catton (her country place), and even at Ravensham, the trees were worth looking at. Here, at Monkland, they were shamefully neglected. To have the finest Italian cypress in the country, for example, and not take more care of it, was a crime!

Barbara listened, smiling lazily. Granny was so amusing in her energy and precision! Haunted still by the feeling that she could fly, almost drunk on the sweetness of the air that summer morning, it seemed funny to her that any one should be like that. Then for a second she saw her grandmother's face in repose, off guard, grim with anxious purpose, as if questioning its hold on life; and in one of those flashes of intuition which come to women — even when young and conquering like Barbara — she felt suddenly sorry, as though she had caught sight of the pale spectre never yet seen by her. 'Poor old darling!' she thought; 'what a pity to be old!'

But they had entered the footpath crossing the three meadows which climbed up toward Mrs. Noel's. It was so golden-sweet here amongst the million tiny saffron cups frosted with the lingering dewshine; there was such flying glory in the limes and ash trees; so delicate a scent from the late whins and mayflower; and on every tree a gray bird calling — to be sorry was not possible!

In the far corner of the first field a chestnut mare was standing with ears pricked at some distant sound whose charm she alone perceived. On viewing the intruders, she laid those ears

back, and a little vicious star gleamed out at the corner of her eye. They passed her and entered the second field. Halfway across, Barbara said quietly, 'Granny, that's a bull!'

It was indeed an enormous bull, who had been standing behind a clump of bushes. He was moving slowly toward them, still distant about two hundred yards; a great red beast, with the huge development of neck and front which makes the bull, of all living creatures, the symbol of brute force.

Lady Casterley envisaged him severely. 'I dislike bulls,' she said. 'I think I must walk backward.'

'You can't, dear; it's too uphill.'

'I am not going to turn back,' said Lady Casterley. 'The bull ought not to be here. Whose fault is it? I shall speak to some one. Stand still and look at him. We must prevent his coming nearer.'

They stood still and looked at the bull, who continued to approach.

'It does n't stop him,' said Lady Casterley. 'We must take no notice. Give me your arm, my dear; my legs feel rather funny.'

Barbara put her arm round the little figure. They walked on.

'I have not been used to bulls lately,' said Lady Casterley.

The bull came nearer.

'Granny,' said Barbara, 'you must go quietly on to the stile while I talk to him. When you're over I'll come too.'

'Certainly not,' said Lady Casterley, 'we will go together. Take no notice of him; I have great faith in that.'

'Granny darling, you must do as I say, please; I remember this bull, he is one of ours.'

At those rather ominous words Lady Casterley gave her a sharp glance.

'I shall not go,' she said. 'My legs feel quite strong now. We can run, if necessary.'

'So can the bull,' said Barbara.

'I'm not going to leave you to him,' muttered Lady Casterley. 'If he turns vicious I shall talk to him. He won't touch *me*. You can run faster than I; that's settled.'

'Don't be absurd, dear,' answered Barbara; 'I am not afraid of bulls.'

Lady Casterley flashed a look at her which had a gleam of amusement.

'I can feel you,' she said. 'You're just as trembly as I am.'

The bull was now distant some eighty yards, and they were still quite a hundred from the stile.

'Granny,' said Barbara, 'if you don't go on as I tell you, I shall just leave you, and go and meet him! You must n't be obstinate!'

Lady Casterley's answer was to grip her grand-daughter round the waist; the nervous force of that spidery arm was surprising. 'You will do nothing of the sort,' she said. 'I refuse to have anything more to do with this bull; I shall simply pay no attention.'

The bull now began very slowly ambling towards them.

'Take no notice,' said Lady Casterley, who was walking faster than she had ever walked before.

'The ground is level now,' said Barbara; 'can you run, dear?'

'I think so,' gasped Lady Casterley; and suddenly she found herself half-lifted from the ground, and, as it were, flying towards the stile. She heard a noise behind; then Barbara's voice, — 'We must stop. He's on us. Get behind me.'

She felt herself caught and pinioned by two arms that seemed set on the wrong way. Instinct and a general softness told her that she was back to back with her grand-daughter.

'Let me go!' she gasped; 'let me go!'

And suddenly she felt herself being propelled by that softness forward towards the stile.

'Shoo!' she said; 'shoo!'

'Granny,' Barbara's voice came, calm and breathless, 'don't! You only excite him! Are we near the stile?'

'Ten yards,' panted Lady Casterley.

'Look out, then!' There was a sort of warm flurry round her, a rush, a heave, a scramble; she was beyond the stile. The bull and Barbara, a yard or two apart, were just the other side. Lady Casterley raised her handkerchief and fluttered it. The bull looked up; Barbara, all legs and arms, came slipping down beside her.

Without wasting a moment Lady Casterley leaned forward and addressed the bull. 'You awful brute!' she said; 'I will have you well flogged.'

Gently pawing the ground, the bull snuffled.

'Are you any the worse, child?'

'Not a scrap,' said Barbara's serene, still breathless voice.

Lady Casterley put up her hands and took the girl's face between them.

'What legs you have!' she said. 'Give me a kiss!'

Having received a hot, rather quivering kiss, she walked on, holding somewhat firmly to Barbara's arm.

'As for that bull,' she murmured, 'the brute — to attack women!'

Barbara looked down at her. 'Darling,' she said, 'are you sure you're not shaken?'

Lady Casterley, whose lips were quivering, pressed them together very hard. 'Not a b-b-bit.'

'Don't you think,' said Barbara, 'that we had better go back, at once — the other way?'

'Certainly not. There are no more bulls, I suppose, between us and this woman?'

'But are you fit to see her?'

Lady Casterley passed her handkerchief over her lips, to remove their quivering. 'Perfectly,' she answered grimly.

'Then, dear,' said Barbara, 'stand still a minute, while I dust you behind.'

This having been accomplished, they proceeded in the direction of Mrs. Noel's cottage.

At sight of it Lady Casterley said, 'I shall put my foot down. It would be fatal for a man of Milton's prospects. I look forward to the time when he will be Prime Minister.' Hearing Barbara's voice murmuring above her, she paused: 'What's that you say?'

'I said, what is the use of our being what we are, if we can't love whom we like?'

'Love!' said Lady Casterley; 'I was talking of marriage.'

'I am glad you admit the distinction, Granny dear.'

'You are pleased to be sarcastic,' said Lady Casterley. 'Listen to me! It's the greatest nonsense to suppose that people in our caste are free to do as they please. The sooner you realize that, the better, Babs. I am talking to you seriously. The preservation of our position as a class depends on our observing certain decencies. What do you imagine would happen to the Royal Family if they were allowed to marry whom they pleased? All this marrying with Gayety girls, and Americans, and people with pasts, and writers, and so forth, is most damaging. There's not much of it, thank goodness, but it ought to be stopped. It may be tolerated for a few cranks, or silly young men, and these new women; but for Milton —' Lady Casterley paused again, and her fingers pinched Barbara's arm, — 'or for you, — oh! yes, I've very good eyes, — there's only one sort of marriage possible. As for Eustace, I shall speak to this good lady, and see that he does n't get entangled further.'

Absorbed in the intensity of her purpose, she did not observe a peculiar little smile playing round Barbara's lips.

'You had better speak to Nature, too, Granny!'

Lady Casterley stopped short, and looked up in her grand-daughter's face.

'Now what do you mean by that?' she said. 'Tell me!'

But noticing that Barbara's lips had closed tightly, she gave her arm a hard — if unintentional — pinch, and walked on.

## XII

Lady Casterley's rather malicious diagnosis of 'Anonyma' was correct. She was already in her garden when Barbara and her grandmother appeared at the wicket-gate; but being near the lime tree at the far end, she did not hear the rapid colloquy passing between them.

'You have promised to be good, Granny.'

'Good indeed! What do you mean, child?'

'You know!'

'H'mph!'

Lady Casterley could not possibly have provided herself with a better introduction than Barbara, whom Mrs. Noel never met without the sheer pleasure felt by a sympathetic woman when she sees embodied that 'joy in life' which Fate has not permitted to herself.

She came forward with her head a little on one side, a trick of hers not at all affected, and stood waiting.

The unembarrassed Barbara began at once. 'We've just had an encounter with a bull. This is my grandmother, Lady Casterley.'

The little great lady's demeanor, confronted with this very pretty face and figure, was a thought less autocratic and abrupt than usual. Her shrewd eyes saw at once that she had no common adventuress to deal with. She was woman of the world enough, too, to know that 'birth' was not what it had been in her young days, that even money was rather rococo, and that good looks, manners, and a knowledge of literature, art, and music (and this woman looked like one of that sort), were often considered socially more valuable. She was therefore both wary and affable.

'How do you do?' she said. 'I have heard of you. May we sit down for a minute in your garden? The bull was a wretch!'

But even in speaking, she was uneasily conscious that this woman's clear eyes saw very well what she had come for. The look in them indeed was almost cynical, and in spite of her sympathetic murmurs, she did not somehow seem to believe in the bull. This was disconcerting. Why had Barbara condescended to mention the wretched brute? And she decided to take him by the horns.

'Babs,' she said, 'go to the inn and order me a fly. I shall drive back, I feel very shaky'; and, as Mrs. Noel offered to send her maid, she added, 'No, no, my grand-daughter will go.'

Barbara having departed with a quizzical look, Lady Casterley patted the rustic seat, and said, 'Do come and sit down, I want to talk to you.'

Mrs. Noel obeyed. And suddenly Lady Casterley perceived that she had a most difficult task before her. She had not expected a woman with whom one could take no liberties. Those clear dark eyes, and that soft, perfectly graceful manner — to a person so 'sympathetic' one should be able to say anything, and — one could n't! It was awkward. And suddenly she noticed that this woman was sitting perfectly upright, as upright — more upright — than herself. A bad sign — a very bad sign! Taking out her handkerchief, she put it to her lips.

'I suppose you think,' she said, 'that we were not chased by a bull.'

'I am sure you were.'

'H'm! I've something else to talk to you about.'

Mrs. Noel's face quivered back, as a flower might that one was going to pluck; and again Lady Casterley put her handkerchief to her lips. This time she rubbed them hard. There was nothing to come off; to do so, therefore, was a satisfaction.

'I am an old woman,' she said, 'and you must n't mind what I say.'

Mrs. Noel did not answer, but looked straight at Lady Casterley, to whom it seemed suddenly as if this was another woman. What was it about that face, staring at her! In a weird way it reminded her of a child that one had hurt — with those great eyes and that soft hair, and the mouth thin, in a line.

All of a sudden, and as if it had been jerked out of her, she said, 'I don't want to hurt you, my dear. It's about my grandson, of course.'

But Anonyma made no sign or motion; and that feeling of irritation which so rapidly attacks the old when confronted with the unexpected, came to Lady Casterley's aid.

'His name,' she said, 'is being coupled with yours in a way that's doing him a great deal of harm. You don't wish to injure him, I'm sure.'

Mrs. Noel shook her head, and Lady Casterley went on: —

'I don't know what they're not saying since the evening that man Mr. Courtier hurt his knee. Milton has been most unwise. You had not perhaps realized that.'

Mrs. Noel's answer was bitterly distinct. 'I did n't know any one was sufficiently interested in me.'

Lady Casterley made a gesture of exasperation.

'Good Heavens!' she said; 'every common person is interested in a woman whose position is anomalous. Living alone as you do, and not a widow, you're fair game for everybody, especially in the country.'

Mrs. Noel's sidelong glance, very clear, and cynical, seemed to say, 'Even for you!'

'I am not entitled to ask your story,' Lady Casterley went on, 'but if you make mysteries you must expect the worst interpretation put on them. My grandson is a man of the highest principle; he does not see things with the eyes of the world, and that should have made you doubly careful not to compromise him, especially at a time like this.'

Mrs. Noel smiled. This smile startled Lady Casterley; it seemed, by concealing everything, to reveal depths of strength and subtlety. Would the woman never show her hand? And she said abruptly, 'Anything serious, of course, is out of the question.'

'Quite.'

That word, which of all others seemed the right one, was spoken so that Lady Casterley did not know in the least what it meant. Though occasionally employing irony, she detested it in others. No woman should be allowed to use it as a weapon! But in these days, when they were so foolish as to want votes, one never knew what they would be at. This woman, however, did not look like one of that sort. She was feminine, — very feminine, — the sort of creature that spoiled men by being too nice to them. And though she had come determined to find out all about everything and put an end to it, she saw Barbara reëntering the wicket gate with considerable relief.

'I am ready to walk home now,' she said. And getting up from the rustic seat, she made Mrs. Noel a stiff little bow. 'You understand, don't you? Give me your arm, child.'

Barbara gave her arm, and over her shoulder threw a swift smile like a sud-

den gleam of sunshine. But Mrs. Noel did not answer it. She stood looking quietly after them; and her eyes seemed immensely dark and large.

Out in the lane Lady Casterley walked on, very silent, digesting her emotions.

'What about the fly, Granny?'

'What fly?'

'The one you told me to order.'

'You don't mean to say that you took me seriously, child?'

'No,' said Barbara.

'H'mph!'

They proceeded some little way further before Lady Casterley said suddenly, — 'She is deep.'

'And dark,' said Barbara. 'I am afraid you were not good!'

Lady Casterley glanced upwards. 'I detest this habit,' she said, 'amongst you young people, of taking nothing seriously. Not even bulls,' she added, with a grim smile.

Barbara threw back her head and sighed. 'Who could be serious on a day like this!'

Lady Casterley saw that she had closed her eyes and opened her lips, as if inviting the kisses of the sun. And she thought, 'She's a very beautiful girl. I had no idea she was so beautiful — but too big!' And she added aloud, — 'Shut your mouth! You will get a fly down!'

Instead of shutting her mouth, Barbara bent down and kissed her three times, as it seemed simply for the pleasure of kissing.

'That will do,' said Lady Casterley. 'I am not a man!' Something in those kisses had disturbed her.

They spoke no more till they had entered the avenue; then Lady Casterley said sharply, 'Who is this coming down the drive?'

'Mr. Courtier, I think.'

'What does he mean by it, with that leg?'

'He is coming to talk to you, Granny.'

Lady Casterley stopped short.

'You are a cat!' she said; 'a sly cat. Now mind, Babs, I won't have it!'

'No, darling,' murmured Barbara; 'you shan't have it — I'll take him off your hands.'

'What does your mother mean,' stammered Lady Casterley, 'letting you grow up like this! You're as bad as she was at your age!'

'Worse!' said Barbara. 'I dreamed last night that I could fly!'

'If you try that,' said Lady Casterley grimly, 'you'll soon come to grief. Good-morning, sir; you ought to be in bed!'

Courtier raised his hat.

'Surely it is not for me to be where you are not!' He added gloomily, 'The war scare's dead!'

'Ha!' said Lady Casterley; 'your occupation's gone, then. You'll go back to London now, I suppose?'

And looking at Barbara she saw that the girl's eyes were half-closed, and she was smiling; it seemed to Lady Casterley too — or was it fancy? — that she shook her head.

## XIII

That evening, in the billiard-room, Barbara said to Courtier, — 'I wonder if you will answer me a question?'

'If I may, and can, Lady Barbara.'

Her low-cut dress was of yew-green, with little threads of flame-color, matching her hair, so that there was about her a splendor of darkness and whiteness and gold, almost dazzling; and she stood very still, leaning back against the lighter green of the billiard-table, grasping its edge. The smooth, strong backs of her hands quivered with that grip.

'We have just heard that Milton is going to ask Mrs. Noel to marry him.

People are never mysterious, are they, without good reason? I wanted you to tell me — is it a very bad thing for him?'

'I don't think I quite grasp the situation,' murmured Courtier. 'You said — to marry him?'

Barbara put out her hand ever so little, begging for the truth.

'But how can your brother marry her — she's married!'

'Oh!'

'I'd no idea you did n't know.'

'The story about her here is that she's divorced.'

Courtier's eyes kindled. 'Hoist with their own petard! The usual thing. Let a pretty woman live alone — the tongues of men will do the rest.'

'And of women,' murmured Barbara. 'Tell me all about it, please. We'd better know.'

'Her father was a country parson, a friend of my father's; I've known her from a child. Noel was his curate. It was what you call a "snap" marriage — girl of twenty who'd never met any men to speak of, continually thrown with him, encouraged by her father. She simply found out, like a good many other people, that she'd made an utter mistake.'

'What was he like?' Barbara interrupted.

'Not a bad fellow in his way, but one of those narrow, conscientious men who make the most trying kind of husband — born egoistic. A parson of that sort has no chance at all. Every mortal thing he has to do or say helps him to develop his worst points. The wife of a man like that's no better than a slave. She began to show the strain at last, though she's one of the sort who goes on until she snaps. It took him four years to realize. Then the question was, what were they to do? He's a very High Churchman, with all their feeling about marriage; but luckily his pride was mortally wounded, and he got the notion that it would be sin to go on living a married life with her under the circumstances. Anyway, they separated two years ago, and there she is, left high and dry. Her people are dead. She has money enough to live on quietly; and he runs a parish somewhere in a Midland town. They never see each other; and, so far as I know, they don't correspond. That, Lady Barbara, is the simple history.'

Barbara said impulsively, 'Oh! poor thing!'

Courtier went to his rest that night with a new and revised version of that young book bound in green and flame. She was a fuller, more complete work than he had thought. This was the first glimpse he had caught of her under the softening glow of the emotions. What a woman she would make if the drying curse of high-caste life were not allowed to stereotype and shrivel her! If enthusiasm were suffered to penetrate and fertilize her soul! He had a vision of her, as a flower, floating, freed of roots and the mould of its cultivated soil, in the liberty of the impartial air. What a passionate and noble thing she might become! What radiance and perfume she would exhale! A spirit fleur-de-lys! Sister to all the noble flowers of light that inhabited the wind!

Leaning in the deep embrasure of his window, he looked at anonymous night. He could hear the owls hoot, and feel a heart beating out there somewhere in the darkness, but there came no answer to his wondering. Would she — this great tawny lily of a girl — ever become unconscious of her environment, not in manner, but in the very soul, so that she might be just a woman, breathing, suffering, loving, and rejoicing with the poet-soul of all mankind? Would she ever be capable of riding out with the little company of big hearts, naked of advantage?

Courtier had not been inside a church for twenty years, being the son of a clergyman, and having long felt that he must not enter the mosques of his country without putting off the shoes of freedom; but he read the Bible, considering it the greatest of all poems; and the old words came haunting him: 'Verily I say unto you, it is harder for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven.' And now, looking into the night, whose darkness seemed to hold the answer to all secrets, he tried to read the riddle of this girl's future, with which there seemed so interwoven that large enigma, how far the spirit can free itself in this life from the matter that encompasseth.

## XIV

A copy of the Bucklandbury *News*, containing an account of his evening adventure, did not reach Milton till he was just starting on his return journey. It came marked with blue pencil, together with a note.

My dear Eustace, —

The inclosed — however unwarranted and impudent — requires attention. But we shall do nothing till you come back. Yours ever,

William Shropton.

The effect on Milton might perhaps have been different had he not been so conscious of his intention to ask Mrs. Noel to marry him; but in any circumstances it is doubtful whether he would have done more than smile, and tear the paper up. Truly that sort of thing had so little power to hurt or disturb him personally, that he was incapable of seeing how it could hurt or disturb any one. If those who read it were affected by it, so much the worse for them. He had a real, if unobtrusive, contempt for groundlings, of whatever class; it never would enter his head to step an inch out of his course in deference to their vagaries. Nor did it come home to him that Mrs. Noel, wrapped in the glamour which he cast about her, could possibly suffer from the meanness of vulgar minds. This incapacity for thinking meanly made his strength; this incapacity for understanding how others could think meanly, his weakness. Shropton's note, indeed, caused him the more annoyance of those two documents. It was like his brother-in-law to make much of little!

He hardly dozed at all during his swift journey through the sleeping country; nor when he reached his room at Monkland did he go to bed. He had the wonderful, upborne feeling of man on the verge of achievement. His spirit and senses were both on fire — for that was the quality of this woman, she suffered no part of him to sleep, and he was glad of her exactions.

He drank some tea, went out, and took a path up to the moor. It was not yet eight o'clock when he reached the top of the nearest tor. And there, below him, around, and above, was a land and sky transcending even his exaltation. It was like a symphony of great music, or the nobility of a stupendous mind laid bare; it was God up there, in His many moods. Serenity was spread in the middle heavens, blue, illimitable; and along to the east, three great clouds, like thoughts brooding over the destinies below, moved slowly toward the sea, so that great shadows filled those valleys. And the land that lay under all the other sky was gleaming and quivering with every color, as it were, clothed with the divine smile.

The wind, from the north, whereon floated the white birds of the smaller clouds, had no voice; for it was above all barriers, utterly free. Before Milton, turning his face to this wind, lay

the maze of the lower lands, with the misty greens, rose-pinks, and browns of the fields, and the white and gray dots and strokes of cottages and church towers, fading into the blue veil of distance, confined by a far range of hills. When he turned his back to the wind there was nothing but the restless surface of the moor, colored purplish-brown. On that untamed sea of graven wildness could be seen no ship of man, save one, on the far horizon — the grim hulk, Dartmoor prison. There was no sound, no scent, and it seemed to Milton as if his spirit had left his body, and become part of the solemnity of God. Yet, as he stood there, with his head bared to the wind, that strange smile which haunted him in moments of deep feeling showed that he had not surrendered to the Universal, that his own spirit was but being fortified, and that this was the true and secret source of his delight.

He lay down in a scoop of the stones. The sun entered there, but no wind, so that a dry, sweet scent exuded from the young shoots of heather. That warmth and perfume crept through the shield of his spirit, and stole into his blood; ardent images rose before him, the vision of an unending embrace. Out of an embrace sprang Life, out of that the World was made, this wonderful World, with its innumerable forms and natures — no two alike! And from him and her would spring forms to take their place in the great pattern! This seemed wonderful, and right—for they would be worthy forms, who would hand on great traditions! Then there broke on him one of those delirious waves of natural desire, against which he had so often fought, so often with great pain conquered. Thank God! An end to that was coming! He got up, and ran down hill, leaping over the stones, and the thicker clumps of heather.

Anonyma, too, had been early astir, though she had gone late enough to bed. She dressed languidly, but very carefully, being one of those women who put on armor against Fate, because they are proud and dislike the thought that their sufferings should make others suffer, because their bodies are something rather sacred, having been given them in trust, to cause delight. When she had finished, she looked at herself in the glass rather more distrustfully than usual. She knew that her sort of woman was rather at a discount in these days, and being very sensitive, she was never content with her appearance, or her habits; yet she went on instinctively behaving in unsatisfactory ways. She incorrigibly loved to look as charming as she could, even if no one were going to see her; she never felt that she looked charming enough. She was, too, as Lady Casterley had guessed, the sort of woman who spoils men by being too nice to them; of no use to those who wish women to assert themselves, yet having a certain passive stoicism, very disconcerting. She was one of those women who have little power of initiative, yet will do what they are set to do with a thoroughness that would shame an initiator; who are temperamentally unable to beg anything of anybody, but require love as a plant requires water; who will give themselves completely, yet remain oddly incorruptible; one of those women who are, in a word, hopeless, and usually beloved of those who think them so. With all this, however, she was not quite what is called a 'sweet woman,' — a phrase she detested, — for there was in her a queer vein of gentle cynicism. She 'saw' with extraordinary clearness, as if she had been born in Italy and still carried that clear, dry atmosphere about her soul. There was no mysticism in her, and little aspir-

ation; sufficient to her were things as they showed themselves to be.

This morning, when she had made herself smell of geraniums, and fastened all the small contrivances that hold even the best of women together, she went downstairs to her little dining-room, set the spirit-lamp going, and taking up her newspaper, stood waiting to make tea.

It was the hour of the day most dear to her. If the dew had been brushed off her life, it was still there every morning on the face of nature, and on the faces of her flowers; there was before her all the pleasure of seeing how each of the little creatures in the garden had slept; how many children had been born since the dawn; who was ailing, and needed attention. There was also the feeling, which renews itself each morning in people who live lonely lives, that they are not lonely, until the day, wearing on, assures them that they are. Not that she was idle, for she had obtained through Courtier the work of reviewing music in a woman's paper, for which she was intuitively fitted. This, her flowers, her own music, and the affairs of certain families of cottagers, filled nearly all her time. And she asked no better fate than to have every minute occupied, having the passion for work that demanded no initiative natural to those with lazy minds.

Suddenly she dropped her newspaper, went to the bowl of flowers on the breakfast-table, and plucked forth two stalks of lavender; holding them away from her, she went out into the garden and flung them over the wall.

This strange immolation of those two poor sprigs, born so early, and gathered and placed there with such kind intention by her maid, seemed of all acts the least to be expected of one who hated to hurt people's feelings, and whose eyes always shone at the sight of flowers. But in truth the smell of lavender — that scent carried on her husband's handkerchief and clothes — still affected her so strongly that she could not bear to be in a room with it. As nothing else did, it brought before her one to live with whom it had slowly become torture. And, freed by that scent, the whole flood of memory broke in on her. The memory of three long years when her teeth had been set doggedly on her discovery that she was chained to unhappiness for life; the memory of the abrupt end, and of her creeping away to let her scorched nerves recover. Of how, during the first year of this release, that was not freedom, she had twice changed her abode, to get away from her own story — not because she was ashamed of it, but because it reminded her of wretchedness. Of how she had then come to Monkland, where the quiet life had slowly given her back elasticity. And then of her meeting with Milton; the unexpected delight of that companionship; the frank enjoyment of the first four months. And she remembered all her secret rejoicing, her silent identification of another life with her own, before she acknowledged or even suspected love. And then, three weeks ago, helping to tie up her roses, he had touched her, and she had known! Even now, until the night of Courtier's accident, she had not dared to realize. More concerned for him than for herself, she asked herself a thousand times if she had been to blame. She had let him grow fond of her, a woman out of court, a dead woman! Was it not an unpardonable sin? But surely that depended on what she was prepared to give! And she was ready to give everything, to ask for nothing. He knew her position, he had told her that he knew. In her love for him she gloried, would continue to glory; and suffer without regret.

Milton was right in believing that

the newspaper gossip was incapable of hurting her, though her reasons for being so impervious were not what he supposed. She was not, like him, secured from pain because the insinuation was mean or vulgar; it did not even occur to her that it was; it simply did not hurt her, because she would have gloried had it been true. In fact she was already so deeply Milton's property in spirit, that she was almost glad that they should assign him all the rest of her. But, for Milton's sake, she was disturbed to the soul. Had she not tarnished his shield in the eyes of men; and (for she was oddly practical) perhaps put back his career, who knew how many years! She sat down to drink her tea. Not being a crying woman, she suffered very quietly. She knew somehow that Milton would be coming to her, having that power of divining things before they happen, common to passive natures. She did not know at all what she should say to him when he did come. He could not care for her so much as she cared for him! He was a man; men soon forget! But he was not like most men. One could not look at his eyes without feeling that he could suffer terribly! Her own reputation concerned her not at all.

Life, and her clear way of looking at things, had brought her the conviction that to a woman the preciousness of her reputation was a fiction invented by men entirely for man's benefit; a second-hand fetish insidiously, inevitably set up by men for worship, in novels, plays, and law courts. Her instinct told her that men could not feel secure in the possession of their women unless they could believe that women set tremendous store by sexual reputation. What they wanted to believe, that they did believe. But she knew otherwise. Such great-minded women as she had met or read of, had always left on her the impression that reputation for them was a matter of the spirit, having little to do with sex. From her own feelings she knew that reputation, for a simple woman, meant to stand well in the eyes of him or her whom she loved best. For worldly women she had always noted that its value was not intrinsic, but commercial; not a crown of dignity, but just a marketable asset. And so she did not dread in the least what people might say of her friendship with Milton; nor did she feel at all that her indissoluble marriage forbade her loving him. She had secretly felt free as soon as she had discovered that she did not love her husband, but had gone on dutifully until the separation, from sheer passivity, and because it was against her nature to cause pain to any one. The man who was still her husband was now as dead to her as if he had never been born. She could not marry again, it was true; but she could and did love. If that love was to be starved and die away, it would not be because of any moral scruples.

She opened her paper languidly; and almost the first words she read, under the heading of 'Election News,' were these:—

'Apropos of the outrage on Mr. Courtier, we are requested to state that the lady who accompanied Lord Milton to the rescue of that gentleman was Mrs. Noel, wife of the Rev. Stephen Noel, the vicar of a parish in a Midland town.'

This dubious little daub of whitewash only brought a rather sad smile to her lips. She left her tea, and went out into the air. There at the gate was Milton, coming in. Her heart leaped, and all her soul rushed into her eyes. But she went forward quietly, and greeted him, as if nothing were out of the ordinary.

*(To be continued.)*

# LYING LIKE TRUTH

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

In turning over the few pieces of early fiction which have survived the wrack of things, one marvels constantly as to what it is that has preserved them, for, to the great limbo of ideas and emotions where that which has striven to be art has not yet come to be, prose fiction has, perhaps from the very elasticity of its form, contributed more than any other form of art. What right perception of life has found expression here, we ask, in taking up the unforgotten novels; what fortunate accident of form has given such perception tangible shape, crystallizing experience into a fine definiteness of outer shape which keeps these tales from melting back, as so many thousand others have done, into the uncreated? Up to a certain point the question is not hard to answer, as we think of mere line and texture; beyond that it is mystery, as the ultimate charm of creative work must always be. As the line of immortal story-tellers files past, with Cervantes at the head, one can detect in each a certain keenness in observing human life, a certain sweetness in interpreting the bizarre spectacle, and a gift of presenting in very great detail this sane and balanced view of things.

Of Defoe it was said, in a phrase which admirably defines the true art of fiction, that he had the gift of 'lying like truth,' and Defoe has captivated the imagination of all generations between his time and ours. His was the art of making the unreal, perhaps even the impossible, more evident than that which happens before your very eyes, because amazing improbabilities are told with such close attention to immediate detail that you can but believe; and, by the side of his fictitious tales, newspaper accounts of actual happenings seem, in their sketchy presentation, unreal and improbable.

How many ways they had of 'lying like truth,' those earlier English writers of fiction! In *Gulliver*, the effect of reality is extraordinary, through the minute psychological record of every shade of perplexity, as the hero faces his astounding adventures among small people and great; while in *Sir Charles Grandison* we seem to share all phases of emotion of all the characters, for Richardson was as accurate an instrument as any lately invented by the psychologists to register the exact flutter of the human pulse. From that realism of petty, practical detail which delights us in *Robinson Crusoe*, from the crude rendering of emotion in Richardson's work, down to the subtle intellectual processes of Meredith's characters, one marvels at the many and the varied ways in which our novelists have learned to 'lie like truth,' making the very stuff of daily life visible and tangible, and tracing, thought by thought, the processes of the mind. As one ponders on the deeper aspects of the question, thinking of the inner truth or vision thus wrought out into concrete form, of Jane Austen's finely balanced sense of things, of Thackeray's pungent sweetness of interpretation, of Meredith's penetrative wisdom, the sanity and depth of our elder novelists become

as true a measure of our later work as does their creative power or gift of presenting their ideas in concrete form.

Searching, among the novels of the last six months, for the truth that comes from close observation, one finds it nowhere more apparent than in Myra Kelly's *Little Aliens*,[1] a book of tales, like her others, dealing with children of the East Side in New York. It was granted to this author, through her gift of insight, to become the interpreter of a generation of young Americans of alien blood and alien faiths, and it is largely to her sweet and sane sympathy that we owe our knowledge of how nearly they are kin to what is best and finest in us; how often they are, in their untutored gentleness, our betters. This author's gift of creeping to the very inner consciousness of these small folk is one not likely to be granted to another, and her early death is the more to be regretted as it means the loss of one who could help bridge the gulf between races. The humor and the pathos of the tales delight us, and the skill in rendering minute shades of thought and of feeling gives the work always high artistic veracity.

Close study, careful use of detail, are evinced in Alice Brown's *Country Neighbors*,[2] and many faithful touches of description and characterization make time, place, and people real. One finds here a certain monotony of emotion, for the author, wisely perhaps, keeps to the minor key, and there is more suggestion of phases of life which her people have escaped, or have lived through long ago, than of those which they are living.

The same quiet sentiment and gentle humor that characterize these tales are found in her latest novel, *John Winterbourne's Family*.[3] Here is free play of fancy, affectionate picturing of whimsical character, and a picturesque combination of homely New England experiences with hints of Greek myth. The book is longer and more elaborate than most of Miss Brown's tales, yet the gain in dramatic interest does not seem proportionate to the length, and the novel confirms the belief that she is at her best in writing short stories.

Searching further for those who can 'lie like truth,' we take up *The Depot Master*,[4] by Joseph C. Lincoln. Here the homely sights and sounds of shore life are pictured, but, as the author turns over his stock-in-trade of old-sailor qualities and sailor words, one cannot help feeling a lack of freshness in the presentation. A certain zest and originality must go to the making of fiction that will live, and it is well not to use too often details used many times before. As one surveys the same articles cooking in the same utensils, the same nets drying on the shore, and listens to the same rustic expressions, the sky of New England seems unnecessarily contracted, and the thought suggests itself that possibly the material and the art of Myra Kelly point the way in which freshness may come back to our fiction, through the study of other nationalities coming into contact with our own.

Keeping in mind the one idea, the firmness and closeness of detail that bring in fiction an effect of reality, one finds cause for wonder in turning over the books of the season. More than one starts out admirably, giving the very stuff and substance of life, then falters into commonplace generalization, as, possibly, the author's mem-

[1] *Little Aliens.* By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *Country Neighbors.* By Alice Brown. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

[3] *John Winterbourne's Family.* By Alice Brown. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

[4] *The Depot Master.* By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ory, and keen sense of childhood's experiences, give way to fancy. *The Right Stuff*,[1] for instance, by Ian Hay, is quite the right stuff in the first chapter and the last, vital, close to reality; but all between is the wrong stuff, a tale of society life in London, having no special charm, and bearing no trace of the first-hand knowledge and observation that mark the beginning and the end.

More deeply disappointing, because failing in more ways, is *Poppy*,[2] by Cynthia Stockley, with its most interesting opening chapters. The very look of the sunburnt land of South Africa, with its still air, the bare 'kopje,' the mimosa trees, and the very soul of a child, hurt, tired, overworked, are revealed, and the reader feels that he is about to share a genuine record of human experience worth sharing. Then, suddenly, the tale loses its hold on the concrete, and turns into a bit of decadent literature, fortunately far less vivid than the early part, with one or two chapters which make one sorry to see upon the book the imprint of the fine old firm whose clean-minded literature was the solace of our childhood. As the new heroine with 'tendrilly' hair replaces the passionate child, we pass from the realm of real observation and real experience, and enter a made-up world, where much is generalized and much is borrowed. Luce Abinger is an absurd combination of Charlotte Brontë's Mr. Rochester and Mrs. Voynich's hero in *The Gadfly*. The manners of the former, the distorted face, the scar, the stammer of the latter, make up a rather formidable creature who possesses all gifts save that of reality, to quote I know not whom. Have our later novelists not patience enough to go on observing for themselves, that they must thus rifle earlier stores?

It is partly a lessening of this quality of close study which makes Miss Montgomery's *Kilmeny*[3] less appealing than *Anne of Green Gables*. There was a distinctness about the former, an artistic truth in the portrait of the quaint child with individual fancies. This story is pretty and fanciful, in the green and gray setting of a Prince Edward Island orchard, but vagueness replaces the close rendering of real things, and, in spite of the poetic touch, the tale does not hold the reader. Only the genuine poet, one to whom the invisible is more real than the visible, dare write the story 'all made up of the poet's brain.'

Something of the glamour attending the stirring tales of brave knights and lovely ladies attaches to Mr. Chambers's story of the Civil War, *Ailsa Paige*.[4] Highly spiced to suit the popular taste, both in the rendering of sentiment and in the presentation of the horrors of war, it betrays more effort to produce a sensation at all costs than to achieve a fine quality of artistic truth, and falls short of being among the best.

A new story by the author of *The Inner Shrine*[5] is sure to rouse interest this year, if not next year or the next. This tale, like the earlier one, begins in a tensely dramatic situation, full of sensational elements; then drifts into a narrative whose chief interest lies in the character-development. This novel is, on the whole, better than the earlier one, though neither is of especially fine quality, and the character-study is none too profound. Both are full of what

[1] *The Right Stuff*. By Ian Hay. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

[2] *Poppy*. By Cynthia Stockley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] *Kilmeny*. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page.

[4] *Ailsa Paige*. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[5] *The Wild Olive*. By the author of *The Inner Shrine*. New York: Harper & Bros.

might be called a 'light seriousness,' well fitted to make a popular appeal. Giving the life-history of a man wrongly accused of murder, and of the woman who loves him throughout, it employs somewhat hackneyed materials with a certain air of freshness. The heroine, in her scorn of man-made laws, and her deep insight into real laws of action, betrays more originality than does anything else in the book, but the hero's character is so blurred and indefinite that her fine loyalty seems often to lack dramatic point. How far removed is most of the workmanship in the book from close picturing of reality! How evidently it lacks the specific touch that creates! It belongs with those bits of pottery whose edges begin to crumble before they leave the maker's hand, and which slip back easily, after brief use, into the elements from which they emerged.

Careful study of local conditions, people, scenery, appears in more than one novel of the season. *Cavanagh, Forest Ranger*,[1] brings to us something of the mountain heights, the clear air, the distances of the West. Roaring Fork, Nebraska, and the mountains that guard it are the scene of a tale full of picturesque and stirring incident, dealing with the struggle between the old West and the new, the lawlessness of the old order, and the fine patriotism that means obedience to law. Fierce struggles for land and pasture are depicted; murder, by supposed reputable citizens, of Mexican sheep-herders, carnage, recklessness, fidelity, perfidy, struggle in civic chaos; and athwart it all, embodiment of the nation's determination that law shall prevail, rides Cavanagh, the Ranger. It is an interesting story, with a certain vitality, much realistic detail, and often beauty of line and color. Even if we find here no new and original nature-sense, no new interpretation of human character, there is a breeze-like quality of enthusiasm in the tale, and there is pleasure in sharing the wide spaces of the range.

Another local study appears in *By Inheritance*,[2] by Octave Thanet, a story of the South. Despite its charm, it is frankly polemical, a plea against thrusting upon the Negro the white man's lot, and everywhere, expressed and unexpressed, runs through it the thesis that, at any cost, the races must be kept distinct. The author has the genuine story-teller's gift, and here artistic definiteness lends itself in unobtrusive ways to the interpretation of grave matters. This truth-telling observation might well give pause to far-away theorists and idealists, stoutly maintaining lofty abstract views upon a basis of invincible ignorance. The subsequent misery of the young colored man who was educated at Harvard does not, perhaps, convince the stubborn Northern mind that all purely intellectual education for the Negro is wrong; but the author brings, even to those who disagree with her, an uncomfortable sense that she knows more about some aspects of the matter than they do, and that those who plan for the future of this unfortunate race would do well to learn from those who have lived with it. Meanwhile, the book is an interesting example — in its record of actual word and phrase, act and thought, of the people it depicts — of 'lying like truth.'

An unusual kind of reality may be found in *The Thief of Virtue*,[3] by Eden Phillpotts. Looking back at the author's earlier tales, one detects a growing subtlety in his peculiar identification of human lives with the life of nature.

[1] *Cavanagh, Forest Ranger.* By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

[2] *By Inheritance.* By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

[3] *The Thief of Virtue.* By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The John Lane Company.

In this lingering study of experience, the little group of people of whom he writes are almost completely swayed by the same forces that dominate moor and peat and cloud, yet the act of wrong in which the book centres becomes sin because of dim spiritual forces, differentiating them from the earth to which they are closely akin. It is the story of one Henry Birdwood, whose slight grip on the things of the spirit is loosened by an act of passion and of revenge; of Philip Ouldsbroom, hero of the tale, a very incarnation of physical forces, who faces in bewilderment the tragic issues of life; and of his wife Unity, in whom natural instincts, greater than herself, work out transgression. The hero's pathetic effort to father the child that he thinks his own makes one feel the depth of the natural tie, and realize anew how deeply rooted is human life in the soil.

This is a close rendering of human experience, 'a dream of life mating with matter.' It is not mere intellectual truth that is worked out, but organic truth, the facts of plant-life reproduced in human life, and all subdued to art. The tardy sense of wrongdoing, the lingering consciousness of reaping the fruits, are rendered with such an effect of reality, that you feel as if grass and rock were growing sentient. If Mr. Phillpotts takes you constantly 'back to hours when mind was mud,' he also carries you all the way from clod to rudimentary soul. It is this gleam of forces other than purely physical which differentiates his work from that of his master, Hardy, in whose novels man and his nature are identified with the soil, having a weed's choice, no more. In *The Thief of Virtue* a slow evolution, reaching even to spirit, is suggested; and the very beauty and vastness of the moor, constantly kept before you, help bring before you something of Mother Nature's final sweet philosophy in the harmony which works out from even the blunders and the sin. You are aware of ruined sheepfold, cromlech, menhir, of human life and of earlier life that have come and gone, and you share the gray and green ancient wisdom crowning the waste.

Yet the author's art is often blurred, and in method he is sometimes one of the 'Children of the Mist.' At times he seems striving to reveal the lightning flash of soul through matter; at times the tale so wavers as the hero fumbles blindly along the ways of life, that the reader becomes as uncertain of the way as he, and wonders whether, after all, the author had the deep meaning divined earlier in the book. Yet Mr. Phillpotts's work grows clearer as the years go on, his manner more masterly and more reserved. His style has richness and depth, often great beauty.

It has been, in many ways, an unfortunate year in the world of fiction. A number of so-called 'genuinely American' stories have appeared, in all their futile smartness of phrase and of adventure; the impossible has happened in that Mr. W. J. Locke has written a romance [1] almost without charm; and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has produced an epoch-making novel that places her, her admirers say, among the immortals. When Mr. Locke pauses to expound his peculiarly happy philosophy, which heretofore has seemed a divine accident, he destroys its potency, and Simon the Jester is a very tired jester, content to go labeled lest the hearers should not understand. As for Mrs. Atherton, there are immortals and immortals; Dante, it will be remembered, recognized several kinds. The four hundred and sixty closely printed pages of her *Tower of Ivory* [2] tell

[1] *Simon the Jester.* By W. J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

[2] *The Tower of Ivory.* By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the story of a young English diplomat who meets at the Bavarian court Margarethe Styr, an opera-singer, is interested in her, then marries a shallow young American girl, whom he finally deserts for Margarethe Styr.

The tale, wide in scope, is intended to be tremendous in *motif*, and has been so pronounced by more than one critic. It must be remembered, however, that a great part of our public, lashed by the scorn of many a cosmopolitan, Mrs. Atherton among them, would perhaps be ready to welcome as 'strong' any novel which presents a husband's desertion of his wife at her hour of supreme need of him. We should remember, however, that this act in itself does not constitute greatness, either in life or in fiction, and that to tell this tale so that it would rouse, in finer minds, anything except disgust, the power of a supremely great master of tragedy would be necessary. This power Mrs. Atherton does not possess. Now and then in literature appears a study of human experience which makes one feel the irresistible power of the great tides of life. From the old Tristram tale, down through some of the master dramas of the days of Elizabeth, to Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*, the type is familiar, and we are indeed purged by pity and terror as we follow breathlessly the working of passion that is fate. We do not feel this here. The author fails to make the impelling force of passion real, and the tale turns, at the end, where its power should be greatest, into a revolting spectacle of cold-blooded brutality. There is little in the character of John Ordham, there is nothing in the march of events, which makes inevitable this ending when the wife and new-born child lie dead. When the hero goes to Paris, on his way to Margarethe Styr, instead of northward, as he had said, to his brother's sickbed, one cannot tell whether it is anger with his wife that makes him change his plans, or love for the other woman, or inability to manage the railway timetable. There is no possible reason why the singer should not have ridden her horse to death a few days earlier, and so have spared a deal of trouble. That inevitability which alone justifies such an ending is lacking both in character and in event.

This is preëminently the kind of fiction in which the second-rate will not do, and second-rate the book is, in management of *motif*, in character-delineation, and in style. The fine truth-telling of which we have been speaking is absent; here is none of the pitiless veracity in detail which gives *Anna Karenina* its peculiar power, nor is there that underlying sense, which the Russian novel shares with great tragedy, that artistic truth, in the last analysis, harmonizes with ethical truth. In *The Tower of Ivory* there is a remoteness about the characterization; the hero is vaguely and negatively done, and, in spite of all that is said about John Ordham, you do not at the end know him better than you know any self-centred and reticent English traveler with whom you may have shared a railway carriage. The minute rendering of character in thought and act which would make his manner of choice at the end seem inevitable is lacking, and one can but conclude that the author has not had the opportunity for close observation, from which a character-study can be built up point by point, and that she lacks the fine quality of penetrative imagination which can project a character in its wholeness to act in least things and in great as a personality.

The tale makes the impression of being morally and artistically underbred. This shows in the characterization, in the dramatic scenes, and in the style. 'She wept, she had hysterics, she bit

several handkerchiefs to pieces'; and again, 'She tore and gnawed her handkerchief until her gown was strewn with lint.' This seems an artistic as well as an economic extravagance. 'The handshake and smile, the challenging glance at herself, caused the depths of the desperate woman to swarm with fighting devils, rushing on their armors, and polishing their swords!' Poor lady! Surely here we are wandering out of the realm of tragedy, which this tale purports to be, into the region of melodrama.

The many ways in which the style of the book falls short of fineness might be instanced as a reason for doubting its immortality. It is possible to find ungrammatical sentences, but perhaps that is a minor point. English, wherein three adjectives are used where one would do, three phrases, where one would be far better, will, fortunately, not endure. Lengthy prose descriptions are added to the already complex texture of the Wagner drama, and Wagner dramas set to adjectives are hard to bear. A great theme should command something of the severity of the grand style, but there is nothing of that here, only a lashing and straining of language to an impotent fury of ink. The lack of fastidiousness in thought and in language would alone bar the book from the first rank. The constantly reiterated 'revealing gown,' and 'a more perishing languor' might well date from the days of debased English and debased morals of the time of Charles II, while, 'If their brains were not in a state of toxic poisoning from this love secretion' betrays a vulgarity which could date only from our own century. Possibly all the points suggested in regard to the style could be summed up in one further quotation: 'But when the rich soil of a woman's nature, long covered with the volcanic ashes of old passions, is sprouting with the roses and the toadstools of a new passion — ' Ah, when that is happening, would it not be well perhaps to wait for a saner moment in the life of the heroine before writing a book?

This book, with its effort to be cosmopolitan in material, cosmopolitan in point of view, gives pause for thought. There has been of late much discussion by Mrs. Atherton and others of the narrow provinciality of our taste. Scoffed at for domesticity, timidity, innocence, and other defects, we are hastening to make good our lack, for, full of a sense of uncertainty as to right critical standards, we are greatly afraid of not being up-to-date in matters of culture. As the fashion of these later days points to decadent literature, literature in which the sins and shortcomings of humankind are dealt with admiringly, or flippantly, as the case may be, we strive to achieve a taste for it, and are greatly abashed when we cannot.

No race has ever achieved great literature by following foreign fashions; and a greater fear than the fear of not being up-to-date might well possess us, the fear of forgetting our own point of view, the fear of failing to find expression in literature for that which has been best and finest in our experience. Looking at the world's great pieces of fiction bequeathed to us by the past, one realizes that each, from whatever country, is fundamentally true to race-consciousness; each contains some fine rendering of the heart of life as this people has discovered it. *Don Quixote* is Spanish to the core; the very soul of the country is revealed here so clearly that, in chance meeting with a Spaniard of to-day, you understand him better for having known the Don. How essentially English are *Gulliver* and *Robinson Crusoe!* How vastly, in each case, the wonders gain because of the practical, stolid character of the hero who faces them! How Russian in every

fibre, un-English and un-French, is *Anna Karenina!* In each case the close rendering of an individual's sense of things, through this detailed 'lying like truth,' expresses also something of this people's peculiar contribution to human experience, and so takes on a larger meaning and a greater value.

Pondering this truth, one is inclined to take issue with Mrs. Atherton as regards both her theory and her practice. Our own tradition will serve us better as a starting-point than a borrowed one; it may be a poor thing, but it is our own, and it is our only legitimate basis for art. I do not mean that we should confine ourselves to American material or to American soil, but that we should not borrow a point of view, nor imitate the thought or the emotions of other peoples. I doubt if we shall ever be able to deal with the sins and the shortcomings of humankind admiringly or flippantly. There is, happily, enough of morality and of decency in our tradition to forbid our thinking this way, and our race-consciousness under all the shift and change of fashion is as true as is great drama to the underlying laws of life. As for studies of human passion, what American has done, or can do them, in the French way, the German way, the Russian way?

It is well that our artists, for the most part, confine themselves to those phases of human life which they have had the opportunity to observe, those aspects of experience that they understand. Keen observation, close analysis, delicate psychological detail in dealing with moral and mental and physical dilemmas, one finds in the best of our fiction, and we have had more than one writer capable of telling a good story that is all story; but passion, simple and entire, has been greatly rendered and dramatically rendered by no American. William Dean Howells, Edith Wharton, Henry James, — the very names that stand highest on our brief roll of fame, — illustrate and prove the point; and the lesser American novelists would do well to avoid that of which our best and wisest have fought shy. Even Hawthorne, who comes nearest to passion-study in the one great romance which our country has produced, *The Scarlet Letter*, begins the tale at the point where the modern novelist would leave off — the moment when passion is over. How deeply, in its spiritual interpretation of experience, does *The Scarlet Letter* embody the soul of old New England! How inevitably, like an unerring finger-post, does it point the way in which our novelists must deal with these themes if they are to interpret our finer sense of things.

Singularly enough, the next book at hand is a satire, and an exceedingly clever one, on our American fear of not being abreast with the world in matters of culture. *Franklin Winslow Kane* [1] is quite in line, in its fine analytical work wherein minute shades of individuality are recorded, with the best that has been achieved in American fiction. It has been written that the disciple shall not be greater than the master, yet there are moments when the pen of Anne Douglas Sedgwick weaves a more potent charm than that of Henry James. Her work, more restricted in range, is now and then, if one dare whisper it, keener in insight, while the incisive workmanship sometimes betrays by contrast the labyrinthine nothingnesses of the master's work in some of its lesser phases. With an almost uncanny insight into certain failings of humankind, this author combines unusual delicacy of perception of shades and values. Her American heroine, cultured far beyond her ability to receive culture, groping for standards, afraid of not showing the finest judg-

[1] *Franklin Winslow Kane.* By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Company.

ments, might be regarded as a symbol of our national tendency to imitate in all matters of the mind.

'She had . . . so little stuff in her; it was as if she had to find it all the time in other things and people. . . . She wants something, but she does n't know whether it 's what other people want or what she wants, so that she can't want anything very definitely.' Her way of appealing to the Englishwoman for her opinion, changing her attitude toward her would-be lover, Kane, as she knows the other's esteem for him waxes or wanes, is a bit of character-delineation as subtle as it is painful, and the fashion in which the Bostonian setter of standards is betrayed as having none of her own is masterly.

There is here a keenness of insight that must hurt the author; if it were not for Kane, one might say that she was unsympathetic, and indeed one does not find here a tender Thackerayan sympathy with the very failings of humankind that are being exposed. As for the hero, he is done too much in extremes, being a shade too homely and a shade too good. We should feel more akin to him if he had some touch of inner defect to match the outer; there is a Grandisonian perfectness about him that irritates, and one regrets that there could not be as delicate a shading in this picture of extreme goodness as in the picture of feminine weakness.

Nowhere does Miss Sedgwick's skill show more clearly than in developing the predicaments of her plots from the inner characteristics of her people. The causal relationship between character and event is, of course, the final test of dramatic work, and this author has rather unusual power in tracing the flowing of will into action. The touch of character on character, the fine play of shifting emotions that result in choice are subtly rendered; and here the entanglements where the two sets of lovers weave and interweave dramatic complications bring a delight in the artistry to mingle with the human sadness at the pathos of it all.

Miss Sedgwick's style has always great charm in its clearness of stroke and its deftness of expression. Its distinction makes the English of many of the other books of the season seem either slipshod or tawdry. The intellectual and moral fastidiousness of the author result in a kind of work greatly needed in the America of to-day, and it will make for fine things, for in it life, character, and motive are held steadily to a standard of reality, of honesty, the 'comic spirit' working in sad sincerity, separating the true from the false, the honest from the dishonest, the fine from the less fine.

It is with a certain refreshment of spirit that one welcomes *Enchanted Ground*,[1] by Harry James Smith, which brings with it a breath of fine, clear air from the New England hills. Something of the best that was in our older life is in this tale, set against a background of contemporary New York, — a sense of the worth of the struggle, of the greatness of the end. The workmanship is uneven; there is perhaps too much of that light sketchiness of method that characterizes many of our writers; but humor and pathos mingle in more than one episode in the book as naturally as they do in life, and talent is evinced which will doubtless work out in more sustained efforts. Above all, one feels thankful for an honest attempt to build up fiction upon our own, not upon borrowed, standards. The story is finely American, in the best sense of the word.

Mr. Robert Herrick's *A Life for a Life*[2] is a book of large scope, and of

[1] *Enchanted Ground.* By Harry James Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[2] *A Life for a Life.* By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company.

serious interest. American in subject-matter and in setting, it seems, at first glance, to contain much of our early fine and stern idealism. It is an arraignment of present social conditions in our country, and, through the shifting scenes of which Hugh Grant, the hero, forms the shifting centre, our numberless weaknesses are exposed: the luxury of the rich, the misery of the poor, the questionable rights of property, the corruption of our banks, the many-sided oppression of working women, with emphasis on the way in which they are mutilated by machinery and driven on the streets, the dishonesty of promoters, the venality of our courts and of our national government, the consciencelessness of universities, our passion for intellectual fads, discord between parents and children, between husbands and wives, the selfishness and lack of honor of both parties in the labor controversy, the wrongs of our tariff, the petty pilfering in our trade.

The accusations are true, and we who live in a country which has promised a fairer hope to humankind cannot hear too often, 'lest we forget,' a recital of the countless ways in which we have failed; but here too many points are attacked at once. The real general concentrates his forces; this is a kind of guerrilla warfare all up and down the line. One is reminded of the little girl in a South African mission school who chose as a subject of an essay, 'History, Geography, and the Earth,' and began by saying, 'History, Geography, and the Earth just do go together.' So they do, but one is occasionally singled out for special attention. There is in *A Life for a Life* a Victor Hugo scope without a Victor Hugo grip. So many and so various are the themes discussed that all is blurred and confused, and one wonders that a book so apparently noble in motive can be so singularly ineffective in result.

Possibly this comes, in part, from a lack of the balance and sanity of judgment that one finds in the great masters of fiction. Mr. Herrick has enumerated, in a series of episodes, nearly all our sins, but, inasmuch as he is endeavoring to put in the whole, he ought, in fairness, to admit that there is another side. As one reads, one cannot help feeling how incomparably potent above a mountain of foreboding is a grain of faith. That fire of the spirit which thrills Victor Hugo when he presents human wrongs, that insistence on the soul, is not here. There is not enough resistance in the book; the novelist, like his hero, Hugh Grant, goes down too easily before the wrongs he faces, and Hugh Grant sinks like a discomfited marionette before the swords of tin arrayed against him. He is no fighter, and can tell us nothing of the battle. Not thus did our ancestors wrestle with Satan; they faced their warfare as those who meant to win. What if, after all, even in machine-ridden America, life be

> just a stuff
> To try the soul's strength on, educe the man?

Nowhere in this book is there any dramatic presentation of the age-long struggle wherein the Spirit is at strife, for the acting forces are all on one side. Only here and there some reflection suggests chance vision of the light, and a momentary sense of higher things, which one wishes the author could make integral. Note the fine passage where, after the fire, Venable points out the way in which, when trouble comes, the spirit is released, and men 'become themselves, large and free,' not the beast, but man emerging from agony. If Mr. Herrick can see this truth, if he can write *The Master of the Inn*, one can but wish for him the power to work out this finer vision in his dramatic presentation of human life.

There is, in truth, in his fiction more analytic than dramatic power, and he is more often the academic man searching for themes about which to write problem-novels than the man possessed by insight, conviction, emotion which he must voice. His work covers a large range of subjects, is extensive rather than intensive; and his novels, like the themes in this special book, succeed one another too rapidly. This one is half treatise, half story, wavering between nothingness and creation, in the limbo of uncreate art. Mr. Herrick tells much abstract truth, and it is perhaps profitable to read him, but artistic truth he does not tell in this book, wherein the somewhat vague characterization, the indefinite detail, fail to convince us of the reality of that concerning which he writes.

Oddly enough, this work of a professor of English betrays a most careless prose. Even if it stops short of being ungrammatical, it is often slipshod. His ubiquitous short sentence fails of the Hugo effect perhaps intended, and the constant use of the dash, with swift breaking of the thought, is most annoying. The disintegrated sentence becomes an all-too-fitting symbol of disintegrated thought and purpose.

*Nathan Burke*[1] takes us back to days when machinery counted less in our lives than it does at present; when, possibly, the individual counted for more. It is refreshing to find a book which so contradicts the present trend of fiction, wherein most of our story-writers, adopting the pace set by the second-rate magazines, are eliminating every shade of meaning and of character-interpretation which do not bear on the next accident, and are producing work stripped of inner interest and of all psychological significance. There is an air of Olympic, or of Early Victorian, leisure about *Nathan Burke*, an old-fashioned tale which, in the manner of an elder day, follows the hero from boyhood, through all phases of his development, into ripened manhood. It deals with the growth of an Ohio lad during the years preceding the Mexican War, and portrays country life, and life in a small town, with close and excellent local color. The book has at the core a fine Americanism, far removed from the cheap vulgarities of *Blaze Derringer*,[2] and the superficial smartness of *The Fortune Hunter*,[3] and it makes one realize, with all the Spartan plainness of country life, its heroic and silent idealism.

This is the kind of interpretation of American life that we most need, not that which shouts our sins through the market-place, but that which erects above the market-place, for all men to see, the figure of one full of fine practicality, of humor, of humanness, yet incorruptible enough to shame the sin. It may be that this book will take its place among those pieces of fiction which, through masterly interpretation of an individual, have become the interpretation of the inner heart of a race. One takes it up and lays it down with a fresh sense of patriotism, remembering that this country which has produced corrupt politicians and conscienceless financiers has produced also Lincoln, and an unnamed host of those who share his humor and his integrity.

At first glance it would seem as if the author had chosen an unfortunate moment to depict. It would take genius to make the Mexican War interesting, yet that is what Miss Watts has done, and Nathan's experiences here are as absorbing as are his earlier ones as chore-boy, grocer's clerk, lawyer. Interesting

[1] *Nathan Burke.* By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[2] *Blaze Derringer.* By Eugene P. Lyle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[3] *The Fortune Hunter.* By Louis J. Vance. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

pictures are given of some of the early phases of life in this country; the career of the old uncle, George Marsh, is especially notable, in showing how a shrewd type of American was made out of Englishmen by the necessities and the opportunities of frontier life. The story is firm in texture, real in its solidarity, with a Thackerayan power of making you feel the complexities of a social community, 'the boundaries wherein life inheres.' There is here a most unfeminine thoroughness in attention to detail, and the slight happenings that give fine shades of meaning are recorded as the story meanders on, ignoring sensational incident, slowly and surely developing the characters. Nathan, Mrs. Ducey, Francie, and the weakling George, stand out with great distinctness, wearing that lifelike air of reality which some of our earlier English novelists could create, and which makes most of the people in the fiction of to-day seem to have been made, like paper-dolls, in two dimensions only. There is, too, about this novel, a masculine breadth of sympathy and an underlying sweetness in interpreting human nature which go far in giving the tale the indefinable quality that endures.

The most curious thing about *Nathan Burke* is the way in which it is haunted by Thackeray. Rarely is an author's way of perceiving human life so inspired by an earlier thinker, the very tricks and turns of thought, as well as of expression, being like Thackeray. It is as if this later writer's eyes had been opened by the former to the meaning of the human spectacle, and she must forever after see in something of his way. The influence shows most clearly in the minor characters: Jim is an Americanized Warrington; Mary Sharpless is Thackeray's sylph type; Francie is a younger sister of Amelia. Certain scenes are too nearly like some of those created by the great Englishman, notably those about Jim's sick-bed, recalling in matter and in manner the illness of Pendennis, with his mother and Laura at his side; while whole paragraphs of reflection sound like Thackeray's very own. The odd thing about this imitation is that one does not resent it, though it would seem wiser for the author to outgrow it; it is a very fresh and vital perception of life which here borrows much of another's manner, and even when the cadence of the sentences makes one feel that he is listening to the master's voice, it seems only as if a beloved grandchild had inherited something of the ancestor's very gift.

Even with the admission that the author has not yet quite found her own manner, *Nathan Burke* must be pronounced the best novel in the pile of fiction of the last half-year. Setting aside for the moment the deeper aspects of the story, the sweetness and the sanity of its interpretation of life, and coming back to the humbler task with which we started out, we realize that Miss Watts's gift for close and realistic work is remarkable. Detail is quietly given, not with the air of the writer of treatises, alert for fact wherewith to prove abstract statements, nor with the self-conscious manner of the professional novelist, industriously searching for touches wherewith to embellish certain points in the story, but with an exceeding naturalness, as of life itself. Here is a gift which cannot be taught; it comes by divine right, and it is rare. One cannot at this moment ask, for American fiction, anything better than that Miss Watts will go on interpreting other individuals and other periods, and, in the deeper, inner sense, as in that relating to outer fact, 'lying like truth.'

# A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD[1]

## BY GIDEON WELLES

### XI. THE RESULTS OF IMPEACHMENT

[The Senate set aside Monday, May 11, as a day of deliberation. Proceedings were secret, but the discussion was too momentous not to leak out.]

*Monday, May* 11, 1868.

Dixon came in yesterday. Has heard the President intends to resign, if it shall be clearly ascertained that he will be convicted. Told him I gave the rumor no credit, and he said he would not, but that the President once made a remark which the rumor had brought strong to his mind. In an interview with the President on Saturday, he told D[ixon] he wished to know with certainty the result on Monday. 'Why on Monday,' said D[ixon] to me, 'unless he has an object in view.'

The afternoon and evening have been exciting. The Senatorial court sat to-day with closed doors, the members expressing and discussing their views on the articles of impeachment. As they made their speeches, respectively, their opinions got outside the doors. Sherman declared himself opposed to the first article, but would vote for the second. In other words the President had the right to remove Stanton, but no right to order another to discharge the duties. Poor Sherman. He thinks the people fools; they know him better than he does them.

Grimes boldly denounced all the articles, and the whole proceeding. Of course he received the indignant censure of all radicals; but Trumbull and Fessenden, who followed later, came in for even more violent denunciation, and more wrathful abuse.

This evening the radicals are greatly crestfallen, and have hardly a hope, while their opponents can scarcely restrain their elated feelings over the probable defeat of an infamous and dastardly conspiracy. A marvellous change has come over both parties.

McCulloch came in overjoyed, and wished me to go with him to the President's. We found he had all the news, but was calm, though gratified. He showed us the notes he had from time to time received through the P. M. and evening.

Groesbeck[2] soon came in, said the work was accomplished, but there must be no exulting outbreak. Both he and McCulloch declare there is no question of acquittal. Randall soon joined us, and is even more sanguine, says the vote will stand at least 22 to 32; likely better than that. I would rather see the votes, though I have no cause to question his accuracy.

The Senate is in session this evening; and will be, probably, most of the night. A motion has been made to reconsider the ordering the vote to be taken to-morrow, but failed. Still I am apprehensive. The radicals have

[2] One of the President's counsel.



[1] Copyright, 1910, by EDGAR T. WELLES.

a majority and are alarmed, for there are some who refuse to be disciplined into doing a wrong act.

*Tuesday, May* 12, 1868.

The radicals, fearful of the result of the vote which they had ordered should this day be taken on impeachment, have postponed the question until next Saturday. The excuse for this is the illness of Howard, one of their members, who is said to be delirious, — the brain fever. I suppose he is really ill, though many think not. Had it been one of the Senators friendly to the President, there would have been no four days' postponement, — not even with Howard's sickness, had they been limited to a two-thirds vote. When Attorney-General Stanbery was taken ill, the leading radicals would not consent to delay a day, although he was the principal counsel of the President.

The postponement did not greatly surprise me. It required only a majority vote, and very likely a still further postponement will take place, if the Senatorial conspirators have not sufficient force to convict. There is little honor, justice, or truth with the impeaching judges. If by any trick or subterfuge they can succeed, the radicals will resort to it, however unprincipled. The President was, I think, more disturbed by the postponement than I have ever seen him, but he soon rallied.

Great consternation prevails among the radical impeachers, who have never permitted themselves to doubt for a moment the conviction of the President whether guilty or not. It was a foregone conclusion, a party decree. Any one who disobeyed was to be denounced. Such men as the late Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Chandler, are almost frantic. I have long assured McCulloch that Chandler was playing a double game and deceiving him; but McCulloch was incredulous, and retained him long in office.

*Thursday, May* 14, 1868.

One of the tricks of the whippers-in to influence the doubtful Senators is to send abroad for letters and telegrams favoring and craving impeachment in order to sustain the party; to get members of the House to call on the Senators and urge them to vote to convict, right or wrong; and in every possible way, by extra means, to extort a decision adverse to the President. This monstrous prostitution of the conspirators is acquiesced in by the radicals, who seem to think it proper, so utterly are they demoralized; and men making pretensions to character participate in the abuse, Butler, Stevens, and men like them taking advantage of prejudices and as yet unforgiving hate growing out of the war. They do not attempt to cover up intended villainy. One of the schemes now on foot is to admit the bogus Senators elected under the bogus constitutions, which the carpet-baggers aided by Negroes under military dictation have imposed on the Southern States. Strengthened in numbers by these interlopers, they hope to carry conviction.

How long can a government stand which is in the hands of such profligate and unprincipled wretches?

Grimes is no better. I fear the worst. Still I hope he may recover, and that soon. But he is of a family subject, I am told, to sudden death, and has himself been apprehensive that such might be his fate. It was this, I am informed, which led him to one of the reasons to decline a reëlection. Howard is reported better. Conflicting rumors and opinions prevail in regard to the final result of impeachment. I apprehend but little is known, and nothing with certainty. The doubtful men do not avow themselves, which, I think, is

favorable to the President, and the impeachers display distrust and weakness. Still their efforts are unceasing and almost superhuman. But some of the more considerate journals, such as the New York *Evening Post*, Chicago *Tribune*, etc., rebuke the violent. The thinking and reflecting portion of the country, even Republicans, show symptoms of revolt against the conspiracy.

*Friday, May* 15, 1868.

The managers of the impeachment, on the part of the House, have summoned witnesses before them to testify in regard to the views and opinions of the Senators and the President. This wholly illegal and unauthorized inquisition by this presuming and usurping House shows the spirit which prevails, and how personal rights are disregarded. In a very short time, these men, if not checked, would break up the foundations of the government and of the whole social system. Strange that such men should get the ascendency over their associates, but it is by party organization and discipline, through secret caucuses, and the tyranny imposed by the majority rule, sharpened by the angry remnants of the rebellion, which still linger and compel the timid, passive, and obedient, to violate law, constitution, equity, justice, morality, right, and any and all the fundamental principles of government. Abject subserviency!

A few matters of current interest were disposed of in Cabinet. Some conversation on the topic which comes up in every meeting of two or more, viz.: impeachment. The same general confidence was expressed by Seward, McCulloch, and Randall of acquittal whenever a vote shall be taken, but there is doubt whether another postponement will not take place to-morrow. It is a question whether the sick men will be then in attendance. Dr. H[orwitz], his physician, tells me that Grimes will ride up though at some risk, if the vote is to be taken.

I do not yet get from my associates who express themselves so confidently any positive assurance of seven Senators from the Republicans. We can count up pretty surely five, perhaps six, but where and who is the seventh or eighth? Is Anthony, or Sprague, certain for acquittal? Pretty certain, at least on most of the articles. How stands Frelinghuysen? How Van Winkle, and Willey? How is Ross, and how are Corbett and Cole? Not one is vouched for when pruned down, though there seems a general impression that Van Winkle and Fowler may be depended upon.

To me the result looks exceedingly doubtful, although I have an inward faith that Providence will not permit so great a wrong or outrage as conviction to be committed. There is some good sense, some self-respect, some integrity and patriotism remaining among a few — some of the radicals even, as we see by the course pursued by Grimes and others. These Senators are being vilified and denounced with unsparing malignity by leading radical persons, and politicians, who assume to dictate to them what the party demands should be their vote or judgment in this case. For a conscientious discharge of their official duty, and a regard for their oaths, the ablest Senators of long experience are assailed with bitterness, as apostates and renegades, by the Secretary of the Senate Forney through his two papers, and by others.

*Saturday, May* 16, 1868.

The day had been one of excitement. Such was the outside pressure and such the confidence of the radical majority after many secret meetings and much caucus discipline, that the Senate was brought to a vote on impeachment.

There has been constant caucusing daily, and twice a day, by these triers — these judges — since Tuesday. Letters and telegrams have been pouring in, especially to the doubtful and so-called recreant Senators, all prompted from here. Schenck, Chairman of Ways and Means in the House and of the Congressional Radical Committee, has sent off telegrams, — it is reported a hundred, — calling for instructions from the Loyal League to influence the Senatorial judges. Governor Burnside, the weak and feeble general whose silly and incompetent orders at Fredericksburg caused the slaughter of 50,000 men, responded to Schenck, whose telegram was published in R. I., and another [identical] *verbatim*, in West Virginia. They show beyond doubt that public opinion is manufactured in Washington by the conspirators.

The caucusing of radical Senators was held yesterday at Senator Pomeroy's, called by Theo. Tilton, a whipper-in of impeachment, the first at noon, the other in the evening. At this last, the members became satisfied under the sanguine representations of Tilton they would succeed on the eleventh article, provided that should be put first.

Judge Harris of Albany, who called on me this morning on business, said he met Van Horn, Representative from New York, who informed him the vote on impeachment would be taken today. They could not afford to delay longer. The necessities of the country, and the cause of the party, required immediate action.

At twelve-thirty I went to the President's. McCulloch was there, and a messenger with a telegram entered as I did. The telegram stated a vote on the eleventh article had been taken, and the President was acquitted. Soon after, Edgar [1] came in with the particulars on that vote, which had been made the test, and on which the radicals considered themselves strongest. It was the sheet-anchor of Stevens.

The Senate was full, so far as the usurpers have permitted, and the vote was 35 to 19. Seven Republicans voted with the Democrats. Ross, who had been less strongly relied upon than some others, voted for acquittal, while Willey voted guilty. This last was quite a disappointment to the President. He had also hoped for Anthony and Sprague, and was not without hope of Corbett and Cole.

Willey, after being badgered and disciplined to decide against his judgment, at a late hour last night agreed to vote for the eleventh article, which was one reason for reversing the order and making it the first. Ross, it is said, had promised he would go for impeachment, basing his action on the first article, which was the basis for the movement. This, however, he did not communicate, but what he said relieved him from further importunity, and the great effort was made upon Willey. Bishop Simpson, the high priest of the Methodists, and a sectarian politician of great shrewdness and ability, had brought his clerical and church influence to bear upon W[illey] through Harlan, the Methodist elder and organ in the Senate. While Willey's vote disappointed the Democrats, the vote of Ross disappointed the radicals.

When the result was known, Williams of Oregon, a third-rate lawyer who got into the Senate from that remote State, moved a postponement of further proceedings until the 26th inst. The Chief Justice declared this not in order, but his decision was overruled by the majority, on an appeal taken on motion of Conness, a man of about the capacity of Williams. Rules, orders, regulations are wholly discarded and disregarded by the radical revolution-

[1] Edgar T. Welles, son of the Secretary.

ists. Their getting together in caucus, on a judicial question, is a specimen of radical policy, character, integrity, and sense of duty.

[Seven Republicans voted for acquittal on the crucial article: Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Ross, Trumbull, and Van Winkle.]

*Monday, May* 18, 1868.

The wrath of the conspirators and their creatures the radicals continues with little abatement, but it has, so far as Senators are concerned, turned most vindictively on Ross, who is their latest disappointment. There is, however, a determination on the part of the leaders to formally expel the recreants from their party, and to do this at their Chicago Convention. But for the great folly here, I should hardly believe such folly there.

As regards the seven Senators themselves, I have doubts. They are intelligent, and, I think, conscientious, but it remains to be seen whether they will have the firmness and moral courage to maintain their position independently through the fiery conflict in the near future. Whatever may be the doings at Chicago, these Senators are marked and spotted men so far as the radicals are concerned. Yet I am inclined to think that some of them flatter themselves they have not lost caste, that they will regain their party standing by being more radical than their party. A shallow delusion, which other men, their equals, have fallen into before them.

Senator Trumbull has made haste to report the bogus constitution of Arkansas with all its enormities, in order to demonstrate his radical fidelity. Dr. Horwitz tells me that in an interview at Grimes' room with Trumbull, Grimes expressed some concern or made some enquiry in regard to this movement, when T[rumbull] said it was for effect, that the President would let it slide, with a protest, perhaps, and [that] they [who are] now called the apostates would get the inside track on reconstruction, and thus prove themselves the most skilful managers. I asked Dr. H[orwitz] if they deceived themselves by believing the President would in any way assent to such a scheme. He says Trumbull seemed to so consider. These men do not know the President. There are rumors, asserted with great positiveness and apparent sincerity, that when impeachment is disposed of, there is to be a renovation or a reorganization of the Cabinet. It is too late to be productive of any good if attempted, and there is no probability that it will be attempted. Whether the rumor is set afloat by the radicals to take off the sharp edge of their disappointment, or by zealous friends of the President to conciliate the radicals and help over the trial next week, the 26th, I know not; nor is it of any consequence.

I called this evening on Senator Grimes, and felt sad to see him so afflicted, yet gratified to find him so cheerful and his mind so clear and vigorous. It is a great public calamity that he should have been stricken down at this time when his services are so much wanted. A number came in while we were there, too many I thought, among them Fessenden whom I was glad to meet. There is great friendship between him and Grimes. Both of them smart under the attacks which are made upon them, and each tells me he is in daily receipt of atrocious letters. These they wisely cast aside and destroy without reading more than what is sufficient to know their contents. Pike, who came in later, had some talk in defense of impeachment. Said he took a different view from Grimes and others. He was for removing the President without re-

gard to the charge, and for mere political party reasons.

Grimes took from his table a piece of paper and read aloud the oath he had taken as one of the court; said it was not the first time such appeals had been made to him, and asked Pike how he would dispose of that oath. This was a stumper, but Pike undertook to say that he could get along with that. I said that such getting along showed the demoralization which was going on, and which actually pervaded Congress; that if he and his party could succeed in removing the President for mere party considerations regardless of oaths and the Constitution, one of two results must follow, the overthrow of the party, or the government; that the government could not survive such shocks ten years, probably not five. Grimes concurred with me. Pike attempted to whistle away the remarks, but I saw they affected him.

*Tuesday, May* 19, 1868.

The Senate adjourned over to Thursday, and will then do nothing until their friends get through at Chicago and return, — in other words, not till the 26th inst., when impeachment will be again taken up, for I do not believe the reckless men, the real conspirators, intend to give up the question — though the sensible men of their party wish it. Threats and vengeance are abundant against the seven 'recreants,' and thunders are threatened from Chicago; but better counsels will be likely to prevail; not better feeling, for there is intense, and, for the present at least, unforgiving hate by the conspirators towards them.

Our friends in the Cabinet pronounce impeachment dead. I prefer to see the vote. One man would have turned the scale on Saturday. How he will vote on the 26th remains to be seen. It is a thread on which the result hangs.

Ross is abused most. He is to be investigated by the House, or his acts are, and the Senate will submit to the indignity. I have no idea that there has been any corruption as is insinuated and asserted. It is claimed he was pledged, that he has broken his promise, etc. Who tampered with him? Who got his pledge? Who received his promise in advance to give judgment? The enemies of the President who are going to investigate Ross's conduct. The managers are sitting as a committee to investigate the Senators under authority of the House, and Butler, vile and unscrupulous, is calling men before him and compelling them to disclose their private affairs. Last night he spent several hours at Jay Cooke's bank, overhauling private accounts. These outrages are tamely submitted to, and are justified and upheld by radical *legislators, patriots, and statesmen*. Heaven save the mark!

*Wednesday, May* 20, 1868.

Senator Henderson went before one of the House committees and submitted to impertinent interrogatories, but refused to go before Butler and the Impeachment Managers. Private individuals do not get off so easily. There is a perfect inquisition by Butler and the chief conspirators, when individual rights are stricken down, and the outrage is sanctioned and enforced by this radical Congress. The mass of telegrams sent by the public in confidence has been seized by these Inquisitors. Men are required to tell how they expended their money, what were their pecuniary transactions, and also explain their correspondence. Nothing is private, nothing sacred.

*Thursday, May* 21, 1868.

The Chicago Convention is the sensation of the day. As Grant is to be nominated President, the scuffle is over

the Vice-Presidency. Wade, Colfax, Wilson, Fenton, and Hamlin are the candidates, with little disposition on the part of either to give way to the other. There is not much to be said in favor of either. Wade has become demoralized, and is not the plain, single-minded, honest, unambitious man he was a few years since. His employment as one of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, his association with Stanton who was indifferent and regardless of individual rights, and with Chandler, have blunted the better feelings, affected the habits, and tainted the principles of bluff old Ben Wade.

*Friday, May* 22, 1868.

In the scuffle at Chicago, little man Colfax[1] beat his competitors, and on the fifth ballot was put on the ticket with Grant. There was some manufactured enthusiasm in the Convention, but very little earnest feeling; none for country, but calculations for party. Grant's name is not magnetic, while Colfax has a feeble and superficial hold on sound and enduring public opinion. The candidates were serenaded this evening, but the attendance was slight. Colfax lives near my house and I could at my window hear his speech.

The Impeachment Managers are prosecuting their inquisitorial enquiries in the basement of the Capitol, and the public are submitting to the outrage with a tameness that is surprising. Outrages are so frequent and enormous, however, that the people look with indifference, and even composure, on new villainies. Reckless and lawless men like Stevens and Butler, clothed with authority, are ready to abuse it and trample down the Constitution, and law, and individual rights. Their party associates do not object, but lend themselves to the proceeding, provided the outrages and abuses are directed toward their political opponents. These things cannot be long continued, but may be submitted to until the grievance becomes intolerable. Strange how a few bad men in [high] position, sustained by party, can damage society, pervert government, and inflict disorder and evil upon a country.

[1] Schuyler Colfax, Speaker.

*Monday, May* 25, 1868.

There is a deep feeling but no noisy excitement on the subject of impeachment. There is caucusing and canvassing among the radical Senators for conviction, but it is not allowable for any two men to converse on the subject of acquittal. Butler, violent, cunning, unscrupulous, devilish, has control of the managers and of the House, and is carrying on an extraordinary game of inquisitorial prosecution and persecution. In view of the action of the Court to-morrow, he made a partial report to-day of broken testimony from several witnesses that the Inquisitors had before them. It made, as intended, something of a sensation, and may, as intended, lead to a further postponement. This seems the present object; but there are some radicals, in the court and out of it, who wish this matter brought to a conclusion, and they may, united to the anti-impeachers, be able to bring on a decision, when the facts and truth, now withheld, may to some extent appear. It is, however, hardly probable, for the party discipline is strong and serenely hostile to truth.

The impression among all parties is that there will be an acquittal.

*Tuesday, May* 26, 1868.

The radical Senators held a caucus this morning and resolved to postpone further voting on impeachment for four weeks. But all their number did not attend, and no one of the seven 'recreants' was invited. The result was, that the extreme radicals could not

carry all their friends with them, and after several votes the conclusion was to come to a decision. But here again the indecency and partisanship of the Senatorial impeachers appeared. Williams of Oregon moved to take the vote on the second article instead of the first, and the motion was of course carried. Ross had, on matters of postponement, voted with his party through the morning, but when the test came on the second article, and excitement was high, the attention of Senators, spectators, and all concentrated on him, and he in the hush and stillness that prevailed said, '*Not guilty.*' A sense of relief to some, and of wrath to others, was perceptible.

It was Cabinet day, and a telegram brought us word promptly of every motion made, and every vote that was taken. We had considered matters pretty secure, when word reached us that Ross was voting with the radicals. This was for a few minutes a damper, but the next telegram announced the vote on the second article to be the same as it was on the eleventh, an acquittal. This was followed by a like vote on the third article, and this by an abandonment of the case, and an adjournment of the court, *sine die.*

The Cabinet were all present with the President when the various votes were announced. His countenance lightened up and showed a pleasant and satisfied smile, but the same calm, quiet composure remained. He had never believed otherwise than in acquittal.

Butler's report yesterday is printed. It is artful and malicious. Only such testimony or parts of testimony as he and his radical associates choose to disclose is brought out. There is no member not of radical views on the Committee, and the managers can therefore distort, pervert, and falsify to any extent; and Butler and most of the managers are not nice in their means. By seizing the telegraphic despatches, these unscrupulous men have obtained a clue to the transactions of every person who trusted to that means of communication on any subject in those days, and finding many things to them inexplicable, they have formed their own conclusions, often erroneous and mere fallacies. All the despatches which are private and have to them a suspicious appearance and [those] they cannot understand or explain, they charge to impeachment. The lobby-men, claim-agents, gold-gamblers and the whiskey ring, who gather about Congress, like buzzards around carrion, use the telegraph extensively, and the managers have, I doubt not, thrust their noses into the nests of these unclean birds. Not unlikely there were large bets and stock-gambling on the result of the trial, and this flock like others entered into speculation and wagers, and had their feelings and purses enlisted. Some of them may have tried to seduce moneyed fools to make them advances for improper purposes, and some may have used impeachment as a blind to cover other operations. But, neither the President, nor do I believe any one of the seven Senators who refused to go with their party for conviction, gave or received one cent for their vote. No intelligent, honest, candid man, who regarded his oath, would have voted otherwise than these seven Senators. Those Senators who voted for conviction are either partisan knaves, or weak, timid blockheads, the tools of knaves. There is not a man among them who is not conscious that he is guilty of wrong in the vote he has given.

*Wednesday, May* 27, 1868.

The Chicago nominations create no enthusiasm. Neither Grant nor Colfax has the ability or power to magnetize the people. Grant has lost moral

strength by his untruthfulness, and Colfax is very weak and superficial. Stanton has cleared out of the War Department mad, and 'relinquished' all to Asst. Adjt. General Townsend. Last August he defied the President and refused, for the public good, to resign when requested, and five months since he crawled back into the Department and has held on to the place under Senatorial sanction, without discharging its duties, or advising or communicating with the President or any member of the administration. He was told to 'stick,' and the public business has in consequence been obstructed, the government and country [have] been subjected to great inconvenience and loss, and lo! the result. He goes out without respect, except on the part of ignorant and knavish partisans. His administration of the War Department has been wastefully extravagant and a great affliction to the country.

Stanton has executive ability, energy and bluster. He is imperious to inferiors, and abject to superiors. Wanting in sincerity, given to duplicity, and with a taste for intrigue, he has been deep in the conspiracy and one of the chief instigators of the outrageous proceedings of Congress, a secret opponent of the President's from the commencement of his administration. A host of puffers and toadies have ministered to his vanity by giving him undue praise, and Seward made himself ridiculous by lauding him as 'Stanton the Divine,' 'Carnot of the War.' His administration of the War Department cost the country, unnecessarily, untold millions of money, and the loss of thousands of lives. There was some efficiency, but it was not always well directed.

*Thursday, May* 28, 1868.

There are strange, but almost positive rumors of resignations by Randall, Seward, and others. I am incredulous, — not prepared to believe them. The nomination of General Schofield to be Secretary of War in place of *Stanton removed*, which the President sent in some time since, does not get through the Senate. The extremists do not like to say by their votes [that] Stanton [is] removed; he was, when Schofield was nominated, holding the place with their sanction. He has since 'relinquished' the office. I asked the President if he thought Schofield reliable. He said it depended on the turn things might take.

*Friday, June* 5, 1868.

The Senate, in its spite, has rejected the nomination of Mr. Stanbery as Attorney-General. There is in this rejection a factious and partisan exhibition by Senators which all good men must regret to witness. I know not the vote, but am unwilling to believe that some of the better class of radical Senators could have been guilty of so unworthy an act. Yet after the result of the impeachment and the proceedings which took place at the trial I can believe almost anything of that body. It will not surprise me greatly if Trumbull opposed the confirmation, and perhaps others who voted to acquit the President, but I hope not. Some of them, and I think Trumbull in particular, are extremely desirous to reinstate themselves in their party, and therefore in matters of party go with the extremists. It is a mistake, as they will learn.

*Wednesday, June* 24, 1868.

The President has nominated Mr. Evarts to be Attorney-General. It is doubtful whether he will be confirmed and yet there is no reason why he should not be. I am surprised that the President should nominate him, and surprised that he should accept the office. But the finger of Seward is in this. As a lawyer Mr. E[varts] is at the head of the bar; as a politician he is the op-

posite of the President. He can, however, accommodate himself very readily to any party and any set of principles, views them much as he does his clients. The Senate might confirm him without question, for he has avowed himself a Radical and opposed to the President's policy, although he was one of his counsel in the impeachment case.

*Wednesday, July* 1, 1868.

Much confusion prevails among Democrats relative to a candidate for President. Delegates to the Convention which meets at New York on the 4th, and many who are not delegates, have passed through Washington. Others are now here. The aspect of things does not please me. There has been mismanagement and weakness in New York, and little vigor or right intention anywhere. A personal demonstration, and extremely partisan, too, has been made for Pendleton,[1] who will probably have the largest vote of any candidate at the commencement, but who will not be allowed to be nominated.

Chase, who is conspicuous as an opponent of the Democrats, as a Negro-suffragist, and until recently as a reconstructionist, is strongly pressed. The New Yorkers appear to have surrendered all principle in a feeble, sprawling anxiety to triumph, and will thereby endanger success. Possibly they have overmanaged in regard to Pendleton, who has been fostered as an auxiliary, merely, to New York.

The President, I perceive, has strong hopes of a nomination. But what he might have made a certainty is, by himself and his course, placed beyond the confines of possibility. He has said nothing to me direct, and I am glad of it, for it would be a subject of extreme embarrassment to me.

[General] Hancock seems a fair man. I know not his mental strength, but have a favorable opinion of it. In many respects he would make a good candidate.

*Tuesday, July* 7, 1868.

While at the President's, two telegrams were received from the Convention in New York, stating the result of the ballots to nominate candidate for President. Pendleton leads, as was expected, and the President was next, which was not expected. Most of his votes must have been from the South. The vote of New York was given for Sanford E. Church. This, I told those present, was a blind and meant Seymour.

*Thursday, July* 9, 1868.

Horatio Seymour and F. P. Blair, Jr., were nominated President and Vice-President at New York. Ohio dropped Pendleton and went unanimously for Seymour. This was followed by other States successively, ending in a unanimous vote. 'A spontaneous movement,' say Seymour's friends, 'unexpected,' a 'general recognition of the first statesman in the country,' etc., with much similar nonsense.

The threatened demonstration for Chase appears to have alarmed the Pendletonians, who dislike him. All worked as New York intended. The friends of Pendleton were unwilling, I judge, that Chase, Hendricks, or any Western man should be selected, lest it might interfere with P[endleton]'s future prospects. We shall know more in a day or two.

I do not consider the nomination a fortunate one for success or for results. Seymour has intellect, but not courage. His partyism predominates over patriotism. His nomination has been effected by duplicity, deceit, cunning management, and sharp scheming. He is a favorite leader of the Marcy school of Democrats in New York, if not of the Van B[uren].

A general feeling of disappointment

[1] George H. Pendleton of Ohio.

will prevail on the first reception of the nomination, discouraging to Union men, but this will be likely to give way in the exciting election contest to the great questions involved. The radicals will take courage for a moment from the mistakes of the Democrats.

I was at the President's when the telegram announcing Seymour's nomination was received. The President was calm and exhibited very little emotion, but I could see he was disturbed and disappointed. He evidently had considerable expectation.

The nomination of Blair with Seymour gives a ticket which is not homogeneous. Blair is bold, resolute, and determined; has sagacity as well as will.

*Friday, July* 10, 1868.

The President was, I thought, more affected to-day than yesterday, but was quite reticent on the nominations. McCulloch and Browning expressed, and evidently felt great dissatisfaction, — said Seymour was, next Pendleton, the worst selection which could have been made. I said he was not, save in financial matters, preferable to Pendleton. That P[endleton], though a demagogue, had played no double game, or cheated and bamboozled his friends, but Seymour and the New York managers had.

(*To be continued.*)

# ARASH-HO'O'E

BY ARTHUR COLTON

## I

It was eight o'clock of a December evening. Mr. Todd's feet, which had been creaking on the wheel-hardened snow, now made no noise in the soft whiteness toward Rosina's gate. The night was still, brilliant, tingling. So he came with muffled steps to Rosina's gate.

Suddenly the stillness was shattered by a shout behind him, a roar and a wail, a rending burst followed by a cry, that went yearning up into the night toward the critical stars and the cold, silvery dark concave of sky, as if to symbolize the impetuous onrush of human life and its high, its unattaining aspirations.

'Arash-ho'o'e!'

'Berry!' said Mr. Todd mechanically, and paused with his hand on Rosina's gate. 'He's sneezing on the bridge.'

Mr. Berry was a miller by trade. As he passed to and fro between the mill-house and the village, he always sneezed in crossing the bridge. There was an association fixed in habit, some mystical link between the mind and the mucous membrane, some mechanism that acted with precision and certainty. It was said, at one time or another, that it acted at the plank which

was third from one end of the bridge and eighth from the other, but his fellow townsmen were not apt to consider so curiously. He was a man of settled ways. When they heard his roar and wild halloo, they thought mechanically, 'Berry! He's sneezing on the bridge.' They set it down in their mental images of Mr. Berry along with his size and massive features, his heaviness and strength and slow manner; along with thoughts of the wet splashing mill-wheel and buzzing saw, the sifting yellow sawdust and piles of cleanly boards; along with the fact that he went to see Rosina on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights.

'Arash-ho'o'e!'

'Berry!' said Mr. Todd, with his hand on Rosina's gate. 'He's sneezing on the bridge.'

He wondered if Mr. Berry were going northward toward the mill-house, or coming southward to the village. Presently he heard the creaking of feet on the hard road, and soon Mr. Berry loomed up in the night. Mr. Todd made no motion or sound until Mr. Berry turned into the soft snow and arrived at the gate. Then he spoke with indignation.

'You go away! It ain't your night.'

'I made up my mind,' said Mr. Berry doggedly.

Mr. Todd danced from one foot to the other in helpless wrath. He was a small trifle of a man, but heavily muffled against the cold. His beard was thrust upward by his muffler and projected horizontally.

'What's come to you, Berry? Why don't you keep your night?'

'I made up my mind,' repeated Mr. Berry with his hand on the gate.

'It ain't as if Rosina showed a leaning,' said Mr. Todd plaintively. 'But if she does laugh me to scorn, she does laugh you to scorn.'

''T is true,' said Mr. Berry; 'though I'd have more tender feelings than to say it and thereby rub salt on human troubles. I always said your feelings wa'n't tender.'

'They be too!' said Mr. Todd snappishly.

'Not agonizing, Todd. No!'

'They be too!'

Mr. Berry shook his head thoughtfully.

'What I want to know,' said Mr. Todd, 'is why you're here on my night.'

'Now,' said Mr. Berry slowly, 'you 've got to let me put it as it should be put, and you ought to take it as intended. I made up my mind by thinking this way. I says, why have I got heft, if not for advantage? Why was Todd made like fried bacon to look at and yet chirpy to hear. Every man has his gifts. There's something about Rosina that coops in speech with me. I set dumb, and Todd sets sociable, for it's the working of his gifts. And yet heft should have its right advantage. Now, I says, it's come to this. If laying Todd over and spanking him before Rosina off-hand and easy, as if it was a common thing and a humorous thing, or if pulling up his pants leg, le 's say, only so far as to show him laughable, which is the advantage of heft — I says, it'll be agonizing to Todd, but I'm a desperate man.'

Mr. Todd gasped and gurgled in his throat. When he could speak, he said in a stuffed voice, —

'You ain't going to do those things to me, Berry!'

'I suppose it'll be agonizing,' said Mr. Berry thoughtfully.

'Before Rosina,' shrieked Mr. Todd.

'Why, it would n't be any point except before Rosina. That'd be malice, and it ain't malice, it's just putting it to Rosina —'

'I won't stand for it, Berry.'

'Whereby,' Mr. Berry persisted,

'she'll see the advantage of heft and conceive of you as laughable, and she'll see the advantage of heft equals the advantage of chirpiness. I've thought it all out, Todd. Rosina likes to laugh, don't she? After seeing you laughable, it ain't likely she'd think of you serious thereafter, is it? No! Because she'd think of how you looked laughable then, would n't she? It stands to reason, and it's well thought out, though I may be a slow man. You can see yourself how she'll laugh.'

Mr. Todd clung to the gate and thought of Rosina's laughter. He beat his mittened fingers on his chest for warmth and for relief of a heart surcharged.

'You've made a dreadful bad mistake there, Berry,' he said at last. 'I ain't going to be sarcastic, I'm a man that thinks of other folks' feelings, I am. But that's a foolish plan. My land, it's a shallow one!'

'What's the matter with it?' asked Mr. Berry angrily.

'Make me laughable it would. But the idea of your not seeing it would make you laughable too! Ho, ho! Picture yourself doing such a scan'lous thing, do, now! How do you look? Rosina'd laugh us both to scorn.'

'It's so!' said Mr. Berry weakly. 'She would so!'

'Lucky for you I stopped you, Berry.'

'Maybe it is, Todd. But what'll I do? What else'll I do?'

Mr. Todd stretched his mitten toward Mr. Berry, and his voice trembled.

'You're a shallow man, Berry. If I must help you out, I must, though it goes against the grain. You don't see the real points of heft. It's like this. A light-weighted man like me has to have smartness, and I have it; but in hefty men like you a woman looks for forwardness, and you ain't got it. There's a fact and there's the trouble with you. You've got no forwardness. Where'd be the forwardness in misusing me? Do I scale a hundred and twenty pound? No, I don't. Fiddle! You can see that, can't you?'

'How 'm I going to show forwardness?'

'How can you, when you ain't got any? Humph! Well, but if I was you — well — I'd watch when Rosina was n't looking, and — then — no — Berry, it's asking too much of me to show you how to get Rosina, and that to leave me grieving.'

'What'd you do, Todd?'

'What's the use of my telling you? You would n't do it.'

'I would too!'

'Well, when she wa' n't looking — well — I'd grip her sudden and hold on. She might wriggle; she might say, "Le' go!" She might; I don't deny it's woman's nature to speak out against man's forwardness. And yet she will have forwardness in a hefty man.'

'There's pins in her belting,' said Mr. Berry after a long silence.

'Oh, if you ain't got forwardness!' sneered Mr. Todd.

'I have too got forwardness!'

Mr. Berry opened the gate and walked on heavily in the snow. Mr. Todd followed, his beard bristling out over his muffler, and above his beard his sharply pointed nose.

'You might be friendly, Berry,' said Mr. Todd, 'seeing what I've done for you.'

'I'm friendly, Todd, but I ain't going to distract my mind.'

## II

Rosina Rippon was a strong, plump, fair, round-eyed woman, breezy and joyful, whose single condition was not easily explained, unless by her upwelling sense of the ludicrousness of lovers. One by one they had fallen before her

laughter, drawn in the horns of vanity, and gone their ways. Only Mr. Berry and Mr. Todd persisted: Mr. Berry because of a certain unchanging continuance in his nature, Mr. Todd because of a certain faith he had in the victory of intelligence. Their rivalry had become a habit, with boundaries and customs, such as the claim of Mr. Todd to Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, of Mr. Berry to Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights. Mr. Todd sometimes encroached. Mr. Berry had never objected. He had never encroached himself, before the cold December night when they stood together on Rosina's porch, and Mr. Todd knocked at the door and kicked impatient feet, and Mr. Berry concentrated his mind.

'It's not your night, Mr. Berry! Ha! ha!' Rosina laughed in the doorway; 'it's Mr. Todd's. Come in, both of you.'

The fire burned cosily in the round stove. White-and-blue teacups stood in their saucers on the table beside the sofa; the sofa was between the stove and a door which led through a passageway into the kitchen. Mr. Todd undid his muffler, showing a clever peaked face, and chatted sociably with Rosina. He sat on the sofa, Mr. Berry on the other side of the stove, buried in gloomy thought.

'Why don't you say something, Mr. Berry?' said Rosina at last.

'Berry ain't got any confidence,' said Mr. Todd pleasantly. 'It's laughable in a man of his size, and shows a feeble spirit. He's timid, and that's a sorry sight in a hefty man.'

'What's he afraid of?' asked Rosina.

'Afraid he might do something unbecoming.'

'Nonsense!' laughed Rosina.

'So I tell him. And yet a feeble spirit can't be heartened.'

'You le' me alone,' growled Mr. Berry.

'The more heft of bone a man has the more laughable he shows,' went on Mr. Todd thoughtfully, 'if his spirit's feeble; and a feebler spirit than Berry's I never saw.'

'No gumption?' said Rosina.

'Not a bit!'

Mr. Berry glared at Mr. Todd.

'I don't believe it!' laughed Rosina. 'It's too bad!'

She went into the passage which led to the kitchen, to get hot water for the tea. Mr. Berry listened to her steps in the passage, then rose, and with sinister tread approached Mr. Todd, who slid deftly behind the sofa.

'I was putting heart into you, Berry,' he pleaded. 'Can't you see a thing?'

'You called me a feeble spirit,' said Mr. Berry hoarsely.

'She's in the kitchen now, Berry,' Mr. Todd whispered. 'She'll be coming through the passage; now's the time. Perk up, Berry!'

Mr. Berry hesitated. Mr. Todd stepped behind and pushed him.

'You get back of the kitchen door.'

'Le' me alone!'

'Forwardness, Berry! Forwardness! Hefty men's got to have it.' Mr. Todd was breathless with pushing.

Mr. Berry, slowly yielding, disappeared in the dark passage, and Mr. Todd sat down on a sofa by the door, panting. He heard the heavy breathing of Mr. Berry in the passage, and the sounds of Rosina's industry in the kitchen. He rubbed his knuckles and beat his feet on the carpet. His mouth worked, his beard bristled forward. He leaned his head on one side, hearkened, and smiled. The wooden clock on the mantel behind the stove ticked monotonously, mocking his impatience. He heard the sound of Rosina's steps in the passage. He sprang to his feet.

There was a shriek, a trampling, and Rosina entered in the air, not projected, but held aloft. Mr. Berry's

anxious face, red with effort and emotion, glowed above her like a storm sun above the struggling storm. She brandished the teapot in her hand.

'Put me down,' she cried, 'or I'll —'

'Shame, Berry! Shame!' cried Mr. Todd solemnly, with uplifted hands. 'How your actions do disgust my soul!'

'You impudent man!' cried Rosina. 'I'll —'

'Berry! Berry!' protested Mr. Todd. 'Show respect! And you pretending to admire her! Oh, the shamelessness of it!'

'I'll pour tea on you!' shrieked Rosina.

She poured hot tea wildly on Mr. Berry's hands. Mr. Berry groaned and set her down. Rosina raged.

'Go away! — Don't you ever come here again! The idea!'

'I'm afraid it's no more'n you deserve, Berry,' said Mr. Todd sadly. 'Disrespect ought n't to be forgiven. I'm afraid you're a violent man, Berry. Maybe a low-minded man.'

Mr. Berry stood dumb, and solid as a column. A scorching sense of wrong flowed over his soul, hot as the tea on his hands. He turned slowly to Mr. Todd.

'Did n't you tell me —?' he began.

'Did n't I tell you to go away?' cried Rosina, stamping.

'*You* said they liked forwardness in a hefty man,' went on Mr. Berry doggedly, moving toward Mr. Todd. '*You* said she might wriggle and she might say, "Le' go!" but *you* said, "Hold on!" *You* said she'd like it. And she *don't!* *You* said, "Now's the time!" *You* said —'

'Berry, you're a feeble spirit,' said Mr. Todd, shaking his head, and backing anxiously away.

'*You* said —'

'*Will* you go!' cried Rosina.

Mr. Berry said nothing, but grasped Mr. Todd's shoulder, and silently urged him toward the outer door. Mr. Todd struggled and remonstrated. Rosina began to laugh.

'Le' me go, Berry!' pleaded Mr. Todd, vainly holding back against grim propulsion. Mr. Berry thrust him through the door, across Rosina's porch, and into the snow. The stars twinkled merrily through Rosina's leafless trees, and the snow lay white, soft, and deep in her dooryard. Up and down the village street dimly-lit windows looked at them askance with red cordial smiles.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Rosina. Mr. Berry, holding Mr. Todd down, with slow circular motion, with conscientious care, rubbed Mr. Todd's face with snow. Mr. Todd kicked here and there and made vague noises. Mr. Berry rubbed on. Rosina ran across the porch. Mr. Berry gathered more snow and continued.

'Stop!' cried Rosina.

Mr. Berry rose, but Mr. Todd lay still.

'Oh, you've hurt him!' cried Rosina pitifully. 'Get up, Mr. Todd!'

He did not move. She knelt in the snow beside him.

'I'm a goner,' he said feebly. 'My vitals!'

## III

Rosina lifted him tenderly, and carried him lightly indoors. Mr. Berry stood still a moment hesitating. Then he followed indoors, brushing the snow carefully from his shoes. He closed the door, and looked with suspicion at Mr. Todd, who moaned on the sofa, while Rosina hovered over him with ministrations, with indignant cries.

'Oh, Mr. Todd!'

Mr. Berry sat down in his former place, on the other side of the stove, and stared at the glow in the damper.

'I'm a goner,' whispered Mr. Todd.

'I ought to have warned you against Berry. He's showed you what he is. He's a desperate man, he is. Though I speak with my last breath I'd bear no malice, but I ought to've said so before, but it would n't have looked right when he was sitting up with you off and on nights, for I'm a fair man up to my poor lights. He's showed himself now.'

'You're a good man, I do believe, Mr. Todd,' murmured Rosina.

'It heartens me to hear you. Maybe I'll get over this.'

'Of course you will.'

'Sometime, I dare say. But oh, the sufferings!'

'Have some tea, Mr. Todd, do!'

'Oh! Maybe it would hearten me.'

Rosina turned sharply to Mr. Berry.

'If you've got any decency you can bring me the teapot. It's on the stove.'

Mr. Berry rose from behind the stove, and lifted the teapot. It was shaped and colored like a cocoanut shell. He came to the table on which stood four blue-and-white cups in their saucers. Rosina was leaning over with her back to him, pushing pillows down affectionately behind Mr. Todd. Mr. Todd groaned with fluttering breath. Then he looked up at Mr. Berry, groaned again — and winked, sarcastic, triumphant.

Mr. Berry stopped and stared. Mr. Todd dropped his head forward. The thawed snow dripped from his hair on the pillows. His coat-collar bulged out from his neck.

'Do you feel worse, Mr. Todd?' asked Rosina.

'Tongue could n't tell it, but I'm a patient man.'

'Indeed you are!'

'And a forgiving man,' he whimpered, 'only mashed vitals do try the spirit.'

'How do you feel now?'

'Faint,' whispered Mr. Todd; 'sort of passing away.'

'*Will* you pour that tea, Mr. Berry!'

Mr. Berry made a noise in his throat, like the sound of a shot bolt, locking the door of resolution. He leaned forward, and poured a stream of hot tea down the opening between Mr. Todd's collar and neck.

Mr. Todd yelled, and leaped, bumping Rosina's chin in his uprising. He ran into the middle of the room, and there stopped, clutching at his back, recollecting, considering the case. He felt the heat of the tea diminishing.

'It's the same tea she poured on me,' said Mr. Berry. 'It ain't on the boil, Todd, and it's heartening. Keeps a man from passing away.'

'What — what happened?' asked Rosina, rubbing her chin.

'I did let it out sort of careless,' said Mr. Berry apologetically; 'some of it went down his neck, I don't deny it!'

'You did it a purpose!' said Mr. Todd bitterly, putting on his overcoat.

'Oh, ha ha ha!' laughed Rosina.

'Why, I made up my mind, to be sure,' said Mr. Berry slowly. 'To be sure, I made up my mind. We've give her a sight of enjoyment, Todd, and it's no more'n reasonable —'

'Go away!' gasped Rosina. 'Both of you, or I shall die!'

Mr. Todd moved to the outer door, and opened it.

'I ain't going to be misused by any man,' he said angrily, and slammed the door behind him.

'Both of you!' cried Rosina. 'Ha ha ha!'

Mr. Berry continued heavily, —

— 'no more'n reasonable. For Todd said a man ought to be forward if he's hefty —'

'Go away!'

— 'or else I would n't be so forward as to mention, if you was to take out the pins from the belting, or neighborhoods where they do harm —'

'Well, I never!'

— 'whereas hooks and eyes, or buttons, or provided it was safety-pins, there ain't any harm in them, but those with points discourage a man's spirit when he's feeling forward as a hefty man should — '

Rosina waved her hand helplessly toward the door.

— 'and you ought n't to think I' ve got no forwardness, because I *hev* got forwardness; but mortifications have ate into me like a buzz-saw!'

'Goodness!' said Rosina. 'Have they?'

— 'and yet being laughed at, nor hot tea, ain't the equal of pins in the belting to discourage the spirit and take the edge of man's intentions like a nail in a log.'

'Oh, go away!' sighed Rosina.

'So if it ain't more 'n reasonable, if you'd take the pins out of the belting, I guess I could get along hereafter.'

And Mr. Berry departed soberly.

Rosina stood reflecting a moment, then went to the door, opened it, and stood on the step. The night air was biting. The snow sparkled in the starlight. Far away to the right she could see the retreating form of Mr. Todd, as he passed from glimmer to glimmer of lit windows that were close to the street. To the left there were no lit windows, and the white road sloped toward the distant bridge. Mr. Berry's steps creaked steadily away on the wheel-hardened snow.

She looked at the spot below her, where the snow was flattened — where Mr. Todd had resisted and contrived while Mr. Berry had rubbed his face with a circular motion. She laughed again.

Mr. Todd and Mr. Berry each heard her. Each paused a moment, shook his head doubtfully, and went on.

Rosina turned back into the house. She poured out the remaining tea into a blue-and-white teacup.

'I never was hoisted before!' she thought, sipping the tea and sighing. The wooden clock on the mantelpiece ticked monotonously. Suddenly it struck nine. 'By the way!' it seemed to say, and struck nine.

Now, in the distance without, she heard Mr. Berry's vast far shout and following cry, vague and pathetic — the roar, then the high, melancholy wail.

'Arash-ho'o'e!'

'Berry!' she thought; 'he's sneezing on the bridge;' and sighed again, and sipped her tea. 'It would be convenient to hark for, when he came home to meals,' she thought. 'I guess I'll see about the pins.'

'Berry!' thought Mr. Todd at the other end of the village. 'He's sneezing on the bridge.'

# WILLIAM JAMES

BY JAMES JACKSON PUTNAM

THE news of Professor William James's death overwhelmed with deep sorrow the large circle of his friends and colleagues in every land, and the still larger circle of those who without knowing him had felt for him a sense of personal affection. But the grief at the loss of this warm-hearted friend and charming companion, this inspiring teacher and courageous advocate of justice, must soon have allowed room for the thought of what a noble and useful life he had led, and for gratitude that his frank, straightforward ways had made it possible to think of him as still animating the varied scenes with which he was identified so closely. He was so eager, so soldierly in spirit; his philosophy had so little of what he used to call 'the Dead-Sea-apple flavor,' that it will be a lasting pleasure to think how he would act if present; what humorous, generous, illuminating, or indignant utterance he would bring forth.

Those who knew him personally think of him most easily as he appeared in private life, and indeed it was easy to forget — so simple were his tastes and so unaffected his manner — that he was a great man and lived also in the eye of the world.

Surrounded at home by all that he really cared for, — family, friends, books, everything except robust health, — he did not seek the fame that found him. Yet he prized the honors that had come to him so abundantly, although mainly because of the assurance which they brought him that he had done and was doing the best work he was qualified to do.[1]

I well remember the earnestness with which he said to me, two years ago, that the results he had achieved were, in kind, just those he had aspired to achieve; that he had asked no more than to succeed — by dint of personal weight and by striking a note appropriate to his day and time — in accentuating certain tendencies in the minds of thinking men which he believed to be wholesome and of vital significance.

James's ideals were generous. He cared less to see his private views prevail than to see philosophy counting as a real influence in men's lives. He longed to see the day when the advocates of a philosophic doctrine should recognize that the best warrant for its value lay, not in their ability to defend its claims against all comers, but in its power to inspire them with a desire for ever-increasing knowledge, greater liberality, a more courageous life. His attitude was at once an appeal against indifferentism, and for the recognition of a common meeting-ground of all philosophic tendencies of thought. In this sense pragmatism was a move toward mediation and conciliation, and this was one of the main interests of his own life.

James's foreign colleagues were quick

[1] He was a member of the National Academies of America, France, Italy, Prussia, and Denmark; and was Doctor of Letters of Padua and Durham, a Doctor of Laws of Harvard, Princeton, and Edinburgh, and a Doctor of Science of Geneva and Oxford.

to note this tendency and promise of the new-world thinker's work. The distinguished historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, has written eloquently, in a letter to the *Figaro* of September 22, of results already won among the philosophers of the Continent by this refreshing breath: 'Neither in Europe nor in America will men soon forget the simple, modest courage with which this student of philosophy proclaimed that men have need, not alone of philosophic and scientific truths, but also of peace, happiness, moral balance and serenity, and declared that no philosophic doctrine can be considered adequate, however solid its logical foundations, unless it satisfies the aspirations that lie deep within the mind.'

Many of his papers and addresses, though not strictly popular in tone and matter, were purposely kept free from needless technicalities, and so carried a wide appeal. People of all sorts found that through one or another of his writings, and equally through the impression of the writer, that went with them, they got something which made them do their own work better and led them to adopt a broader, a more considerate, and a kindlier view of life.

He, in his turn, was always eager to show sympathy and to notice signs of merit. Biography, and especially autobiography, was his favorite reading, but his search for noteworthy personal chronicle was by no means confined to the lives of famous men. His *Religious Experiences* will testify that he was fond of discovering and making known all outspoken lovers of the truth, especially if obscure. He went about like a herald or torch-bearer, among those who seemed to him deserving of recognition or in need of stimulation, as if calling to them, 'If you have anything to say on which you are willing to stake yourselves, follow me and I will help you to get heard.' This habit sometimes brought him into queer company and exposed him to many jests. He was not, however, greatly disturbed by this, thinking more of the chance that he might find some grains of intellectual or moral wheat which would otherwise have remained unfound. With all the warmth of a very warm nature, he tried to bring it about that every one whose needs he knew should be given the opportunity to set himself free, to choose for himself, to develop on his own lines.

This sense of the value of individuality in thought and act, which lay so deep in his heart and was woven into the texture of his thoughts, was chosen by him as the theme of his speech on the reception of his degree of LL.D. from Harvard University in 1903. He spoke as one who, in spite of his long contact with the university, had always looked on it somewhat from without. So he could clearly see, he said, 'two Harvards.' One of these had certain special educational functions, and served, also, in a very visible way, as a sort of social club. The other was 'the inner, spiritual Harvard. . . . The true Church was always the invisible Church. The true Harvard is the invisible Harvard in the souls of her more truth-seeking and independent and often very solitary sons. The university most worthy of imitation is that one in which your lonely thinker can feel himself least lonely, most positively furthered and most rightly fed.' In this respect he believed that Harvard 'still is in the van.'

James's love of personal liberty made him always ready to break a lance in its defense, even when in so doing he incurred the displeasure of many a respected friend and colleague. He came forward, unasked, as an advocate of those who wished to keep the privilege of consulting Christian Scientists and other irregular practitioners, when

their standing was at issue before the legislature; he was an ardent defender of the rights of the Philippine Islanders, and a tireless supporter of all measures tending toward universal peace. Since his death several of those who stood with him on these and kindred issues have written warmly and gratefully of his aid. His belief that the Anti-Imperialist League had a real task to perform in national affairs never ceased, and he was one of its vice-presidents until his death.

This is no place to discuss the merits of the public questions here alluded to. I will say only that I have several letters written by him immediately after his speech at the State House, urging that no legislative action should be taken against the Christian Scientists and 'Mind Healers,' in which he declares that it was solely a love of right and the public welfare that had prompted him to come out against his medical colleagues. 'If you think I like this sort of thing you are mistaken. It cost me more effort than anything I have ever done in my life. But if Zola and Colonel Picquart can face the whole French army, cannot I face their disapproval? Far more easily than the reproach of my own conscience.'

To know William James thoroughly one should have seen him in company with a great variety of his friends in turn, so many notes did the gamut of his nature hold. These various notes were by no means out of harmony with each other; it was rather that he had many striking traits which no one person could bring out with equal emphasis. It was an especially rare treat to see him in friendly contest with one or several colleagues from whose views his own diverged. Such encounters brought out his own attitude and theirs as if with a rapid series of flash-light illuminations. He realized also that the fire of genius is distributed widely among men, as radium is found in minute quantities among baser minerals, and his generous instinct and intellectual zeal prompted him to seek its traces out.

Throughout his abundant social life he was so frank and so obviously friendly that it was impossible to take offense at anything he said, and this made it easier for him than for most men to strike the personal note in human intercourse. He could get at once upon a footing which made a basis for intimacy, if occasion called for this; a footing, which, in any case, left each new acquaintance feeling the gates of his own mind unlocked for him. He said jokingly, one day, that when he met a new person he asked him first his age and then his income, and this was almost literally true. Furthermore, these friendly relationships that he was so ready to establish did not always end with social courtesies. Generous in deed as he was in word and thought, he gave without stint, now, perhaps, a contribution of money to a friend in need, now a book from his library, now time and friendly counsel, offered to show appreciation and sympathy or to meet distress. This sense of kindliness was thorough-going. He had made it a principle, so he told me, to abstain from unfavorable personal criticism unless called for by some need. It was a rare event to hear him pass an unfriendly judgment, and he disliked to hear it done by others. He appreciated keenly the peculiarities of his acquaintances, and could characterize them with accuracy and wit. But such comments were always kindly or marked by a light and playful touch, devoid of sting.

My first meeting with William James was in 1866, at the Harvard Medical School, then on North Grove Street, and in thinking of him there I am reminded of the old dissecting-room in the basement of that building, where

the students gathered every afternoon to recite and listen to the demonstrator of anatomy. Perhaps I recall this with especial distinctness for the reason that James congratulated me on having made a good recitation; but I was greatly impressed at once with the frankness of his expression, the generosity of his manner, and the peculiarly attractive quality of his voice. There must be few of his friends who have not felt the same glow that I felt that day, at the sound of his ever-ready and welcome words of praise. He was five years my senior, but his education had been of an unusual sort and he had come late to medicine, so that we were fellow students. I learned afterwards that he had spent much time in Europe as a boy and youth, had then studied for one or two years at the Lawrence Scientific School, and had finally decided to follow a strong instinct and make himself an artist. In pursuance of this plan he had entered the studio of Mr. William M. Hunt, then living at Newport. In Hunt's studio he made the acquaintance of Mr. John Lafarge and they became close friends. But he soon gave up painting and allowed his talent to lapse, though he always remained capable of expressing himself freely in line-drawings.

The next move was again toward natural science. He studied comparative anatomy for a time with that delightful teacher, Professor Jeffries Wyman, and later he made one of the company of naturalists and students who accompanied Professor Louis Agassiz on his journey of exploration among the rivers of Brazil. Here his skill in drawing came into good service.

James's foreign training had given him a thorough mastery of French and a good familiarity with German, and, better still, habits of mind and thought which helped him to take a more cosmopolitan, and thus a more independent and personal, view of American affairs. To hold and to express such views, on matters political, social, and moral, was soon to become an opportunity for great usefulness.

During the medical-school period and also later, I saw James from time to time at the house of his father, Mr. Henry James, on Quincy Street in Cambridge. His father, his mother, and his sister were then living and at home, and one or another of his brothers was usually there. My memory of this house, and of each one of its occupants, is a memory warm and mellow with half-pictured scenes of gayety, kindliness, and charm. William, the oldest of the five children, was very like his father in feature, in manner, and in mind, and his father was an excellent person to be like. Both of them had the instinct generously to espouse unpopular causes, where the principle of personal liberty seemed at stake, and in both the advocacy sometimes went to the verge of what many persons called the fondness for a paradox. But this impression usually disappeared upon more familiar acquaintance.

In conversation both of these men had a delightful sense of humor, and a remarkable richness of vocabulary. A peculiarity of both was the habit of delaying speech for an instant, while the mind was working and the telling sentence was framing itself for utterance — a brief interval during which the lips would gather slightly, as for a sort of smile, and the eyes and face take on an indescribable expression of great charm. Then would burst forth one of those longer or shorter epigrammatic or aphoristic sayings which all their friends recall so well, full of meaning, full of kindliness and humor, never sarcastic, but always keen. Occasionally, too, they were full of fiery wrath. This James humor has often been referred to as of Irish origin. If so, it

certainly throve well on American soil. It pointed also to the wide vision of real culture and to experience with men and books, thus showing itself to be cosmopolitan or universal, rather than racial. Certainly old and young, rich and poor, foreigner and native, appreciated its great charm and penetration. Sometimes a mere trifle would call out one of these rich, explosive extravaganzas of speech. I remember listening one day with trepidation when Mr. James, Senior, gathered his face into a half-humorous, half-thunderous expression and then rolled out a series of denunciations on the people who insisted on misusing the word 'quite.'

As I remember James at home, during the period of which I have been speaking, he was somewhat quieter and gentler in manner than he afterward appeared to be, though always full of playfulness and fun. His laughter was never boisterous, but no one could be quicker than he to see the chance for merriment, let the joke be with him or against him.

He had been much of an invalid, but he never lost for long his courage or his buoyancy. He believed that one should industriously cultivate the bearing, the expression, and the sentiments that go with health, and one of his former pupils has recently told me of his making an appeal to his college class on this subject. He succeeded, too, as a rule, in practicing what he preached, in spite of a real tendency to occasional depression, which might easily have been allowed to get control of him. I believe that through these frequent contests with his health James materially modified his character and, indirectly, his philosophic tendencies and views. This lack of vigor kept him at that time much at home, and he had a small laboratory there where he did a good deal of work.

James's mother, quiet in temperament and manner, was a very real power in the family, beloved by all, and holding all together; and this was also true of her sister, Mrs. Walsh, who for a long time made her home with them.

All the members of the James family were gifted with rich, melodious voices, and William's had a resonance and charm which those who had once heard it, especially in conversation, never could forget.

James took his medical degree in 1869, but never practiced. He had already become greatly interested in physiology and comparative anatomy, and was early invited to teach these subjects to the undergraduates at Harvard. From physiology he slipped into psychology, and so onward until finally he became the chief figure in the department of philosophy, one of the best departments of the college.

From the time of our first meeting until a few months before his death I had the privilege of seeing James fairly often, and of knowing something of his intellectual interests and work. From 1876 onward he made almost yearly visits to a charming spot in the Adirondacks, where there lies, in the midst of mountains, brooks, and forests, a little group of rough houses forming a sort of camp. James was formerly part owner of this very satisfactory establishment, and appreciated to the fullest extent its simple but copious resources.

These visits meant an opportunity of meeting a variety of acquaintances and friends under the most informal of conditions, and usually meant also a fresh deal of health. As a walker, he used to be among the foremost, in the earlier years, and it was a pleasure to watch his lithe and graceful figure as he moved rapidly up the steep trails or stretched himself on the slope of a rock, his arms under his head, for resting. He had the peculiarity, in climbing, of raising himself largely with the foot

that was lowermost, instead of planting the other and drawing himself up by it, as is so common. This is a slight thing, but it was an element counting for elasticity and grace. There were periods when he took the longest walks and climbs, but after a time he felt that very vigorous exertion did not agree with him; and this belief, combined with his love of talk with some congenial person on some congenial subject, usually kept him back from the vanguard and rather at the rear of the long line, where he could walk slowly if he liked and find the chance to pause from time to time in order to enjoy and characterize in rich terms the splendid beauty of the steep forest-clad slopes, with the sun streaming through the thick foliage and into the islets between the tall trees.

There were certain spots which he particularly liked to visit, and even to visit alone or with a book — for he was always industrious and often did his fifty pages of solid reading daily. One such place, a ledge forming the verge of a superb precipice, with two fine pine trees overhead and the heavily wooded valley of the Ausable River rising steeply toward the north and descending into a broad plateau toward the south, was named for him many years ago by a warm friend and admirer. Another beautiful spot, well up on a steep side of Round Mountain, I remember reaching with him toward the end of a still and golden September day. We had been walking for a number of hours through the thick, dark woods, and this beautiful bit of cliff, nearly inclosed by the dense spruces of the forest, and carpeted with moss of a rich, yellowish-green tint, afforded the first chance for the afternoon sun to stream in and for the trampers to obtain a glimpse of the hazy valley winding off far beneath, and of the sun-deserted mountains closing in the deep ravine, along one side of which runs the narrow trail. I recalled this spot to his memory in a letter written several years later (in 1899), when he was in Europe, seeking health at Nauheim. He wrote back, saying, 'Your talk about Keene Valley makes me run over with homesickness. Alas, that those blessed heights should henceforward probably be beyond my reach altogether! It is a painful pang!'

Fortunately, this prediction was not fulfilled. He improved greatly on his return to America after this trip, came several times again to revisit old haunts, and even did a fair amount of walking.

He was very fond of stirring poetry, and one or another of our fellow campers has spoken of verses by Kipling or Walt Whitman or Goethe as associated with the thought at once of him and of some special mountain-top or forest walk. Occasionally, also, in the afternoon, he would read us portions of his own writings, at which he almost always was at work, and thus we had the first chance at bits of several of his best papers.

James was married in the spring of 1878 to Miss Alice H. Gibbens, and began at once to improve in health and to lead a fuller and more active life. He soon became widely known in Europe both through his writings and his fairly frequent visits, and it was felt by all his colleagues there that the Harvard faculty had rarely been represented by a brighter light than he.

In the autumn of 1892 he established himself in Florence with his wife and children for the winter, and thus amusingly describes their housekeeping: —

'If we can escape freezing this winter the retrospect of next spring will doubtless be a good one. Our apartment (just moved into) is snug, clean and sunny, and though devoid of every "domestic convenience" except one stopcock and a hearth in a kitchen some ten feet by six, seems a place in which

housekeeping can go on. Our cook, Raphaello, with whom we converse by means of raw Latin roots without terminations, seems nevertheless to grasp our meaning and evolves very savory dinners out of the nudity of his workshop. A one-sou fan is his principal instrument — by it he keeps the little fires from going out. I ought to say that we have a big Bernese governess, who looks like Luther in his more corpulent days, and, knowing more Italian than we do, has been quite useful as interpretess. But her appetites are ungovernable, she has no tact, and we shall have little use for her when the boys get to school, so we shall soon say farewell and give her a recommendation to some very full-blooded family.

'I'm telling you nothing of our summer, most all of which was passed in Switzerland. Germany is good, but Switzerland is better. *How good* Switzerland is, is something that can't be described in words. The healthiness of it passes all utterance. The air, the roads, the mountains, the customs, the institutions, the people. Not a breath of art, poetry, æsthetics, morbidness, or "suggestiveness." It's all there, solid meat and drink for the sick body and soul, ready to be turned to and do you good when the nervous and gas-lit side of life has had too much play. What a see-saw life is, between the elemental things and the others. We must have both; but, aspiration for aspiration, I think [that] of the over-cultured and exquisite person for the insipidity of health is the more pathetic. After the suggestiveness, decay, and over-refinement of Florence this winter, I shall be hungry enough for the eternal elements to be had in the Schweiz.'

From the very beginning of their married life in Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. James showed a hospitality which made them a marvel to their friends. In season and out, all were made welcome. This was especially true of visitors from Europe, whether those at whose hands James had received hospitality in his turn when abroad — for he was everywhere a welcome guest — or those who came to Cambridge attracted by his writings and reputation. All such visitors were made at home, for shorter or for longer periods, and only the friends of their hosts realized how much trouble was taken to make their stay successful.

What his home was to others, to him it was more, a thousand-fold. Every one who watched him saw clearly that he owed a distinct portion of his steady growth in tranquillity and power of accomplishment to the home influences — intellectual, physical, and moral — that formed the main background of his life. If the vital force was native and resident in him, its development was fostered by the untiring devotion which was constantly at his command. And this he himself well knew. Seconded by his wife, he made friends in every land, some of them through personal intercourse, which he always sought, and some through correspondence only. He was as sociable as Montaigne, both from principle and from true love of his fellow men.

One of the many foreign friendships which he greatly valued and frequently referred to was that with M. Renouvier, the able editor of the *Critique Philosophique*. There was a strong personal and intellectual sympathy between these two men. James was also an occasional contributor to the *Critique*. He wrote French with fluency and grace, and infused into it some of the elements that made his English style so engrossingly effective.

He had thought much, also, cosmopolitan as he was, about the relative advantages of the life in Europe and in America, and was always ready to talk about this subject. With his sensitive-

ness and his fine taste, he loved the cultivated, æsthetic atmosphere of France and England, and there were times when he longed for it and felt that he must gratify the longing. But he was at heart an American, and even a way-breaker, as well as an artist. One of his friends remembers his quoting from Gray's 'Eton,' the lines ending, 'And snatch a fearful joy,' with reference to the satisfaction and at the same time the sacrifices which American conditions offer and require. His attitude on this question illustrates his attitude on many questions. He could feel a warm glow in favor of two opposing sets of interests, each in turn, and yet one could predict which, in the end, would prove the stronger. I recall hearing him speak one day, in the dining-room of our Adirondack camp, of certain 'bitter-sweet' articles of food, of which it was 'hard to say whether one likes or dislikes them most.' But there are many bitter-sweets in life, and he was alive to the value of both elements that they contained. His readers will recall a charming essay [1] in which he describes a journey in the mountains of North Carolina and tells of passing by a large number of unkempt, squalid clearings, littered with the stumps and boughs of fresh-cut trees, and savoring of destruction, devastation, and discomfort. As he was in the act of drawing this lesson, he said to the mountaineer who was driving him, —

'What sort of people are they who have to make these new clearings?'

'All of us,' the man replied. 'Why, we ain't happy here unless we are getting one of these coves under cultivation.'

James 'instantly felt' that he 'had been losing the whole significance of the situation.' 'The clearing which to me was a mere ugly picture on the retina, was to them a symbol redolent with moral memories and sang a very pæan of duty, struggle, and success.'

Few persons have written more charmingly or more lucidly than Professor James, or with greater evidence of personal conviction. This last feature of his books and papers was indeed so marked, what he said came so obviously from his heart, that to speak of his 'style' seems inappropriate. He was through and through an artist, in writing as in speech, and yet he used his art so obviously as a way of making his meaning clear that the reader thinks of his charming and telling manner mainly in terms of the conclusions that it enforced. When one reads his books it is a pleasure to assume one's self in full accord with him, even in the face of disagreement, so delightfully does he call learning, humor, fancy, abundant and apt citation, the homeliest of illustrations and the most daring of analogies, to the aid of his incisive argument. In all this he shows himself not only expert in knowledge and in literary skill, but a broad reader and an intimate knower of human thoughts and passions in wide range. He was of course a delightful correspondent, and he wrote copiously and to many persons. Even when very ill or very busy he managed to keep in touch in this way with a large number of his friends, though he was sometimes forced to call in the ready service of his wife as amanuensis.

He began to make scientific communications within a few years after his entrance on academic work. The earlier papers dealt with physiological questions. Even in these his psychological and philosophical interests were foreshadowed, while, on the other hand, his early training as a physiologist affected all his later work. One of the early papers, on 'The Law of Forward Action in the Nervous System,' in which

[1] "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings." *Talks to Teachers*, p. 231.

he showed that the impulses in nerve fibres run always in one or the other direction, according to the function of the nerves concerned, is cited as important by the eminent English physiologist, Sherrington. His well-known papers on the absence of dizziness in deaf-mutes, on 'The Sense of Effort,' and on the 'Perception of Space,' are partly of physiological and partly of psychological interest.

It would be out of the question to review here his contributions in the psychologic field, but attention may be called in passing to his insistence on the very important part played by sensation in the feeling of emotion and even of consciousness itself. This doctrine, which was brought out at about the same time by the Swedish psychologist Lange, promptly became famous, the world over. It has a decided interest here as being closely related to some of his later philosophical generalizations. Sensations of various subtle kinds, as those coming from the circulatory and digestive apparatus, well known to be excited in the strong emotions, were recognized by him as deserving of more attention than they had received; and when he came to analyze the feeling of emotion closely it seemed to him that the honest observer could not assert that anything else was there. Strip off 'sensation' from emotion and what is left? he asked. At a later day the sense of consciousness was analyzed in the same fashion.

I cannot discuss the merits of these difficult subjects here, but I desire to point out that just as he felt that he must fully reckon with the influence of *sensation*, the most tangible element in *emotion*, before he would allow that anything else was there, so he felt that the influence of *experience* should be fully reckoned with before other means of judging of the *truth* were turned to.

This seems to me a distinct illustration of the way in which his mind worked. Although thoroughly alive to the existence of influences in the world which can only be reached through a free use of a trained imagination, his love of simplicity and directness led him to estimate at their full value the factors that had the merit of being relatively commonplace, and therefore more familiar to the ordinary mind, and to exert all his powers of observation to note more of these than others had discovered.

The earliest of his philosophical papers, so far as I am aware, was one written for the *Critique Philosophique;* and the next, on much the same subject, was that which was published later as the first part of *The Sentiment of Rationality*. This was first given as an address in 1879, and was finally brought out, in 1897, together with other valuable papers, in a volume called *The Will to Believe, and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy*.

His first enterprise in actual bookmaking was in 1885, when he edited *The Literary Remains of Henry James*, the preface to which was partly his own work, partly made up from extracts from his father's writings. All those who wish to gain insight into the evolution of Professor James's mind by noting the influences which were early at work on him, should read this admirable volume. The theology there defended is sufficiently simple and sufficiently well adapted for men's needs to have commanded James's respect, and both the character of the sentiments and the splendid language of the father strongly remind one of the son's thought and style.

His next book was the important two-volume *Psychology*, published in 1890 and written for the most part during a trip to Europe. This book proved an immense success. It has continued

to win popularity and fame and has been translated into a number of languages, the latest being the Italian. Professor James told me only recently that this success had surprised him greatly. He had not taken especial pains, he said, to make a monumental work. But his mind and thoughts were so untrammeled, so keen and fresh, that he could not help writing a good book. He was one of the few scientific writers whose productions became a source of revenue. He made sundry trips to Europe, largely on the income derived from the *Psychology*, the *Talks to Teachers*, and the *Religious Experiences*, and the sale of his last two books also has been large.

In 1898 he delivered the Ingersoll lecture on *Personal Immortality*.

In 1899 he gave and published his now famous *Talks to Teachers on Psychology; and to Students on Some of Life's Ideals*, a book of great charm, great wisdom, and true scientific penetration.

In 1901 and 1902 he delivered at Edinburgh his first English lecture course, the Gifford Lectures, which at once appeared in book form as the *Varieties of Religious Experiences; a Study in Human Nature*. It was understood that he had long been collecting the materials for this book, for his object was not so much to give his own religious convictions as to show under how many and how varied aspects, convictions that could be called religious had impressed themselves on a variety of men and had helped to mould their lives. In the closing chapter he makes statements which indicate how he felt at that time on certain subjects which were being studied by his English colleagues of the Society for Psychical Research. He always took intense and appreciative interest in the investigations of both the English and the American branches of this society, though he did not bear so active a part in them as many people have supposed. The more prominent workers, both in England and America, were his personal friends, especially Richard Hodgson, the devoted secretary of the American branch. For a number of years James served as president of this branch.

Finally, in 1907 and 1909, respectively, came out the two books on *Pragmatism* and on *Pluralism*, and a third, *The Meaning of Truth* (1909), which formed an explanatory supplement to the course on pragmatism. He also wrote a large number of scientific papers and minor addresses, such as the fine tribute to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, and several delightful biographical sketches, as those on Professor Louis Agassiz and on Thomas Davidson.

Professor James's attitude toward the general problems of philosophy is well known. He called himself a 'radical empiricist,' a 'pragmatist,' a 'pluralist,' and it is fair to say that these terms, indicative of his beliefs, indicate also important features of his own character. It is evident that he approached the deeper problems of life as a lover of men and a sympathizer with human needs, but also with the conscientiousness of a person trained to careful observation, and yet fully realizing that in the desire to make observation 'careful' it is very easy to make it narrow. He insisted on making 'experience' the touchstone for determining the value or the truth of a belief. But experience was construed by him in a far wider sense than by many others, and he was always ready to extend its scope. If a man could truly say that his life was made richer in any important respect by the acceptance of a given doctrine, vision, or intuition, then, in so far, the doctrine should count as true for him. He felt strongly that each person should strive to satisfy the demands, not only of his reason, but also of his

aspirations and his sense of the power to accomplish something new and real, which every man possesses in some measure. Just because he felt the deep practical significance of the task which philosophy assumes, in trying to explain the rationality of a world filled with suffering and sorrow, he shrank from encouraging the acceptance of interpretations which might sound well but which a deeper searching of one's observation did not verify as helping to a truer and a sounder life. He objected strongly to the method of education which enabled the scholar glibly to 'throw the rule at the teacher' but left him unable to do the sum to which the rule applied.

It is safe to say, of course, that but few of the colleagues with whom he joined issues over philosophic problems would consent to be classed as opposing these propositions stated in this broad way. Every one acknowledges the claims of observation, thoroughness, and honesty, and so every one is a pragmatist and an empiricist. But James believed in drawing trenchant distinctions as an aid to clearer thought and more fruitful discussion, and conscientiously believed that the existence of a distinct difference of *emphasis* between his views and those of certain of his colleagues pointed to the practical need of a distinctive name. He longed to go to the furthest possible limit in his estimate of spiritual freedom and the possibility of a real unity and harmony underlying the distracting signs of multiplicity and discord in the world, but he felt that he should best help this cause, which he had so much at heart, by indicating distinctly the features by which each man might hope to recognize the sought-for angel of his truth, when met, and by making it perfectly clear what degree of success he himself had had. He came, eventually, to direct his search, not for *the* truth but for *truths*. For the attempt to assert *the* truth makes it necessary to depart from the pathway of experience — so he thought — and to trust one's self to forms of reasoning which, after years of study, he had found himself unable to accept as binding. His description, in *The Pluralistic Universe*, of this contest in his mind is full of the deepest interest.

In this crusade against an intellectualism which he considered *ultra*, James found a powerful ally in the admittedly great French philosopher and psychologist, Bergson, who with keen arguments asserts that the ultimate facts of life are only to be appreciated by immersing ourselves in life's stream and feeling it. Life implies motion, and motion we can create but cannot picture or describe. What we can do is to use the intellect for approaching nearer and nearer to the point from which, with the aid of intuition, we may get the sense of dipping into the fountain of reality.

Closely related to James's confidence in experience was his belief in the creative power of a voluntary act. He recognized that the practical issues with which philosophy indirectly concerns itself are so momentous for the everyday life of men, that it is unwise to wait too long before committing one's self to the view which seems the best. He therefore urged that every one, after looking at the facts as fairly as he could, should choose and act, even at the risk of choosing and acting from reasons that he might afterwards judge to have been mistaken. In thus acting, men might be, he thought, not only discovering the truth, but helping to create it.

It might be supposed, by one who did not know Professor James, that with his fixed confidence in experience as the proper touchstone of the truth, he would have been led straightway

into the materialistic camp, or, at least, into the camp of those who though idealists are practically determinists. But not only was it untrue of Professor James that he took that road, but a fair reading of his arguments makes one agree with him that he was at liberty, logically, to refuse to take it. Every book, every essay, of his is redolent with the doctrine that if a man takes his whole self into account, realizing that he is not only a reasoning being but a feeling and aspiring being, and that his very reasoning is colored by emotion, then choices, preferences, leaps-in-the-dark, the 'presentiment of the eternal in the temporal,' become justifiable in so far as they are real. This was one of the pragmatic outcomes of his *radical* empiricism.

While his course of lectures upon pragmatism was in progress I wrote to him, saying that although the practical value of his recommendations to rigid honesty in applying the test of experience seemed undeniably of value, yet I thought the *tendency* of his doctrine might be to encourage, among some persons, a too narrow conservatism of a materialistic stamp. He wrote back, saying for himself at least, — 'Surely you know there is an essence in me (whatever I may at any moment appear to say) which is incompatible with my really being a physico-chemico-positivist.'

This quality in Professor James's mind which enabled him to maintain his stout adherence to scientific accuracy and to assert the necessity for taking experience as the court of last resort, yet at the same time to recognize the existence of influences that transcend the evidence of the senses, kept him in touch at once with science and with religion, and made it possible for him to believe in a real spiritual freedom.

Instinctively devout and possessing religious sentiments, and sympathizing doubtless with his still more strongly religious father, he found no difficulty, in spite of his critical attitude with regard to the doctrine of an all-absorbing 'Absolute,' in reconciling his conception of an imperfect, perhaps essentially disjointed and pluralistic universe, helped along by the combined efforts of the spiritual powers resident in men, with a belief in the possible and probable existence of a greater spiritual personality, between whom and ourselves and all the phenomena of the world a perfect intimacy must exist. We cannot prove this, he declares, but there is no argument or evidence which can prevent us from assuming it if we will, and if our assumption is sound our acts help to make the truth efficient for our needs.

It is idle to say, he would insist, that this procedure is unscientific; that the truly scientific man does not assume but always proves the truth. For not only does every progressive scientific man necessarily use his imagination in forecasting his results, but the attitude of holding back from a decision for the chance of a greater certainty is in itself an emotional, and not alone a rational, attitude. There are times when you must '*believe what is in the line of your needs*, for only by such belief is the need fulfilled. . . . You make one or the other of two universes true by your trust or mistrust, — both universes having been only *maybes*, in this particular, before you contributed your act.' Applying this principle to the question of religious belief, he says, [This] 'command that we shall put a stopper on our heart, instincts and courage, and *wait* — acting of course meanwhile more or less as if religion were *not* true — till doomsday, or till such time as our intellect and senses working together may have raked in evidence enough — this command, I say, seems to me the queerest

idol ever manufactured in the philosophic cave.' Again, 'Better face the enemy than the eternal Void.'

In the same essay from which the last sentence is quoted, James points out that the chief and primary function of the intellect is to bring practical results to pass; to answer the question, 'What is to be done?' and says, 'It was a deep instinct in Schopenhauer which led him to reinforce his pessimistic argumentation by a running volley of invective against the practical man and his requirements. No hope for pessimism unless he is slain.' In the whole set of inspiring essays which *The Will to Believe* leads off as with a trumpet's note, this thesis, that the will, if strong enough to lead to action, is a real factor in the world's progress, is maintained with strong emphasis; and in the lectures on the *Pluralistic Universe* the same theme is taken up again and reinforced.

Even in his psychology he foreshadowed a certain portion of this philosophic attitude by asserting it as at least possible, and scientifically quite as admissible as the opposite assumption, that in the act of attention the will adds something new to the forces theretofore present in the world. This was a great step for an academic psychologist to take.

Though frankly iconoclastic and outspoken, and a hard-hitter in an intellectual combat, Professor James made no enemies, but usually drew closer and closer, as time went on, the ties of early friendships. Soon after his complete retirement, his colleagues of the department of philosophy at Harvard asked him to let them have his portrait painted, to be hung upon the walls of the Faculty Room in University Hall. When the portrait was finished, Professor James entertained the whole division of philosophy at his house. The occasion was a memorable one, and especially so for the reason that Professor Royce, who had always been one of James's most loyal friends and admirers, made an exceedingly warm-hearted and eloquent address. I quote here a few of his sentences, though the choice is difficult where everything was so good: —

'Nothing is more characteristic of Professor James's work as a teacher and as a thinker than is his chivalrous fondness for fair play in the warfare and in the coöperation of ideas and of ideals. We all of us profess to love truth. But one of James's especial offices in the service of truth has been the love and protection and encouragement of the truth-seekers. He has done much more than this for the cause of truth; but this at least he has always done.

'He has lately warned us much against thinking of truth as a mere abstraction. And indeed it has always been his especial gift to see truth incarnate, —embodied in the truth-seekers, — and to show his own love of truth by listening with appreciation, and by helping the cause of fair play, whenever he found somebody earnestly toiling or suffering or hoping in the pursuit of any genuine ideal of truth. . . . Other men talk of liberty of thought; but few men have done more to secure liberty of thought for men who were in need of fair play and of a reasonable hearing than James has done.'

James was one of the first among professional psychologists to recognize the full bearing of the contributions which medical observation — that is, the psychology of the unusual or the slightly twisted mind — has made to the more classical psychological attitudes and insights. In the early portion of his short but stirring address, *The Energies of Men*, he says, 'Meanwhile the clinical conceptions, though they may be vaguer than the analytic ones, are cer-

tainly more adequate, give the concreter picture of the way the whole mind works, and are of far more urgent practical importance. So the "physician's attitude," the "functional psychology," is assuredly the thing most worthy of general study to-day.'

The truth of these propositions has been amply verified, and the fact that he made them is but one more illustration of his power to see and seize upon the significant elements of a situation, as a skillful commander recognizes the points of strength and weakness of his adversary's lines.

William James was a manly and a radiant being. Loving and loved, he made all men think, and helped many a doubting soul to feel a man's glow of hope and courage, each for his own work. This was a noble task.

# NATHAN IN THE WELL

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

THREE years ago, we moved permanently into the real country, taking with us as our most valuable asset, a fresh, city eye which we had unconsciously been cultivating all our lives. To a man born and brought up in the city, the commonest things in the country seem marvelous.

In my college days in the city, having read somewhere of caged crickets, I remember asking a classmate who hailed from the suburbs, what crickets looked like, and whether they were easy of capture. At the time, I could not understand his broad, suburban grin. This naïveté of the city man was exemplified by a friend, who averred that no one could raise good vegetables in the country. I gathered that one's radishes would be tough and one's lettuce bitter unless subjected to some mysterious city process, grafting perhaps. But since living at Half Acre, I have learned that some vegetables are raised in the country, after all, and very good ones, too. Another friend, on moving to the country, wanted a field of clover, and asked the local storekeeper to quote lowest prices on clover plants. I believe this was the man who sowed clipped oats, expecting to raise a crop of oats already clipped. Like most humorous things, this has its elements of the pathetic; city people transplanted to the country always remind me, in their eagerness and ignorance, of slum children in Central Park; but, personally, I would not purchase immunity from rural ridicule by the surrender of the privileges given me by my fresh city eye.

For instance, after three years of living in the country, I never draw a pail of water from the well without an appreciation of its charm such as a country-bred man, I imagine, could never feel. He might gape at open plumbing, looking at it with his fresh country eye, where I should simply take it for granted; but I am afraid he never could fully experience what might be called the sentiment of a well, that

delightful, inverted tower of darkness and dampness and coolth. If there is n't such a word as coolth there ought to be.

Our tower, if turned skyward, would rival Pisa's leaning miracle; and it is surmounted by a well-curb resembling a miniature judge's stand at a country fair, so that an involuntary exclamation of a visitor might naturally be, 'How many laps to the mile?' It has no primitive, picturesque sweep: but, on the other hand, there is no modern contraption such as a chain pump; and the old oaken bucket, made of ash, fastened to a romantic rope such as sailors use at sea, descends and ascends the cylinder of greened granite boulders worn smooth, ages back, in some terminal moraine. The source of our drink, strangely enough, is also the conservator of our food-supply. In early spring and late fall, before and after the capricious visits of the ice-man, a small flotilla of pails rides safely in the land-locked harbor, moored with marline twisted around tiny cleats. No danger of anything being tainted by anything else in those separate compartments; no trouble but a hearty heave ho! of hunger, and the food of our selection appears before us, cool and sweet in its receptacle of frosted silver. Our subterranean, superaqueous refrigerator is simple, sanitary, and as inexpensive as the sky.

To my city consciousness, it's wonderful to draw water from the ground. Pipes, conduits, bottles, I can understand; it's difficult for me to apprehend that simply by digging anywhere, if you dig deep enough, you can get living water filtered by the earth. I knew a man before the days of aeroplanes, who took delight in kite-flying. As the string ran out and the kite soared, he felt an exalting of his spirit, as if, in some vicarious way, he, himself, were piercing the empyrean; similarly, when I go to nature's bounteous breast, I feel that I am drawing up more than water in my bucket. This is sometimes literally true; sometimes, a new-frog, disdaining the time-honored method of three feet up and two feet down again, steps into my elevator, and regards me placidly with his complacent, human countenance.

Less attractive, are the pale, amorphous earthworms, sprawling lifelessly in the bucket after a rain-storm; and, two years ago, some inspired person suggested that we get a trout to eat the earthworms. We immediately took fire at the idea; we could n't understand why we had n't thought of a trout before; we remembered that every well-regulated well had a trout in it. With some difficulty, a man was found who could find a trout. He found it; and the trout duly arrived in state one morning in a gypsy kettle.

He was a trout of size and substance; he was evidently a trout of the world. He bore his honors calmly, with neither pride nor meekness; he was reserved without being taciturn. He was a New England trout. Something in his grave demeanor, the light of experience and sagacity glowing in his eye, caused us to divine his name; for if a well is nothing without a trout, what is a trout without a name? Slowly, solemnly, the gypsy kettle was lowered into the well; and Nathan the Wise officially became a member of our family.

For weeks afterward, I drew water very gingerly, and then I grew careless; but apparently I never hurt Nathan with the bucket, and on the other hand, he was evidently too contented to make use of the frog-elevator. The rain-worms disappeared; and whenever we felt too weak to walk by faith alone, we dropped a grasshopper or a cricket, with which I have become tolerably familiar, into the well; and the miniature sea was stirred as by the surge of

a mighty leviathan. Even when we were n't feeding him, and after we failed to notice the absence of rain-worms as one forgets pain that is past, the fact that Nathan was in the well was a pleasant part of our subconsciousness. It 's wonderful how much affection can be inspired by a fish. If we inspired affection in Nathan's breast, he concealed it like a true New Englander. He showed his affection by his faithfulness, by remaining at his post in the well, by not forsaking us during the long, inclement winter, by greeting our first vernal bug with a stupendous splash.

The season brought its multitudinous glories, feathered friends and friends in silk and linens, a thousand new flowers looking up at us each morning with their innocent faces, trees as murmurous as the sea, a sea which had put on its softer summer colors and had grown less imperious in its surge. Enemies, too, came in their appointed time, bugs of every ingenuity of shape and dye, fogs, chilling and mysterious, long droughts, black blights. In the activities of what is supposed to be too quiet a life, welcoming the coming guest, speeding the departing bug, emptying the cistern on the flower-beds, we forgot the faithful friend who, during the winter of outdoor inactivity and social vacuity, had been so often in our thoughts and talk. One day, a wayfaring friend of ours, who is quite the reverse of a fool, inquired, in the interest he feels in all created things, 'How's Nathan in the well, these days?'

Our hearts smote us. Poor Nathan!

'Oh, I hope he is n't dead! There was only eight inches of water in the well last Saturday, and we have n't been able to drink of it for weeks.'

'Have you looked down lately?'

We hastened to the curb, and peered over; but all we could make out was darkness, with an ambiguous gleam at the bottom. A smile came to our wayfaring friend's face, which is as granitic and lined as the glacier-scored ledges he loves to fish from.

'I mean with a mirror.'

Mystified, we brought our friend a hand-mirror; and with the precision of a navigator taking an observation, he caught the sun, swept it through an arc of half the heavens, and shot it into the depths of the well. Alas, the shaft of sunlight was as disillusioning as a searchlight of truth would probably be if flashed into one's character. The cylinder of greened granite boulders was dry and dun-colored; the water of our well, which before the drought had sparkled a veritable blue in our white-enamel drinking-pail, had shrunk to a yellow puddle. The puddle was ringed with mud; exactly in the middle of it, we could see the olive back of a fish, apparently no bigger than a minnow. It was Nathan, patient, imperturbable even in the surprise of sudden sunlight, wasted, but evidently alive.

I eagerly volunteered as a rescue party of one, as if present solicitude could atone for past neglect. We got our longest ladder, our wayfaring friend steadied the top, and down I went, the gypsy kettle which had been Nathan's triumphal chariot now serving as his ambulance. In my hurry, I forgot what I had read about noxious gases in well-bottoms; but I did take time to glance upward at the firmament. The roof of that pesky judge's stand hid the heavens, like many other ugly, ostentatious impedimenta of so-called civilized life. I determined to take the well-curb down, and substitute one open to the sky; then I continued the work of rescue. Nathan's nose was buried in the mud; he was struggling for breath like an entombed miner; and when I had brought him to the surface and the sunlight, the rav-

ages of his ordeal were painfully apparent to us. He had become the diaphanous wraith of a fish; his emaciated body was almost translucent; there was nothing left of him except head, speckles, and indomitable spirit.

I have always been an advocate of open plumbing, and my advocacy was now justified. We carried our bath-tub outdoors. We filled it with pure water from a neighbor's well that never goes dry. Tenderly, we placed Nathan in his new ocean; we gave him a whole fleet of crickets and grasshoppers that worked their walking-beams with provocative, propulsive force; but Nathan the Wise, with slowly moving fins and weakly pulsing gills, took no notice of them; and we decided that it was part of his wisdom not to gorge himself on an empty stomach, or perhaps he was delicate about eating before so large an audience.

We, however, suffered no such scruples; and, leaving Nathan with high hopes, we dressed to attend a large supper-party at an opulent neighbor's who has an artesian well on his place, a ridiculous affair that you could n't hang even a cream-jar in. Afterwards, we walked home under the stars; and by their dim light, we could descry Nathan, still breathing in the depths of his sea. In the fleet of crickets and grasshoppers, anchored close together, there was now no motion of walking-beam or paddle-wheel. Fires were evidently banked, and steam was down for the night. Next morning, we found that the vital steam was down in Nathan's breast, that his fires were out forever, unless, if the hope be not impious, they are rekindled in some Devonian Paradise.

Poor Nathan, stiff, stark, was lying in the bottom of the bath-tub, with his pale, pathetic belly turned uppermost in an attitude that I am sure he would have considered indecorous. He had made no outcry; no one heard his last words, if he spoke any. Personally, I believe he did not speak any. I believe that he died as he had lived, inarticulate, a martyr to duty, like a true New Englander. And the pity of it is that if we had been a tithe as faithful to him as he was to us, he would be living now, developing into the very patriarch of trout, with an ever increasing stock of experience which he would distill into an ever-deepening silence.

Of course, soon after Nathan's death the rain descended, the floods came, and our well filled again with living water, living in more senses than one; for we again found pale, amorphous rain-worms in our water-bucket. We accepted these meekly, however, as less than the just punishment for our neglect. They will be a continuing punishment and a continuing reminder of Nathan. We have resolved never to have another fish.

Weeks afterward, it suddenly flashed across us that we had missed an unexampled opportunity to turn defeat into a glorious victory. While I was fruitlessly rescuing Nathan from the bottom of the well, right under my nose, right before my eyes, right within my grasp, there was something more precious and more fabulous than the pot of gold at the rainbow's foot. Truth was at the bottom of the well; but I failed to spy it out or smell it out or grasp it. A single thought, a single movement, and I could have come up that ladder laden with a heritage richer than Plutus' mine. Poor, panting man was never so near Eternal Verity before. And now, it's under thirty feet of water! All we can do is live in the hope that there may be another drought this summer.

# OUR COUNTRY

## BY JULIA WARD HOWE

1819–1910

On primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered Land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-sped Angels hail thy cause!

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong,
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song.

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# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## THE IMMORALITY OF SHOP-WINDOWS

At the heart of morality lies content. That is a statement either optimistic or cynical, as you choose to look at it; but it is a statement of fact. Even the reformer seeks to allay his discontent, which does not arise from the morality in him, but from the immorality in other people. Anybody who has lived with a reformer knows this. Therefore are modern shop-windows — by steel construction made to occupy the maximum amount of space, to assault by breadth and brilliance the most callous eye — one of the most immoral forces in modern city life.

This is especially true of the shop-windows on Fifth Avenue, New York. For these windows, even at night illuminated like silent drawing-rooms vacant of people, expose to the view of the most humble passer on the curb as well as to the pampered rich racing by in motors, the spoils of all the world. Here are paintings by the old masters and the new; rare furniture and marbles from Italian palaces; screens from Japan; jewels and rugs from the Orient; silk stockings, curios, china, bronzes, hats, furs; and again more curios, cabinets, statues, paintings; things rare and beautiful and exotic from every quarter of the globe, 'from silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.' And they are not collections, they are not the treasures of some proud house — although they might have been once: they are for sale; they may be bought by anybody — who has the price.

But who has the price? That stout woman riding by in her limousine, with a Pomeranian on her lap instead of a baby? That fifteen-dollar-a-week chorus-girl in a cab, half buried under a two-thousand-dollar chinchilla coat? That elderly man who hobbles goutily out of his club and walks a few short blocks to his house on Murray Hill, 'for exercise'? Assuredly, somebody has the price, for the shops are ever open, the allurement of their windows never less. But not you, who gaze hungry-eyed at these beautiful objects, and then go to a Sixth Avenue department store and wonder if you can afford that Persian rug made in Harlem, marked down from $50 to $48.87; or that colonial mahogany bookcase glistening with brand new varnish. Envy gnaws at your heart. And yet you had supposed that yours was a comfortable sort of income — maybe four thousand dollars a year. Your father, on that income, back in a New England suburb, was counted quite a man in the community, and you put on airs. He selected the new minister, and you set the style in socks. But now you are humiliated, embittered. You rave against predatory wealth. Thus shop-windows do make Socialists of us all.

Nor are you able to accept the shop-windows educationally, recalling that when you went to Europe you saw nothing that had not already stared at you through plate-glass on Fifth Avenue — for sale. Who wants to view one of the chairs that a Medici sat in, only to recall that months before he saw its mate in a shop-window at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-first Street; or to contemplate a pious yellow heathen bowed down before the image of Buddha, while the tinkly temple bells

are tinkling, only to have rise in his mind the memory of a much larger and more venerable Buddha which used to smile out inscrutably at the crossing of Twenty-ninth Street, below a much sweeter string of tinkly temple bells?

> We 've a bigger, better Buddha in a cleaner (!), greener (!!) land,
> Many miles from Mandalay.

There is no romance in an antique, be it god or chair or China plate, when it is exposed for sale in a shop-window. And there is no romance in it amid its native surroundings when you realize that any day it may be carried off and so exposed. Thus do shop-windows destroy romance.

But in the humbler windows off the Avenue there is an equal, if grosser, element of immorality. For these are the windows where price-tags are displayed. The tag has always two prices, the higher marked through with red ink, the lower, for this very reason, calling with a siren voice. The price crossed off is always just beyond your means, the other just within it. 'Ah,' you think, swallowing the deception with only too great willingness, 'what a bargain! It may never come again!' And you enter the fatal door.

Perhaps you struggle first. 'Don't buy it,' says the inhibition of prudence. 'You have more neckties now than you can wear.'

'But it's so cheap,' says impulse, with the usual sophistry.

And you, poor victim that you are, tugged on and back by warring factions in your brain, — poor refutation of the silly old theological superstitions that there is such a thing as free will, — vacillate on the sidewalk till the battle is over, till your mythical free will is down in the dust. Thus do shop-windows overthrow theology.

Then you enter that shop, and ask for the tie. Or perhaps it is something else, and they have n't your size. You ought to feel glad, relieved. Do you? You do not! You are angry. You feel as if you had lost just so much money, when in reality you have saved it. Thus do shop-windows destroy logic.

This has been a particularly perilous season for the man with a passion for shirts. By some diabolical agreement, all the haberdashers at one and the same time filled their windows with luscious lavenders and faint green stripes and soft silk shirts with comfortable French cuffs, and marking out $2.00 or $3.00, as the case might be, wrote $1.50 or $2.50 below. The song of the shirt was loud in the land, its haunting melody not to be resisted. Is there any lure for a woman in all the fluffy mystery of a January 'white sale' comparable to the seduction for a man of a lavender shirt marked down from $2.00 to $1.50? I doubt it. Heaven help the women if there is! So the unused stock in trunk or bureau drawer accumulates, and the weekly reward for patient toil at an office dribbles away, and the savings bank is no richer for your deposit — and the shop-windows flare as shamelessly as ever. There is only one satisfaction. The man who sells shirts always has a passion for jewelry. And that keeps him poor, too!

## ULTIMATE CONVICTIONS

Most of us if questioned as to our ultimate convictions would unhesitatingly give such answers as — the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the unvaryingness of natural law, the relativity of knowledge, the inaccessibility of the supernatural, democracy. A few cautious or frivolous folk would want to sleep on it. The small number of really serious people who answered quite honestly would avow such ultimate convictions as that sausage and Germans are nasty, that red-headed women are bad-tempered,

that well-dressed people are mostly fools, that servants are dishonest, that whoever wears a ready-made tie is not a gentleman, that doctors are ignoramuses, that eating smoked herring is vulgar. But these are prejudices. Not at all; by any fair test they better deserve the name of ultimate convictions than the ambitious articles of faith with which we began. And the test is simply this: on which set of convictions do men act? Plainly on the second. Your believer in immortality will cheerfully imperil his soul through a long lifetime, your fanatic of the relativity of knowledge will be completely irate in discussion with a dogmatist, your advocate of the unknowable, if entrusted with power, would conscientiously proclaim, 'The Unknowable or the sword.'

In short, these ambitious categories are not, properly speaking, convictions at all, but mere simulacra thereof. They are emblems, not principles. We would willingly die for them, just as the predatory politician will honestly yearn to die for his country's flag; but Heaven keep us from the folly of living by our ultimate convictions! Such is the unspoken prayer of most sensible people who reserve their creeds for Sunday or election-day use. A rather plain-spoken person, Geoffrey Chaucer, once wrote,

> For Plato saieth, whoso can him rede,
> The word mote be accordant to the dede.

We should then be following two eminent truth-tellers should we degrade most metaphysical, theological, and political formulas from their false estate of convictions to that of intermittently recurrent prejudices. To complete the demonstration, we need only show that the real ultimate convictions are invariably acted on. You may make a Christian Scientist out of a Jesuit, but hardly a sausage-eater out of a sausage-hater. Nor shall you win to friendly association with Germans one whose axiom it is that they are nasty. Many persons call in a physician as an expected social form, and habitually disregard his advice. In fact, a true medicophobe will gladly pay a fee for the pleasure of flouting his doctor. At every point we shall find that the test of action will prove what we commonly call prejudices to be our genuine and most intimate convictions.

In great as in small affairs this truth holds. We know a business man who after careful scrutiny of an enterprise was on the point of a large investment. Hearing casually that the promoter's cheeks were adorned with side-whiskers, the capitalist brushed the project aside. He knew that no luck could come of association with a man who wore 'weepers.' Indeed, experience had taught him that such persons were not merely inauspicious, but positively untrustworthy. At the risk of anticlimax the present writer must avow that, saving the case of very ancient clergymen, he has absolutely no confidence in the taste or morals of any person wearing congress gaiters. Of course such a conviction, being based on a sound analogy between elasticity in principles and in footgear, is not to be confused with the more irrational sort of ultimate convictions. But at bottom the reason hardly comes in. We simply feel and act in a certain way, and that is all there is of it. We dig our last ditches where we please, and not where any moral Vauban dictates. The chaste Lucretia, it will be recalled, because of the outrage of Tarquin, killed herself. This certainly looks like the working of a transcendental ultimate conviction. Yet we should not forget that it is quite possible that the chaste Lucretia would equally have killed herself if her husband had persistently required her to eat mutton, if indeed, in proper resentment of such persecution, she had not killed him.

Shortsighted people will feel that

this reversal, by which, according word with deed, our prejudices become our convictions, somehow degrades human nature. To which the answer is, first, that the truth is no respecter of persons; and next, the counter-query, Does it degrade? On the contrary it exalts. By an instinctive altruism we dig our last ditches where they will endanger few but ourselves. If the theological and political creeds which we profess really guided our conduct, New York soon would be a new Constantinople, with massacre hanging on the presence or absence of a grammatical prefix. To build your ultimate convictions too high is socially dangerous. The man who stands on his notion of the substance or essence of divinity will appeal to the fagots if he may; the man who would perish before eating snails or frogs' legs is content with a subjective superiority. In fact, while dissent is only an offense to our philosophical and churchly prejudices, it is actually a salve to our ultimate convictions. We pride ourselves in those who vulgarly breakfast on smoked herring; they are our background, the conspicuous evidence of our own gentle tastes. It might seem that some Providence had deliberately set our more rigid principles in the field of the wholly inconsequential, in order that men might differ without hating. Lest, influenced by reason, we should act too unreasonably, a great gulf has wisely been established between the proud heights of reason and the pleasant table-land of our ultimate convictions.

## OF WALKING

### WITH SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT SITTING ON FENCES

WALKING is fundamentally a matter of boots. Nay, friend, I do not mean top-boots, but boots in the sense of the English, who, being most perfectly enfranchised for walking, have thence the right to name the gear in which they travel. But I do not here discourse of fine details. So the boot fit, the sole be adequate, and the heel not loftily inclined, choose your own wear, and you shall know content. There be that favor rubber heels, and here again each man is his own arbiter; yet this, at least, is not to be forgotten or lightly overpassed: there is a tang in the sharp crunch of a hard heel on fair road-metal that greets not him who goes delicately on rubber. Let temperament decide.

Most men walk merely to arrive. To such the right flavor of walking is not known; though chance may reveal to them the unsuspected good, and so kindle a longing for the proper bliss of the walker. The true pedestrian knows that the means is itself an end. Not for him 'so many miles and then begins the actual business,' but 'so many miles of utterly fulfilled content'; and if at the road's end he find some pleasant hostelry, with fire and food and all manner of cheer, this is but the fair setting of the stone, not the gem's perfect self. Not that the walker scorns good entertainment, or fair weather, or congenial fellowship. His feet are on the earth; he is no detached dreamer; and all these things may be accounted part and parcel of his pleasure without disloyalty to the pedestrian creed.

Walking is not merely moving two legs rhythmically over certain intervals of ground. It is the primal and the only way to know the world, the deliberate entering into an inheritance, whose parts are wind and weather, sky and prospect, men and animals, and all vital enjoyment. The bicycle has some advantages in point of speed, but it is a foe to observation. All carriages, whether propelled by horse or motor, destroy all feeling of achievement. The

very word 'mile' is a walker's word, — *mille passus* — a thousand double-paces. So the Roman legions measured their conquering advances; so the legion of pedestrians estimates its conquests of the day. 'So many thousand buffets have mine own two feet given the resisting soil 'twixt sun and sun; so many thousand times have the good muscles of calf and thigh lent their elastic force.' What has the dusty reader of figures on a dial to match with that?

Another element, of grave importance and unquestioned worth, is the privilege, nay, the imperative necessity, of sitting on a fence from time to time. Literature hints at this. Lewis Carroll's 'aged, aged man a-sitting on a gate' had, by the sunset of his days, at least, acquired this wisdom. Poor Keats owned to a hankering to 'sit upon an Alp as on a throne' — although the German school of critics, keenly sensing the discomfort which inevitably disqualifies a mountain pinnacle for the scene of prolonged sessile repose, suggests metathesis, and would amend the reading to 'sit upon an Alp as on a *thorn*'; adducing as collateral argument Keats's well-known admiration for the nightingale, and that bird's familiar practice of artificially stimulating the centres of voice-production by causing its breast to impinge upon a thorn or similar sharp object. Leaving this delicate problem to the competent consideration of the wise, we may safely conclude that our first thesis is correct, and that to sit on a fence beside a road is of itself a satisfaction and an inspiration. For, be it posited again, the walker walks not to arrive, but to be in the world, to contemplate the same, and to take sufficient leisure for the formation of his judgments. To do this, he must sit. Sitting on a grassy bank is not, indeed, barred, although to the unwary it brings perils of ants, rheumatism, and (in some regions) snakes. It is, indeed, provocative of idleness; it leads one to forget that the interlude is not the song; and he who sprawls may ultimately sleep.

But the fence — and cursed be he who first conceived the hellish scheme of substituting barbed wire for honest rails! — the fence invites no such relaxing pose. The feet on their supporting rail are still in contact with reality, and it needs but a spring to be on the way again; while the seat, none too soft, gives perpetual reminder that the stay must be transitory, and that wits are not to slumber. To rest, and as he rests descry, discern, and fill the mental eye through the gateway of the physical — that is his portion who sits upon the fence. I will not mention the gain that comes from elevation, or even hint at the scenes which to have missed were to have suffered loss, revealed to him who climbs even to this humble post of vantage.

Only to those who will drink is the water good; one does not describe beverages to the thirsty: they would rather taste. So to the uneasy loiterer at home, to him who has found in gasoline only vanity and a striving after wind, to all who hunger for they know not what diversion, I offer no guide-books of the journey, seek to convey no colors of the walker's paradise; enough to point the entrance of the way, and give the password: 'Forward, march!'

## THE VANISHING VILLAGE

WANDERING along an oily road — there was no walk — in an attractive New York suburb, the other day, pursued by chugging motor-cycles and madly hopping this way and that at the honk of speeding automobiles, an appalling thought struck me: is the village, still so dear to New England, becoming extinct? Will succeeding generations know only as ancient history

its shady, sun-flecked 'green' with the old white church, its library given by a loyal son, its memorial hall, its soldiers' monument and band-stand, the store on whose piazzas stories are swapped and trades consummated and village characters still linger? Are 'village improvement societies' to go the way of all grass, and is their annual house-cleaning no longer to summon the townsmen to the common armed with hoe and rake, lawn-mower, and broom, and followed by their wives and daughters bearing hot coffee and doughnuts; setting the whole village agog with the spirit; every worthy householder issuing forth with a ball of knotted and variegated twine and a paring-knife to straighten the grass-grown edge of his walk, to a running accompaniment of neighborly gossip?

On the common the civic spirit did its best — and worst? The ideas of beauty might be crude, but the villagers gave the best they had; they might, like beautiful Longmeadow, 'gothicize' their old church, they might put up a cast-iron monstrosity in memory of the soldiers, and the green might break out in an eruption of geometrical flower-beds of flaming geraniums and cannas; a saloon might lurk behind an innocent front of peanuts and cigars, but they lived according to their measure of light. The largest subscriber to the monument set up cast-iron deer and vases in his own yard, and his rival swung a scarlet gypsy kettle in his.

Two phases of the park are already abundant: one transitional — wherein a rudimentary 'down town' still lingers, but how fallen from its high estate! a veritable poor relation, a Cinderella sitting in the ashes, a thing of shabby shops, of beer-saloons and pool-rooms, of picture-postal booths and peanut-stands and flamboyant bill-boards! A little circulating library lurks in a dingy dwelling-house.

Back of all this gloom lie the well-kept homes of the commuters. 'To bed with the owl and up with the rooster' is their motto; they have no time or thought for anything outside the limits of their suburban bedroom.

The second phase in the evolution eliminates the centre altogether; there is no more 'up town' or 'down town'; neither is there anything in 'common.' Auto-trucks from the city deliver the necessities of life; the cement paths run down from the front door to the car-tracks and end as abruptly as the squirrels' trail at the foot of a tree; there are no neighborly cross-paths down which one might run with — I had almost said, a shawl, but I meant an automobile veil, about one's head, to get the recipe for hot-water gingerbread from Gran'ma Brown — the universal grandmother; or to beg 'Aunt Ellen' — aunt to all the babies in the town — to come and see if the baby's cough is croupy. Ah, no! The inhabitants stand aloof, as ignorant of their next-door neighbor as a Harlemite, save that they know his income also is 'restricted.'

There results only the cold comfort of the 'model village' ordered *en bloc* by some well-meaning philanthropist:

'Item: 1 civic centre, 1 clover green, 6 circles, golf-links, tennis-courts, 1 restaurant, 1 laundry, 1 school, 200 semi-detached two-family houses renting at $55 a month, 200 semi-detached one-family houses at $75 a month, 50 13-foot-front houses at $35 a month, 50 17-foot-front houses'; and, oh, yes —

'Item: 1 church, denomination to be specified later.'

And all laid out by a distinguished landscape gardener, designed by an equally distinguished architect, and managed by a 'foundation' down to its humblest detail — the filling of the flower-boxes, the emptying of the ash-can, the ordering of the coal, the rolling of the tennis-courts, and the making of laws.

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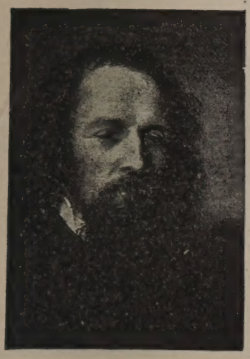

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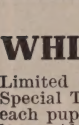

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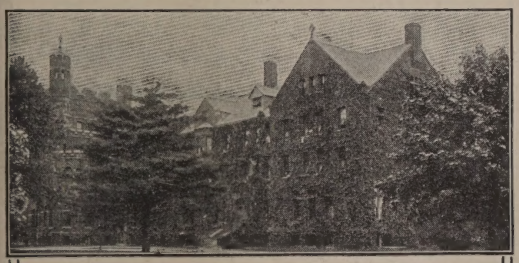

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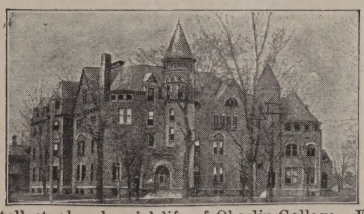

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# Contributors to the July Atlantic

**F. S. Mead** (" Gold Production and Investment ") is an economist with a practical turn of mind who contributed to the *Atlantic* in February, 1908, an article on " The Panic and the Banks."

**Harry James Smith** (" Poor Old Todie ") is a novelist and man of letters who does much of his work in a Connecticut village. His new novel, " Enchanted Ground," will appear shortly.

**Gideon Welles** (" A Diary of the Reconstruction Period ") retained the naval portfolio throughout the administration of President Johnson. His revelations concerning the struggle between the President and Congress is doing much to revise American opinion concerning the most critical period in the history of this country.

**Eleanor P. Hammond** (" Shakespeare's Fools ") is an American scholar of distinction in the special field of the poetry of Chaucer and of his imitators in the fifteenth century. Miss Hammond is connected with the University of Chicago.

**Anna Fuller** (" Ships in the Air "), the author of several novels, is perhaps most happily remembered by her volume of New England sketches long since gathered together under the title of " Pratt Portraits." The present contribution is one of the series of stories written by way of sequel to the former volume.

**Charles M. Harvey** (" The Story of the Salt Lake Trail ") is an editorial writer on the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, who has made an extensive study of the history of the west and southwest. The present paper is the third in a series on Famous American Trails which the *Atlantic* is publishing this year.

**Francis Thompson** (" To Daisies ") was an English poet of fulfillment and unusual promise, who died a young man, after publishing one or two slender volumes of verse. Perhaps his best-known poem is the terrible " Hound of Heaven," which deserves a permanent place in imaginative literature.

**John Jay Chapman** (" Learning ") is a man of letters who some ten years since was a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic*. Many of our readers will recall his papers on Emerson as well as on many political and social topics.

**Robert M. Gay** (" Tympano ") is a teacher of English in Goucher College, Baltimore. Our readers will welcome the agreeable humor of this new contributor.

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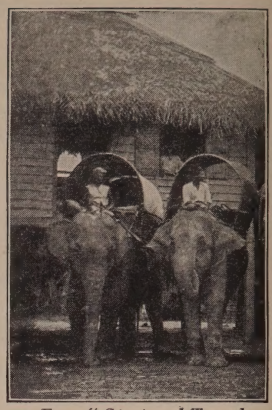

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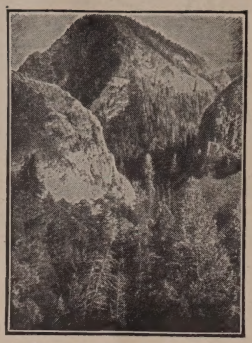

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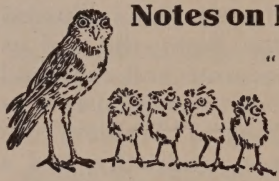

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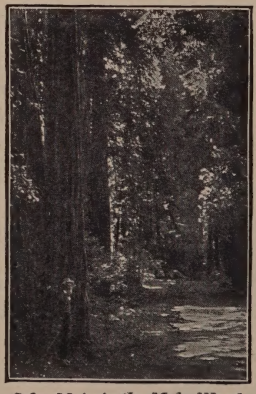

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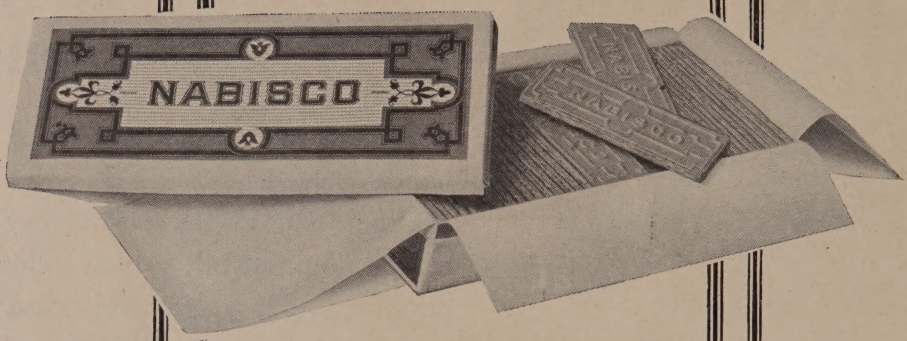


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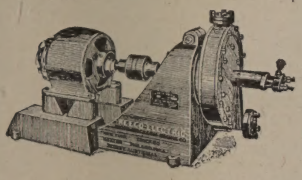

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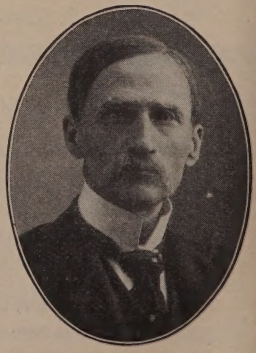
*Bvt. Maj.-Gen. A. S. Webb says:* "The book is of intense interest — would that there were more of it. . . . He has not disappointed his admirers, and he has produced a volume of absorbing interest and of great historical value. Great-hearted and kind-hearted, but truthful above all, with a rare capacity for descriptive writing, he has delighted the searchers for light on a confused period."

*With maps. $2.00 net. Postage 16 cents.*



MORRIS SCHAFF

**HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY**

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

**Any man, every man, all men would appreciate the**

# KREMENTZ GIFT BOX

A set of four of the famous 14-K Rolled Plate **Krementz Collar Buttons,** (that will last for years without losing lustre). A new one free for every one broken or damaged from any cause. Packed in an attractive ribbon-tied box.

**ONE DOLLAR** the set of four. If not found at your haberdasher's or jeweler's, a set will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

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In use the cards are detached one by one as occasion demands. **The edges are absolutely smooth,** incomprehensible as that may seem, and every card is clean, flat, perfect and unmarred. **They attract attention and they get attention.** Send for sample book and detach them for yourself—You will never be satisfied with anything else.

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**The John B. Wiggins Company**
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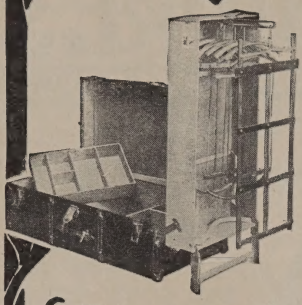
# Any Man or Woman can "live in a trunk" and enjoy it, provided it is a HARTMANN



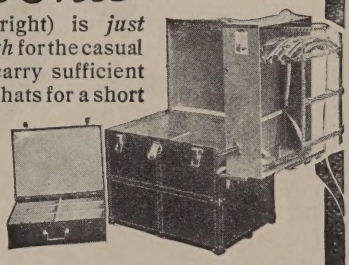
*Travelers who know* are refusing to consider any equipment but *Hartmann's.* Experience has taught them.

## Berth-high

(shown above) is the only *steamer wardrobe* trunk ever devised. It is convenient and compact, opens flat, and is *perfection* for *en route* service. Men or Women.

## Week End

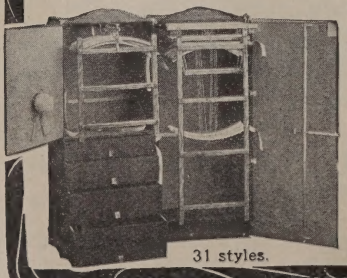
(shown at right) is *just trunk enough* for the casual trip. Will carry sufficient dresses and hats for a short visit, and has ample lingerie and shoe space. Women only.



## Hartmann

(shown below) is a *complete journey trunk,* equipped with every possible convenience and affording accommodation for full wardrobe and accessories. This represents the highest development of modern trunk making. Special designs for Men's, Women's, or combination use.

You should have our free illustrated booklet. We will also send name of nearby dealer who will supply you.



31 styles.

**The Hartmann Trunk Co.**
203 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, U. S. A.

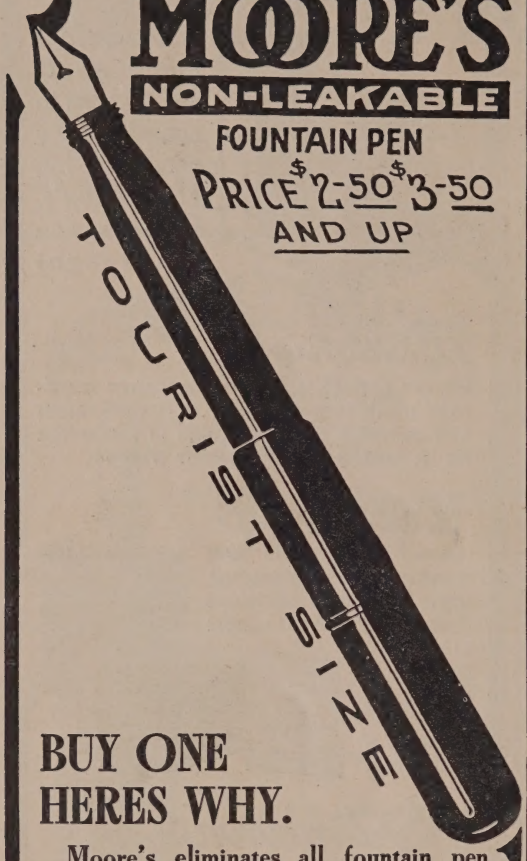
# Front leak

# MOORE'S

**NON-LEAKABLE**

**FOUNDATION PEN**

PRICE $2.50 $3.50 AND UP

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**Moore's eliminates all fountain pen troubles.**

**Gives satisfactory service day in and day out.**

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**Ask any one of the thousands of satisfied users of Moore's Fountain Pens what they think of theirs. Here's one man's story.**

**Albert Lea, Minn.**

**"My appreciation for the Moore's Pen is best shown by the fact that I always have two in my pocket, and they give the best service of any pen I ever owned."**

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**AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO.**

**ADAMS, CUSHING & FOSTER**

**Selling Agents**

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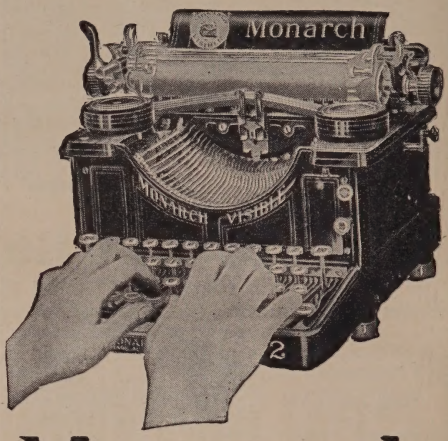
## A Typewriter Test that Means Something

Blindfold yourself. Have ten typewriters of different make placed in a row —a Monarch somewhere among them.

Try each keyboard in turn. The machine with the lightest touch will be the




# Monarch *Light Touch*

and you can locate it every time no matter how its position be changed.

Just as the proper tools produce the best work, so does a responsive key action increase the efficiency of a stenographer. It saves her strength. Therefore, she has a better grip on her work, is more accurate, more rapid, gets a greater quantity of work done. There is no "three-o'clock fatigue" where the Monarch is used, and a few days' trial will convince you of this fact.

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Local representatives wanted everywhere, also a few more dealers for large territories. Write for details and attractive terms.

**The Monarch Typewriter Company**

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Branches and dealers throughout the world.

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## "All the Argument Necessary"

**The International Journal of Surgery,** August, 1905, under the heading **"CYSTITIS"** says: "In the treatment of Cystitis water is the great aid to all forms of medication. Moreover, **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is the ideal form in which to administer it to the cystitic patient, as it is not only a pure solvent, but has the additional virtue of containing substantial quantities of the alkaline Lithates. Patients should be encouraged to take from two to four quarts per day if they can, and the relief they will obtain will be all the argument necessary after the first day or so."

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**Medical testimonials mailed. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.**

*Guaranteed under pure food and drug acts June 30th 1906*

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Globe-Wernicke Bookcases lend charm to any room, and make an acceptable gift for use in the individual's own room, where favorite books can always be kept.

## Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

enjoy the prestige that comes only from highest quality materials, perfect workmanship, long experience and ample resources—the new 1911 **Globe-Wernicke** catalogue describes in detail the many styles and finishes in which **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases are made—shows the variety of artistic unit combinations—offers practical suggestions for decorative treatments.

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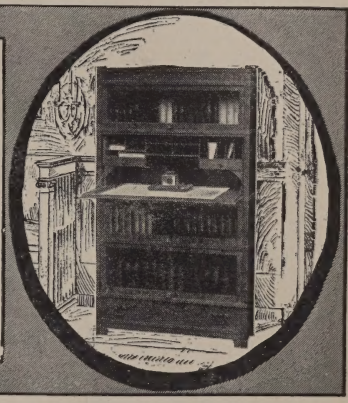
*A copy will be mailed free with the 1911 Catalogue on request.*

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Dept. I, , Cincinnati, U. S. A.



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INVISIBLE RUBBERS

Insure feet comfort, health protection and neat appearance. They keep your feet warm in cold weather and dry in wet weather, and can be worn all day long without injury or discomfort.

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Always for sale where good shoes are sold.
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*None genuine without THIS cord.*

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The brawny American has

# Evans' Ale

for his merry yuletide and welcomes all with gladsome hospitality and good cheer. The good old-fashioned way of celebrating Christmas.

**Why not order a barrel containing 10 doz. bottles for yourself and your friends**

Apply to nearest dealer or write to

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**Brewery and Bottling Works**
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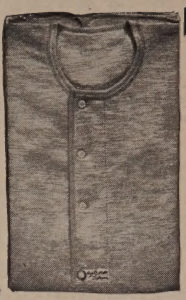

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You keep the body at even temperature and the skin dry and healthy by wearing

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**Also Wright's Famous Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear**

***Permanently elastic, it fits and holds its shape indefinitely.***

Comes in beautiful fabrics and colors.

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THE FOOD-TONIC
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Net Weight 400 grams.
(Large Size)
To be kept in a dry place, free from odors.

Activity—work or play—is a drain on nerve energy and body tissue. Under the high tension of modern life Nature's supply of nervous force is rarely sufficient to meet our excessive demands. Rest affords only *temporary* relief—you must re-create what has been consumed—rebuild what has been torn down—replace what has been destroyed.

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**THE FOOD-TONIC**

has the endorsement of hundreds of thousands the world over as a re-constructive—a re-creator of nervous energy—a revitalizer. Famous men and women—authors, actors, statesmen, clergymen, etc., lend testimony to its wonderful upbuilding powers. Over 12,000 physicians have given it their written endorsement.

Sanatogen is composed of the basic elements of existence—Albumen for the tissues and Sodium Glycero-phosphate for the nerve cells. It is fine, white powder, soluble in water, cocoa, milk, etc., and is eagerly and easily assimilated by the system.

**"Our Nerves of To-morrow"**—*Free Your* nervous system is your slave or your master. What it does for you—and how you can make it more efficient—stronger—healthier—is the text of this interesting book by a prominent physician-author. Everybody should read it and we'll send you *your* copy postpaid.

***Sanatogen is sold in three sizes—***
***$1.00 $1.90 $3.60***

*Get it from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, write the*

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**David Belasco**
The eminent dramatic author, says:
"It gives me pleasure to let you know the wonderfully beneficial results I have experienced from the use of your Sanatogen. It has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves and I heartily recommend it to all those who, like myself, are obliged to overwork. After my personal experience I can readily vouch for its recuperating qualities."

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The popular Canadian novelist, says:
"I have used Sanatogen at intervals since last autumn with extraordinary benefit. It is to my mind a true food tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

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"My experience of Sanatogen has been that as a tonic nerve food it has on more than one occasion benefited me."

**George Ade**
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"I have given Sanatogen a trial and I am convinced of its merits."

# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

## The Imperial Gift for Xmas

Small in Size
Big in Value and Importance

Standard — Safety and Self-Filling Types
Prices $2.50 and upwards
**Ask Your Dealer**

**L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.**
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# Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

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GENUINE HAS THIS TRADE MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE

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ESTABLISHED 1780
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The comfortable, well-fed feeling, and easy poise of the nerves that follow eating a dish of

# Grape-Nuts

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The exceptional flavour and crispness of Grape-Nuts was never better than it is now.

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**SELF-INKING FOUNTAIN PEN**

***Can be carried in any position***

POSSESSES all the sterling qualities of the *best* gold pen made, with *exclusive* new Holland feature —the SAFETY CAP. This device—patent pending — absolutely does away with *all possibility of ink-leakage.*

**Cross Section Showing SAFETY CAP**

Comes in two styles — one fills itself by moving sleeve and compressing bar; the other by lifting button. Each style equipped with Safety Cap, which makes this Holland pen a boon for travelers, because there can be no ink evaporation and the pen is *always* ready to write. Ladies can safely carry it in their hand-bags or lay it in their writing cabinets.

Fitted with the John Holland Gold Pen —the *leader* since 1841, and Patent Elastic Fissured Feed, which insures *even* ink flow.

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